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THE GREAT TRADITION

GREENLAW-HANFORD



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THE GREAT TRADITION

A BOOK OF SELECTIONS FROM ENGLISH AND
AMERICAN PROSE AND POETRY, ILLUSTRATING THE
NATIONAL IDEALS OF FREEDOM, FAITH, AND CONDUCT

CHOSEN AND EDITED BY

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*Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley were with us—they watch from their graves.*

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INTRODUCTION

This book is the result of a study, extending through five years, of methods by which the required course in literature for elementary college students may be made more effective. The editors, with their colleagues who have been associated in teaching English (3) in the University of North Carolina, were dissatisfied with the prevailing type of course,—the study of literary history illustrated by “specimens”—as a requirement for elementary classes made up of students preparing for all sorts of careers. They believed that there should be a sharp differentiation between the methods used in such a course and those employed in advanced elective courses, where philological scholarship and literary criticism have value not only because of the greater maturity of the students but also because these students have chosen their courses through liking for such work. The editors believed, therefore, that that type of course which endeavored to create an interest in literary *phenomena*, their sequence and relations, was unwise because such interest, even when induced by an experienced teacher, is factitious, possessing little permanent value for the average student, who means to be a farmer, or a banker, or a lawyer, or an engineer. They believed, also, that the type of course which has developed through the dissatisfaction of many teachers with the one just outlined,—the course founded not on technical scholarship but on “interest,” a series of pleasant rambles among the foibles of Pepys or in the intricate rhythms of De Quincey, or a compound of love lyrics and fiction and Elia, while more likely than the other to arouse interest in reading, yet offends by its miscellaneousness, its lack of body, its failure to supply material for the development of what Bacon called “the sinews and steel of men’s minds.”

The present volume recognizes both the need of teaching literature for its human and intrinsic value and the need of providing salutary discipline through a rigid adherence to a logically connected program of ideas. The basis of the book is historical, but it does not represent *literary* history in the narrower sense. The selections are chosen partly for their value as expressions of permanent human emotions and points of view; partly as landmarks in the march of the Anglo-Saxon mind from the beginning of the modern period. They are intended to represent, not the literary forms and manners, but the dominant ideas of successive epochs in the national life of the two great English speaking peoples, as these ideas have received large and permanent expression in literature. It will be recognized at once that in making this their principle of selection the editors have been true to the deeper current and the main intention of English literature, which has from the beginning been conditioned not by canons and

principles of art but by national thought and feeling. It will be acknowledged also that what is most vital in English literature, especially in the later periods, has connected itself more or less closely with the special problem and the great practical achievement of the Anglo-Saxon race, the working out of self-government. For this reason the emphasis on political materials, in so far as these materials embody principles rather than detailed applications, is justified, not only by their practical value in the problems and duties of citizenship, but by their adaptability to the broader end of humanistic culture.

That the book, however, is not an anthology of patriotic literature will be apparent upon examination of the table of contents. Indeed, the editors have carefully avoided the poetry and prose of national aggrandizement. The principle that has guided the choice of material has been that expressed by Arnold: "It is important, therefore, to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life,—to the question, How to live." It is this quality of the poet as a teacher that the greatest English poets themselves have always insisted upon as the mark of their calling. Philip Sidney speaks of "that delightful teaching which must be the right describing note to know a poet by"; and, like others of his contemporaries, "a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty to be seen by the eyes of the mind," he regards poetry as the chief means by which to attain the end of knowledge—"to know, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body to the enjoying his own divine essence." One might make use of that time-honored device, the "roll-call," to show how continually this view is voiced by the greatest English poets. Spenser, the poet's poet, the embodiment of the qualities which seem to make of poetry a thing apart, nevertheless stated that his aim in writing the *Faerie Queene* was "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." Milton summed his idea of Spenser, whose disciple he was, in the statement that he was "a better teacher than Aquinas," and Milton's own writings bear abundant witness to his wish to be regarded as a teacher. In countless places in his poetry Wordsworth illustrated his faithfulness to the ideal which he professed: "Every great poet is a teacher; I wish to be considered as a teacher or as nothing." To him "poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science"; a belief which Shelley reiterates when he holds that poetry is "the center and circumference of knowledge; it is that which comprehends all science"; and which rings out in the final words of his *Defense*: "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

The task of the editors has been to select a body of prose and poetry that should not only illustrate the "planet-like music" of great thought clad in fitting vesture but should also reveal a great tradition, a constant and progressive commentary on what the race has achieved in the arts of life. It is what Shelley called "idealized history," by which he meant events seen as outward shadows of spiritual truths. It is a bible of the English speaking

peoples on both sides of the Atlantic, made up of scriptures that we value not for flawless art but for their interpretation of the spirit of the race. Whatever has been admitted has been chosen because it seemed to have some bearing on the right interpretation of this spirit and to have the quality of permanence. It will be found that the book includes most of the poetry and much of the prose that teachers have long agreed upon as the basis for an elementary college course. There is, therefore, ample material for the teacher who wishes to trace the historical development of English literature or for him who wishes to emphasize the imaginative sweep and the beauty of expression found in great literature. But it is felt that elementary students are more likely to arrive at some measure of appreciation of literature as *belles lettres* if little is said in class about the value of such appreciation. For such students the best method of approach would seem to be frankly intellectual: the attempt to answer the question "What does the author have to say in this piece of writing and how is this related to what we have studied or to what men have thought in the past or are thinking in the present?" In order to assist the student in his effort to assimilate the material and to make it a permanent possession, a complete outline has been supplied and special titles are given, usually in the words of the author, for the selections from longer works.

But while the book contains a large amount of the material generally included in books designed for survey courses, presenting it, however, in such a way as to assist the pupil to get something permanent out of it, the editors have omitted many writers and works usually represented in such anthologies. Many authors, significant for historical reasons, are appropriately studied in advanced courses where the chief emphasis is on the history and development of English literature as an art, but have no value to the elementary student except for their contribution to his lumber-room of facts. Thus, Cowley is an important figure for the study of the growth of English classicism; his dates, his use of the couplet or the ode, and the names of his poems will not ordinarily be retained by a Sophomore beyond the date of the final examination in the course. We inflict such "discipline" upon him because of our own interests or our own scholarly training; we are not thinking of him at all. It ought not to fill us with pride if the examination books we read at the end of the term are mere compounds of more or less accurate information about the relations between *Genesis A* and *Genesis B*, the middle English dialects, the problem of authorship of *Piers Plowman*, the poetry of Crashaw, the use of the Spenserian stanza in the eighteenth century, "the return to nature," and the other *disjecta membra* of a Cook's tour through literature. Through the marvelous recuperative power of nature, the germs of such misinformation as may chance to find a temporary lodgment within the outer corridors of sophomore intelligence are lightly and easily brushed aside after the day of testing has passed, and things are as they were.

The space saved by these omissions and others like them has been used for presenting many new selections. These will be found valuable, it is believed,

not only because of their timeliness but also because they help to give unity and solidity to the entire structure of the book. For example, we are accustomed to the use of selections from the essays of Lord Bacon. These, however, have not hitherto been related to present thought; they have been studied chiefly for their difficulties of style and vocabulary. But the *Advancement of Learning*, which is practically unknown to college students, contains many passages which are much easier for them to understand; it is also a trumpet-call for ambitious youth. Furthermore, when these passages from Bacon's treatise on learning in his own day are studied in connection with certain of his essays, or counsels of experience, and along with selections from Elyot and Spenser which bear on the same subject,—the training of those who were to rule Britain, we have a sounder principle of organization than that given by literary bibliography, annotation, and criticism of style; we have also an excellent method for understanding the mind of the Renaissance; and, best of all, we have solid contribution to the education of those of this new day who are to rule in our commonwealth and in the new and greater commonwealth of the peoples of the world. As to timeliness of interest, examples are to be found in the scathing satire on war and governments in Swift's *Gulliver*, or in Thomas More's sarcasm on "a place in the sun" as given in *Utopia*, or in Hooker's judgment on the philosophy that led Germany to attack the world, or in the fine argument for a League to Enforce Peace contained in the extract from the *Leviathan* of Hobbes, or in the compact summary of the difference between the theory of government held by the late masters of Germany and the ideals of democracy set forth in the closing paragraph of Mills's essay on Liberty. This last example is one of many that are scattered through the book which serve to show the difference between the philosophy and ideals of militarist Germany and the philosophy and ideals of the allied democracies. Could anything be more timely from this standpoint than to have college men study Burke, not only for the splendors of his style, or as an illustrious exponent of the art of oratory, but for those great passages in which he sets forth the principles of justice, international honor, and free government? Consider, for example, in the light of present problems, his treatment of the nature of empire, or his warning against the attempt to draw an indictment against a whole people, or his conception of justice tempered with mercy—"not what I *may* do, but what humanity, reason, and justice tell me I *ought* to do"—or his insistence that the safety of the people consists not in documents and constitutions but in the spirit that informs them, a spirit as light as air, as strong as links of iron; or his definition of free government: "To make a government requires no great prudence. Settle the seat of power; teach obedience; and the work is done. To give freedom is still more easy. It is not necessary to guide; it only requires to let go the rein. But to form a *free government*; that is, to temper together these opposite elements of liberty and restraint in one consistent work, requires much thought; deep reflection; a sagacious, powerful, and combining mind." Throughout the book will be found such passages, sometimes familiar enough, but here thrown into

new relief because of the quickening of our sensibilities in a time of national danger and triumph, or because of the setting in which they are here placed. Take for example Wordsworth's vision of the old chivalry and old romance in France, with the appeal that the thought of them made to his poet's imagination, and then his meeting with a "hunger-bitten girl" and his friend's comment, "'Tis against *that* that we are fighting." The incident illuminates, as by a lightning's flash, the problem of present life. Or who among the throngs of students who learn, wearily enough, something about Milton would miss the thrill that comes from recognizing a familiar spirit if his "lesson" should contain the passage from the tract on *Reformation in England*, here printed on pages 161-162, in which Milton, more than a century and a quarter before Burke, spoke passionately in defence of America and of the spirit that led eventually to the founding of a new nation across the seas; or if it contained the paragraph from the *Tenure of Kings* in which Milton proclaims the brotherhood of man: "Who knows not that there is a mutual bond of amity and brotherhood between man and man over all the world, neither is it the English sea that can sever us from that duty and relation." Such passages, made impressive because they become parts of a great tradition that the student gleans from the literature of centuries, are not transient steps toward a pass-mark; in the moments in which they are found there is stored up life and food for future years:

In order to bring out clearly the meanings that such a body of thought contains for us, the arrangement of the material differs widely from that usually employed. Chronology has been disregarded where it has seemed desirable to do so; dates have been supplied where necessary to the understanding of the selection, and not otherwise; the same author may be represented under different headings. More important than these matters of detail is the outline, or syllabus, which is supplied as a guide. Thus, the sixteenth century is not studied as a time when certain authors wrote at certain times various poems, dramas, and prose works. The ideas which enable one to enter into the mind of the Renaissance, so far as this is possible in an elementary course, are impressed upon the student's mind through definition and illustration. So throughout the book the plan of listing chronologically a large number of authors, with specimens of their work, is abandoned. The ideas that are expressed by the author of the selection are what the pupil is expected to master. The Table of Contents is therefore an integral part of the method of the book; it is to be carefully studied in order that the relationship of the particular selection to that section in which it is placed may be fully understood. Further helps will be found in the Index, which again is not a mere catalogue of facts, or a body of notes, but a commentary. It follows from what has been said that annotation, in the ordinary sense, is not a part of the plan of the book. The editors believe that over-annotation, for elementary classes, not only deadens interest but confuses the student's mind by leading him to think that the results of his study are to be

tabulated like a dictionary or an encyclopædia instead of organized into a structure like a building.

In this combination of doctrine with discipline we find once more the old definition of Humanism. Such was the conception of the men who founded classical learning in the Renaissance. The discipline they sought in the orderly and precise study of the classics was not a philological discipline alone, a matter of syntax and Greek particles, but the rebirth of a civilization in the minds of men. And the doctrine was the translation of this discipline into terms of citizenship. For Vergerius and Vittorino in Italy and Erasmus and Thomas More in England sought always to train men to be governors. The movement took its strength from the desire to realize the great tradition of antiquity in order to translate it into an intense nationalism for new times. Italy knew little of her past; those who sought to create for her a soul founded their work on what they considered their true ancestry, ancient Rome, and, through Rome, Greece. Classical tradition was *her* tradition. So, too, Tudor England lacked national culture and sought the grounds for creating it in a similar study of a perfect civilization. There was reason, then, for the predominance of the classics in any scheme for the education of a gentleman. [The new nations of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries found in antiquity, classical and Hebraic, their Great Tradition.]

The bearing of these facts on our present educational and national problems is unmistakable. We stand at the end of an era, at the dawn of a new day. The rise of the modern state in the Renaissance was not more completely a phenomenon in that time than the conquest of the world by democracy is destined to become in our own. Our need is the same as theirs: to realize a new humanism, competent to guide through doctrine and discipline. Our need is greater than theirs, because the chief responsibility in those days rested on kings. About the only hope held out by Castiglione, in his treatise on courtiership, was that the prince might be a decent fellow, amenable to suggestions offered by wise courtiers. In those days the prince was the state. It is not so with us, now that all the world is to be the inheritance of democracy, either a democracy in which liberty is connected with order, or a democracy in which all things are levelled; nothing is secure, a new chaos in which hot, cold, moist and dry strive for momentary mastery and are gone.

Now this need, overwhelming as it is, is met by a racial tradition as rich and as clearly defined as that of classical antiquity. It is only of late years that we have become somewhat aware of this,—fitfully, uncertainly, partially aware of it. For example, the teaching of history in our schools has somehow missed the fact that England and America are united not only by blood and speech but by a common tradition extending back through centuries; that American free institutions took form from the institutions of England; and that the American Revolution was one step in the great evolution of free government, a step as significant for the mother country as for us. The full value of this stupendous

achievement, the joint working-out of free government, we have only begun to estimate. England is too often thought of as the abode of tyranny, the hereditary enemy of free America; the old battles are still stupidly fought over in our schools, and a prejudice is formed that is not only dangerous but destructive to that coöperation in democratic government which is the manifest destiny of England and America. Something of what all this means, or is capable of meaning, is revealed in this book, in which for the first time the deepest idealism of the two countries, their bible of democracy as expressed in their literature, is set forth as a unity and with the cumulative effect of a mighty evolution. The book, therefore, becomes a revelation of the doctrine and the discipline of an ordered liberty, of the way in which the best liberal thought of today grows out of a great tradition, the warp and woof of the life of a thousand years. The best possible preparation for the new life, no longer isolated and set apart, that America now enters upon is to see that these ideas are as widely diffused as possible, so that they may reach, in one form or another, every citizen, everywhere. And the best possible antidote to the madness of disordered liberty is to translate this idealism into what Walt Whitman called "personalities."

With such a tradition to draw upon for steadiness and vision, the opportunity of the teacher of English is immeasurably extended. The greatest need of the present in the field of higher education is, as Paul Elmer More has said, "to restore to their predominance in the curriculum those studies that train the imagination, not, be it said, the imagination in its purely æsthetic function, . . . but the imagination in its power of grasping in a single firm vision, so to speak, the long course of human history and of distinguishing therein what is essential from what is ephemeral." The present volume, by enabling the student to enter into the mind of a past which is great in itself and vitally related to the present, invites the teacher of English literature to become what he has hitherto signally failed to be, a real champion of those elements in education which are faring ill amid the pressure of utilitarian subjects. Incidentally, such a preliminary study of the course of English literature affords the best possible basis for advanced study. Thus, a training in the fundamental ideas of the Renaissance is a better foundation for a scholarly and technical knowledge of Shakespeare or Spenser than is a survey, no matter how careful, of dramatic origins, or of Renaissance epic theory, or of the literary ideas of the Areopagus. So also in the Romantic period the first essential of thorough comprehension is a consideration of the intellectual, emotional, and spiritual experience which came to Englishmen as a result of the French Revolution. Thus the ninth, tenth, and eleventh books of Wordsworth's *Prelude*, which are not given in any book of selections commonly used in survey courses, become altogether the most important literary document of the age, constituting, as Legouis remarks, an inward history of Wordsworth's generation and showing how the nineteenth century was born out of the eighteenth. To pass lightly over a subject of such commanding importance, while attempting to focus the student's attention

on the development of medievalism, or even, choosing the better part, while encouraging him in pleasant rambles with Elia or Hazlitt through the by-ways of literature, is to put a weapon into the hands of those critics who condemn the English teacher as a pedant or a dilettant and to hasten the exodus of college men from the liberal arts course. If we wish to restore literature to its true place as the main fortress of liberal culture we shall revise our methods of dealing with it.

A peculiar advantage of studying literature in this way is the opportunity which it affords of bringing about a new integration of the entire curriculum of liberal subjects. It was perhaps the greatest advantage of the older classical discipline, intelligently conceived, that it dealt with culture as a unit. Thus in Milton's program of education the history, the science, the art, the philosophy of Greece and Rome were studied as a single subject matter, interrelated in all its parts. The common medium of all was literature. The fruit of education in the ancient tongues was the comprehension of a great civilization in its entirety, a closely woven knowledge of the best that had been thought and done by a great people. The time for such a re-creation of antiquity in the mind has long since passed. Greek and Latin, even for the few who surrender themselves to the claims of the most classical of courses, have shrunk to a mere department of knowledge. Rightly or wrongly, we have substituted modern culture for ancient as the material of humane discipline. And in so doing, as the defenders of the old system are ever ready to point out, we have failed to secure a comparable result. But this failure is due to no inherent deficiency in the subject matter. It is due rather to the fact that we have found no new unity to take the place of the old. We have divorced science from philosophy and history from art. The chief virtue of the modern professor consists in his ability to stick to his last. The teacher of science, the teacher of history, the teacher of philosophy, "each in his sea of life enisled," continues to dispense his private and peculiar knowledge, indifferent to its place or bearing in the sum of things. To the teacher of literature above all others falls the task of relating the work of other departments, for literature in the broadest sense contains the fruit of all. Unfortunately, however, too many teachers of English treat their subject as if it were no less isolated than the rest, and the emphasis in the available books of selections accentuates this tendency. In the course contemplated for users of this volume, literature is the record of man's achievement on this planet in modern times. It is indeed a criticism of life, and that in no narrow sense. An understanding of it demands that the student draw on all his resources of knowledge in many fields. Adequate instruction implies the closest coöperation between the teacher of English and the teachers of history, of ethics and metaphysics, of social science, of government. The method looks forward to a revision of the whole curriculum of liberal arts in the interests of singleness of impression. Meanwhile, the teacher of literature, if he is awake to his responsibilities, can do much to remedy the chief defect in our college program by revealing to the student the essential unity of human thought.

The unity of human thought, and the enormous, silent power of forces inherited and written in our blood. After speaking of the argument that a virile nation had better give attention to "doing things worthy to be written [than] writing things fit to be done," Philip Sidney says of England:

Certain it is that, in our plainest homeliness, yet never was the Albion nation without poetry. Marry, this argument, though it be levelled against poetry, yet is it indeed a chain-shot against all learning. . . . Of such mind were certain Goths, of whom it is written that, having in the spoil of a famous city taken a fair library, one hangman—belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits—who had murdered a great number of bodies, would have set fire in it. "No," said another very gravely, "take heed what you do; for while they are busy about these toys, we shall with more leisure conquer their countries." This, indeed, is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance.

So in overweening and pride a band of men who likened their leaders to Wotan and Siegfried, and to another tribal deity, trampled Belgium, destroyed cathedrals and colleges and libraries, and boasted that they would replace these treasures inherited from the workmen and artists and dreamers of past ages with something just as good, turned out with speed and precision in their modern factories. But in "these toys," symbolic of the great tradition of the human spirit, resided a potency that called to arms freemen from the four quarters of the earth.

In Sidney's story, as in the recent incarnation of it in the conquerors of Belgium and their nemesis, are seen the two heredities. The first heredity is that of the lust for power, brutal, unregardful alike of human suffering and of human effort to escape from the dungeon of the body to a realization of the divine essence of the soul. The savagery of war, the savagery of industrialism, the savagery of intolerance, the savagery of the mob, are all fruits of this heredity, the survival of the beast. And the other heredity is the gift of the spirit. The Russian peasant, most humble of men, thinks that he possesses some share of it. Piers Plowman talked of it. Latimer and Ridley and all the glorious company of martyrs saw its brighter flame through the flames that consumed their mortal bodies. It was the Grail that cheered the little company of exiles in the cabin of the Mayflower and enabled them to write that first compact of free government in America. It was the courage in the heart of Washington, and the divinity that was in Lincoln. It is "the one Spirit's plastic stress" that

Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear,
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

"Genius itself," as Paul Elmer More has admirably said, "the master of music and poetry and all art that enlarges life, genius itself is nothing other than the reverberations of this enormous past [the voice of the race] on the sounding-board of some human intelligence, so finely wrought as to send forth

in purity the echoed tones which from a grosser soul come forth deadened and confused by the clashing of the man's individual impulses."

The faith of the martyr, the courage of the pioneer, the steadfastness of the hero, the love of the emancipator, the vision of the poet,—and the virtue of plain and inarticulate men and women everywhere, gain their power from this great tradition of the race. It was this idealism, sleeping but not dead, that swept America like a divine fire in the months following April of 1917. In the great war this heredity met and conquered the heredity of brute power. Other crises remain to be met, for the warfare never ends. It is the task of school and college to guard the flame.

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THE GREAT TRADITION

THE RENAISSANCE

I. THE EXPANSION OF THE INDIVIDUAL

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Enter Chorus

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of
Thrasymene,

Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt her heavenly
verse:

Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
Of riper years, to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him
up.

So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarship grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's
name,

Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his over-
throw;

For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden
gifts,

He surfeits upon cursed necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits.

[*Exit.*

FAUSTUS discovered in his study

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and be-
gin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt pro-
fess:

Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!
Bene disserere est finis logices.

Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that
end:

A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come,
Seeing, *Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit
medicus:*

Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eternis'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinae sanitas,
The end of physick is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that
end?

Is not thy common talk found aphorisms?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the
plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been
eas'd?

Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?

[*Reads.*

*Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter
rem, alter valorem, rei, etc.*

A pretty case of paltry legacies! [*Reads.*
*Echæreditare filium non potest pater, nisi,
etc.*

Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law:
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best:
Jerome's Bible. Faustus; view it well.

[*Reads.*

Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! Stipendium, etc.

The reward of sin is death: that's hard.

[*Reads.*

Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas;

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die:

Ay, we must die an everlasting death. What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera*, What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu! These metaphysics of magicians, And necromantic books are heavenly; Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters; Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O, what a world of profit and delight, Of power, of honor, of omnipotence, Is promis'd to the studious artisan! All things that move between the quiet poles Shall be at my command: emperors and kings

Are but obeyed in their several provinces, Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;

But his dominion that exceeds in this, Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man; A sound magician is a mighty god: Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity.

Enter WAGNER

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends, The German Valdes and Cornelius; Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me Than all my labors, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel

G. Ang. O, Faustus, lay thy damned book aside,

And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul, And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head! Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.

E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art

Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd: Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky, Lord and commander of these elements.

[*Exeunt Angels.*

Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this!

—If I make spirits fetch me what I please,

Resolve me of all ambiguities, Perform what desperate enterprise I will? I'll have them fly to India for gold, Ransack the ocean for orient pearl, And search all corners of the new-found world

For pleasant fruits and princely delicacies; I'll have them read me strange philosophy, And tell the secret of all foreign kings; I'll have them wall all Germany with brass, And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg;

I'll have them fill the public schools with silk, Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;

I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring, And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,

And reign sole king of all the provinces; Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war, Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,

I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius, And make me blest with your sage conference,

Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius, Know that your words have won me at the last

To practice magic and concealed arts: Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,

That will receive no object; for my head But ruminates on necromantic skill. Philosophy is odious and obscure; Both law and physics are for petty wits; Divinity is basest of the three,

Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile: 'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me. Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt; And I, that have with concise syllogisms Gravell'd the pastors of the German church, And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg

Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits

On sweet Musæus when he came to hell, Will be as cunning as Agrippa was, Whose shadow made all Europe honor him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,

Shall make all nations to canonize us. As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords, So shall the spirits of every element

Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we
please;

Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's
staves.

Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of
love:

From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live: therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.

He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require:
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be re-
nown'd,

And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth:
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three
want?

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers
my soul!

Come, show me some demonstrations magi-
cal,

That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary
grove,

And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite

We will inform thee ere our conference
cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words
of art;

And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Vald. First I'll instruct thee in the rudi-
ments,

And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and,
after meat,

We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;

For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:

This night I'll conjure, though I die there-
fore. [Exeunt.]

Enter two Scholars

First Schol. I wonder what's become of
Faustus, that was wont to make our
schools ring with *sic probo*.

Sec. Schol. That shall we know, for see,
here comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER

First Schol. How now, sirrah! where's thy
master?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

Sec. Schol. Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know; but that follows not.

First Schol. Go to, sirrah! leave your jest-
ing, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force
of argument, that you, being licentiates,
should stand upon: therefore acknowl-
edge your error, and be attentive.

Sec. Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou
knewest?

Wag. Have you any witness on't?

First Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Sec. Schol. Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you; yet, if you
were not dunces you would never ask
me such a question, for is not he *corpus
naturale*? and is not that *mobile*? then
wherefore should you ask me such a
question? But that I am by nature
phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone
to lechery (to love, I would say), it
were not for you to come within forty
foot of the place of execution, although
I do not doubt to see you both hanged
the next sessions. Thus having tri-
umphed over you, I will set my coun-
tenance like a precisian, and begin to
speak thus:—Truly, my dear brethren,
my master is within at dinner, with
Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if
it could speak, would inform your wor-
ships: and so, the Lord bless you, pre-
serve you, and keep you, my dear
brethren, my dear brethren! [Exit.]

First Schol. Nay, then, I fear he has fallen
into that damned art for which they
two are infamous through the world.

Sec. Schol. Were he a stranger, and not
allied to me, yet should I grieve for
him. But, come, let us go and inform
the Rector, and see if he by his grave
counsel can reclaim him.

First Schol. O, but I fear me nothing can
reclaim him!

Sec. Schol. Yet let us try what we can do.

[Exeunt.]

Enter FAUSTUS to conjure

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.

Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatis'd,
Th' abbreviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.—
*Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat
numen triplex Jehovah! Ignei, aerii,
aquatami spiritus, salvete! Orientis
princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis
monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus
vos ut appareat et surgat Mephis-
tophilis, quod tumeraris: per Jehovah,
Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam
nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod
nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc
surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!*

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;

Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

[Exit Mephistophilis.]

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells:
No, Faustus, thou art conjurer laureat,
That canst command great Mephistophilis:
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS like a
Franciscan friar*

Meph. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,

To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,

Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,

And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak.

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;

For, when we hear one rack the name of God,

Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,

We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.

Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium:
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

Faust. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,

Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

Meph. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,

And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?

O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,

Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!
Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so
 passionate

For being deprived of the joys of heaven?
 Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
 And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.

Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
 Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
 By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
 Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,
 So he will spare him four-and-twenty years,
 Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
 Having thee ever to attend on me,
 To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
 To tell me whatsoever I demand,
 To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
 And always be obedient to my will.

Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
 And meet me in my study at midnight,
 And then resolve me of thy master's mind.
Meph. I will, Faustus. *[Exit.]*

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be
 stars,

I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
 By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
 And make a bridge thorough the moving
 air,

To pass the ocean with a band of men;
 I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
 And make that country continent to Spain,
 And both contributory to my crown:
 The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
 Nor any potentate of Germany.
 Now that I have obtained what I desir'd,
 I'll live in speculation of this art,
 Till Mephistophilis return again. *[Exit.]*

• • • • •
FAUSTUS discovered in his study

Faust. Now, Faustus, must
 Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not
 be sav'd:

What boots it, then, to think of God or
 heaven?

Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
 Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
 Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:

Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth
 in mine ears,

"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"

Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.

To God? he loves thee not;

The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
 Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:

To him I'll build an altar and a church,

And offer lukewarm blood of new-born
 babes.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable
 art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance—
 what of them?

G. Ang. O, they are means to bring thee
 unto heaven!

E. Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
 That make men foolish that do trust them
 most.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and
 heavenly things.

E. Ang. No, Faustus; think of honor and of
 wealth. *[Exeunt Angels.]*

Faust. Of wealth!

Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.
 When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
 What god can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art
 safe:

Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,

And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—

Is't not midnight?—come, Mephistophilis,
Veni, veni Mephistophile!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS

Now tell me what says Lucifer, thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst
 he lives,

So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that
 for thee.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath
 it solemnly,

And write a deed of gift with thine own
 blood;

For that security craves great Lucifer.

If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me,
 what good will my soul do thy lord?

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us
 thus?

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture
 others!

Meph. As great as have the human souls of
 men.

But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?

And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
 And give thee more than thou hast wit to
 ask.

Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thy arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. [*Stabbing his arm*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,

And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. Ay, so I will [*Writes*]. But, Mephistophilis,

My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*]

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?

Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?

Faustus gives to thee his soul: ah, there it stay'd!

Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?

Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals

Meph. Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.

Faust. So, now the blood begins to clear again;

Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*]

Meph. O, what will not I do to obtain his soul! [*Aside.*]

Faust. *Consummatum est*; this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.

But what is this inscription on mine arm?

Homo, fuge: whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:—

I see it plain; here in this place is writ,

Homo, fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind. [*Aside, and then exit.*]

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with Devils, who give crowns and rich apparel to FAUSTUS, dance, and then depart

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,

And to show thee what magic can perform.

Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.

Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,

A deed of gift of body and of soul:

But yet conditionally that thou perform

All articles prescrib'd between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made!

Faust. Then hear me read them. [*Reads*]

On these conditions following. First that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he desires. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wertenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer prince of the east, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that, twenty-four years being expired, the articles above-written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on't!

Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

Faust. First will I question with thee about hell.

Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Ay, but whereabouts?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purified,

All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

Faust. Come, I think hell's a fable.

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damn'd?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Ay, and body too: but what of that? Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine

That, after this life, there is any pain?

Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

Meph. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,

For I am damn'd and am now in hell.

Faust. How! now in hell!

Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here:

What! walking, disputing, etc.

But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,

The fairest maid in Germany;

For I am wanton and lascivious,

And cannot live without a wife.

Meph. How! a wife!

I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one, for I will have one.

Meph. Well, thou wilt have one? Sit there till I come: I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a Devil drest like a Woman, with fireworks

Meph. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Faust. A plague on her!

Meph. Tut, Faustus,

Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;

If thou lovest me, think no more of it.

I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans, And bring them every morning to thy bed: She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,

Be she as chaste as was Penelope,

As wise as Saba, or as beautiful

As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly: *[Gives book.]*

The iterating of these lines brings gold; The framing of this circle on the ground Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning;

Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself, And men in armor shall appear to thee, Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis: yet fain would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

Meph. Here they are in this book. *[Turns to them.]*

Faust. Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know their motions and dispositions.

Meph. Here they are too. *[Turns to them.]*

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I have done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees, that grow upon the earth.

Meph. Here they be.

Faust. O, thou art deceived.

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee. *[Turns to them.]*

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,

And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,

Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

Meph. Why, Faustus, Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?

I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou, Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How prov'st thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

Faust. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me:

I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?

Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;

Ay, God will pity me, if I repent.

E. Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent. *[Exeunt Angels.]*

Faust. My heart's so harden'd, I cannot repent:

Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,

But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears,

"Faustus, thou art damn'd!" then swords, and knives,

Poison, guns, halters, and envenom'd steel

Are laid before me to despatch myself;

And long ere this I should have slain myself,

Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep
despair.

Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and CEnon's death?
And hath not he, that built the walls of
Thebes

With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair!
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall ne'er repent.—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the
moon?

Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the
spheres,

Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose terminus is term'd the world's wide
pole;

Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or
Jupiter

Feign'd, but are erring stars.

Faust. But, tell me, have they all one mo-
tion, both *situ et tempore*?

Meph. All jointly move from east to west
in twenty-four hours upon the poles of
the world; but differ in their motion
upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faust. Tush,
These slender trifles Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the
planets?

The first is finish'd in a natural day;

The second thus; as Saturn in thirty years;
Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the
Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year;
the Moon in twenty-eight days. Tush,
these are freshmen's suppositions. But,
tell me, hath every sphere a dominion
or *intelligentia*?

Meph. Ay.

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are
there?

Meph. Nine; the seven planets, the firma-
ment, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. Well resolve me in this question;
why have we not conjunctions, opposi-
tions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time,
but in some years we have more, in some
less?

Meph. *Per inæqualem motum respectu
totius.*

Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who
made the world?

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to
tell me anything?

Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom;
but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus,
for thou art damned.

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made
the world.

Meph. Remember this. *[Exit.]*

Faust. Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell!
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus'
soul.

Is't not too late?

Re-enter Good Angel and Evil Angel

E. Ang. Too late.

G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can re-
pent.

E. Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear
thee in pieces.

G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze
thy skin. *[Exeunt Angels.]*

Faust. Ah, Christ, my Saviour,
Seek to save distressed Faustus' soul!

*Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and
MEPHISTOPHILIS*

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is
just:

There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. O, who art thou that look'st so ter-
rible?

Luc. I am Lucifer,

And this is my companion-prince in hell.

Faust. O, Faustus, they are come to fetch
away thy soul!

Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost in-
jure us;

Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy
promise:

Thou shouldst not think of God: think of
the devil,

And of his dam too.

Faust. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me
in this,

And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to Him.

To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,

And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee.

Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee
some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt
see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in
their proper shapes.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasing
unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam, the first day
Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation;
but mark this show: talk of the devil,
and nothing else.—Come away!

[A long interval, during which Faustus has
many marvelous adventures in all parts
of the world]

Enter WAGNER

Wag. I think my master means to die
shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods:
And yet, methinks, if that death were near,
He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See, where they come! belike the feast is
ended. [Exit.

*Enter FAUSTUS with two or three Scholars,
and MEPHISTOPHILIS*

First Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since
our conference about fair ladies, which
was the beautifullest in all the world, we
have determined with ourselves that
Helen of Greece was the admirablest
lady that ever lived: therefore, Master
Doctor, if you will do us that favor, as
to let us see that peerless dame of
Greece, whom all the world admires for
majesty, we should think ourselves much
beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well
You shall behold that peerless dame of
Greece,

No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with
her,

And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[Music sounds, and Helen passeth over the
stage]

Sec. Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her
praise,

Whom all the world admires for majesty.

Third Schol. No marvel though the angry
Greeks pursu'd

With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

First Schol. Since we have seen the pride of
Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: the same I
wish to you. [Exeunt Scholars.

Enter an Old Man

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might
prevail

To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou mayst attain the
goal

That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with
tears,

Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy
guilt.

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch,
what hast thou done?

Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair
and die!

Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost
come";

And Faustus now will come to do thee right.
[Mephistophilis gives him a dagger.

Old Man. Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy
desperate steps!

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressed soul!
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus; but with
heavy cheer,

Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul.
[Exit.

Faust. Accurs'd Faustus, where is mercy
now?

I do repent; and yet I do despair:
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my
breast:

What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy
soul

For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord

To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Do it, then, quickly, with unfeigned heart,

Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age,

That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;

But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,

To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—

That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean

Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,

And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,

Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.— [*Kisses her.*]

Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!—

Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.

Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sack'd;

And I will combat with weak Menelaus,

And wear thy colors on my plumed crest;

Yes, I will wound Achilles in the heel,

And then return to Helen for a kiss.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air

Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;

Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter

When he appear'd to hapless Semele;

More lovely than the monarch of the sky

In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;

And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Old Man

Old Man. Accursed Faustus, miserable man,

That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,

And fly'st the throne of his tribunal-seat!

Enter Devils

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:

As in this furnace God shall try my faith,

My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee;

Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile

At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!

Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.

[*Exeunt—on one side, Devils, on the other, Old Man.*]

Enter FAUSTUS, with Scholars

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

First Schol. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not? comes he not?

Sec. Schol. What means Faustus?

Third Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over-solitary.

First Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.—'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Sec. Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

Third Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea,

life and soul! O, he stays my tongue!
I would lift up my hands; but see, they
hold them, they hold them!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah,
gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my
cunning!

All. God forbid!

Faust. God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus
hath done it: for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood; the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

First Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Schol. O, what shall we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Schol. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

First Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt Scholars—The clock strikes eleven.*]

Faust. Ah, Faustus.

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,

That time may cease, and midnight never come;

Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,

The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.

O, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—

See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!

One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ!—

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!

Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!—

Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God

Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!

Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of God! No, No!

Then will I headlong run into the earth: Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbor me!

You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell

Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon laboring clouds,

That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,

So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!

[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.

O God,

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,

Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,

A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd.
O, no end is limited to damned souls!

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,

This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd

Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,

For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;

But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!

No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*]

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!

[*Thunder and lightning.*
O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Enter Devils

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!
[*Exeunt Devils with Faustus.*

Enter Chorus

Chor. Cut is the branch that might have
grown full straight,
And burn'd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward
wits
To practice more than heavenly power per-
mits. [Exit.]

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus

SELECTIONS FROM TAMBURLAINE

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1. *The Will to Power*

Meander (to the Persian Prince). Your
majesty shall shortly have your wish,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis.
[*Exeunt all except Tamburlaine and his
three Captains.*

Tamb. And ride in triumph through Per-
sepolis!—

Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles!—
Usumcasane and Theridamas,

Is it not passing brave to be a king,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

Tech. O, my lord, it is sweet and full of
pomp!

Usum. To be a king, is half to be a god.

Ther. A god is not so glorious as a king:
I think the pleasure they enjoy in heaven,
Cannot compare with kingly joys in earth;—
To wear a crown enchas'd with pearl and
gold,

Whose virtues carry with it life and death;
To ask and have, command and be obey'd;
When looks breed love, with looks to gain
the prize,

Such power attractive shines in princes'
eyes.

Tamb. Why, say, Theridamas, wilt thou be
a king?

Ther. Nay, though I praise it, I can live
without it.

Tamb. What say my other friends? will you
be kings?

Tech. I, if I could, with all my heart, my
lord.

Tamb. Why, that's well said, Techelles: so
would I:—

And so would you, my masters, would you
not?

Usum. What, then, my lord?

Tamb. Why, then, Casane, shall we wish for
aught

The world affords in greatest novelty,
And rest attemptless, faint, and destitute?
Methinks we should not. I am strongly
mov'd,

That if I should desire the Persian crown,
I could attain it with a wondrous ease:

And would not all our soldiers soon consent,
If we should aim at such a dignity?

Ther. I know they would with our persua-
sions.

Tamb. Why, then, Theridamas, I'll first
assay

To get the Persian kingdom to myself;
Then thou for Parthia; they for Scythia
and Media;

And, if I prosper, all shall be as sure
As if the Turk, the Pope, Afric, and Greece,
Came creeping to us with their crowns
a-piece.

[*From Act. II, Sc. v.*]

2. *Infinite Desire*

*Tamburlaine (to the Persian Prince, whom
he has conquered).* The thirst of reign
and sweetness of a crown,

That caus'd the eldest son of heavenly Ops
To thrust his doting father from his chair,

And place himself in the empyreal heaven,
Mov'd me to manage arms against thy state.

What better precedent than mighty Jove?
Nature, that fram'd us of four elements

Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:

Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,

And measure every wandering planet's
course,

Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,

Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,

That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

[*From Act II, Sc. vii.*]

3. *In Praise of Beauty*

Ah, fair Zenocrate!—divine Zenocrate!
 Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,—
 That in thy passion for thy country's love,
 And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
 With hair dishevel'd wip'st thy watery
 cheeks;
 And, like to Flora in her morning's pride,
 Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
 Rain'st on the earth resolved pearl in show-
 ers,
 And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining
 face,
 Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits,
 And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
 Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
 Eyes, when that Ebena steps to heaven,
 In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
 Making the mantle of the richest night,
 The moon, the planets, and the meteors,
 light;
 There angels in their crystal armors fight
 A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
 For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life,
 His life that so consumes Zenocrate;
 Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul
 Than all my army to Damascus' walls;
 And neither Persia's sovereign nor the Turk
 Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
 So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
 What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
 If all the pens that ever poets held
 Had fed the feeling of their masters'
 thoughts,
 And every sweetness that inspir'd their
 hearts,
 Their minds, and muses on admired themes;
 If all the heavenly quintessence they still
 From their immortal flowers of poesy,
 Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
 The highest reaches of a human wit;
 If these had made one poem's period,
 And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
 Yet should there hover in their restless heads
 One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the
 least,
 Which into words no virtue can digest.
 But how unseemly is it for my sex,
 My discipline of arms and chivalry,
 My nature, and the terror of my name,
 To harbor thoughts effeminate and faint!
 Save only that in beauty's just applause,
 With whose instinct the soul of man is
 touched;
 And every warrior that is rapt with love
 Of fame, of valor, and of victory,
 Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits:

I thus conceiving, and subduing both,
 That which hath stoop'd the chiefest of the
 gods,
 Even from the fiery-spangled veil of heaven,
 To feel the lovely warmth of shepherds'
 flames,
 And mask in cottages of strowed reeds,
 Shall give the world to note, for all my birth,
 That virtue solely is the sum of glory,
 And fashions men with true nobility.—

[From Act V, Sc. i.]

"ALL KNOWLEDGE TO BE MY PROVINCE"

FRANCIS BACON

[A Letter to Lord Chancellor Burghley]

MY LORD—With as much confidence as mine own honest and faithful devotion unto your service and your honorable correspondence unto me and my poor estate can breed in a man, do I commend myself unto your Lordship. I wax now somewhat ancient; one and thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour glass. My health, I thank God, I find confirmed; and I do not fear that action shall impair it, because I account my ordinary course of study and meditation to be more painful than most parts of action are. I ever bare a mind (in some middle place that I could discharge) to serve her majesty, not as a man born under Sol, that loveth honor; nor under Jupiter, that loveth business (for the contemplative planet carrieth me away wholly); but as a man born under an excellent sovereign, that deserveth the dedication of all men's abilities. Besides, I do not find in myself so much self-love, but that the greater parts of my thoughts are to deserve well (if I be able) of my friends, and namely of your Lordship; who, being the Atlas of this commonwealth, the honor of my house, and the second founder of my poor estate, I am tied by all duties, both of a good patriot and of an unworthy kinsman, and of an obliged servant, to employ whatsoever I am to do you service. Again, the meanness of my estate doth somewhat move me: for, though I cannot accuse myself that I am either prodigal or slothful, yet my health is not to spend, nor my course to get.

Lastly, I confess that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends: for I have taken all knowledge to be my province; and if I could purge it of two sorts of rovers, whereof the one with frivolous disputations, confutations, and verbosi-

ties, the other with blind experiments and auricular traditions and impostures, hath committed so many spoils, I hope I should bring in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries; the best state of that province. This, whether it be curiosity or vain glory, or nature, or (if one take it favorably), *philanthropia*, is so fixed in my mind as it cannot be removed. And I do easily see, that place of any reasonable countenance doth bring commandment of more wits than of a man's own; which is the thing I greatly affect. And for your Lordship, perhaps you shall not find more strength and less encounter in any other. And if your Lordship shall find now, or at any time, that I do seek or affect any place whereunto any that is nearer unto your Lordship shall be concurrent, say then that I am a most dishonest man. And if your Lordship will not carry me on, I will not do as Anaxagoras did, who reduced himself with contemplation unto voluntary poverty, but this I will do—I will sell the inheritance I have, and purchase some lease of quick revenue, or some office of gain that shall be executed by deputy, and so give over all care of service, and become some sorry book-maker, or a true pioneer in that mine of truth, which (he said) lay so deep. This which I have writ unto your Lordship is rather thoughts than words, being set down without all art, disguising, or reservation. Wherein I have done honor both to your Lordship's wisdom, in judging that that will be best believed of your Lordship which is truest, and to your Lordship's good nature, in retaining nothing from you. And even so I wish your Lordship all happiness, and to myself means and occasions to be added to my faithful desire to do you service. From my lodgings at Gray's Inn.

A MORE DIVINE PERFECTION

RICHARD HOOKER

[From *Ecclesiastical Polity*, Book 1, ch. xi.]

Now if men had not naturally this desire to be happy, how were it possible that all men should have it? All men have. Therefore this desire in man is natural. It is not in our power not to do the same; how should it then be in our power to do it coldly or remissly? So that our desire being natural is also in that degree of earnestness whereunto nothing can be added. And is it probable that God should frame the hearts

of all men so desirous of that which no man may obtain? It is an axiom of Nature that natural desire cannot utterly be frustrate. This desire of ours being natural should be frustrate, if that which may satisfy the same were a thing impossible for man to aspire unto. Man doth seek a triple perfection: first a sensual, consisting in those things which very life itself requireth either as necessary supplements, or as beauties and ornaments thereof; then an intellectual, consisting in those things which none underneath man is either capable of or acquainted with; lastly a spiritual and divine, consisting in those things whereunto we tend by supernatural means here, but cannot here attain unto them. They who make the first of these three the scope of their whole life, are said by the Apostle to have no god but only their belly, to be earthly-minded men. Unto the second they bend themselves, who seek especially to excel in all such knowledge and virtue as doth most commend men. To this branch belongeth the law of moral and civil perfection. That there is somewhat higher than either of these two, no other proof doth need than the very process of man's desire, which being natural should be frustrate, if there were not some farther thing wherein it might rest at the length contented, which in the former it cannot do. For man doth not seem to rest satisfied, either with fruition of that wherewith his life is preserved, or with performance of such actions as advance him most deservedly in estimation; but doth further covet, yea oftentimes manifestly pursue with great sedulity and earnestness, that which cannot stand him in any stead for vital use; that which exceedeth the reach of sense; yea somewhat above capacity of reason, somewhat divine and heavenly, which with hidden exultation it rather surmiseth than conceiveth; somewhat it seeketh, and what that is directly it knoweth not, yet very intentive desire thereof doth so incite it, that all other known delights and pleasures are laid aside, they give place to the search of this but only suspected desire. If the soul of man did serve only to give him being in this life, then things appertaining unto this life would content him, as we see they do other creatures; which creatures enjoying what they live by seek no further, but in this contentation do show a kind of acknowledgment that there is no higher good which doth any way belong unto them. With us it is otherwise.

For although the beauties, riches, honors, sciences, virtues, and perfections of all men living, were in the present possession of one; yet somewhat beyond and above all this there would still be sought and earnestly thirsted for. So that Nature even in this life doth plainly claim and call for a more divine perfection than either of these two that have been mentioned.

SELF-DISCIPLINE: THE STORY OF GUYON

EDMUND SPENSER

[*The Faerie Queene*, Book II, Canto VII]

1

As Pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
The faithfull light of that faire lampe
yblent,
And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
Upon his card and compass firmes his eye,
The maysters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steddye helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly;

2

So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,
Late left beyond that Ydle lake, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanye:
And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
Of his own vertues and praise-worthie dedes.
So, long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy
reedes;
For still he traveild through wide wastefull
ground,
That nought but desert wilderness shewed
all around.

3

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heav-
ens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
Of griesly hew and fowle ill favour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tand, and eies were
beard,
His head and beard with sout were ill
bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seem to have been
seard
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles
like clawes appeard.

4

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold;
Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy
dust,
Well yet appeared to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery;
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge threas-
ury.

5

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be
spent;
Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
Of Mulcibers devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great Ingowes and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But most were stampd, and in their metal
bare
The antique shapes of kings and kesars
straunge and rare.

6

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside
Those pretious hils from straungers envious
sight,
And downe them poured through an hole
full wide
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand that trembled as one terrifyde;
And though himselfe were at the sight
dismayd,
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him
doubtfull sayd:

7

"What art thou, man, (if man at all thou
art)
That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
And these rich hils of welth doest hide apart
From the worldes eye, and from her right
usaunce?"
Thereat, with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
In great disdaine he answerd: "Hardy
Elfe,
That darrest view my direful countenaunce,
I read thee rash and heedlesse of thy selfe,
To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pre-
tious pelfe.

8

"God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envye:
Riches, renownme, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swineck and sweat inces-
santly,
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternall
brood.

9

"Wherefore, if me thou deigne to serve and
sew,
At thy command lo! all these mountaines
bee:
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew,
All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be nombred francke and
free."
"Mammon," (saide he) "thy godheads vaunt
is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts enter-
taine.

10

"Me ill besits, that in der-doing armes
And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing
charmes,
With which weake men thou witchest, to at-
tend;
Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
And low abase the high heroicke spright,
That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to
contend;
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be
my delight;
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous
knight."

11

"Vaine glorious Elfe" (saide he) "doest not
thou weat,
That money can thy wantes at will sup-
ply?
Sheilds, steeds, and armes, and all things
for thee meet,
It can purvay in twineklng of an eye;
And crownes and kingdomes to thee mul-
tiply.
Do not I kings create, and throw the
crowne
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,

And him that raignd into his rowme thrust
downe,
And whom I lust do heape with glory and
renowne?"

12

"All otherwise" (saide he) "I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
First got with guile, and then preserv'd
with dread,
And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
Leaving behind them griepe and heavinesse:
Infinite mischiefes of them doe arize,
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitter-
nesse,
Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetize,
That noble heart as great dishonour doth
despize.

13

"Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters
thine;
But realmes and rulers thou doest both con-
found,
And loyall truth to treason doest incline:
Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on
ground,
The crowned often slaine, the slayer cround;
The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe gored with many a wound,
Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and
brent:
So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrong-
full government.

14

"Long were to tell the troublous stormes that
tosse
The private state, and make the life un-
sweet:
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth
crosse,
And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth
fleet,
Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet."
Then Mammon waxing wroth, "And why
then," sayd,
"Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet
So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd,
And having not complaine, and having it
upbrayd?"

15

"Indeede," (quoth he) "through fowle in-
temperance,
Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise;
But would they thinke with how small al-
lowaunce

Untroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,
 Such superfluities they would despise,
 Which with sad cares empeach our native
 joyes.
 At the well-head the purest streames arise;
 But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,
 And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave
 accloyes.

16

"The antique world, in his first flowring
 youth,
 Fownd no defect in his Creators grace;
 But with glad thanks, and unreprieved
 truth,
 The gifts of soveraine bounty did embrace:
 Like Angels life was then mens happy cace;
 But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
 Abused her plenty and fat swolne encrease
 To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
 The measure of her meane and naturall first
 need.

17

"Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
 Of his great Grandmother with steele to
 wound,
 And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
 With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he found
 Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,
 Of which the matter of his huge desire
 And pompous pride eftsoones he did compound;
 Then avarice gan through his veines inspire
 His greedy flames and kindled life-devouring
 fire."

18

"Sonne," (said he then) "lett be thy bitter
 scorne,
 And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
 To them that liv'd therin in state forlorne:
 Thou, that doest live in later times, must
 wage
 Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold
 engage.
 If then thee list my offred grace to use,
 Take what thou please of all this surplus-
 age;
 If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse:
 But thing refused doe not afterward accuse."

19

"Me list not" (said the Elfin knight) "re-
 ceave
 Thing offred, till I know it well be got;

Ne wote I but thou didst these goods be-
 reave
 From rightfull owner by unrighteous lot,
 Or that bloodguiltinesse or guile them blot."
 "Perdy," (quoth he) "yet never eie did vew,
 Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not;
 But safe I have them kept in secret mew
 From hevens sight, and powre of al which
 them poursew."

20

"What secret place" (quoth he) "can safely
 hold
 So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eie?
 Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much
 gold
 Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?"
 "Come thou," (quoth he) "and see." So by
 and by
 Through that thick covert he him led, and
 fownd
 A darkesome way, which no man could des-
 cry,
 That deep descended through the hollow
 ground,
 And was with dread, and horror compassed
 arownd.

21

At length they came into a larger space,
 That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne;
 Through which a beaten broad high way did
 trace,
 That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly
 rayne.
 By that wayes side there sate internall
 Payne,
 And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:
 The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
 The other brandished a bloody knife;
 And both did gnash their teeth, and both
 did threaten life.

22

On thother side in one consort there sate
 Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
 Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;
 But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
 And trembling Feare still to and fro did
 fly,
 And found no place wher safe he shroud him
 might:
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye,
 And shame his ugly face did hide from
 living eye.

23

And over them sad horror with grim hew
 Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings;
 And after him Owles and Night-ravens flew,
 The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
 Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
 Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That hart of flint asonder could have rifte;
 Which having ended after him she flyeth
 swifte.

24

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,
 By whom they passing spake unto them
 nought;
 But th' Elfin knight with wonder all the way
 Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
 At last him to a litle dore he brought,
 That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
 Was next adjoyning, ne them parted ought:
 Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
 That did the house of Richesse from hell-
 mouth divide.

25

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and
 ward,
 For feare least Force or Fraud should un-
 aware
 Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in
 gard:
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
 Approach albe his drowsy den were next;
 For next to death is Sleepe to be compard;
 Therefore his house is unto his annex:
 Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and Hel-gate
 them both befext.

26

So soon as Mammon there arrivd, the dore
 To him did open and afforded way:
 Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
 Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might dis-
 may.
 Soone as he entred was, the dore streight
 way
 Did shutt, and from behind it forth there
 lept
 An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall
 day,
 The which with monstrous stalke behind him
 stept,
 And ever as he went dew watch upon him
 kept.

27

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
 If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
 Or lips he layd on thing that likte him best,
 Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untie,
 Should be his pray. And therefore still on
 hye
 He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
 Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him
 dye,
 And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
 If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian
 lawes.

28

That houses forme within was rude and
 strong,
 Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,
 From whose rough vout the ragged breaches
 hong
 Embost with massy gold of glorious gifte,
 And with rich metall loaded every rifte,
 That heavy ruine they did seeme to threat;
 And over them Arachne high did lifte
 Her cunning web, and spread her subtile
 nett,
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more
 black then Jett.

29

Both rooffe, and floore, and walls, were all
 of gold,
 But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darkenes, that none could behold
 The hew thereof; for vew of cherefull day
 Did never in that house it selfe display,
 But a faint shadow of uncertein light:
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,
 Or as the Moone, cloathed with clowdy
 night,
 Does show to him that walkes in feare and
 sad affright.

30

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene
 But huge great yron chests, and coffers
 strong,
 All bard with double bends, that none could
 weene
 Them to efforce by violence or wrong:
 On every side they placed were along;
 But all the grownd with sculs was scattered,
 And dead mens bones, which round about
 were flong;
 Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were
 shed,
 And their vile carcases now left unburied.

31

They forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke
word,
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of riches such exceeding store,
As eie of man did never see before,
Ne eyer could within one place be fownd,
Though all the wealth which is, or was of
yore,
Could gathered be through all the world
arownd,
And that above were added to that under
grownd.

32

The charge thereof unto a covetous Spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous feendes it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
Then Mammon, turning to that warriour,
said:
"Loe! here the worldes blis: loe! here the
end,
To which al men doe ayme, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy is before
thee laid."

33

"Certes," (sayd he) "I n'll thine offred
grace,
Ne to be made so happy doe intend:
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happines, another end.
To them that list these base regards I lend;
But I in armes, and in atchievements brave,
Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those that riches have,
Then them to have my selfe, and be their
servile slave."

34

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did
grate,
And griev'd so long to lacke his greedie
pray;
For well he weened that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest to take thereof
assay;
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist.
Eternall God thee save from such decay!
But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he
wist.

35

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly
brought
Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright
To him did open, as it had beene taught.
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred furnaces all burning bright:
By every founace many feendes did byde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
And every feend his busie paines applyde
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

36

One with great bellowes gathered filling
ayre,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With yron tongs, and sprinckled ofte the
same
With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to
tame,
Who, maystring them, renewd his former
heat:
Some scumd the drosse that from the metall
came;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles
great;
And every one did swinke, and every one
did sweat.

37

But, when an earthly wight they present
saw
Glistring in armes and battailous aray,
From their whot work they did themselves
withdraw
To wonder at the sight; for till that day
They never creature saw that cam that way:
Their staring eyes sparekling with fervent
fyre
And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That, were it not for shame, he would re-
tyre;
Till that him thus bespake their souveraine
Lord and syre:

38

"Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall
eye,
That living eye before did never see.
The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,
To weet whence all the wealth late shewd
by mee
Proceeded, lo! now is reveald to thee.
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:
Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,

Avis thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood."

39

"Suffise it then, thou Money God," (quoth hee)

"That all thine ydle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have: what needth mee
To covet more then I have cause to use?
With such vaine shewes thy worldings vyle abuse;

But give me leave to follow mine emprise."
Mammon was much displeased, yet no'te he chuse

But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise;
And thence him forward ledd him further to entise.

40

He brought him, through a darksom narrow strait,

To a broad gate all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open; but therein did wayt
A sturdie villein, stryding stiffe and bold,
As if the highest God defy he would:
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himselfe was al of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld

That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

41

Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne
To be so cald, and who so did him call:
Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke vayne;

His portance terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th' hight of men terrestriall,
Like an huge Gyant of the Titans race;
That made him scorne all creatures great and small,

And with his pride all others powre deface:
More fitt amongst black fiendes then men to have his place.

42

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,

That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,

His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight;

For nothing might abash the villein bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

43

So having him with reason pacifyde,
And that fiers Carle commaunding to forbear,

He brought him in. The rowme was large and wyde,

As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare.
Many great golden pillours did upbeare
The massy rooffe, and riches huge sustayne;
And every pillour decked with full deare
With crownes, and Diademes, and titles vaine,

Which mortall Princes wore whiles they on earth did rayne.

44

A route of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under skye,
Which with great uprore preaced to draw nere

To th' upper part, where was advaunced hye
A stately siege of soveraine majesty;
And thereon satt a woman, gorgeous gay
And richly cladd in robes of royaltie,
That never earthly Prince in such aray
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pryde display.

45

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,

That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw

Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:

Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfett shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call:

Nath'lesse most heavenly faire in deed and vew

She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime withall.

46

There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whose upper end to highest heven was knitt,
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
And all that preace did rownd about her swell

To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell;

That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,
And every linck thereof a step of dignity.

47

Some thought to raise themselves to high
degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close shouldring; some by flat-
teree;
Others through friendes; others for base
regard,
And all by wrong waies for themselves pre-
pard:
Those that were up themselves kept others
low;
Those that were low themselves held others
hard,
Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow;
But every one did strive his fellow downe
to throw.

48

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that Ladies
throne,
And what she was that did so high aspyre?
Him Mammon answered; "That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is:
Honour and dignitie from her alone
Derived are, and all this worldes blis,
For which we men doe strive; few gett, but
many mis:

49

"And fayre Philotime she rightly hight,
The fairest wight that womneth under skie,
But that this darksom neather world her
light
Doth dim with horror and deformity;
Worthie of heven and hye felicitie,
From whence the gods have her for envy
thrust:
But, sith thou hast found favour in mine
eye,
Thy spouse, I will her make, if that thou
lust,
That she may thee advance for works and
merits just."

50

"Gramercy, Mammon," (said the gentle
knight)
"For so great grace and offred high estate;
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Unworthy match for such immortall mate
My selfe well wote, and mine unequall fate:
And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,

And love avowd to other Lady late,
That to remove the same I have no might:
To chaunge love causelesse is reproch to war-
like knight."

51

Mammon emmowed was with inward wrath;
Yet, forcing it to fayne, him forth thence
ledd,
Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garnished.
With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote
not be redd:
Not such as earth out of her fruitful woomb
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well
savored,
But direfull deadly black, both leafe and
bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the drery
toombe.

52

There mournfull Cypress grew in greatest
store,
And trees of bitter Gall, and Heben sad;
Dead sleeping Poppy, and black Hellebore;
Cold Coloquintida and Tetra mad;
Mortall Samnitis, and Cicuta bad,
With which th' unjust Atheniens made to
dy
Wise Soerates; who, thereof quaffing glad,
Poured out his life and last Philosophy
To the fayre Critias, his dearest Belamy.

53

The Gardin of Proserpina this hight;
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick Arber goodly over-dight,
In which she often usd from open heat
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to en-
treat:
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispredd and body
great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood
mote see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it
might bee.

54

Their fruit were golden apples glistening
bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold;
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were
sold;
For those which Hercules, with conquest
bold

Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,
 And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;
 And those with which th' Eubæan young man wan
 Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out ran.

55

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
 With which Acontius got his lover trew,
 Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit;
 Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
 The which amongst the gods false Ate threw;
 For which th' Idæan Ladies disagreed,
 Till partial Paris dempt it Venus dew,
 And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
 That many noble Greekes and Trojans made to bleed.

56

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
 So fayre and great that shadowed all the ground,
 And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
 Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
 Of this great gardin, compast with a mound;
 Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe
 In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round.
 That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
 In which full many soules do endlesse wayle and weepe.

57

Which to behold he elomb up to the bancke,
 And looking downe saw many damned wightes
 In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stancke,
 Plonged continually of cruell Sprighes.
 That with their piteous cryes, and yelling shrighes,
 They made the further shore resounden wide.
 Amongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,
 One cursed creature he by chaunce espide,
 That drenched lay full deepe under the Garden side.

58

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin.
 Yet gaped still as coveting to drinke

Of the cold liquor which he waded in;
 And stretching forth his hand did often thinke
 To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke;
 But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth,
 Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swinke;
 The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with drouth,
 He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.

59

The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,
 Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby?
 Who, groning deepe, thus answerd him againe;
 "Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
 Lo! Tantalus, I here tormented lye:
 Of whom high Jove wont whylome feasted bee;
 Lo! here I now for want of food doe dye:
 But, if that thou be such as I thee see,
 Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drinke to mee!"

60

"Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus," (quoth he)
 "Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
 And unto all that live in high degree,
 Ensample be of mind intemperate,
 To teach them how to use their present state."
 Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,
 Accusing highest Jove and gods ingrate;
 And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
 As author of unjustice, there to let him dye.

61

He lookt a litle further, and espyde
 Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent
 Within the river, which the same did hyde;
 But both his handes, most filthy feculent,
 Above the water were on high extent,
 And faynd to wash themselves incessantly,
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
 But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
 So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

62

The knight him calling asked who he was?
 Who, lifting up his head, him answerd thus;
 "I Pilate am, the falsest Judge, alas!

And most unjust; that, by unrighteous
And wicked doome, to Jewes despiteous
Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,
And did acquite a murdrer felonous;
The whiles my handes I washt in purity,
The whiles my soule was soyld with fowle
iniquity."

63

Infinite moe tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told:
Ne Mammon would there let him long
remayne,
For terrour of the tortures manifold.
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake: "Thou fearefull
foole,
Why takest not of that same fruite of gold?
Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,
To rest thy weary person in the shadow
coole?"

64

All which he did to do him deadly fall
In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull
bayt;
To which if he inclyned had at all,
That dreadful feend, which did behinde him
wayt,
Would him have rent in thousand peeces
strayt:
But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceived his deceiptfull sleight,
Ne suffred lust his safety to betray.
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of his
pray.

65

And now he has so long remained theare,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake
and wan
For want of food and sleepe, which two
upbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
That none without the same endure can:
For now three dayes of men were full out-
wrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize began:
Forthy great Mammon fayrely he besought
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he
him brought.

66

The God, though loth, yet was constraýnd
t' obay;
For lenger time then that no living wight
Below the earth might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe him brought to living light,
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright

Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his sences were with deadly fit
opprest.

THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY

EDMUND SPENSER

[From *An Hymn in Honor of Beauty*]

What time this world's great Workmaster
did cast
To make all things such as we now behold,
It seems that he before his eyes had placed
A goodly pattern, to whose perfect mould
He fashioned them as comely as he could,
That now so fair and seemly they appear
As nought may be amended anywhere.

That wondrous pattern, whereso'er it be,
Whether in earth laid up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinful eyes, for fear it to deflore,
Is perfect Beauty, which all men adore;
Whose face and feature doth so much excel
All mortal sense, that none the same may
tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or less, by influence divine,
So it more fair accordingly it makes,
And the gross matter of this earthly mine
Which clotheth it, thereafter doth refine,
Doing away the dross which dims the light
Of that fair beam which therein is empight.

For, through infusion of celestial power,
The duller earth it quickeneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privily doth pour
Through all the parts, that to the looker's
sight
They seem to please. That is thy sovereign
might,
O Cyprian queen! which, flowing from the
beam
Of thy bright star, thou into them dost
stream.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant
grace
To all things fair, that kindleth lively fire,
Light of thy lamp; which, shining in the
face,
Thence to the soul darts amorous desire,
And robs the hearts of those which it ad-
mire;
Therewith thou pointest thy son's poisoned
arrow,

That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainly then do idle wits invent,
That beauty is nought else but mixture made
Of colors fair, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And pass away, like to a summer's shade;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measured, with meet disposition!

Hath white and red in it such wondrous power,
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the heart,
And therein stir such rage and restless stour,
As nought but death can stint his dolor's smart?

Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both sense, and reason blind?

Why do not then the blossoms of the field,
Which are arrayed with much more orient hue,
And to the sense most dainty odors yield.
Work like impression in the looker's view?
Or why do not fair pictures like power shew,
In which oft-times we nature see of art
Excelled in perfect limning every part?

But ah! believe me there is more than so,
That works such wonders in the minds of men;
I, that have often prov'd, too well it know,
And whoso list the like assays to ken,
Shall find by trial, and confess it then,
That Beauty is not, as fond men misdeem.
An outward show of things that only seem.

For that same goodly hue of white and red,
With which the cheeks are sprinkled, shall decay,
And those sweet rosy leaves, so fairly spread
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay:
That golden wire, those sparkling stars so bright,
Shall turn to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth lover's fire,

Shall never be extinguished nor decay;
But, when the vital spirits do expire,
Unto her native planet shall retire;
For it is heavenly born and cannot die,
Being a parcel of the purest sky.

* * * * *

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Therefore wherever that thou dost behold
A comely corps, with beauty fair endued,
Know this for certain, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soul, with fair conditions thewed,
Fit to receive the seed of virtue strewed;
For all that fair is, is by nature good;
That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falls that many a gentle mind
Dwells in deformed tabernacle drowned,
Either by chance, against the course of kind,
Or through unaptness in the substance found,
Which it assumed of some stubborn ground,
That will not yield unto her form's direction,
But is deformed with some foul imperfection.

And oft it falls, (ay me, the more to rue!)
That goodly beauty, albe heavenly born,
Is foul abused, and that celestial hue,
Which doth the world with her delight adorn,
Made but the bait of sin, and sinners' scorn,
Whilst every one doth seek and sue to have it,
But every one doth seek but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that fair beauty's blame,
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested unto will:
Nathless the soul is fair and beauteous still,
However flesh's fault it filthy make;
For things immortal no corruption take.

II. A GREATER BRITAIN

THE CHARACTER OF ELIZABETH

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

[From *A Short History of the English People*]

Never had the fortunes of England sunk to a lower ebb than at the moment when Elizabeth mounted the throne. The country was humiliated by defeat and brought to the verge of rebellion by the bloodshed and misgovernment of Mary's reign. The old social discontent, trampled down for a time by the horsemen of Somerset, remained a menace to public order. The religious strife had passed beyond hope of reconciliation, now that the reformers were parted from their opponents by the fires of Smithfield and the party of the New Learning all but dissolved. The more earnest Catholics were bound helplessly to Rome. The temper of the Protestants, burned at home or driven into exile abroad, had become a fiercer thing, and the Calvinistic refugees were pouring back from Geneva with dreams of revolutionary change in Church and State. England, dragged at the heels of Philip into a useless and ruinous war, was left without an ally save Spain; while France, mistress of Calais, became mistress of the Channel. Not only was Scotland a standing danger in the north, through the French marriage of its Queen Mary Stuart and its consequent bondage to French policy; but Mary Stuart and her husband now assumed the style and arms of English sovereigns, and threatened to rouse every Catholic throughout the realm against Elizabeth's title. In presence of this host of dangers the country lay helpless, without army or fleet, or the means of manning one, for the treasury, already drained by the waste of Edward's reign, had been utterly exhausted by Mary's restoration of the Church-lands in possession of the Crown, and by the cost of her war with France.

England's one hope lay in the character of her Queen. Elizabeth was now in her twenty-fifth year. Personally she had more than her mother's beauty; her figure was commanding, her face long but queenly and intelligent, her eyes quick and fine. She had grown up amidst the liberal culture of Henry's court a bold horsewoman, a good

shot, a graceful dancer, a skilled musician, and an accomplished scholar. She studied every morning the Greek Testament, and followed this by the tragedies of Sophocles or orations of Demosthenes, and could "rub up her rusty Greek" at need to bandy pedantry with a Vice-Chancellor. But she was far from being a mere pedant. The new literature which was springing up around her found constant welcome in her court. She spoke Italian and French as fluently as her mother-tongue. She was familiar with Ariosto and Tasso. Even amidst the affection and love of anagrams and puerilities which sullied her later years, she listened with delight to the "Faery Queen," and found a smile for "Master Spenser" when he appeared in her presence. Her moral temper recalled in its strange contrasts the mixed blood within her veins. She was at once the daughter of Henry and of Anne Boleyn. From her father she inherited her frank and hearty address, her love of popularity and of free intercourse with the people, her dauntless courage and her amazing self-confidence. Her harsh, manlike voice, her impetuous will, her pride, her furious outbursts of anger came to her with her Tudor blood. She rated great nobles as if they were schoolboys; she met the insolence of Essex with a box on the ear; she would break now and then into the gravest deliberations to swear at her ministers like a fishwife. But strangely in contrast with the violent outlines of her Tudor temper stood the sensuous, self-indulgent nature she derived from Anne Boleyn. Splendor and pleasure were with Elizabeth the very air she breathed. Her delight was to move in perpetual progresses from castle to castle through a series of gorgeous pageants, fanciful and extravagant as a caliph's dream. She loved gaiety and laughter and wit. A happy retort or a finished compliment never failed to win her favor. She hoarded jewels. Her dresses were innumerable. Her vanity remained, even to old age, the vanity of a coquette in her teens. No adulation was too fulsome for her, no flattery of her beauty too gross. "To see her was heaven," Hatton told her, "the lack of her was hell." She would play with her rings that her courtiers might note the delicacy of her hands; or

dance a coranto that the French ambassador, hidden dexterously behind a curtain, might report her sprightliness to his master. Her levity, her frivolous laughter, her unwomanly jests gave color to a thousand scandals. Her character in fact, like her portraits, was utterly without shade. Of womanly reserve or self-restraint she knew nothing. No instinct of delicacy veiled the voluptuous temper which had broken out in the romps of her girlhood and showed itself almost ostentatiously throughout her later life. Personal beauty in a man was a sure passport to her liking. She patted handsome young squires on the neck when they knelt to kiss her hand, and fondled her "sweet Robin," Lord Leicester, in the face of the court.

It was no wonder that the statesmen whom she outwitted held Elizabeth almost to the last to be little more than a frivolous woman, or that Philip of Spain wondered how "a wanton" could hold in check the policy of the Escorial. But the Elizabeth whom they saw was far from being all of Elizabeth. The wilfulness of Henry, the triviality of Anne Boleyn played over the surface of a nature hard as steel, a temper purely intellectual, the very type of reason untouched by imagination or passion. Luxurious and pleasure-loving as she seemed, Elizabeth lived simply and frugally, and she worked hard. Her vanity and caprice had no weight whatever with her in state affairs. The coquette of the presence-chamber became the coolest and hardest of politicians at the council-board. Fresh from the flattery of her courtiers, she would tolerate no flattery in the closet; she was herself plain and downright of speech with her counselors, and she looked for a corresponding plainness of speech in return. If any trace of her sex lingered in her actual statesmanship, it was seen in the simplicity and tenacity of purpose that often underlies a woman's fluctuations of feeling. It was this in part which gave her her marked superiority over the statesmen of her time. No nobler group of ministers ever gathered round a council-board than those who gathered round the council-board of Elizabeth. But she was the instrument of none. She listened, she weighed, she used or put by the counsels of each in turn, but her policy as a whole was her own. It was a policy, not of genius, but of good sense. Her aims were simple and obvious: to preserve her

throne, to keep England out of war, to restore civil and religious order. Something of womanly caution and timidity perhaps backed the passionless indifference with which she set aside the larger schemes of ambition which were ever opening before her eyes. She was resolute in her refusal of the Low Countries. She rejected with a laugh the offers of the Protestants to make her "head of the religion" and "mistress of the seas." But her amazing success in the end sprang mainly from this wise limitation of her aims. She had a finer sense than any of her counselors of her real resources; she knew instinctively how far she could go, and what she could do. Her cold, critical intellect was never swayed by enthusiasm or by panic either to exaggerate or to underestimate her risks or her power.

Of political wisdom indeed in its larger and more generous sense Elizabeth had little or none; but her political tact was unerring. She seldom saw her course at a glance, but she played with a hundred courses, fitfully and discursively, as a musician runs his fingers over the keyboard, till she hit suddenly upon the right one. Her nature was essentially practical and of the present. She distrusted a plan in fact just in proportion to its speculative range or its outlook into the future. Her notion of statesmanship lay in watching how things turned out around her, and in seizing the moment for making the best of them. A policy of this limited, practical, tentative order was not only best suited to the England of her day, to its small resources, and the transitional character of its religious and political belief, but it was one eminently suited to Elizabeth's peculiar powers. It was a policy of detail, and in details her wonderful readiness and ingenuity found scope for their exercise. "No War, my Lords," the Queen used to cry imperiously at the council-board, "No War!" but her hatred of war sprang less from her aversion to blood or to expense, real as was her aversion to both, than from the fact that peace left the field open to the diplomatic maneuvers and intrigues in which she excelled. Her delight in the consciousness of her ingenuity broke out in a thousand puckish freaks, freaks in which one can hardly see any purpose beyond the purpose of sheer mystification. She revelled in "bye-ways" and "crooked ways." She played with grave

cabinets as a cat plays with a mouse, and with much of the same feline delight in the mere embarrassment of her victims. When she was weary of mystifying foreign statesmen she turned to find fresh sport in mystifying her own ministers. Had Elizabeth written the story of her reign she would have prided herself, not on the triumph of England or the ruin of Spain, but on the skill with which she had hoodwinked and outwitted every statesman in Europe, during fifty years. Nor was her trickery without political value. Ignoble, inexpressibly wearisome as the Queen's diplomacy seems to us now, tracing it as we do through a thousand despatches, it succeeded in its main end. It gained time, and every year that was gained doubled Elizabeth's strength. Nothing is more revolting in the Queen, but nothing is more characteristic, than her shameless mendacity. It was an age of political lying, but in the profusion and recklessness of her lies Elizabeth stood without a peer in Christendom. A falsehood was to her simply an intellectual means of meeting a difficulty; and the ease with which she asserted or denied whatever suited her purpose was only equaled by the cynical indifference with which she met the exposure of her lies as soon as their purpose was answered. The same purely intellectual view of things showed itself in the dexterous use she made of her very faults. Her levity carried her gaily over moments of detection and embarrassment where better women would have died of shame. She screened her tentative and hesitating statesmanship under the natural timidity and vacillation of her sex. She turned her very luxury and sports to good account. There were moments of grave danger in her reign when the country remained indifferent to its perils, as it saw the Queen give her days to hawking and hunting, and her nights to dancing and plays. Her vanity and affectation, her womanly fickleness and caprice, all had their part in the diplomatic comedies she played with the successive candidates for her hand. If political necessities made her life a lonely one, she had at any rate the satisfaction of averting war and conspiracies by love sonnets and romantic interviews, or of gaining a year of tranquillity by the dexterous spinning out of a flirtation.

As we track Elizabeth through her tortuous mazes of lying and intrigue, the sense

of her greatness is almost lost in a sense of contempt. But wrapped as they were in a cloud of mystery, the aims of her policy were throughout temperate and simple, and they were pursued with a singular tenacity. The sudden acts of energy which from time to time broke her habitual hesitation proved that it was no hesitation of weakness. Elizabeth could wait and finesse; but when the hour was come she could strike, and strike hard. Her natural temper indeed tended to a rash self-confidence rather than to self-distrust. She had, as strong natures always have, an unbounded confidence in her luck. "Her Majesty counts much on Fortune," Walsingham wrote bitterly; "I wish she would trust more in Almighty God." The diplomatists who censured at one moment her irresolution, her delay, her changes of front, censure at the next her "obstinacy," her iron will, her defiance of what seemed to them inevitable ruin. "This woman," Philip's envoy wrote after a wasted remonstrance, "this woman is possessed by a hundred thousand devils." To her own subjects, indeed, who knew nothing of her maneuvers and retreats, of her "bye-ways" and "crooked ways," she seemed the embodiment of dauntless resolution. Brave as they were, the men who swept the Spanish Main or glided between the icebergs of Baffin's Bay never doubted that the palm of bravery lay with their Queen. Her steadiness and courage in the pursuit of her aims was equaled by the wisdom with which she chose the men to accomplish them. She had a quick eye for merit of any sort, and a wonderful power of enlisting its whole energy in her service. The sagacity which chose Cecil and Walsingham was just as unerring in its choice of the meanest of her agents. Her success indeed in securing from the beginning of her reign to its end, with the single exception of Leicester, precisely the right men for the work she set them to do sprang in great measure from the noblest characteristic of her intellect. If in loftiness of aim her temper fell below many of the tempers of her time, in the breadth of its range, in the universality of its sympathy it stood far above them all. Elizabeth could talk poetry with Spenser and philosophy with Bruno; she could discuss Euphuism with Lyly, and enjoy the chivalry of Essex; she could turn from talk of the last fashions to pore with Cecil over despatches and treasury books;

she could pass from tracking traitors with Walsingham to settle points of doctrine with Parker, or to calculate with Frobisher the chances of a north-west passage to the Indies. The versatility and many-sidedness of her mind enabled her to understand every phase of the intellectual movement of her day, and to fix by a sort of instinct on its higher representatives. But the greatness of the Queen rests above all on her power over her people. We have had grander and nobler rulers, but none so popular as Elizabeth. The passion of love, of loyalty, of admiration which finds its most perfect expression in the "Faery Queen," throbbed as intensely through the veins of her meanest subjects. To England, during her reign of half a century, she was a virgin and a Protestant Queen; and her immorality, her absolute want of religious enthusiasm, failed utterly to blur the brightness of the national ideal. Her worst acts broke fruitlessly against the general devotion. A Puritan, whose hand she cut off in a freak of tyrannous resentment, waved his hat with the hand that was left, and shouted "God save Queen Elizabeth!" Of her faults, indeed, England beyond the circle of her court knew little or nothing. The shiftings of her diplomacy were never seen outside the royal closet. The nation at large could only judge her foreign policy by its main outlines, by its temperance and good sense, and above all by its success. But every Englishman was able to judge Elizabeth in her rule at home, in her love of peace, her instinct of order, the firmness and moderation of her government, the judicious spirit of conciliation and compromise among warring factions which gave the country an unexampled tranquillity at a time when almost every other country in Europe was torn with civil war. Every sign of the growing prosperity, the sight of London as it became the mart of the world, of stately mansions as they rose on every manor, told, and justly told, in Elizabeth's favor. In one act of her civil administration she showed the boldness and originality of a great ruler; for the opening of her reign saw her face the social difficulty which had so long impeded English progress, by the issue of a commission of inquiry which ended in the solution of the problem by the system of poor-laws. She lent a ready patronage to the new commerce; she considered its extension and

protection as a part of public policy, and her statue in the center of the London Exchange was a tribute on the part of the merchant class to the interest with which she watched and shared personally in its enterprises. Her thrift won a general gratitude. The memories of the Terror and of the Martyrs threw into bright relief the aversion from bloodshed which was conspicuous in her earlier reign, and never wholly wanting through its fiercer close. Above all there was a general confidence in her instinctive knowledge of the national temper. Her finger was always on the public pulse. She knew exactly when she could resist the feeling of her people, and when she must give way before the new sentiment of freedom which her policy unconsciously fostered. But when she retreated, her defeat had all the grace of victory; and the frankness and unreserve of her surrender won back at once the love that her resistance had lost. Her attitude at home in fact was that of a woman whose pride in the well-being of her subjects, and whose longing for their favor, was the one warm touch in the coldness of her natural temper. If Elizabeth could be said to love anything, she loved England. "Nothing," she said to her first Parliament in words of unwonted fire, "nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, is so dear to me as the love and goodwill of my subjects." And the love and goodwill which were so dear to her she fully won.

THE MENACE OF SPAIN

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

[From *A Short History of the English People*]

But if a fierce religious struggle was at hand, men felt that behind this lay a yet fiercer political struggle. Philip's hosts were looming over sea, and the horrors of foreign invasion seemed about to be added to the horrors of civil war. Spain was at this moment the mightiest of European powers. The discoveries of Columbus had given it the New World of the West; the conquests of Cortes and Pizarro poured into its treasury the plunder of Mexico and Peru; its galleons brought the rich produce of the Indies, their gold, their jewels, their ingots of silver, to the harbor of Cadiz. To the New World its King added the fair-

est and wealthiest portions of the Old; he was master of Naples and Milan, the richest and the most fertile districts of Italy; of the busy provinces of the Low Countries, of Flanders, the great manufacturing district of the time, and of Antwerp, which had become the central mart for the commerce of the world. His native kingdom, poor as it was, supplied him with the steadiest and the most daring soldiers that the world has seen since the fall of the Roman Empire. The renown of the Spanish infantry had been growing from the day when it flung off the onset of the French chivalry on the field of Ravenna; and the Spanish generals stood without rivals in their military skill, as they stood without rivals in their ruthless cruelty. The whole, too, of this enormous power was massed in the hands of a single man. Served as he was by able statesmen and subtle diplomatists, Philip of Spain was his own sole minister; laboring day after day, like a clerk, through the long years of his reign, amidst the papers which crowded his closet; but resolute to let nothing pass without his supervision, and to suffer nothing to be done save by his express command. It was his boast that everywhere in the vast compass of his dominions he was "an absolute King." It was to realize this idea of unshackled power that he crushed the liberties of Aragon, as his father had crushed the liberties of Castille, and sent Alva to tread under foot the constitutional freedom of the Low Countries. His bigotry went hand in hand with his thirst for rule. Italy and Spain lay hushed beneath the terror of the Inquisition, while Flanders was being purged of heresy by the stake and the sword. The shadow of this gigantic power fell like a deadly blight over Europe. The new Protestantism, like the new spirit of political liberty, saw its real foe in Philip. It was Spain, rather than the Guises, against which Coligni and the Huguenots struggled in vain; it was Spain with which William of Orange was wrestling for religious and civil freedom; it was Spain which was soon to plunge Germany into the chaos of the Thirty Years' War, and to which the Catholic world had for twenty years been looking, and looking in vain, for a victory over heresy in England. Vast in fact as Philip's resources were, they were drained by the yet vaster schemes of ambition into which his religion and his greed

of power, as well as the wide distribution of his dominions, perpetually drew him. To coerce the weaker States of Italy, to command the Mediterranean, to preserve his influence in Germany, to support Catholicism in France, to crush heresy in Flanders; to despatch one Armada against the Turk and another against Elizabeth, were aims mighty enough to exhaust even the power of the Spanish Monarchy. But it was rather on the character of Philip than on the exhaustion of his treasury that Elizabeth counted for success in the struggle which had so long been going on between them. The King's temper was slow, cautious even to timidity, losing itself continually in delays, in hesitations, in anticipating remote perils, in waiting for distant chances; and on the slowness and hesitation of his temper his rival had been playing ever since she mounted the throne. The diplomatic contest between the two was like the fight which England was soon to see between the ponderous Spanish galleon and the light pinnace of the buccaneers. The agility, the sudden changes of Elizabeth, her lies, her mystifications, though they failed to deceive Philip, puzzled and impeded his mind. But amidst all this cloud of intrigue the actual course of their relations had been clear and simple. In her earlier days France rivaled Spain in its greatness, and Elizabeth simply played the two rivals off against one another. She hindered France from giving effective aid to Mary Stuart by threats of an alliance with Spain; while she induced Philip to wink at her heresy, and to discourage the risings of the English Catholics, by playing on his dread of her alliance with France. But as the tide of religious passion which had so long been held in check broke at last over its banks, the political face of Europe changed. The Low Countries, driven to despair by the greed and persecution of Alva, rose in a revolt which after strange alternations of fortune gave to Europe the Republic of the United Provinces. The opening which their rising afforded was seized by the Huguenot leaders of France as a political engine to break the power which Catharine of Medicis exercised over Charles the Ninth, and to set aside her policy of religious balance by placing France at the head of Protestantism in the West. Charles listened to the counsels of Coligni, who pressed for war upon

Philip and promised the support of the Huguenots in an invasion of the Low Countries. Never had a fairer prospect opened to French ambition. Catharine, however, saw ruin for the monarchy in a France at once Protestant and free. She threw herself on the side of the Guises, and ensured their triumph by lending herself to their massacre of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day. But though the long gathering clouds of religious hatred had broken, Elizabeth trusted to her dexterity to keep out of the storm. France plunged madly back into a chaos of civil war, and the Low Countries were left to cope single-handed with Spain. Whatever enthusiasm the heroic struggle of the Prince of Orange excited among her subjects, it failed to move Elizabeth even for an instant from the path of cold self-interest. To her the revolt of the Netherlands was simply "a bridle of Spain, which kept war out of our own gate." At the darkest moment of the contest, when Alva had won back all but Holland and Zealand, and even William of Orange despaired, the Queen bent her energies to prevent him from finding succor in France. That the Provinces could in the end withstand Philip, neither she nor any English statesmen believed. They held that the struggle must close either in utter subjection of the Netherlands, or in their selling themselves for aid to France; and the accession of power which either result must give to one of her two Catholic foes the Queen was eager to avert. Her plan for averting it was by forcing the Provinces to accept the terms offered by Spain—a restoration, that is, of their constitutional privileges on condition of their submission to the Church. Peace on such a footing would not only restore English commerce, which suffered from the war; it would leave the Netherlands still formidable as a weapon against Philip. The freedom of the Provinces would be saved; and the religious question involved in a fresh submission to the yoke of Catholicism was one which Elizabeth was incapable of appreciating. To her the steady refusal of William the Silent to sacrifice his faith was as unintelligible as the steady bigotry of Philip in demanding such a sacrifice. It was of more immediate consequence that Philip's anxiety to avoid provoking an intervention on the part of England which would destroy all hope of his success in Flanders, left her

tranquil at home. Had revolt in England prospered he was ready to reap the fruits of other men's labors; and he made no objection to plots for the seizure or assassination of the Queen. But his state was too vast to risk an attack while she sate firmly on her throne; and the cry of the English Catholics, or the pressure of the Pope, had as yet failed to drive the Spanish King into strife with Elizabeth.

The control of events was, however, passing from the hands of statesmen and diplomatists; and the long period of suspense which their policy had won was ending in the clash of national and political passions. The rising fanaticism of the Catholic world was breaking down the caution and hesitation of Philip; while England set aside the balanced neutrality of her Queen and pushed boldly forward to a contest which it felt to be inevitable. The public opinion, to which the Queen was so sensitive, took every day a bolder and more decided tone. Her cold indifference to the heroic struggle in Flanders was more than compensated by the enthusiasm it excited among the nation at large. The earlier Flemish refugees found a refuge in the Cinque Ports. The exiled merchants of Antwerp were welcomed by the merchants of London. While Elizabeth dribbled out her secret aid to the Prince of Orange, the London traders sent him half-a-million from their own purses, a sum equal to a year's revenue of the Crown. Volunteers stole across the Channel in increasing numbers to the aid of the Dutch, till the five hundred Englishmen who fought in the beginning of the struggle rose to a brigade of five thousand, whose bravery turned one of the most critical battles of the war. Dutch privateers found shelter in English ports, and English vessels hoisted the flag of the States for a dash to the Spanish traders. Protestant fervor rose steadily as "the best captains and soldiers" returned from the campaigns in the Low Countries to tell of Alva's atrocities, or as privateers brought back tales of English seamen who had been seized in Spain and the New World, to linger amidst the tortures of the Inquisition, or to die in its fires. In the presence of this steady drift of popular passion the diplomacy of Elizabeth became of little moment. When she sought to put a check on Philip by one of her last matrimonial intrigues, which threatened England with a Catholic sovereign in the Duke of Anjou, a younger

son of the hated Catharine of Medicis, the popular indignation rose suddenly into a cry against "a Popish King" which the Queen dared not defy. If Elizabeth was resolute for peace, England was resolute for war. A new courage had arisen since the beginning of her reign, when Cecil and the Queen stood alone in their belief in England's strength, and when the diplomatists of Europe regarded her obstinate defiance of Philip's counsels as "madness." The whole people had caught the self-confidence and daring of their Queen. The seamen of the southern coast had long been carrying on a half-piratical war on their own account. Four years after Elizabeth's accession the Channel swarmed with "sea-dogs," as they were called, who sailed under letters of marque from the Prince of Condé and the Huguenot leaders, and took heed neither of the complaints of the French Court nor of Elizabeth's own attempts at repression. Her efforts failed before the connivance of every man along the coast, of the very port-officers of the Crown who made profit out of the spoil, and of the gentry of the west, who were hand and glove with the adventurers. They broke above all against the national craving for open fight with Spain, and the Protestant craving for open fight with Catholicism. Young Englishmen crossed the sea to serve under Condé or Henry of Navarre. The war in the Netherlands drew hundreds of Protestants to the field. The suspension of the French contest only drove the sea-dogs to the West Indies; for the Papal decree which gave the New World to Spain, and the threats of Philip against any Protestant who should visit its seas, fell idly on the ears of English seamen. It was in vain that their trading vessels were seized, and the sailors flung into the dungeons of the Inquisition, "laden with irons, without sight of sun or moon." The profits of the trade were large enough to counteract its perils; and the bigotry of Philip was met by a bigotry as merciless as his own. The Puritanism of the sea-dogs went hand in hand with their love of adventure. To break through the Catholic monopoly of the New World, to kill Spaniards, to sell negroes, to sack gold-ships, were in these men's minds a seemly work for the "elect of God." The name of Francis Drake became the terror of the Spanish Indies. In Drake a Protestant fanaticism was united with a splendid daring. He conceived the design of penetrating

into the Pacific, whose waters had never seen an English flag; and backed by a little company of adventurers, he set sail for the southern seas in a vessel hardly as big as a Channel schooner, with a few yet smaller companions who fell away before the storms and perils of the voyage. But Drake with his one ship and eighty men held boldly on; and passing the Straits of Magellan, untraversed as yet by any Englishman, swept the unguarded coast of Chili and Peru, loaded his bark with the gold-dust and silver-ingots of Potosi, and with the pearls, emeralds, and diamonds which formed the cargo of the great galleon that sailed once a year from Lima to Cadiz. With spoils of above half-a-million in value the daring adventurer steered undauntedly for the Moluccas, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and after completing the circuit of the globe dropped anchor again in Plymouth harbor.

THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND

1. "This England"

[The speech of John of Gaunt, Shakespeare's *Richard II*]

Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms
are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the
feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd
isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal
kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their
birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulcher in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear
land,

Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious
siege

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with
shame,

With inky blots and rotten parchment
bonds:

That England, that was wont to conquer
others,

Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

2. *Unity Against the Foe*

[The speech of Faulconbridge, Shake-
speare's *King John*]

Bast. This England never did, nor never
shall,

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall

make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

3. *England at War*

[From Shakespeare's *Henry V*, Act III]

Enter Chorus

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift
scene flies

In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you
have seen

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus
fanning:

Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden
sails,

Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the fur-
row'd sea,

Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestic,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow,
follow:

Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight
still,

Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old
women,

Either past or not arrived to pith and puis-
sance;

For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not fol-
low

These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to
France?

Work, work your thoughts, and therein see
a siege;

Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Har-
fleur.

Suppose the ambassador from the French
comes back;

Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to
dowry,

Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon
touches,

[*Alarum, and chambers go off*
And down goes all before them. Still be
kind,

And eke out our performance with your
mind. *[Exit*

SCENE I. *France. Before Harfleur*

*Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BED-
FORD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers, with scal-
ing-ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear
friends, once more;

Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage:

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'er-
whelm it

As fearfully as doth a galled rock

O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril
 wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every
 spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you noblest Eng-
 lish,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-
 proof!
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even
 fought
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argu-
 ment:
 Dishonor not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget
 you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good
 yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show
 us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which I
 doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
 Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
 Cry, "God for Harry, England, and Saint
 George!"
[Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.]

[From Act IV]

Enter Chorus

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
 When creeping murmur and the poring dark
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
 From camp to camp through the foul womb
 of night
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fixed sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch:
 Fire answers fire, and through their paly
 flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful
 neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the
 tents
 The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation:

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do
 toll,
 And the third hour of drowsy morning
 name.
 Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned
 English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
 Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn
 coats
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will
 behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to
 tent,
 Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his
 head!"
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends, and coun-
 trymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
 Unto the weary and all-watched night,
 But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his
 looks:
 A largess universal like the sun
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly;
 Where—O for pity!—we shall much dis-
 grace
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things by what their mockeries
 be. *[Exit]*

SCENE III. *The English Camp*

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ER-
 PINGHAM, *with all his host*; SALISBURY
and WESTMORELAND.

Glou. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view
their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full
three-score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all
are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fear-
ful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my
charge:

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord
Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good
luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly
today:

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of
valor. *[Exit Salisbury]*

Bed. He is as full of valor as of kind-
ness;

Princely in both.

Enter the KING

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in Eng-
land

That do no work today!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair
cousin:

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man
more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from
England:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an
honor

As one man more, methinks, would share
from me

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish
one more!

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through
my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:

He that outlives this day, and comes safe
home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,

And say, "Tomorrow is Saint Crispian";

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his
scars,

And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's
day."

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,

But he'll remember with advantages

What feats he did that day: then shall our
names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,

Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glou-
cester,

Be in their flowing cups freshly remem-
ber'd.

This story shall the good man teach his son:

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,

From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered;

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;

For he today that sheds his blood with me

Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,

This day shall gentle his condition;

And gentlemen in England now abed

Shall think themselves accursed they were
not here,

And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any
speaks

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's
day.

BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

MICHAEL DRAYTON

1

Fair stood the wind for France,

When we our sails advance;

Nor now to prove our chance

Longer will tarry;

But putting to the main,

At Caux, the mouth of Seine,

With all his martial train

Landed King Harry.

2

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing, day by day,
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power.

3

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide,
To the King sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

4

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
"Though they to one be ten
Be not amazed!
Yet have we well begun:
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By Fame been raised!

5

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be:
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me!
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me!"

6

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.
No less our skill is,
Than when our Grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies."

7

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanward led;
With the main, Henry sped

Amongst his henchmen;
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there!
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

8

They now to fight are gone;
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan:
To hear, was wonder;
That, with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake;
Thunder to thunder.

9

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces!
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

10

With Spanish yew so strong;
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather.
None from his fellow starts;
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

11

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew:
Not one was tardy.
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went:
Our men were hardy.

12

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it.
And many a deep wound lent;
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

13

Gloucester, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood
 With his brave brother.
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight,
 Scarce such another!

14

Warwick in blood did wade;
 Oxford, the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up.
 Suffolk his axe did ply;
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily;
 Ferrers, and Fanhope.

15

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
 Fought was this noble fray;
 Which Fame did not delay
 To England to carry.
 O, when shall English men
 With such acts fill a pen?
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

THE DEEDS OF ELIZABETHAN SEAMEN

RICHARD HAKLUYT

[From the *Voyages*, 1589]

To harp no longer upon this string, and to speak a word of that just commendation which our nation do indeed deserve: it cannot be denied, but as in all former ages they have been men full of activity, stirrers abroad, and searchers of the remote parts of the world, so in this most famous and peerless government of her most excellent Majesty, her subjects, through the special assistance and blessing of God, in searching the most opposite corners and quarters of the world, and to speak plainly, in compassing the vast globe of the earth more than once, have excelled all the nations and people of the earth. For which of the kings of this land before her Majesty had their banners ever seen in the Caspian sea? which of them hath ever dealt with the emperor of Persia as her Majesty hath done, and obtained for her merchants large and lov-

ing privileges? who ever saw, before this regiment, an English Ligier in the stately porch of the Grand Signor at Constantinople? who ever found English consuls and agents at Tripolis in Syria, at Aleppo, at Babylon, at Balsara, and which is more, who ever heard of Englishman at Goa before now? what English ships did heretofore ever anchor in the mighty river of Plate? pass and repass the unpassable (in former opinion) Strait of Magellan, range along the coast of Chili, Peru, and all the backside of Nova Hispania, further than any christian ever passed, traverse the mighty breadth of the South Sea, land upon the Luzones in despite of the enemy, enter into alliance, amity, and traffic with the princes of the Moluccas and the isle of Java, double the famous cape of Bona Speranza, arrive at the isle of St. Helena, and last of all return home most richly laden with the commodities of China, as the subjects of this now flourishing monarchy have done?

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

MICHAEL DRAYTON

1

You brave heroic minds,
 Worthy your country's name,
 That honor still pursue;
 Go and subdue!
 Whilst loitering hinds
 Lurk here at home with shame.

2

Britons, you stay too long;
 Quickly aboard bestow you!
 And with a merry gale
 Swell your stretched sail,
 With vows as strong
 As the winds that blow you!

3

Your course securely steer,
 West-and-by-south forth keep!
 Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
 When Eolus scowls,
 You need not fear,
 So absolute the deep.

4

And, cheerfully at sea,
 Success you still entice,
 To get the pearl and gold;

And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth's only Paradise.

5

Where Nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish;
And the fruitful'st soil,—
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

6

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

7

To whom, the Golden Age
Still Nature's laws doth give:
Nor other cares attend,
But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

8

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell,
Approaching the dear strand.

9

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given!)
O you, the happiest men,
Be frolic then!
Let cannons roar,
Frightening the wide heaven!

10

And in regions far,
Such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came!
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our North!

11

And where in plenty grows
The laurel everywhere,
Apollo's sacred tree
Your days may see

A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

12

Thy Voyages attend,
Industrious Hakluyt!
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame;
And much commend
To after times thy wit.

THE VICTORY OF ENGLAND

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

[From *A Report of the Fight betwixt the
Revenge and an Armada of the
King of Spain, 1591*]

Because the rumours are diversly spread, as well in Englande as in the lowe countries and els where, of this late encounter between her maiesties ships and the Armada of *Spain*; and that the Spaniardes according to their usual maner, fill the world with their vaine glorious vaunts, making great apparance of victories: when on the contrary, themselves are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonoured; therby hoping to possesse the ignorant multitude by anticipating and forerunning false reports: It is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth to overcome falsehood and untruth; that the beginning, continuance, and successe of this late honourable encounter of Syr *Richard Grinvile*, and other her maiesties Captaines, with the Armada of *Spaine*; should be truly set downe and published without parcialitie or false imaginations. And it is no marvell that the Spaniard should seeke by false and slanderous Pamphlets, advisoes and Letters, to cover their owne losse, and to derogate from others their due honours especially in this fight beeing performed farre of; seeing they were not ashamed in the yeare 1588, when they purposed the invasion of this land, to publish in sundrie languages in print, great victories in wordes, which they pleaded to have obtained against this Realme, and spreadde the same in a most false sort over all partes of *France*, *Italie*, and elsewhere. When shortly after it was happily manifested in verie deed to all Nations, how their Navy which they termed invincible, consisting of 240 saile of ships, not onely of their own kingdom, but strengthened with the greatest

Argosies, *Portugall* Caractes, Florentines, and huge Hulkes of other countries: were by thirtie of her Maiesties' owne shippes of warre, and a few of our owne Marchants, by the wise, valiant, and most advantageous conduction of the L. *Charles Howard*, high Admirall of England, beaten and shuffeled together, even from the Lizard in *Cornwall*: first to *Portland*, where they shamefully left *Don Pedro de Valdes*, with his mightie shippe: from *Portland* to *Cales*, where they lost *Hugo de Moncado*, with the Gallias of which he was Captain, and from *Cales*, driven with squibs from their anchors: were chased out of the sight of England, round about *Scotland* and *Ireland*. Where for the sympathie of their barbarous religion, hoping to finde succour and assistance: a great part of them were crusht against the rocks, and those other that landed, being verie manie in number, were not withstanding broken, slaine, and taken, and so sent from village to village coupled in halters to be shipped into Engla[n]d. Where her Maiestie of her Princely and invincible disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retaine or entertaine them: [they] were all sent backe againe to their countries, to witnesse and recount the worthy achievements of their invincible and dreadfull Navy. Of which the number of souldiers, the fearefull burthen of their shippes, the commanders names of everie squadron, with all other their magazines of provision, were put in print, as an Army and Navy unresistible, and disdaining prevention. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation, they did not in all their sailing rounde about England, so much as sinke, or take one ship, Barke, Pinnes, or Cockbote of ours: or ever burnt so much as one sheep-cote of this land. When as on the contrarie, Syr *Francis Drake*, with only 800 souldiers not long before, landed in their Indies, and forced *Santiago*, *Santa Domingo*, *Cartagena*, and the Fortes of *Florida*.

And after that, Syr *Iohn Norris* marched from *Peniche* in *Portugall*, with a handfull of souldiers, to the gates of *Lisbone*, being above 40 English miles. Where the Earle of *Essex* himselfe and other valiant Gentlemen, braved the Cittie of *Lisbone*, encamped at the verie gates; from whence after many daies abode, finding neither promised partie, nor provision to batter: made retrait by land, in despite of all their Garrisons, both

of Horse and foote. In this sort I have a little digressed from my first purpose, only by the necessarie comparison of theirs and our actions: the one covetous of honor without vaunt or ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affaires, and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their owne dishonors, as they will not only not blush to spread all maner of untruthes: but even for the least advantage, be it but for the taking of one poore adventurer of the English, will celebrate the victorie with bonefiers in everie town, alwaies spending more in faggots, then the purchase was worth they obtained. When as we never yet thought it worth the consumption of two billets, when we have taken eight or ten of their Indian shippes at one time, and twentie of the *Brasill* fleet. Such is the difference between true valure, and ostentation: and betweene honourable actions, and frivolous vaine-glorious vaunts. But now to returne to my first purpose.

The L. *Thomas Howard*, with sixe of her Maiesties ships, sixe victualers of London, the barke *Ralegh*, and two or three Pinnasses riding at anchor nere unto *Flores*, one of the Westerlie Ilands of the *Azores*, the last of August in the after noone had intelligence by one Captaine *Midleton*, of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which *Midleton* being in a verie good Sailer, had kept them companie three daies before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my L. *Thomas* of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the newes but the Fleet was in sight: manie of our shippes companies were on shore in the Iland; some providing balast for their ships; others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such thinges as they coule either for money, or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered and romaging everie thing out of order, verie light for want of balast. And that which was most to our disadvantage, the one halfe part of the men of every shippe sicke, and utterly unserviceable. For in the *Revenge* there were ninetie diseased: in the *Bonaventure*, not so many in health as could handle her maine saile. For had not twentie men beene taken out of a Barke of Sir *George Caryes*, his being commanded to be sunke, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest for the most part, were in little better state.

The names of her Maiesties shippes. were these as followeth: the *Defaunce*, which was Admirall, the *Revenge* Viceadmirall, the *Bonaventure*, commanded by Captaine *Crosse*, the *Lion* by *George Fenner*, the *Foresight* by *M. Thomas Vavisour*, and the *Crane* by *Duffield*. The *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but small ships; onely the other were of the middle size; the rest, besid[e]s the Barke *Raleigh*, commanded by Captaine *Thin*, were victualers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleete having shrouded their approach by reason of the lland; were now so soone at hand, as our ships had scarce time to waye their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slippe their Cables, and set sayle. Sir *Richard Grinvile* was the last waied, to recover the men that were upon the lland, which otherwise had beene lost. The *L. Thomas* with the rest verie hardly recovered the winde, which Sir *Richard Grinvile* not being able to do, was perswaded by the maister and others to cut his maine saile, and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of his shippe: for the squadron of *Sivil* were on his weather bow. But Sir *Richard* utterly refused to turne from the enimie, alledging that he would rather chose to dye, then to dishonour him selfe, his countrie, and her Maiesties shippe, perswading his companie that he would passe through the two Squadrons, in despite of them: and enforce those of *Sivill* to give him way. Which he performed upon diverse of the formost, who as the Marriners terme it, sprang their luffe, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had beene the better, and might right well have beene answered in so great an impossibilitie of prevailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatnesse of his minde, he could not bee perswaded. In the meane while as hee attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the winde of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his sailes in such sort, as the shippe could neither way nor feele the helme: so huge and high cargad was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundredth tuns. Who afterlaid the *Revenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sailes, the ships that wer under his lee luffing up, also laid him aborde: of which the next was the Admirall of the *Biscaines*, a verie mightie and puyasant shippe commanded by *Brittan Dona*. The said *Philip* carried three tire of ordinance on a side, and eleven peeces in everie tire. She

shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her Sterne portes.

After the *Revenge* was intangled with this *Philip*, foure other boorded her; two on her larboord, and two on her starboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clocke in the after noone, continued verie terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having receyved the lower tire of the *Revenge*, discharged with crossebarshot, shifted hir selfe with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking hir first entertainment. Some say that the shippe foundred, but wee cannot report it for truth, unlesse we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of souldiers, in some two hundred besides the Marriners; in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all, beside the Marriners, but the servants of the commanders and some fewe voluntarie Gentlemen only. After many enterchanged voleies of great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed souldiers and Musketiers, but were still repulsed againe and againe, and at all times beaten backe, into their owne shippes, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble of London*, having received some shot throw her by the armados, fell under the Lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Syr *Richard* what he would command him, being one of the victulers and of small force: Syr *Richard* bid him save himselfe, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some houres of the night, many of our men were slaine and hurt, and one of the great Gallions of the Armada, and the Admirall of the Hulkes both sunke, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that sir *Richard* was verie dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and laie speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenues* owne companie, brought home in a ship of Lime from the llandes, examined by some of the Lordes, and others: affirmed that he was never so wounded as that hee forsooke the upper decke, til an houre before midnight; and then being shot into the bodie with a Musket as hee was a dressing, was againe shot into the head. and withall his Chirugion wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken

by *Syr Frances Godolphin*, of 4 other Mariners of the same shippe being returned, which examination, the said *Syr Frances* sent unto maister *William Killigrue*, of her Majesties privie Chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten of, so alwaies others came in their places, she having never lesse than two mightie Gallions by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clocke the day before, there had fiftene severall Armados assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day, far more willing to harken to a composition, then hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day encreased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by *Iacob Whiddon*, who hovered all night to see the successe: but in the mornynge bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous houndes, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sicknes, and fourescore and ten sicke, laid in hold upon the Ballast. A small troupe to man such a ship, and a weake Garrison to resist so mighty an Army. By those hundred all was sustained, the voles, bourdings, and entrings of fiftene shippes of warre, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrarie, the Spanish were alwaies supplied with souldiers brought from every squadron: all maner of Armes and poudre at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the mastes all beaten over board, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper worke altogether rased, and in effect evened shee was with the water, but the verie foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left over head either for flight or defence. *Syr Richard* finding himselfe in this distresse, and unable anie longer to make resistance, having endured in this fiftene houres fight, the assault of fiftene severall Armadoes, all by tornnes aboorde him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillerie, besides manie assaults

and entries. And that himself and the shippe must needes be possessed by the enemye, who were not all cast in a ring round about him; The *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea: commanded the maister Gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sinke the shippe; that thereby nothing might remaine of glorie or victorie to the Spaniards: seeing in so manie houres fight, and with so great a Navie they were not able to take her, having had fiftene houres time, fiftene thousand men, and fiftie and three saile of men of warre to performe it withall. And perswaded the companie, or as manie as he could induce, to yeelde themselves unto God, and to the mercie of none els; but as they had like valiant resolute men, repulsed so manie enimies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their owne lives for a few houres, or a few daies. The maister Gunner readilie condescended and divers others; but the Captaine and the Maister were of an other opinion, and besought *Sir Richard* to have care of them: alleaging that the Spaniard would be as readie to entertaine a composition, as they were willing to offer the same: and that there being diverse sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose woundes were not mortall, they might doe their countrie and prince acceptable service hereafter. And (that where *Sir Richard* had alleaged that the Spaniards should never glorie to have taken one shippe, of her Maiesties, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended them selves) they answered, that the shippe had sixe foote water in hold, three shot under water which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needes sinke, and was besides so crusht and brused, as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and *Sir Richard* refusing to hearken to any of those reasons: the maister of the *Revenge* (while the Captaine wan unto him the greater party) was convoyde aborde the Generall *Don Alfonso Bassan*. Who finding none over hastie to enter the *Revenge* againe, doubting least *S. Richard* would have blowne them up and himselfe, and perceiving by the report of the maister of the *Revenge* his daungerous disposition: yeelded that all their lives should be saved, the companie sent for England, and the better sorte to

pay such reasonable ransome as their estate would beare, and in the meane season to be free from Gally or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well as I have saide, for feare of further loss and mischief to them selves, as also for the desire hee had to recover Sir *Richard Grinvile*; whom for his notable valure he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safetie of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their perill, the most drew backe from Sir *Richard* and the maister Gunner, being no hard matter to diswade men from death to life. The maister Gunner finding him selfe and Sir *Richard* thus prevented and maistered by the greater number, would have slaine himselfe with a sword, had he not bene by force withheld and locked into his Cabben. Then the Generall sent manie boates aboard the *Revenge*, and diverse of our men fearing Sir *Richards* disposition, stole away aboard the Generall and other shippes. Sir *Richard* thus over-matched, was sent unto by *Alfonso Bassan* to remove out of the *Revenge*, the shippe being marvellous unsaverie, filled with bloud and bodies of deade, and wounded men like a slaughter house. Sir *Richard* answered that he might do with his bodie what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the shippe he swounded, and reviving againe desired the companie to pray for him. The Generall used Sir *Richard* with all humanitie, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recoverie, highly commending his valour and worthines, and greatly bewailed the daunger wherein he was, beeing unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution sildome approved, to see one ship turne toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge Armados, and to resist and repell the assaults and entries of so many souldiers. All which and more, is confirmed by a Spanish Captaine of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lyon* of London a small ship taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The generall commander of the Armada, was *Don Alphonso Bassan*, brother to the Marquesse of *Santa Cruce*. The Admirall of the *Biscaine* squadron, was *Britan Dona*. Of the squadron of *Sivil*, Marques of *Arumburch*. The Hulkes and Flyboates were commaunded by *Luis Cutino*. There were slaine

and drowned in this fight, well neere two thousand of the enemies, and two especiall commanders *Don Luis de Sant Iohn*, and *Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga*, as the Spanish Captain confesseth, besides divers others of especial account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The Admirall of the Hulkes and the Ascention of *Sivil*, were both suncke by the side of the *Revenge*; one other recovered the rode of Saint *Michels*, and sunke also there; a fourth ranne her selfe with the shore to save her men. Syr *Richard* died as it is said, the second or third day aboard the Generall, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his bodie, whether it were buried in the sea or on the lande wee know not: the comfort that remaineth to his friendes is, that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation wonne to his nation and country, and of the same to his posteritie, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his owne honour.

For the rest of her Majesties ships that entred not so far into the fight as the *Revenge*, the reasons and causes were these. There were of them but six in all, whereof two but small ships; the *Revenge* ingaged past recoverie: The Iland of *Flores* was on the one side, 53 saile of the Spanish, divided into squadrons on the other, all as full filled with soldiers as they could containe. Almost the one halfe of our men sicke and not able to serve: the ships growne foule, unroom-aged, and scarcely able to beare anie saile for want of ballast, having bene sixe moneths at the sea before. If al the rest had entred, all had ben lost. For the verie hugenes of the Spanish fleet, if no other violence had been offred, would have crusht them between them into shivers. Of which the dishonour and losse to the Queene had been far greater than the spoile or harme that the enemy could any way have received. Notwithstanding it is verie true, that the Lord *Thomas* would have entred betweene the squadrons, but the rest wold not condescend; and the maister of his owne ship offred to leape into the sea, rather than to conduct that her Maiesties ship and the rest to be a prairie to the enemy, where there was no hope nor possibilitie either of defence or victorie. Which also in my opinion had it sorted or answered the discretion and trust of a Generall, to commit himselfe and his charge to an assured destruction, without hope or any likelihood of prevailing: therby

to diminish the strength of her Maiesties Navy, and to enrich the pride and glorie of the enemy. The *Foresight* of the Queenes commanded by M. Th. Parisor, performed a verie great fight, and stayd two houres as neere the *Revenge* as the wether wold permit him, not forsaking the fight, till hee was like to be encompassed by the squadrons, and with great difficultie cleared himselfe. The rest gave divers voleies of shot, and entred as far as the place permitted and their own necessities, to keep the weather gage of the enemy, untill they were parted by night. A few daies after the fight was ended, and the English prisoners dispersed into the Spanish and Indy ships, there arose so great a storme from the West and North-west, that all the fleet was dispersed, as well the Indian fleet which were then come unto them as the rest of the Armada that attended their arrivall, of which 14 saile together with the *Revenge*, and in her 200 Spaniards, were cast away upon the Isle of S. Michaels. So it pleased them to honor the buriall of that renowned ship the *Revenge*, not suffering her to perish alone, for the great honour shee achieved in her life time. On the rest of the Ilandes there were cast away in this storme, 15 or 16 more of the ships of war: and of a hundred and odde saile of the Indie fleet, expected this yeere in Spaine, what in this tempest, and what before in the bay of Mexico, and about the Bermudas there were 70 and odde consumed and lost, with those taken by our ships of London, besides one verie ryche Indian shippe, which set her selfe on fire, beeing boarded by the Pilgrim, and five other

taken by Master Wats his ships of London, between the *Havaua* and *Cape S. Antonio*. The 4 of this month of November, we received letters from the *Tercera*, affirming yat there are 3000 bodies of men remaining in that Iland, saved out of the perished ships: and that by the Spaniards own confession, there are 10000 cast away in this storm, besides those that are perished betweene the Ilands and the maine. Thus it hath pleased God to fight for us, and to defend the iustice of our cause, against the ambitious and bloody pretenses of the Spaniard, who seeking to devour all nations, are themselves devoured. A manifest testimonie how iniust and how displeasing their attempts are in the sight of God, who hath pleased to witnes by the successe of their affaires, his mislike of their bloody and iniurious designes, purposed and practised against all Christian Princes, over whom they seeke unlawful and ungodly rule and Empery.

To conclude, it hath ever to this day pleased God, to prosper and defend her Maiestie, to breake the purposes of malicious enimies, of foresworne traitours, and of unjust practises and invasions. She hath ever beene honoured of the worthiest Kinges, served by faithfull subjects, and shall by the favor of God, resist, repell, and confound all what soever attempts against her sacred Person or kingdome. In the meane time, let the Spaniard and traitour vaunt of their successe: and we her true and obedient vassalles guided by the shining light of her vertues, shall alwaies love her, serve her, and obey her to the end of our lives.

III. TRAINING FOR EMPIRE

THE EDUCATION OF MEN WHO ARE TO RULE

SIR THOMAS ELYOT

[From *The Boke of the Governour*, 1534]

Nowe wyll I somewhat declare of the chiefe causes why, in our tyme, noble men be nat as excellent in lernyng as they were in olde tyme amonge the Romanes and grekes. Surely, as I haue diligently marked in dayly experience, the principall causes be these.

The pride, avarice, and negligence of parents, and the lacke or fewenesse of sufficient maysters or teachers.

/ As I sayd, pride is the first cause of this inconuenience. For of those persons be some, which, without shame, dare affirme, that to a great gentilman it is a notable reproche to be well lerned and to be called a great clerke: whiche name they accounte to be of so base estymation, that they neuer haue it in their mouthes but when they speke any thyng in derision, whiche perchaunce they wolde nat do if they had ones layser to rede our owne cronicle of Englande, where they shall fynde that kynge Henry the first, sonne of william conquerour, and one of the moste noble princes that ever reigned

in this realme, was openly called Henry beau clerke, whiche is in englysshe, fayre clerke, and is yet at this day so named. And wheder that name be to his honour or to his reproche, let them iuge that do rede and compare his lyfe with his two bretherne. William called Rouse, and Robert le courtoise, they both nat hauyng semblable lernyng with the sayd Henry, the one for his disolute lyuyng and tyranny beyng hated of all his nobles and people, finally was sodaynely slayne by the shotte of an arowe, as he was huntyng in a forest, whiche to make larger and to gyue his deere more lybertie, he dyd cause the houses of lii parisshe to be pulled downe, the people to be expelled, and all beyng desolate to be tourned in to desert, and made onely pasture for beestes sauage; whiche he wolde neuer haue done if he had as moche deltyed in good lernyng as dyd his brother.

The other brother, Robert le Courtoise, beyng duke of Normandie, and the eldest sonne of wylliam Conquerour, all be it that he was a man of moche prowesse, and right expert in martiall affayres, wherfore he was cleete before Godfray of Boloigne to haue ben kyng of Hierusalem; yet natwithstandyng whan he inuaded this realme with sondrie puissaunt armies, also dyuers noble men ayding hym, yet his noble brother Henry beau clerke, more by wysdome than power, also by lernyng, addyng polycie to vertue and courage, often tymes vaynquissed hym, and dyd put him to flyght. And after sondry victories finally toke him and kepte hym in prison, hauyng none other meanes to kepe his realme in tranquillitie.

It was for no rebuke, but for an excellent honour, that the emperour Antonine was surnamed philosopher, for by his moste noble example of lyuing, and industrie incomparable, he during all the tyme of his reigne kept the publike weale of the Romanes in suche a perfecte astate, that by his actes he confirmed the sayeng of Plato, That blessed is that publike weale wherin either philosophers do reigne, or els kinges be in philosophie studieuse.

These persones that so moche contemne lernyng, that they wolde that gentilmen's children shulde haue no parte or very little therof, but rather shulde spende their youth alway (I saye nat onely in huntyng and haukyng, whiche moderately used, as solaces ought to be, I intende nat to dispraise) but in those ydle pastymes, whiche, for the vice

that is therin, the commaundement of the prince, and the uniuersall consent of the people, expressed in statutes and lawes, do prohibite, I meane, playeng at dyce, and other games named unfulfull. These persones, I say, I wolde shulde remembre, or elles nowe lerne, if they neuer els herde it, that the noble Philip kyng of Macedonia, who subdued al Greece, aboue all the good fortunes that euer he hadde, most reioysed that his sonne Alexander was borne in the tyme that Aristotle the philosopher flourished, by whose instruction he mought attaine to most excellent lernyng.

Also the same Alexander often tymes sayd that he was equally as moche bounden to Aristotle as to his father kyng Philip, for of his father he receyued lyfe, but of Aristotle he receyued the waye to lyue nobly.

Who dispraysed Epaminondas, the moost valiant capitayne of Thebanes, for that he was excellently lerned and a great philosopher? Who euer discommended Julius Cesar for that he was a noble oratour, and, nexte to Tulli, in the eloquence of the latin tonge excelled al other? Who euer reproved the emperour Hadriane for that he was so exquisitely lerned, nat onely in greke and latine, but also in all sciences liberall, that openly at Athenes, in the uniuersall assembly of the greatteste clerkes of the worlde, he by a longe tyme disputed with philosophers and Rhetoriciens, whiche were esteemed mooste excellent, and by the iugement of them that were present had the palme or rewarde of victorie? And yet, by the gouernance of that noble emperour, nat only the publik weale flourished but also diuers rebellions were suppressed, and the maiesty of the empire hugely increased. Was it any reproche to the noble Germanicus (who by the assignement of Augustus shulde haue succeeded Tiberius in the empire, if traitorous enuy had nat in his flourysshynge youth bireft hym his lyfe) that he was equal to the moost noble poetes of his time, and, to the increase of his honour and moost worthy commendation, his image was set up at Rome, in the habite that poetes at those dayes used? Fynally howe moche excellent lernyng commendeth, and nat dispraiseth, nobilitie, it shal playnly appere unto them that do rede the lyfes of Alexander called Seuerus, Tacitus, Probus Aurelius, Constantine, Theodosius, and Charles the gret, surnamed Charlemaine, all being emperours,

and do compare them with other, whiche lacked or had nat so moche of doctrine. Verily they be ferre from good raison, in myne opinion, whiche couaite to haue their children goodly in stature, stronge, deliuer, well synging, wherin trees, beastes, fysshes, and byrdes, be nat only with them equall, but also ferre do excede them. And connyng, wherby onely man excelleth all other creatures in erthe, they reiecte, and accounte unworthy to be in their children. What unkinde appetite were it to desyre to be father rather of a pece of flesshe, that can onely meue and feele, than of a childe that shulde haue the perfecte fourme of a man? What so perfectly expresseth a man as doctrine? Diogenes the philosopher seing one without lernynge syt on a stone, sayde to them that were with him, beholde where one stone sytteth on an other; whiche wordes, well considered and tried, shall appere to contayne in it wonderfull matter for the approbation of doctrine, wherof a wyse man maye accumulate ineuitable argumentes, whiche I of necessite, to auoide tediousnes, must nedes passe ouer at this tyme.

The seconde occasion wherfore gentylmens children seldome haue sufficient lernynge is auarice. For where they parentes wyll nat aduenture to sende them farre out of theyr propre countrayes, partely for feare of dethe, whiche perchance dare nat approche them at home with theyr father; partely for expence of money, whiche they suppose wolde be lesse in theyr owne houses or in a village, with some of theyr tenants or frendes; hauyng seldome any regarde to the teacher, whether he be well lerned or ignorant. For if they hiare a schole maister to teche in theyr houses, they chiefly enquire with howe small a salary he will be contented, and neuer do inserche howe moche good lernynge he hath, and howe amonge well lerned men he is therin esteemed, usinge therin lasse diligence than in takynge seruantes, whose seruice is of moche lasse importance, and to a good schole maister is nat in profite to be compared. A gentilman, er he take a cooke in to his seruice, he wyll firste diligently examine hym, howe many sortes of meates, potages, and sauces, he can perfectly make, and howe well he can season them, that they may be bothe pleasant and nourishynge; yea and if it be but a fauconer, he wyll scrupulously enquire what skylle he hath in feedyng, called

diete, and keepyng of his hauke from all sickenes, also how he can reclaime her and prepare her to flyght. And to suche a cooke or fauconer, whom he findeth expert, he spareth nat to gyue moche wages with other bounteous rewardes. But of a schole maister, to whom he will committe his childe, to be fedde with lernynge and instructed in vertue, whose lyfe shall be the principall monument of his name and honour, he neuer maketh further enquire but where he may haue a schole maister; and with howe litel charge; and if one be perchance founden, well lerned, but he will nat take paynes to teache without he may haue a great salary, he than speketh nothing more, or els saith, What shall so moche wages be gyuen to a schole maister whiche wolde kepe me two seruantes? to whom maye be saide these wordes, that by his sonne being wel lerned he shall receiue more commoditie and also worship than by the seruice of a hundred cokes and fauconers.

The thirde cause of this hyndrance is negligence of parentes, whiche I do specially note in this poynt; there haue bene diuers, as well gentillmen as of the nobilitie, that deliting to haue their sonnes excellent in lernynge haue provided for them connyng maysters, who substantially haue taught them gramer, and very wel instructed them to speake latine elegantly, wherof the parentes haue taken moche delectation; but whan they haue had of gramer sufficient and be comen to the age of xiiii yeres, and do approche or drawe toward the astate of man, whiche age is called mature or ripe, (wherin nat onely the saide lernynge continued by moche experience shal be perfectly digested, and confirmed in perpetuall remembrance, but also more seriouse lernynge contayned in other lyberall sciences, and also philosophy, wolde than be lerned) the parentes, that thinge nothinge regarding, but being suffised that their children can onely speke latine proprely, or make verses with out mater or sentence, they from thens forth do suffre them to liue in idelnes, or els, putting them to seruice, do, as it were, banisshe them from all vertuous study or exercise of that whiche they before lerned; so that we may beholde diuers yonge gentill men, who in their infancie and childehode were wondered at for their aptnes to lerning and prompt speakinge of elegant latine, whiche now, beinge men, nat onely haue forgotten their congruite, (as in the commune worde),

and unneth can speake one hole sentence in true latine, but, that wars is, hath all lernynge in derision, and in skorne therof wyll, of wantonnesse, speake the moste barbarously that they can imagine.

Nowe some man will require me to shewe myne opinion if it be necessary that gentylmen shulde after the age of xiiii yeres continue in studie. And to be playne and trewe therein, I dare affirme that, if the elegant speking of latin be nat added to other doctrine, litle frute may come of the tonge; sens latine is but a naturall speche, and the frute of speche is wyse sentence, whiche is gathered and made of sondry lernynge.

And who that hath nothing but langage only may be no more praised than a popiniay, a pye, or a stare, whan they speke featly. There be many nowe a dayes in famous scholes and uniuersities whiche be so moche gyyen to the studie of tonges onely, that whan they write epistles, they seme to the reder that, like to a trumpet, they make a sounne without any purpose, where unto men do herken more for the noyse than for any delectation that therby is meued. Wherefore they be moche abused that suppose eloquence to be only in wordes or coulours of Rhetorike, for, as Tulli saith, what is so furiose or mad a thinge as a vaine sounne of wordes of the best sort and most-ornate, contayning neither connynge nor sentence? Undoubtedly very eloquence is in euery tonge where any mater or acte done or to be done is expressed in wordes elene, propise, ornate, and comely: whereof sentences be so aptly compact that they by a vertue inexplicable do drawe unto them the mindes and consent of the herers, they beinge therewith either perswaded, meued, or to delectation induced. Also euery man is nat an oratour that can write an epistle or a flatering oration in latin: where of the laste, (as god helpe me,) is to moche used. For a right oratour may nat be without a moche better furniture. Tulli saienge that to him belongeth the explicating or unfoldinge of sentence, with a great estimation in gyying counsaile concerninge maters of great importaunce, also to him appertaineth the steringe and quickning of people languishinge or dispeiringe, and to moderate them that be rasshe and unbridled. Wherefore noble autours do affirme that, in the firste infancie of the worlde, men wandring like beastes in woddes and on mountaines, regardingne neither the religion due unto god,

nor the office pertaining unto man, ordred all thing by bodily strength: untill Mercurius (as Plato supposeth) or some other man holpen by sapience and eloquence, by some apt or propre oration, assembled them to geder and perswaded to them what commodite was in mutual conuersation and honest maners. But yet Cornelius Tacitus describeth an oratour to be of more excellent qualities, saynge that, an oratour is he that can or may speke or raison in euery question sufficiently elegantly: and to persuade proprely, accordyng to the dignitie of the thyng that is spoken of, the oportunitie of time, and pleasure of them that be herers. Tulli, before him, affirmed that, a man may nat be an oratour heaped with praise, but if he haue gotten the knowlege of all thynges and artes of greatest importaunce. And howe shall an oratour speake of that thyng that he hath nat lerned? And bicause there may be nothyng but it may happen to come in praise or dispraise, in consultation or iugement, in accusation or defence: therfore an oratour, by others instruction perfectly furnished, may, in euery mater and lernynge, commende or dispraise, exhorte or dissuade, accuse or defende eloquently, as occasion hapneth. Wherefore in as moche as in an oratour is required to be a heape of all maner of lernynge: whiche of some is called the worlde of science, of other the circle of doctrine, whiche is in one worde of greke *Encyclopedia*: therfore at this day may be founden but a very few oratours. For they that come in message from princes be, for honour, named nowe oratours, if they be in any degre of worshyp: onely poore men hauyng equall or more of lernynge beyng called messagers. Also they whiche do onely teache rhetorike, whiche is the science wherby is taught an artificyall fourme of speykng, wherin is the power to persuade, moue, and delyte, or by that science onely do speke or write, without any adminiculation¹ of other sciences, ought to be named rhetoriciens, declamatours, artificial speakers, (named in Greeke *Logodotali*), or any other name than oratours. Semblably they that make verses, expressynge therby none other lernynge but the craft of versifyeng, be nat of auncient writers named poetes, but onely called versifyers. For the name of a poete, wherat nowe, (specially in this realme,) men haue suche indignation, that they use onely poetes and poetry in the contempte of elo-

¹ prop, support

quence, was in auncient tyme in hygh estimation: in so moche that all wysdome was supposed to be therin included, and poetry was the first philosophy that euer was known: wherby men from their childhode were brought to the raison howe to lyue well, lernynge therby nat onely maners and naturall affectiones, but also the wonderfull werkes of nature, mixing serious mater with thynges that were pleasaunt: as it shall be manifest to them that shall be so fortunate to rede the noble warkes of Plato and Aristotle, wherin he shall fynde the autoritie of poetes frequently alleged: ye and that more is, in poetes was supposed to be science misticall and inspired, and therefore in latine they were called *Vates*, which worde signifyeth as moche as prophetes. And therefore Tulli in his Tusculane questyons supposeth that a poete can nat abundantly expresse verses sufficient and complete, or that his eloquence may flowe without labour wordes wel sounyng and plentuouse, without celestiall instinction, whiche is also by Plato ratified.

"THE RANK IS BUT THE GUINEA'S STAMP"

SIR THOMAS ELYOT

[From *The Boke of the Governour*, 1534]

Nowe it is to be feared that where maies- tie approacheth to excesse, and the mynde is obsessed with inordinate glorie, lest pride, of al vices most horrible, shuld sodainely entre and take prisoner the harte of a gentilman called to autoritie. Wherfore in as moche as that pestilence corruptethe all sences, and makethe them incurable by any persuation or doctrine, therefore suche persones from their adolescencie (which is the age nexte to the state of man) oughte to be perswaded and taughte the true knowlege of very nobilitie in fourme folowing or like.

Fyrst, that in the begynnynge, whan priuate possessions and dignitie were gyuen by the consent of the people, who than had all thinge in commune, and equalitie in degree and condition, undoubtedly they gaue the one and the other to him at whose vertue they mervailed, and by whose labour and industrie they received a commune benefite, as of a commune father that with equall affection loued them. And that promptitude or redinesse in employinge that benefite was than named in englische gentilnesse, as it was in latine *benignitas*, and in other tonges

after a semblable signification, and the persones were called gentilmen, more for the remembraunce of their vertue and benefite, than for discrepance of astates. Also it fortuneth by the prouidence of god that of those good men were engendred good children, who beinge brought up in vertue, and perceiuinge the cause of the aduauncement of their progenitours, endeououred them selves by imitation of vertue, to be equall to them in honour and autoritie; by good emulation they retained stille the fauour and reuerence of people. And for the goodnesse that proceded of suche generation the state of them was called in greke *Eugenia*, whiche signifyeth the good kinde or lignage, but in a more briefe maner it was after called nobilitie, and the persones noble, whiche signifyeth excellent, and in the analogie or signification it is more ample than gentill, for it containeth as well all that whiche is in gentilnesse, as also the honour or dignitie therefore received, whiche be so annexed the one to the other that they can nat be seporate.

It wold be more ouer declared that where vertue ioyned with great possessions or dignitie hath longe continued in the bloode or house of a gentilman, as it were an inheritance, there nobilitie is mooste shewed, and these noble men be most to be honored; for as moche as continuance in all thinge that is good hath euer preeminence in praise and comparison. But yet shall it be necessary to aduertise those persones, that do thinke that nobilitie may in no wyse be but onely where men can auaunte them of auncient lignage, an auncient robe, or great possessions, at this daye very noble men do suppose to be moche errour and folye. Wherof there is a familiare example, whiche we beare euer with us, for the bloode in our bodies beinge in youthe warme, pure, and lustie, it is the occasion of beautie, whiche is euery where commended and loued; but if in age it be putrified, it leseth his praise. And the goutes, carbuncles, kankers, lepries, and other lyke sores and sicknesses, whiche do procede of bloode corrupted, be to all men detestable.

And this persuation to any gentilman, in whom is apte disposition to very nobilitie, wyll be sufficient to withdrawe hym from suche vice, wherby he maye empayre his owne estimation, and the good renoume of his auncestours.

If he haue an auncient robe left by his auncestor, let him consider that if the first

owner were of more vertue than he is that succedeth, the robe beinge worne, it minisheth his praise to them whiche knewe or haue herde of the vertue of him that firste owed it. If he that weareth it be viciouse, it more detecteth howe moche he is unworthy to weare it, the remembraunce of his noble tuncetour makynge men to abhorre the reproche gyuen by an iuell successour. If the firste owner were nat vertuouse, hit condemneth him that weareth it of moche foolishnesse, to glorie in a thinge of so base estimation, whiche lacking beautie or glosse, can be none ornament to hym that weareth it, nor honorable remembrance to hym that first owed it.

But nowe to confirme by true histories, that accordynge as I late affirmed, nobilitie is nat onely in dignitie, auncient lignage, nor great reuenues, landes, or possessions. Lete yonge gentilmen haue often times tolde to them, and (as it is vulgarely spoken) layde in their lappes, how Numa Pompilius was taken from husbandry, whiche he exercised, and was made kynge of Romanes by election of the people. What caused it suppose you but his wisdom and vertue? whiche in hym was very nobilitie, and that nobilitie broughte hym to dignitie. And if that were nat nobilitie, the Romanes were meruailously abused, that after the dethe of Romulus their kynge, they hauynge amonge them a hundred senatours, whom Romulus did sette in autoritie, and also the blode roiall, and olde gentilmen of the Sabyne, who, by the procurement of the wiues of the Romanes, beinge their daughters, inhabited the cite of Rome, they wolde nat of some of them eleete a kynge, rather than aduance a ploughman and stranger to that autoritie.

Quintius hauyng but xxx acres of lande, and beinge ploughman therof, the Senate and people of Rome sent a messenger to shewe him that they had chosen him to be *dictator*, whiche was at that time the highest dignitie amonge the Romanes, and for thre monethes had autoritie roiall. Quintius herynge the message, lette his ploughe stande, and wente in to the cite and prepared his hoste againe the Samnites, and vainquished them valiantly. And that done, he surrendered his office, and beinge discharged of the dignitie, he repaired agayne to his ploughe, and applied it diligently.

I wolde demaunde nowe, if nobilitie were only in the dignitie, or in his prowesse,

whiche he shewed agayne his enemies? If it were only in his dignitie, it therwith cessed, and he was (as I mought say) eftsones unnoble; and than was his prowesse unrewarded, whiche was the chiefe and originall cause of that dignitie: whiche were incongruent and without reason. If it were in his prowesse, prowesse consistynge of valiant courage and martiall policie, if they styll remaine in the persone, he may neuer be without nobilitie, whiche is the commendation, and as it were, the surname of vertue.

The two Romanes called bothe Decii, were of the base astate of the people, and nat of the great blode of the Romanes, yet for the preseruacion of their countray they auowed to die, as it were in a satisfaction for all their countray. And so with valiant hartes they perced the hoste of their enemies, and valiantly fightynge, they died there honorably, and by their example gaue suche audacitie and courage to the residue of the Romanes, that they employed so their strengthe agayne their enemies, that with little more losse they obtayned victorie. Ought nat these two Romanes, whiche by their deth gaue occasion of victorie, be called noble? I suppose no man that knoweth what reason is will denie it.

More ouer, we haue in this realme coynes which be called nobles; as longe as they be seene to be golde, they be so called. But if they be counterfaicted, and made in brasse, coper, or other vile metal, who for the print only calleth them nobles? Wherby it appereth that the estimation is in the metall, and nat in the printe or figure. And in a horse or good grehounde we prayse that we se in them, and nat the beautie or goodnesse of their progenie. Whiche proueth that in estemyng of money and catell we be ladde by wysedome, and in approuynge of man, to whom beaustis and money do serue, we be only induced by custome.

Thus I conclude that nobilitie is nat after the vulgare opinion of men, but is only the prayse and surname of vertue; whiche the lenger it continueth in a name or lignage, the more is nobilitie extolled and meruailed at.

OF VIRTUOUS AND GENTLE DISCIPLINE

EDMUND SPENSER

[The Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, setting forth the purpose of *The Faerie Queene*]

Sir, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of

mine, which I have entituled the Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good, as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded,) to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned without expressing of any particular purposes, or by accidents, therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: Which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter then for profite of the ensample. I chose the historye of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspition of present time. In which I have followed all the antique Poets historicall; first Homere, who in the Persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis; then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas: after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando: and lately Tasso dissevered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named Politice in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of polliticke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king.

To some, I know, this Methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their shoves, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is *Xenophon preferred before Plato*, for that

the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a Commune welth, such as it should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a government, such as might best be: So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So have I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whome I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet, in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphæbe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent concept of Cynthia, (Phæbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana). So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular; which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three bookes contain three.

The first of the knight of the Redecrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce: The third of Britomartis, a Lady Knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights seuerall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the midst, even where it most concerneth him, and there recours-

ing to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all.

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii. dayes; uppon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faeries, desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might have the achievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen: that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew; and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, vi. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him, with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne.
&c.

The second day ther came in a Palmer,
bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose
Parents he complained to have bene slayn

by an Enchaunteresse called Acrasia; and therefore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure; which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchaunter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire Lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But being vnable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his loue.

But by occasion hereof many other adventures are intermedled; but rather as Accidents then intendments: As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphoebe, the lasciviousness of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne to direct your understanding to the welhead of the History; that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So, humbly craving the continuance of your honorable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

23. January 1589,

Yours most humbly affectionate,

Ed. Spenser.

"THE BRAVE COURTIER"

EDMUND SPENSER

[A portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, from
Mother Hubberds Tale]

Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beauteous
thought

Regard of honour harbours more than
ought,

Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
Anies good name for envie or despite:

He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
Ne will be carried with the common winde

Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,
Ne after everie tattling fable flie;

But heares and sees the follies of the rest,
And thereof gathers for himselfe the best.
He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained
face,

But walkes upright with comely stedfast
pace,

And unto all doth yeeld due curtesie;
But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,
As that same Apish crue is wont to doo:

For he disdaines himselfe t' embase theretoo.
He hates fowle leasings, and vile flatterie,
Two filthie blots in noble gentrie;
And lothefull idlenees he doth detest,
The canker worme of everie gentle brest;
The which to banish with faire exercise
Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise:
Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne
steedes,

Now practising the prooffe of warlike
deedes,

Now his bright armes assaying, now his
speare,

Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare.
At other times he casts to sew the chace
Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foot a
race,

T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes
most needfull)

Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heed-
full,

Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Eughen
bowe,

And manly legs, still passing too and fro,
Without a gownned beast him fast beside,
A vaine ensample of the Persian pride;
Who, after he had wonne th' Assyrian
foe,

Did ever after scorne on foote to goe.

Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with
toyle

Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight
Of Musicks skill revives his toyled spright;
Or els with Loves, and Ladies gentle sports,
The joy of youth, himselfe he recomforts;
Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,
His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes:
Sweete Ladie Muses, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light!

With whom he close confers with wise dis-
course,

Of Natures workes, of heavens continuall
course,

Of forreine lands, of people different,
Of kingdomes change, of divers gouvern-
ment,

Of dreadfull battailes of renowned
Knights;

With which he kindleth his ambitious
sprights

To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The onely upshot whereto he doth ayme:
For all his minde on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purposis,
And in his Princes service spends his dayes,
Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to winne worthie place,
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In whatso please employ his personage,
That may be matter meete to gaine him
praise:

For he is fit to use in all assayes,
Whether for Armes and warlike amenaunce,
Or else for wise and civill governance.

For he is practiz'd well in policie,
And thereto doth his Courting most applie:
To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange,
To marke th' intent of Counsells, and the
change

Of states, and eke of private men somewhile,
Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the storehouse of his powerfull
wit,

Which through wise speeches and grave con-
ference

He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence.
Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde.

COUNSELS OF EXPERIENCE¹

FRANCIS BACON

[From *Essays or Counsels Civil and Moral*,
published 1597, 1612, 1625]

1. Of Truth

"What is truth?" said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief, affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discouraging wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth; nor again, that when it is found, it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor: but

¹ Bacon says of the *Essays*: "I have endeavored to make them not vulgar, but of a nature whereof a man shall find much in experience and little in books, so as they are neither repetitions nor fancies."

a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies: where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy *vinum daemonum*¹ because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of his spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet, that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well, "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tost upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), and to see

¹ devil's wine

the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below"; so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business, it will be acknowledged, even by those that practice it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it; for these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious; and therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge. "If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards man." For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man. Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men: it being foretold, that when Christ cometh, "he shall not find faith upon the earth."

2. Of Travel

Travel in the younger sort is a part of education; in the elder a part of experience. He that traveleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well; so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before; whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth. For else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little. It is a strange thing, that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries, but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it: as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries therefore be brought in use. The things to be

seen and observed are: the courts of princes, specially when they give audience to ambassadors: the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes: and so of consistories ecclesiastic: the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant: the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbors: antiquities and ruins; libraries, colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies: houses, and gardens of state and pleasure near great cities; armories, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, burses, warehouses; exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes, cabinets and rarities; and to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go. After all which, the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them; yet they are not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do: first, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant, or tutor, as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card or book describing the country where he traveleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town; more or less as the place deserveth, but not long: nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he traveleth. Let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favor in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit.

As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors: for so in traveling in one country, he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also

see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad; that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided: they are commonly for mistresses, healths, place, and words. And let a man beware how he keepeth company with cholerick and quarrelsome persons; for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveler returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath traveled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse, let him be rather advised in his answers than forward to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad, into the customs of his own country.

3. *Of Studies*

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience. For natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them. For they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested—that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may

be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little he had need have a great memory; if he confer little he had need have a present wit; and if he read little he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend, *Abeunt studia in mores*.¹ Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *cymini sectores*; ² if he be not apt to beat over matters and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

4. Of Nature in Men

Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return; doctrine and discourse maketh nature less importune; but custom only doth alter and subdue nature.

He that seeketh victory over his nature, let him not set himself too great nor too small tasks; for the first will make him dejected by often failing, and the second will make him a small proceeder, though by often prevailings. And, at the first, let him practice with helps, as swimmers do with bladders or rushes; but after a time, let him practice with disadvantages, as dancers do with thick shoes; for it breeds great perfection if the practice be harder than the use.

Where nature is mighty, and therefore the victory hard, the degrees had need be, first to stay and arrest nature in time (like to him that would say over the four-and-

¹ Studies develop into habits.

² Hair-splitters.

twenty letters when he was angry); then to go less in quantity (as if one should, in forbearing wine, come from drinking healths to a draught at a meal); and, lastly, to discontinue altogether. But if a man have the fortitude and resolution to enfranchise himself at once, that is the best:

*Optimus ille animi vindex lædencia pectus
Vincula qui rupit, dedoluitque semel.*¹

Neither is the ancient rule amiss, to bend nature as a wand, to a contrary extreme, whereby to set it right; understanding it where the contrary extreme is no vice.

Let not a man force a habit upon himself with a perpetual continuance; but with some intermission. For both the pause re-inforceth the new onset; and if a man that is not perfect be ever in practice, he shall as well practice his errors as his abilities, and induce one habit of both: and there is no means to help this but by seasonable intermissions. But let not a man trust his victory over his nature too far; for nature will lay buried a great time, and yet revive upon the occasion or temptation. Like as it was with Æsop's damsel, turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end till a mouse ran before her. Therefore, let a man either avoid the occasion altogether, or put himself often to it, that he may be little moved with it.

A man's nature is best perceived in privateness; for there is no affectation: in passion, for that putteth a man out of his precepts; and in a new case or experiment, for there custom leaveth him.

They are happy men whose natures sort with their vocations; otherwise they may say, *Multum incola fuit anima mea*,² when they converse in those things they do not affect. In studies, whatsoever a man commandeth upon himself, let him set hours for it; but whatsoever is agreeable to his nature, let him take no care for any set times: for his thoughts will fly to it of themselves, so as the spaces of other business or studies will suffice.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

5. Of Great Place

Men in Great Place are thrice servants; servants of the Sovereign or State, servants

¹ "He is the best vindicator of his mind, who breaks the chains that gail his breast and at the same moment ceases to grieve."

² "My soul has long been a sojourner."

of fame, and servants of business. So as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty: or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious; and by pains men come to greater pains: and it is sometimes base; and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery and the regress is either a downfall or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. *Cum non sis qui fueris, non esse cur velis vivere.*¹ Nay, retire men cannot when they would, neither will they when it were reason, but are impatient of privateness, even in age and sickness, which require the shadow; like old townsmen, that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy. For if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it; but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when, perhaps, they find the contrary within. For they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly, men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of business, they have no time to tend their health, either of body or mind. *Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi.*²

In place there is license to do good and evil, whereof the latter is a curse; for in evil, the best condition is not to will, the second not to can. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts, though God accept them, yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion, and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest. For if a man can be a partaker of God's theater, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. *Et conversus Deus, ut aspiceret opera quæ fecerunt manus suæ, vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis;*³ and then the Sabbath.

¹ "Since you are not what you were, there is no reason why you should wish to live."

² "Death presses heavily upon him who dies unknown to himself, though known to all others."

³ Gen. i. 31.

In the discharge of thy place set before thee the best examples; for imitation is a globe of precepts. And after a time set before thee thine own example, and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the examples of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform, therefore, without bravery, or scandal of former times and persons: but yet set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerated: but yet ask counsel of both times; of the ancient time, what is best; and of the latter time, what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect; but be not too positive and peremptory, and express thyself well when thou digressest from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place, but stir not questions of jurisdiction; and rather assume thy right in silence and *de facto* than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places, and think it more honor to direct in chief than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place; and do not drive away such as bring thee information, as meddlers, but accept of them in good part.

The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness, and facility. For delays: give easy access; keep times appointed; go through with that which is in hand, and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption: do not only bind thine own hands or thy servants' hands from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering. For integrity used doth the one; but integrity professed, and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other. And avoid not only the fault but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable and changeth manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption. Therefore always when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly, and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change; and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favorite, if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a by-way to close corruption. For roughness; it is a needless cause of discontent: severity breed-

eth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility, it is worse than bribery. For bribes come but now and then; but if importunity or idle respects lead a man, he shall never be without. As Solomon saith, *To respect persons is not good, for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread.*

It is most true that was anciently spoken, *A place showeth the man.* And it showeth some to the better, and some to the worse. *Omnium consensu, capax imperii, nisi imperasset,* saith Tacitus of Galba,¹ but of Vespasian he saith, *Solus imperantium Vespasianus mutatus in melius.*² Though the one was meant of sufficiency, the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit, whom honor amends. For honor is, or should be, the place of virtue: and as in nature things move violently to their place and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm.

All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed.

Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not, it is a debt will surely be paid when thou art gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them; and rather call them when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors; but let it rather be said, *When he sits in place he is another man.*

6. Of Dispatch

Affected dispatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be. It is like that which the physicians call *predigestion*, or hasty digestion, which is sure to fill the body full of crudities and secret seeds of diseases. Therefore measure not dispatch by the times of sitting, but by the advancement of the business. And as in races, it is not the large stride, or high lift, that makes the speed, so in business, the keeping close to the matter, and not taking of it too much at once, procureth dispatch. It is the care

of some, only to come off speedily for the time, or to contrive some false periods of business, because they may seem men of dispatch; but it is one thing to abbreviate by contracting, another by cutting off; and business so handled at several sittings or meetings goeth commonly backward and forward in an unsteady manner. I knew a wise man that had it for a byword, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, "Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner."

On the other side, true dispatch is a rich thing; for time is the measure of business, as money is of wares; and business is bought at a dear hand where there is small dispatch. The Spartans and Spaniards have been noted to be of small dispatch: *Mi venga la muerte de Spagna*, "Let my death come from Spain," for then it will be sure to be long in coming.

Give good hearing to those that give the first information in business; and rather direct them in the beginning than interrupt them in the continuance of their speeches; for he that is put out of his own order will go forward and backward, and be more tedious while he waits upon his memory, than he could have been if he had gone on in his own course. But sometimes it is seen that the moderator is more troublesome than the actor.

Iterations are commonly loss of time; but there is no such gain of time as to iterate often the state of the question; for it chaseth away many a frivolous speech as it is coming forth. Long and curious speeches are as fit for dispatch as a robe or mantle with a long train is for a race. Prefaces, and passages, and excusations, and other speeches of reference to the person are great wastes of time; and though they seem to proceed of modesty, they are bravery. Yet beware of being too material when there is any impediment or obstruction in men's wills; for pre-occupation of mind ever requireth preface of speech, like a fomentation to make the unguent enter.

Above all things, order and distribution and singling out of parts is the life of dispatch, so as the distribution be not too subtle; for he that doth not divide will never enter well into business, and he that divideth too much will never come out of it clearly. To choose time is to save time; and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air. There be three parts of business—the preparation, the debate or examination, and the perfection; whereof, if you look for

¹ Had he never reigned he would always have been thought worthy to have been Emperor.

² Vespasian was the only one of the Roman Emperors who was improved by wearing the Imperial purple.

dispatch, let the middle only be the work of many, and the first and last the work of few. The proceeding upon somewhat conceived in writing doth for the most part facilitate dispatch; for though it should be wholly rejected, yet that negative is more pregnant of direction than an indefinite, as ashes are more generative than dust.

THE SERVICE OF LEARNING TO THE STATE

FRANCIS BACON

[From *The Advancement of Learning*, 1605]

1. *In Praise of Learning*

And as for the disgraces which Learning receiveth from Politiques, they be of this nature; that Learning doth soften men's minds, and makes them more unapt for the honor and exercise of arms; that it doth mar and pervert men's dispositions for matter of government and policy, in making them too curious and irresolute by variety of reading, or too peremptory or positive by strictness of rules and axioms, or too immoderate and overweening by reason of the greatness of examples, or too incompatible and differing from the times by reason of the dissimilitude of examples; or at least, that it doth divert men's travails from action and business, and bringeth them to a love of leisure and privateness; and that it doth bring into states a relaxation of discipline, whilst every man is more ready to argue than to obey and execute. Out of this conceit, Cato, surnamed the Censor, one of the wisest men indeed that ever lived, when Carneades the philosopher came in embassy to Rome, and that the young men of Rome began to flock about him, being allured with the sweetness and majesty of his eloquence and learning, gave counsel in open senate that they should give him his dispatch with all speed, lest he should infect and enchant the minds and affections of the youth, and at unawares bring in an alteration of the manners and customs of the state. Out of the same conceit or humor did Virgil, turning his pen to the advantage of his country, and the disadvantage of his own profession, make a kind of separation between policy and government, and between arts and sciences, in the verses so much renowned, attributing and challenging the one to the Romans and leaving and yielding the other to the Grecians:

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes, etc.

So likewise we see that Anytus, the accuser of Socrates, laid it as an article of charge and accusation against him, that he did, with the variety and power of his discourses and disputations, withdraw young men from due reverence to the laws and customs of their country, and that he did profess a dangerous and pernicious science, which was, to make the worse matter seem the better, and to suppress truth by force of eloquence and speech.

But these, and the like imputations, have rather a countenance of gravity than any ground of justice: for experience doth warrant, that both in persons and in times, there hath been a meeting and concurrence in Learning and Arms, flourishing and excelling in the same men and the same ages. For, as for men, there cannot be a better nor the like instance, as of that pair, Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar the Dictator; whereof the one was Aristotle's scholar in philosophy, and the other was Cicero's rival in eloquence: or if any man had rather call for scholars that were great generals, than generals that were great scholars, let him take Epaminondas the Theban, or Xenophon the Athenian; whereof the one was the first that abated the power of Sparta, and the other was the first that made way to the overthrow of the monarchy of Persia. And this concurrence is yet more visible in times than in persons, by how much an age is a greater object than a man. For both in Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Græcia, and Rome, the same times that are most renowned for arms, are likewise most admired for learning, so that the greatest authors and philosophers, and the greatest captains and governors have lived in the same ages. Neither can it otherwise be: for as in man the ripeness of strength of the body and mind cometh much about an age, save that the strength of the body cometh the more early: so in states Arms and Learning, whereof the one correspondeth to the body, the other to the soul of man, have a concurrence or near sequence in times.

And for matter of Policy and Government, that learning should rather hurt, than enable thereunto, is a thing very improbable: we see it is accounted an error to commit a natural body to empiric physicians,

which commonly have a few pleasing receipts whereupon they are confident and adventurous, but know neither the causes of diseases, nor the complexions of patients, nor peril of accidents, nor the true method of cures: we see it is a like error to rely upon advocates or lawyers, which are only men of practice and not grounded in their books, who are many times easily surprised when matter falleth out besides their experience, to the prejudice of the causes they handle: so by like reason it cannot be but a matter of doubtful consequence if states be managed by empiric Statesmen, not well mingled with men grounded in learning. But contrariwise, it is almost without instance contradictory that ever any government was disastrous that was in the hands of learned governors. For howsoever it hath been ordinary with politic men to extenuate and disable learned men, by the names of *Pedantes*; yet in the records of time it appeareth, in many particulars, that the governments of princes in minority (notwithstanding the infinite disadvantage of that kind of state) have nevertheless excelled the government of princes of mature age, even for that reason which they seek to traduce, which is, that by that occasion the state hath been in the hands of *Pedantes*; for so was the state of Rome for the first five years, which are so much magnified, during the minority of Nero, in the hands of Seneca, a *Pedanti*; so it was again, for ten years' space or more, during the minority of Gordianus the younger, with great applause and contentation in the hands of Misiheus, a *Pedanti*: so was it before that, in the minority of Alexander Severus, in like happiness, in hands not much unlike, by reason of the rule of the women, who were aided by the teachers and preceptors. Nay, let a man look into the government of the bishops of Rome, as, by name, into the government of Pius Quintus, and Sextus Quintus, in our times, who were both at their entrance esteemed but as pedantical friars, and he shall find that such popes do greater things, and proceed upon truer principles of estate, than those which have ascended to the papacy from an education and breeding in affairs of estate and courts of princes; for although men bred in learning are perhaps to seek in points of convenience and accommodating for the present, which the Italians call *Ragioni di stato*, whereof the same Pius Quintus could not hear spoken

with patience, terming them inventions against religion and the moral virtues; yet on the other side, to recompense that, they are perfect in those same plain grounds of religion, justice, honor, and moral virtue, which if they be well and watchfully pursued, there will be seldom use of those other, no more than of physic in a sound or well dieted body. Neither can the experience of one man's life furnish examples and precedents for the events of one man's life: for, as it happeneth sometimes that the grandchild, or other descendant, resembleth the ancestors more than the son; so many times occurrences of present times may sort better with ancient examples than with those of the latter or immediate times; and lastly, the wit of one man can no more countervail learning than one man's means can hold way with a common purse.

And as for those particular seducements, or indispositions of the mind for policy and government, which Learning is pretended to insinuate; if it be granted that any such thing be, it must be remembered withal, that Learning ministereth in every of them greater strength of medicine or remedy than it offereth cause of indisposition or infirmity. For if by a secret operation it make men perplexed and irresolute, on the other side by plain precept it teacheth them when and upon what ground to resolve; yea, and how to carry things in suspense without prejudice, till they resolve; if it make men positive and regular, it teacheth them what things are in their nature demonstrative, and what are conjectural, and as well the use of distinctions and exceptions, as the latitude of principles and rules. If it mislead by disproportion or dissimilitude of examples, it teacheth men the force of circumstances, the errors of comparisons, and all the cautions of application; so that in all these it doth rectify more effectually than it can pervert. And these medicines it conveyeth into men's minds much more forcibly by the quickness and penetration of examples. For let a man look into the errors of Clement the seventh, so lively described by Guicciardine, who served under him, or into the errors of Cicero, painted out by his own pencil in his *Epistles to Atticus*, and he will fly apace from being irresolute. Let him look into the errors of Phocion, and he will beware how he be obstinate or inflexible. Let him but read the fable of Ixion, and it will hold him from

being vaporous or imaginative. Let him look into the errors of Cato the second, and he will never be one of the *Antipodes*, to tread opposite to the present world.

And for the conceit that Learning should dispose men to leisure and privateness, and make men slothful; it were a strange thing if that which accustometh the mind to a perpetual motion and agitation should induce slothfulness: whereas contrariwise it may be truly affirmed, that no kind of men love business for itself but those that are learned; for other persons love it for profit, as a hireling, that loves the work for the wages; or for honor, as because it beareth them up in the eyes of men, and refresheth their reputation, which otherwise would wear; or because it putteth them in mind of their fortune, and giveth them occasion to pleasure and displeasure; or because it exerciseth some faculty wherein they take pride, and so entertaineth them in good humor and pleasing conceits towards themselves; or because it advanceth any other their ends. So that, as it is said of untrue valors, that some men's valors are in the eyes of them that look on; so such men's industries are in the eyes of others, or at least in regard of their own designments: only learned men love business as an action according to nature, as agreeable to health of mind as exercise is to health of body, taking pleasure in the action itself, and not in the purchase: for that of all men they are the most indefatigable; if it be towards any business which can hold or detain their mind.

And that Learning should take up too much time or leisure; I answer, the most active or busy man that hath been or can be, hath, no question, many vacant times of leisure, while he expecteth the times and returns of business (except he be either tedious and of no dispatch, or lightly and unworthily ambitious to meddle in things that may be better done by others): and then the question is but how these spaces and times of leisure shall be filled and spent; whether in pleasures or in studies; as was well answered by Demosthenes to his adversary Æschines, that was a man given to pleasure, and told him, *That his orations did smell of the lamp: Indeed* (said Demosthenes) *there is a great difference between the things that you and I do by lamp-light.* So as no man need doubt that learning will expulse business, but rather it will keep and

defend the possession of the mind against idleness and pleasure, which otherwise at unawares may enter to the prejudice of both.

Again for that other conceit that Learning should undermine the reverence of laws and government, it is assuredly a mere depravation and calumny, without all shadow of truth. For to say that a blind custom of obedience should be a surer obligation than duty taught and understood, it is to affirm, that a blind man may tread surer by a guide than a seeing man can by a light. And it is without all controversy, that learning doth make the minds of men gentle, generous, maniable, and pliant to government; whereas ignorance makes them churlish, thwart, and mutinous: and the evidence of time doth clear this assertion, considering that the most barbarous, rude, and unlearned times have been most subject to tumults, seditions, and changes.

It taketh away the wildness and barbarism and fierceness of men's minds. . . . It taketh away all levity, temerity, and insolency, by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the mind, and to accept of nothing but examined and tried. It taketh away vain admiration of anything, which is the root of all weakness: for all things are admired either because they are new, or because they are great. For novelty, no man that wadeth in learning or contemplation thoroughly, but will find that printed in his heart *Nil novi super terram*. Neither can any man marvel at the play of puppets, that goeth behind the curtain, and adviseth well of the motion. And for magnitude, as Alexander the Great, after that he was used to great armies, and the great conquests of the spacious provinces in Asia, when he received letters out of Greece, of some fights and services there, which were commonly for a passage or a fort, or some walled town at the most, he said, *It seemed to him that he was advertised of the Battle of the Frogs and the Mice, that the old tales went of.* So certainly, if a man meditate much upon the universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it (the divineness of souls except,) will not seem much other than an ant-hill, whereas some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to-and-fro a little heap of dust. It taketh away or mitigateth fear of death, or

adverse fortune; which is one of the greatest impediments of virtue, and imperfections of manners. For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken; and went forth the next day and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead, and thereupon said: *Hæc vidi fragilem frangi, hodie vidi mortalem mori*. . . .

Lastly, leaving the vulgar arguments, that by learning man excelleth man in that wherein man excelleth beasts; that by learning man ascendeth to the heavens and their motions, where in body he cannot come, and the like; let us conclude with the dignity and excellency of knowledge and learning in that whereunto man's nature doth most aspire, which is, immortality or continuance: for to this tendeth generation, and raising of houses and families; to this tend buildings, foundations, and monuments; to this tendeth the desire of memory, fame, and celebration, and in effect the strength of all other human desires. We see then how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years, or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter; during which time, infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have been decayed and demolished? It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar; no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but leese of the life and truth. But the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages: so that, if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions the one of the other? Nay further, we see some of the philosophers which were least

divine, and most immersed in the senses, and denied generally the immortality of the soul, yet came to this point, that whatsoever motions the spirit of man could act and perform without the organs of the body, they thought might remain after death, which were only those of the understanding, and not of the affection: so immortal and incorruptible a thing did knowledge seem unto them to be. But we, that know by divine revelation that not only the understanding but the affections purified, not only the spirit but the body changed, shall be advanced to immortality, do disclaim in these rudiments of the senses.

2. Some Defects in Learning

Another error is an impatience of doubt and haste to assertion without due and mature suspension of judgment. For the two ways of contemplation are not unlike the two ways of action commonly spoken of by the ancients; the one plain and smooth in the beginning, and in the end impassable; the other rough and troublesome in the entrance, but after a while fair and even. So it is in contemplation; if a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.

Another error is in the manner of the tradition and delivery of knowledge, which is for the most part magistral and peremptory, and not ingenuous and faithful; in a sort as may be soonest believed, and not easiest examined. It is true, that in compendious treatises for practice that form is not to be disallowed: but in the true handling of knowledge, men ought not to fall either on the one side into the vein of Velleius the Epicurean: *Nil tam metuens, quam ne dubitare aliqua de re videretur*; nor on the other side into Socrates his ironical doubting of all things; but to propound things sincerely with more or less asseveration, as they stand in a man's own judgment proved more or less.

Other errors there are in the scope that men propound to themselves, whereunto they bend their endeavors; for whereas the more constant and devote kind of professors of any science ought to propound to themselves to make some additions to their science, they convert their labors to aspire to certain second prizes: as to be a profound interpreter or commenter, to be a sharp champion or defender, to be a methodical compounder or abridger; and so the patri-

mony of knowledge cometh to be sometimes improved, but seldom augmented.

But the greatest error of all the rest is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or farthest end of knowledge: for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of men: as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a tarrasse, for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state, for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground, for strife and contention; or a shop, for profit or sale; and not a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate. But this is that which will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and straitly conjoined and united together than they have been; a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets, Saturn, the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter, the planet of civil society and action: howbeit, I do not mean, when I speak of use and action, that end before-mentioned of the applying of knowledge to lucre and profession; for I am not ignorant how much that diverteth and interrupteth the prosecution and advancement of knowledge, like unto the golden ball thrown before Atalanta, which while she goeth aside and stoopeth to take up, the race is hindered;

Declinat cursus, aurumque volubile tollit.

Neither is my meaning, as was spoken of Socrates, to call philosophy down from heaven to converse upon the earth; that is to leave natural philosophy aside, and to apply knowledge only to manners and policy. But as both heaven and earth do conspire and contribute to the use and benefit of man; so the end ought to be, from both philosophies to separate and reject vain speculations, and whatsoever is empty and void, and to preserve and augment whatsoever is solid and fruitful: that knowledge *may not be as a courtesan, for pleasure and*

vanity only, or as a bondwoman, to acquire and gain to her master's use; but as a spouse, for generation, fruit, and comfort. . . .

Amongst so many great foundations of colleges in Europe, I find it strange that they are all dedicated to professions, and none left free to arts and sciences at large. For if men judge that learning should be referred to action, they judge well; but in this they fall into the error described in the ancient fable, in which the other parts of the body did suppose the stomach had been idle, because it neither performed the office of motion, as the limbs do, nor of sense, as the head doth; but yet, notwithstanding, it is the stomach that digesteth and distributeth to all the rest: so if any man think philosophy and universality to be idle studies, he doth not consider that all professions are from thence served and supplied. And this I take to be a great cause that hath hindered the progression of learning, because these fundamental knowledges have been studied but in passage. For if you will have a tree bear more fruit than it hath used to do, it is not anything you can do to the boughs, but it is the stirring of the earth and putting new mould about the roots that must work it. Neither is it to be forgotten, that this dedicating of foundations and dotations to professory learning hath not only had a malign aspect and influence upon the growth of sciences, but hath also been prejudicial to states and governments. For hence it proceedeth that princes find a solitude in regard of able men to serve them in causes of state, because there is no education collegiate which is free; where such as were so disposed might give themselves to histories, modern languages, books of policy and civil discourse, and other the like enablements unto service of estate.

3. *Of the Architecture of Fortune*

The opinion of Aristotle seemeth to me a negligent opinion, that of those things which consist by nature nothing can be changed by custom; using for example, that if a stone be thrown ten thousand times up, it will not learn to ascend; and that by often seeing or hearing, we do not learn to see or hear the better. For though this principle be true in things wherein nature is peremptory (the reason whereof we cannot now stand to discuss), yet it is other-

wise in things wherein nature admitteth a latitude. For he might see that a strait glove will come more easily on with use; and that a wand will by use bend otherwise than it grew; and that by use of the voice we speak louder and stronger; and that by use of enduring heat or cold, we endure it the better, and the like: which latter sort have a nearer resemblance unto that subject of manners he handleth, than those instances which he allegeth. But allowing his conclusion, that virtues and vices consist in habit, he ought so much the more to have taught the manner of superinducing that habit: for there be many precepts of the wise ordering the exercises of the mind, as there is of ordering the exercises of the body; whereof we will recite a few.

The first shall be, that we beware we take not at the first either too high a strain, or too weak: for if too high, in a diffident nature you discourage, in a confident nature you breed an opinion of facility, and so a sloth; and in all natures you breed a farther expectation than can hold out, and so an insatisfaction in the end: if too weak on the other side, you may not look to perform and overcome any great task.

Another precept is, to practice all things chiefly at two several times, the one when the mind is best disposed, the other when it is worst disposed; that by the one you may gain a great step, by the other you may work out the knots and stonds of the mind, and make the middle times the more easy and pleasant.

Another precept is, that which Aristotle mentioneth by the way, which is to bear ever towards the contrary extreme of that whereunto we are by nature inclined; like unto the rowing against the stream, or making a wand straight by bending him contrary to his natural crookedness.

Another precept is, that the mind is brought to anything better, and with more sweetness and happiness, if that whereunto you pretend be not first in the intention, but *tanquam aliud agendo*, because of the natural hatred of the mind against necessity and constraint. Many other axioms there are touching the managing of exercise and custom; which being so conducted doth prove indeed another nature; but being governed by chance doth commonly prove but an ape of nature, and bringing forth that which is lame and counterfeit.

But there is a kind of culture of the

mind that seemeth yet more accurate and elaborate than the rest, and is built upon this ground; that the minds of all men are at some times in a state more perfect, and at other times in a state more depraved. The purpose therefore of this practice is to fix and cherish the good hours of the mind, and to obliterate and take forth the evil. The fixing of the good hath been practiced by two means, vows or constant resolutions, and observances or exercises; which are not to be regarded so much in themselves, as because they keep the mind in continual obedience. The obliteration of the evil hath been practiced by two means, some kind of redemption or expiation of that which is past, and an inception or account *de novo*, for the time to come. But this part seemeth sacred and religious, and justly; for all good moral philosophy, as was said, is but a handmaid to religion.

Wherefore we will conclude with that last point, which is of all other means the most compendious and summary, and again, the most noble and effectual to the reducing of the mind unto virtue and good estate; which is the electing and propounding unto a man's self good and virtuous ends of his life, such as may be in a reasonable sort within his compass to attain. For if these two things be supposed, that a man set before him honest and good ends, and again, that he be resolute, constant, and true unto them; it will follow that he shall mould himself into all virtue at once. And this indeed is like the work of nature; whereas the other course is like the work of the hand. For as when a carver makes an image, he shapes only that part whereupon he worketh, (as if he be upon the face, that part which shall be the body is but a rude stone still, till such time as he comes to it;) but, contrariwise, when nature makes a flower or living creature, she formeth rudiments of all the parts at one time: so in obtaining virtue by habit, while a man practiceth temperance, he doth not profit much to fortitude, nor the like: but when he dedicateth and applieth himself to good ends, look, what virtue soever the pursuit and passage towards those ends doth commend unto him, he is invested of a precedent disposition to conform himself thereunto.

Wherein it may appear at the first a new and unwonted argument to teach men how to raise and make their fortune; a doctrine

wherein every man perchance will be ready to yield himself a disciple, till he see the difficulty; for fortune layeth as heavy impositions as virtue; and it is as hard and severe a thing to be a true politique, as to be truly moral. But the handling hereof concerneth learning greatly, both in honor and in substance: in honor, because pragmatical men may not go away with an opinion that learning is like a lark, that can mount, and sing, and please herself, and nothing else; but may know that she holdeth as well of the hawk, that can soar aloft, and can also descend and strike upon the prey: in substance, because it is the perfect law of inquiry of truth, that nothing be in the globe of matter, which should not be likewise in the globe of crystal, or form; that is, that there be not any thing in being and action, which should not be drawn and collected into contemplation and doctrine. Neither doth learning admire or esteem of this architecture of fortune, otherwise than as of an inferior work: for no man's fortune can be an end worthy of his being; and many times the worthiest men do abandon their fortune willingly for better respects: but nevertheless fortune, as an organ of virtue and merit, deserveth the consideration.

Another precept of this architecture of fortune is, to accustom our minds to judge of the proportion or value of things, as they conduce and are material to our particular ends: and that to do substantially, and not superficially. For we shall find the logical part, as I may term it, of some men's minds good, but the mathematical part erroneous; that is, they can well judge of consequences, but not of proportions and comparisons, preferring things of show and sense before things of substance and effect. So some fall in love with access to princes, others with popular fame and applause, supposing they are things of great purchase: when in many cases they are but matters of envy, peril, and impediment. So some measure things according to the labor and difficulty, or assiduity, which are spent about them; and think, if they be ever moving, that they must needs advance and proceed; as Cæsar saith in a despising manner of Cato the second, when he describeth how laborious and indefatigable he was to no great purpose; *Hæc omnia magno studio agebat*. So in most things men are ready to abuse themselves in thinking the great-

est means to be best, when it should be the fittest.

As for the true marshalling of men's pursuits towards their fortune, as they are more or less material, I hold them to stand thus: first the amendment of their own minds. For the remove of the impediments of the mind will sooner clear the passages of fortune, than the obtaining fortune will remove the impediments of the mind. In the second place, I set down wealth and means; which I know most men would have placed first, because of the general use which it beareth towards all variety of occasions. But that opinion I may condemn with like reason as Machiavel doth that other, that moneys were the sinews of the wars; whereas, saith he, the true sinews of the wars are the sinews of men's arms, that is, a valiant, populous, and military nation: and he voucheth aptly the authority of Solon, who, when Cræsus showed him his treasury of gold, said to him, that if another came that had better iron, he would be master of his gold. In like manner it may be truly affirmed, that it is not moneys that are the sinews of fortune, but it is the sinews and steel of men's minds, wit, courage, audacity, resolution, temper, industry, and the like. In the third place I set down reputation, because of the peremptory tides and currents it hath; which, if they be not taken in their due time, are seldom recovered, it being extreme hard to play an after game of reputation. And lastly, I place honor, which is more easily won by any of the other three, much more by all, than any of them can be purchased by honor. To conclude this precept, as there is order and priority in matter, so is there in time, the preposterous placing whereof is one of the commonest errors: while men fly to their ends when they should intend their beginnings, and do not take things in order of time as they come on, but marshal them according to greatness, and not according to instance; not observing the good precept, *Quod nunc instat agamus*.

4. This Third Period of Time

Thus have I concluded this portion of learning touching civil knowledge; and with civil knowledge have concluded human philosophy; and with human philosophy, philosophy in general. And being now at some pause, looking back into that I have passed

through, this writing seemeth to me, *si nunquam fallit imago*, as far as man can judge of his own work, not much better than that noise or sound which musicians make while they are tuning their instruments: which is nothing pleasant to hear, but yet is a cause why the music is sweeter afterwards: so have I been content to tune the instruments of the Muses, that they may play that have better hands. And surely, when I set before me the condition of these times, in which learning hath made her third visitation or circuit in all the qualities thereof—as the excellency and vivacity of the wits of this age; the noble helps and lights which we have by the travails of ancient writers; the art of printing, which communicateth books to men of all fortunes; the openness of the world by navigation, which hath disclosed multitudes of experiments, and a mass of natural history; the leisure wherewith these times abound, not employing men so generally in civil business, as the states of Græcia did, in respect of their popu-

larity, and the state of Rome, in respect of the greatness of their monarchy; the present disposition of these times at this instant to peace; the consumption of all that ever can be said in controversies of religion, which have so much diverted men from other sciences; the perfection of your Majesty's learning, which as a Phoenix may call whole vollies of wits to follow you; and the inseparable propriety of time, which is ever more and more to disclose truth—I cannot but be raised to this persuasion that this third period of time will far surpass that of the Grecian and Roman learning: only if men will know their own strength, and their own weakness both; and take one from the other, light of invention, and not fire of contradiction; and esteem of the inquisition of truth as of an enterprise, and not as of a quality or ornament; and employ wit and magnificence to things of worth and excellency, and not to things vulgar and of popular estimation.

IV. IDEAS OF THE STATE

THE IMAGINARY COMMONWEALTH OF UTOPIA¹

SIR THOMAS MORE

1. *Thomas More to Peter Giles, of Antwerp*

I am almoste ashamed, righte wellbeloved Peter Giles, to send unto you this boke of the Utopian commen wealth, welniegh after a yeres space, whiche I am sure you looked for within a moneth and a halfe. And no marvel. For you knewe well ynough that I was alreadye disbourdened of all the labour and studye belongynge to the invention in this worke, and that I had no nede at al to trouble my braines about the disposition, or conveyance of the matter: and therefore had herein nothing els to do, but only to rehearse those thinges, whiche you and I together hard maister Raphael tel and declare. Wherefore there was no cause why I shuld study to set forth the matter with eloquence: forasmuch as his talke could not be fine and eloquent, beyng firste

not studied for, but suddain and unpremeditate, and then, as you know, of a man better sene in the Greke language, then in the latin tonge. And my writynge, the neigher it should approche to his homely plaine, and simple speche, somuche the neigher shuld it go to the trueth: which is the onely marke, whereunto I do and ought to directe all my travail and study herin. I graunte and confesse, frende Peter, myselfe discharged of so muche labour, havinge all these thinges ready done to my hande, that almooste there was nothinge left for me to do. Elles either the invention, or the disposition of this matter myghte have required of a witte neither base, neither at al unlearned, both some time and leasure, and also some studie. But if it were requisite, and necessarie, that the matter shoulde also have been wrytten eloquentlie, and not alone truelye: of a sueretye that thyng coulede I have performed by no tyme nor studye. But now seyng all these cares, stayes, and lettes were taken awaye, wherein elles so muche labour and studye shoulde have bene employed, and that there remayned no other thyng for me to do, but onely to write playnelie the mat-

¹ The word means "nowhere." The selections are taken from the English translation, 1551. The first edition, in Latin, appeared in 1516.

ter as I hard it spoken: that in deede was a thyng lighte and easye to be done. Howbeit to the dispatchyng of thys so lytle busynesse, my other cares and troubles did leave almost lesse then no leasure. Whiles I doo dayelie bestowe my time aboute lawe matters: some to pleade, some to heare, some as an arbitratoure with myne awarde to determine, some as an umpier or a Judge, with my sentence finallye to discusse. Whiles I go one waye to see and visite my frende: another waye about myne owne privat affaires. Whiles I spende almost al the daye abrode emonges other, and the residue at home among mine owne: I leave to my self, I meane to my booke no time. For when I am come home, I muste commen with my wife, chatte with my children, and talke wyth my servauntes. All the whiche thynges I recken and accompte amonge businesse, forasmuche as they muste of necessitie be done: and done muste they nedes be, onelesse a man wyll be straunger in his owne house. And in any wyse a man muste so fashyon and order hys conditions, and so appoint and dispose him selfe, that he be merie, jocunde, and pleasaunt amonge them, whom eyther nature hatlie provided, or chaunce hath made, or he hym selfe hath chosen to be the felowes, and companyons, of hys life: so that with to muche gentle behavioure and familiaritie, he do not marre them, and by to muche sufferance of his servauntes, make them his maysters. Emonge these thynges now rehearsed, stealth awaye the daye, the moneth, the yeaere. When do I write then? And all this while have I spoken no worde of slepe, neyther yet of meate, which emong a great number doth wast no lesse tyme then doeth slepe, wherein almoste halfe the life tyme of man crepeth awaye. I therefore do wyne and get onelye that tyme, whiche I steale from slepe and meate. Whiche tyme because it is very litle, and yet somewhat it is, therefore have I ones at the laste, thoughte it be longe first, finished Utopia, and have sent it to you, frende Peter, to reade and peruse: to the intente that yf anye thyng have escaped me, you might put me in remembrance of it. For thoughte in this behalfe I do not greatlye mistruste my selfe (whiche woulde God I were somewhat in wit and learninge, as I am not all of the worste and dullest memorye) yet have I not so great truste and confidence in it, that I thinke nothinge coulde fall out of my mynde. For

John Clement my boye, who as you know was there presente with us, whome I suffer to be awaye frome no talke, wherein maye be any profyte or goodnes (for oute of this yonge bladed and new shotte up corne, whiche hathe alreadye begon to spring up both in Latin and Greke learnyng, I loke for plentifull increase at length of goodly rype grayne) he I saye hathe broughte me into a greate doubte. For whereas Hythlodaye (onelesse my memorye fayle me) sayde that the bridge of Amaurote, whyche goethe over the river of Anyder is fyve hundreth pases, that is to saye, halfe a myle in lengthe: my John sayeth that two hundred of those pases muste be plucked away, for that the ryver conteyneth there not above three hundreth pases in breadthe, I praye you hartelye call the matter to youre remembrance. For yf you agree wyth hym, I also wyll saye as you saye, and confesse myselfe deceived. But if you cannot remember the thing, then surelye I wyll write as I have done and as myne owne remembrance serveth me. For as I wyll take good hede, that there be in my booke nothing false, so yf there be anye thyng doubtefull, I wyll rather tell a lye, then make a lie: because I had rather be good, then wilie. Howbeit thys matter maye easelye be remedied, yf you wyll take the paynes to aske the question of Raphael him selfe by woorde of mouthe, if he be nowe with you, or elles by youre letters. Whiche you muste nedes do for another doubte also, that hathe chaunced, through whose faulte I cannot tel: whether through mine, or yours, or Raphaels. For neyther we remembered to enquire of him, nor he to tel us in what part of the newe world Utopia is situate. The whiche thinge, I had rather have spent no small somme of money, then that it should thus have escaped us; as well for that I am ashamed to be ignoraunt in what sea that ylande standeth, wherof I write so long a treatise, as also because there be with us certen men, and especiallie one vertuous and godly man, and a professour of divinitie, who is excedyng desierous to go unto Utopia: not for a vayne and curious desyre to see newes, but to the intente he maye further and increase oure religion, whiche is there alreadye luckelye begonne. And that he maye the better accomplyshe and perfourme this hys good intente, he is mynded to procure that he maye be sente thether by the hieghe

Byshoppe: yea, and that he himselfe may be made Bishoppe of Utopia, beyng nothyng scrupulous herein, that he muste obteyne this Byshoppricke with suete. For he counteth that a godly suete, which proceedeth not of the desire of honoure or lucre, but onelie of a godlie zeale. Wherefore I moste earnestly desire you, frende Peter, to talke with Hythlodaye, yf you can, face to face, or els to wryte youre letters to hym, and so to woorke in thys matter, that in this my booke there maye neyther any thinge be founde, whyche is untrue, neyther any thinge be lacking, whiche is true. And I thynke verelye it shal be well done, that you shewe unto him the booke it selfe. For yf I have myssed or fayled in anye poynte, or if anye faulte have escaped me, no man can so well correcte and amende it, as he can: and yet that can he not do, ones he peruse and reade over my booke written. Moreover by this meanes shall you perceave, whether he be well wyllynge and content, that I shoulde undertake to put this woorke in writyng. For if he be mynded to publyshe and put forth his owne laboures, and travayles himselfe, perchance he woulde be lothe, and so woulde I also, that in publishynge the Utopiane weale publyque, I shoulde prevent him, and take frome him the flower and grace of the noveltie of this his historie. Howbeit, to saye the verye trueth, I am not yet fullye determined with my selfe, whether I will put forth my booke or no. For the natures of men be so divers, the phantasies of some so waywarde, their myndes so unkynde, their judgements so corrupte, that they which leade a merie and a jocounde lyfe, folowynge theyr owne sensuall pleasures and carnall lustes, maybe seme to be in a muche better state or case, then they that vex and unquiete themselves with cares and studie for the puttyng forth and publishynge of some thyng, that maye be either profett or pleasure to others: whiche others nevertheles will disdainfully, scornefully, and unkindly accepte the same. The moost part of al be unlearned. And a greate number hate learning in contempte. The rude and barbarous alloweth nothing, but that which is verie barabrous in dede. If it be one that hath a little smacke of learnynge, he rejecteth as homely geare and commen ware, whatsoever is not stuffed full of olde moughteaten termes, and that be worne out of use. Some there be that have

pleasure onelye in olde rustie antiquities. And some onelie in their owne doynge. One is so sowre, so crabbed, and so unpleasante, that he can awaye with no myrthe nor sporte. An other is so narrowe betwene the shulders, that he can beare no jests nor tauntes. Some seli poore soules be so afearde that at everye snappishe woorde their nose shall be bitten of, that they stande in no lesse drede of everye quicke and sharpe woorde, then he that is bitten of a madde dogge feareth water. Some be so mutable and waverynge, that every houre they be in a newe mynde, sayinge one thinge syttinge and an other thyng standynge. An other sorte sytteth upon their allebencheis, and there amonge their cuppes they geve judgement of the wittes of writers, and with greate authoritie they condempne even as pleaseth them, everye writer accordynge to his writing, in moste spitefull maner, mockynge, lowtinge, and flowtinge them; beyng them selves in the meane season sauffe, and as sayeth the proverbe, oute of all daunger of gonne-shotte. For why, they be so snugge and smothe, that they have not so much as one hearre of an honeste man, whereby one may take holde of them. There be moreover some so unkynde and ungentele, that though they take great pleasure, and delectation in the worke, yet for all that, they can not fynde in their hertes to love the Author therof, nor to aforde him a good woorde: beyng much like uncourteous, unthankfull, and chourlish gestes, whiche when they have with good and daintie meates well fylled their bellies, departe home, gevyng no thanks to the feaste maker. Go your wayes now, and make a costlye feaste at youre owne charges for gestes so dayntie mouthed, so divers in taste, and besides that of so unkynde and unthankfull natures. But nevertheles (frende Peter) doo, I pray you, with Hithlodaye, as I willed you before. And as for this matter I shall be at my libertie, afterwarde to take newe advisement. Howbeit, seeynge I have taken great paynes and laboure in writyng the matter, if it may stande with his mynde and pleasure, I wyll as touchynge the edition of publishynge of the booke, followe the counsell and advise of my frendes, and speciallye yours. Thus fare you well right hertely beloved frende Peter, with your gentle wife: and love me as you have ever done, for I love you better then ever I dyd.

2. *England Through Utopian Eyes*

I in the meanetime (for so my busines laye) wente streighte thence to Antwerpe. Whiles I was there abidyng, often times amonge other, but whiche to me was more welcome then annye other, dyd visite me one Peter Giles, a Citisen of Antwerpe, a man there in his countrey of honest reputation, and also preferred to high promotions, worthy trully of the hyghest. For it is hard to say, whether the young man be in learnyng, or in honestye more excellent. For he is bothe of wonderfull vertuous conditions, and also singularly wel learned, and towardes all sortes of people excedyng gentyll: but towardes his frendes so kynde herted, so lovyng, so faithfull, so trustye, and of so earnest affection, that it were verye harde in any place to fynde a man, that with him in all poyntes of frendshippe maye be compared. No man can be more lowlye or courteous. No man useth lesse simulation or dissimulation, in no man is more prudent simplicitie. Besides this, he is in his talke and communication so merye and pleasaunte, yea and that withoute harme, that throughe his gentyll intertaynement, and his sweete and delectable communication, in me was greatly abated and diminished the fervente desyre, that I had to see my native countrey, my wyfe and my chyl dren, whom then I dyd muche longe and covete to see, because that at that time I had been more then iiii. Monethes from them. Upon a certayne daye when I hadde herde the divine service in our Ladies Church, which is the fayrest, the most gorgeous and curious Church of buyldyng in all the Citie, and also most frequented of people, and the service beyng doone, was readye to go home to my lodgyng, I chaunced to espye this foresayde Peter talkyng with a certayne Straunger, a man well stricken in age, with a blacke sonneburned face, a longe bearde, and a cloke cast homly about his shoulders, whome by his favoure and apparell furthwith I judged to bee a mariner. But the sayde Peter seyng me, came unto me and saluted me. And as I was aboute to answere him: see you this man, sayth he (and therewith he poynted to the man, that I sawe hym talkyng with before) I was mynded, quod he, to brynghe him strayghte home to you. He should have ben very welcome to me, sayd I for your sake. Nay (quod he) for his wne sake, if you knewe him: for there is

no man thys day livyng, that can tell you of so manye straunge and unknown peoples, and Countreyes, as this man can. And I know wel that you be very desirous to heare of such newes. Then I conjectured not farre a misse (quod I) for even at the first syght I judged him to be a mariner. Naye (quod he) there ye were greatly deceyved: he hath sailed in deede, not as the mariner Palinure, but as the experte and prudent prince Ulysses: yea, rather as the auncient and sage Philosopher Plato. For this same Raphaell Hythlodaye (for this is his name) is very well lerned in the Latine tongue: but profounde and excellent in the Greke language. Wherein he ever bestowed more studye then in the Latine, bycause he had geven himselfe wholly to the study of Philosophy. Wherof he knew that ther is nothyng extante in Latine, that is to anye purpose, savyng a fewe of Senecaes, and Ciceroes dooynges. His patrimonye that he was borne unto, he left to his brethren (for he is a Portugall borne) and for the desire that he had to see, and knowe the farre Countreyes of the worlde, he joynded himselfe in company with Amerike Vespuce, and in the iii. last voyages of those iiii. that be nowe in printe and abroad in every mannes handes, he continued styll in his company, savyng that in the last voyage he came not home agayne with him. For he made suche meanes and shift, what by intretaunce, and what by importune sute, that he gotte licence of mayster Americke (though it were sore against his wyll) to be one of the xxiiii whiche in the ende of the last voyage were left in the countrey of Gulike. He was therefore left behynde for hys mynde sake, as one that tooke more thoughte and care for travailyng, then dyenge: havyng customably in his mouth these saynges. He that hathe no grave, is covered with the skye: and, the way to heaven out of all places is of like length and distaunce. Which fantasy of his (if God had not ben his better frende) he had surely bought full deare. But after the departyng of Mayster Vespuce, when he had travailed thorough and aboute many Countreyes with v. of his companions Gulikianes, at the last by mervelous chaunce he arrived in Taprobane, from whence he went to Caliquit, where he chaunced to fynde certayne of hys Countreye shippes, wherein he retourned agayne into his Countreye, nothyng lesse then looked for.

All this when Peter hadde tolde me: I

thanked him for his gentle kindnesses that he had vouchsafed to brynge me to the speache of that man, whose communication he thoughte shoulde be to me pleasaunte and acceptable. And therewith I tourned me to Raphaell. And when wee hadde haylsed eche other, and had spoken these commune woordes, that bee customablie spoken at the first meting, and acquaintaunce of straungers, we went thence to my house, and there in my gardaine upon a bench covered with greene torves, we satte downe talkyng together. There he tolde us, how that after the departyng of Vespuce, he and his fellows that taried behynde in Gulicke, began by litle and litle, throughe fayre and gentle speache, to wynne the love and favoure of the people of that countreye, insomuche that within shorte space, they dyd dwell amonges them, not only harmless, but also occupiying with them verye familiarly. He tolde us also, that they were in high reputation and favour with a certayne great man (whose name and Countreye is nowe quite out of my remembraunce) which of his mere liberalitie dyd beare the costes and charges of him and his fyve companions. And besides that gave them a trustye guyde to conducte them in their journey (which by water was in botes, and by land in wagons) and to brynge them to other Princes with verye frendly commendations. Thus after manye dayes journeys, he sayd, they founde townes and Cities and weale publiques, full of people, governed by good and holsome lawes. For under the line equinoctiall, and on bothe sydes of the same, as farre as the Sonne doth extende his course, lyeth (quod he) great and wyde desertes and wildernesses, parched, burned, and dried up with continuall and intollerable heate. All thynges bee hideous, terrible, lothesome, and unpleasaunt to beholde: All thynges out of fassyon and comelinesse, inhabited withe wyld Beastes and Serpentes, or at the leaste wyse, with people, that be no lesse savage, wyld, and noysome then the verye beastes them selves be. But a little farther beyonde that, all thynges beginne by litle and lytle to waxe pleasaunte. The ayre softe, temperate, and gentle. The ground covered with grene grasse. Lesse wildnesse in the beastes. At the last shall ye come agayne to people, cities and townes wherein is continuall entercourse and occupiying of merchaundise and chaffare, not only among themselves and with their Borderers, but

also with Merchauntes of farre Countreyes, bothe by lande and water. There I had occasion (sayd he) to go to many countreyes on every syde. For there was no shippe ready to any voyage or journey, but I and my fellows were into it very gladly receyved. The shippes that thei founde first were made playn, flatte and broade in the botome, trough wise. The sayles were made of great russhes, or of wickers, and in some places of lether. Afterwarde thei founde shippes with ridged kyeles, and sayles of canvasse, yea, and shortly after, havying all thynges lyke ouses. The shipmen also very experte and cunnyng, bothe in the sea and in the wether. But he said that he founde great favoure and frendship amonge them, for teachyng them the feate and the use of the lode stone. Whiche to them before that time was unknowne. And therefore they were wonte to be verye timerous and fearful upon the sea. Nor to venter upon it, but only in the somer time. But nowe they have suche a confidence in that stone, that they feare not stormy winter: in so dooyng farther from care then daunger. In so muche, that it is greatly to be doubted, lest that thyng, throughe their owne folish hardinesse, shall tourne them to evyll and harme, which at the first was supposed shoulde be to them good and commodions. But what he tolde us that he sawe in everye countreye where he came, it were very longe to declare. Neither it is my purpose at this time to make rehersall therof. But peradventure in an other place I wyll speake of it, chiefly suche thynges as shall be profitable too bee knownen, as in speciall be those decrees and ordinaunces, that he marked to be well and wittely provided and enacted amonge suche peoples, as do live together in a civile polieye and good ordre. For of suche thynges dyd wee buselye enquire and demaunde of him, and he likewise very willingly tolde us of the same. But as for monsters, bycause they be no newes, of them we were nothyng inquisitive. For nothyng is more easye to bee founde, then bee barkyng Scyllaes, ravenyng Celenes, and Lestrigones devourers of people, and suche lyke great, and incredible monsters. But to fynde Citisens ruled by good and holsome lawes, that is an exceding rare, and harde thyng. But as he marked many fonde, and folishe lawes in those newe founde landes, so he rehersed divers actes, and constitutions, whereby these oure Cities, Nations, Countreis, and Kyngdomes may take ex-

ample to amende their faultes, enormities and errours. Wherof in another place (as I sayde) I wyll intreate. Now at this time I am determined to reherse onely that he tolde us of the maners, customes, lawes, and ordinaunces of the Utopians. But first I wyll repete oure former communication by thoccasion, and (as I might saye) the drifte wherof, he was brought into the mention of that weale publike.

For, when Raphael had very prudentlye touched divers thyngs that be amisse, some here and some there, yea, very many on bothe partes; and againe had spoken of suche wise lawes and prudente decrees, as be established and used, bothe here amonge us and also there amonge theym, as a man so perfecte, and experte in the lawes, and customes of every severall Countrey, as though into what place soever he came geastwise, there he had ledde al his life: then Peter muche mervailynge at the man: Surely maister Raphael (quod he) I wondre greatly, why you gette you not into some kinges courte. For I am sure there is no Prince livyng, that wold not be very glad of you, as a man not only hable highly to delite him with your profounde learnyng, and this your knowledge of countreis, and peoples, but also mete to instructe him with examples, and helpe him with counsell. And thus doyng, you shall bryng your selfe in a vèry good case, and also be of habilitie to helpe all your frendes and kinsfolke. As concernyng my frendes and kynsfolke (quod he) I passe not greatly for them. For I thinke I have sufficiently doone my parte towards them already. For these thynges, that other men doo not departe from, untill they be olde and sycke, yea, whiche they be then verye lothe to leave, when they canne no longer keepe, those very same thynges dyd I beyng not only lustye, and in good helth, but also in the floure of my youth, divide among my frendes and kynsfolkes. Which I thynke with this my liberalitie ought to holde them contented, and not to require nor to loke that besydes this, I shoulde for their sakes geve myselfe in bondage unto kinges.

Nay, God forbyd that (quod Peter) it is notte my mynde that you shoulde be in bondage to kynges, but as a retainour to them at your pleasure. Whiche surely I thinke is the highest waye that you can devise howe to bestowe your time frutefully, not onlye for the private commoditie of your frendes and for the generall profite

of all sortes of people, but also for thadvancement of your selfe to a much welthier state and condition, then you be now in. To a welthier condition (quod Raphael) by that meanes, that my mynde standeth cleane agaynst? Now I lyve at libertie after myne owne mynde and pleasure, whiche I thynke verye fewe of these great states and pieres of realmes can saye. Yea, and there be ynow of them that sue for great mens frendeshippes: and therefore thinke it no great hurte, if they have not me, nor iii. or iiij. suche other as I am. Well, I perceive playnly frende Raphael (quod I) that you be desirous neither of riches, nor of power. And truly I have in no lesse reverence and estimation a man of your mynde, then anye of them all that bee so high in power and authoritie. But you shall doo as it becometh you: yea, and accordyng to this wisdom, to this high and free courage of yours, if you can finde in your herte so to appoynt and dispose your selfe, that you mai applye your witte and diligence to the profite of the weale publike, though it be somewhat to youre owne payne and hyndraunce. And this shall you never so wel doe, nor wyth so greate profitt perfourme, as yf you be of some greate princes counsel, and put into his heade (as I doubt not but you wyl) honeste opinions, and vertuous persuasions. For from the prince, as from a perpetual wel spryng, commeth amonge the people the flood of al that is good or evell. But in you is so perfitt lernynge, that withoute anye experience, and agayne so greate experience, that wythoute anye lernynge you maye well be any kinges counsellour. You be twyse deceived maister More (quod he) fyrste in me, and agayne in the thinge it selfe. For neither is in me the habilitie that you force upon me, and yf it wer never so much, yet in disquieting myne owne quietnes I should nothing further the weale publike. For first of all, the moste parte of all princes have more delyte in warlike matters and feates of chivalrie (the knowlege wherof I neither have nor desire) than in the good feates of peace; and employe muche more study, how by right or by wrong to enlarge their dominions, than howe wel, and peaceable to rule, and governe that they have alredie. Moreover, they that be counsellours to kinges, every one of them eyther is of him selfe so wise in dede, that he nedeth not, or elles he thinketh himself so wise, that he wil not allowe another mans counsel, saving

that they do shamefully and flatteringly geve assent to the fond and folishe sayinges of certeyn great men. Whose favours, bicause they be in high authoritie with their prince, by assentation and flatterie they labour to obteyne. And verily it is naturally geven to all men to esteme their owne inventions best. So both the Raven and the Ape thinke their owne yonge ones fairest. Then if a man in such a company, where some disdayne and have despite at other mens inventions, and some counte their owne best, if among suche menne (I say) a man should bringe furth any thinge, that he hath redde done in tymes paste, or that he hath sene done in other places; there the hearers fare as though the whole existimation of their wisdom were in jeopardy to be overthrowen, and that ever after they shoulde be counted for verye disorderdes,¹ unles they could in other mens inventions pycke out matter to reprehend, and find fault at. If all other poore helpes fayle, then this is their extreame refuge. These thinges (say they) pleased our forefathers and auncestours: wolde God we coulede be so wise as they were: and as though they had wittely concluded the matter, and with this answer stopped every mans mouth, they sitte downe againe. As who should sai, it were a very dangerous matter, if a man in any point should be founde wiser then his forefathers were. And yet bee we content to suffre the best and wittiest of their decrees to lye unexecuted: but if in any thing a better ordre might have ben taken, then by them was, there we take fast holde, findyng therin many faultes. Manye tymes have I chaunced upon such proude, leude, overthwarte and waywarde judgements, yea, and once in England: I prai you Syr (quod I) have you ben in our cuntry? Yea forsoth (quod he) and there I taried for the space of iiii. or v. monethes together, not longe after the insurrection, that the Westerne English men made agaynst their kyng, which by their owne miserabill and pitiful slaughter was suppressed and ended. In the meane season I was muche bounde and beholdyng to the righte reverende father, John Morton, Archebishop and Cardinal of Canterbury, and at that time also lorde Chauncelloure of Englande: a man, Mayster Peter, (for Mayster More knoweth already that I wyll saye) not more honourable for his authoritie, then for his prudence and vertue. He was of a meane stature, and

¹ dolts

though stricken in age, yet bare he his bodye upright. In his face did shine such an amiable reverence, as was pleasaunte to beholde, Gentill in communication, yet earnest, and sage. He had great delite manye times with rough speache to his sewters, to prove, but without harme, what prompt witte and what bolde spirite were in every man. In the which, as in a vertue much agreinge with his nature, so that therewith were not joyned impudency, he toke greate delectation. And the same person, as apte and mete to have an administratyon in the weale publike, he dyd lovingly embrace. In his speche he was fyne, eloquent, and pythye. In the lawe he had profunde knowledge, in witte he was incomparable, and in memory wonderful excellent. These qualites, which in hym were by nature singular, he by learnyng and use had made perfecte. The kyng put muche truste in his counsel, the weale publyke also in a maner leaned unto hym, when I was there. For even in the chiefe of his youth he was taken from schole into the courte, and there passed all his tyme in much trouble and busines, beyng continually tumbled and tossed in the waves of dyvers mysfortunes and adversities. And so by many and greate daungers he lerned the experience of the worlde, whiche so beinge learned can not easely be forgotten. It chaunced on a certayne daye, when I sate at his table, there was also a certayne laye man cunnyng in the lawes of youre Realme. Who, I can not tell wherof takyng occasion, began diligently and earnestly to prayse that straye and rygorous justice, which at that tyme was there executed upon fellones, who, as he sayde, were for the moste parte xx. hanged together upon one gallows. And, seyng so fewe escaped punyshment, he sayde he coulede not chuse, but greatly wonder and marvel, howe and by what evil lucke it shold so come to passe, that theves nevertheles were in every place so ryffe and so raneke. Naye, Syr, quod I (for I durst boldly speake my minde before the Cardinal) marvel nothinge here at: for this punyshment of theves passeth the limites of Justice, and is also very hurtefull to the weale publike. For it is to extreame and cruel a punishment for theft, and yet not sufficient to refrayne and withhold men from theft. For simple theft is not so great an offense, that it owght to be punished with death. Neither ther is any punishment so horrible, that it can kepe them from stealynge, which have no other craft, wherby

to get their living. Therefore in this poynte, not you onlye, but also the most part of the world, be like evyll scholemaisters, which be readyer to beate, then to teache, their scholers. For great and horrible punishments be appointed for theves, whereas much rather provision should have ben made, that there were some meanes, whereby they myght get their livyng, so that no man shoulde be dryven to this extreme necessitie, firste to steale, and then to dye. Yes (quod he) this matter is wel ynough provided for already. There be handy craftes, there is husbandrye to gette their livyng by, if they would not willingly be nought. Nay, quod I, you shall not skape so: for first of all, I wyll speake nothyng of them, that come home oute of the warres, maymed and lame, as not longe ago, oute of Blackeheath felde, and a litell before that, out of the warres in Fraunce: suche, I saye, as put their lives in jeoperdye for the weale publiques or the kynges sake, and by reason of weakenesse and lamenesse be not hable to occupye their olde craftes, and be to aged to lerne new: of them I wyll speake nothing, forasmuch as warres have their ordinarie recourse. But let us conside those thinges that chaunce daily before our eyes. First there is a great numbred of gentlemen, which can not be content to live idle themselves, lyke dorres, of that whiche other have laboured for: their ternautes I meane, whom they polle and shave to the quicke, by reisyng their rentes (for this onlye poynte of frugalitie do they use, men els through their lavasse and prodigall spendyng, hable to brynge theymselves to verye beggerye) these gentlemen, I say, do not only live in idlenesse themselves, but also carrye about with them at their tailles a great flocke or traine of idle and loyteryng servyngmen, which never learned any craft wherby to gette their livynges. These men as sone as their mayster is dead, or be sicke themselves, be incontinent thrust out of dores. For gentlemen hadde rather keepe idle persones, then sicke men, and many times the dead mans heyre is not hable to mainteine so great a house, and kepe so many serving men as his father dyd. Then in the meane season they that be thus destitute of service, either starve for hunger, or manfullye playe the theves. For what would you have them to do? When they have wandred abrode so longe, untill they have worne thredbare their apparell, and also appaired their helth, then gentlemen because of their pale and

sickely faces, and patched cotes, will not take them into service. And husbandmen dare not set them a worke: Knowyng wel ynough that he is nothing mete to doe trewe and faythful service to a poore man wyth a spade and a mattoke for small wages and hard fare, whyche beyng deyntely and tenderly pampered up in ydilnes and pleasure, was wont with a sworde and a buckler by hys syde to jette through the strete with a bragginge loke, and to thynke hym selfe to good to be anye mans mate. Naye by saynt Mary sir (quod the lawier) not so. For this kinde of men muste we make moste of. For in them as men of stowter stomackes, bolder spirites, and manlyer courages then handycraftes men and plowmen be, doth consist the whole powre, strength and puissaunce of oure army, when we muste fight in battayle. Forsothe, sir, as well you myghte saye (quod I) that for warres sake you muste cheryshe theves. For surely you shall never lacke theves, whyles you have them. No, nor theves be not the most false and faynt harted soldiers, nor souldiours be not the cowardleste theves: so wel thees ii. craftes agree together. But this faulte, though it be much used amonge you, yet is it not peculiar to you only, but comen also almoste to all nations. Yet Fraunce besides this is troubled and infected with a much sorer plage. The whole royallme is fylled and besieged with hiered souldiours in peace tyme (yf that bee peace) whyche be brought in under the same colour and pretense, that hath persuaded you to kepe these ydell servyng men. For thies wyse foolles and verye archedoltes thought the wealthe of the whole countrey herin to consist, if there were ever in a redinesse a stronge and sure garrison, specially of old practised souldiours, for they put no trust at all in men unexercised. And therefore they must be forced to seke for warre, to the ende they may ever have practised souldiours and cunnyng mansleiers, lest that (as it is pretely sayde of Salust) their handes and their mindes through idlenes or lacke of exercise, should waxe dul. But howe pernicious and pestilente a thyng it is to maintayne suche beastes, the Frenche men, by their owne harmes have learned, and the examples of the Romaynes, Carthaginiens, Syriens, and of manye other countreyes doo manifestly declare. For not only the Empire, but also the fieldes and Cities of all these, by divers occasions have been overrunned and destroyed of their owne armies before hande

had in a redinesse. Now how unnecessary a thinge this is, hereby it maye appeare: that the Frenche souldiours, which from their youth have ben practised and inured in feates of armes, do not cracke nor aduance themselves to have very often gotte the upper hand and maistry of your new made and unpractised souldiours. But in this poynte I wyl not use many woordes, leste perchaunce I maye seeme to flatter you. No, nor those same handy crafte men of yours in cities, nor yet the rude and uplandish plowmen of the countreye, are not supposed to be greatly affrayde of your gentlemens idle seruyngmen, unlesse it be suche as be not of body or stature correspondent to their strength and courage, or els whose bolde stomakes be discouraged through povertie. Thus you may see, that it is not to be feared lest they shoulde be effeminated, if they were brought up in good craftes and laboursome woorkes, whereby to gette their livynges, whose stoute and sturdye bodies (for gentlemen vouchsafe to corrupte and spill none but picked and chosen men) now either by reason of rest and idlenesse be brought to weakenesse: or els by to easy and womanly exercises be made feble and unable to endure hardnesse. Truly howe so ever the case standeth, thys me thinketh is nothing avayleable to the weale publique, for warre sake, which you never have, but when you wyl your selves, to kepe and mainteyn an unnumerable flocke of that sort of men, that be so troublesome and noyous in peace, wherof you ought to have a thousand times more regarde, then of warre. But yet this is not only the necessary cause of stealing. There is an other, whych, as I suppose, is proper and peculiar to you Englishmen alone. What is that, quod the Cardinal? Forsoth my lorde (quod I) your shepe that were wont to be so meke and tame, and so smal eaters, now, as I heare saye, be become so great devourers and so wyld, that they ate up, and swallow downe the very men them selves. They consume, destroye, and devoure whole fieldes, howses, and cities. For looke in what partes of the realme doth growe the fynest, and therefore dearest wolle, there noblemen, and gentlemen: yea and certeyn Abbottes, holy men no doubt, not contenting them selves with the yearly revenues and profytes, that were wont to grow to their forefathers and predecessours of their landes, nor beyng content that they live in rest and pleasure nothinge profitting, yea much noyinge the

weale publique: leave no grounde for tillage, thei inclose al into pastures: thei throw doune houses: they plucke downe townes, and leave nothing standyng, but only the churche to be made a shepe-howse. And as though you loste no small quantity of grounde by forests, chases, laundes, and parkes, those good holy men turne all dwelling places and all glebeland into desolation and wildernes. Therfore that one covetous and unsatiable cornaraunte and very plage of his natyve contrey maye compasse aboute and inclose many thousand akers of grounde together within one pale or hedge, the husbandmen be thrust owte of their owne, or els either by coveyne and fraude, or by violent oppression they be put besydes it, or by wronges and injuries thei be so wried, that they be compelled to sell all: by one meanes therfore or by other, either by hooke or crooke they muste needs departe awaye, poore, selye, wretched soules, men, women, husbands, wives, fatherlesse children, widowes, wofull mothers, with their yonge babes, and their whole houshold smal in substance, and muche in numbre, as husbandrye requireth manye handes. Awaye thei trudge, I say, out of their knowen and accustomed houses, fyndyng no place to reste in. All their housholdestuffe, whiche is verye litle woorth, though it myght well abide the sale: yet beeyng sodainely thruste oute, they be constrayned to sell it for a thing of nought. And when they have wandered abrode tyll that be spent, what can they then els doo but steale, and then justly pardy be hanged, or els go about a beggyng. And yet then also they be caste in prison as vagaboundes, because they go aboute and worke not: whom no man wyl set a worke, though thei never so willyngly profre themselves therto. For one Shephearde or Heardman is ynoughe to eate up that grounde with cattel, to the occupiying wherof aboute husbandrye manye handes were requisite. And this is also the cause whye virtualles be now in many places dearer. Yea, besides this the price of wolle is so rysen, that poore folkes, which were wont to worke it, and make cloth therof, be nowe hable to bye none at all. And by thys meanes verye manye be forced to forsake worke, and to geve them selves to idelnesse. For after that so much grounde was inclosed for pasture, an infinite multitude of shepe dyed of the rotte, suche vengeance God toke of their inordinate and unsaciable covetousness, sendinge amonge the shepe that

pestiferous morrein, whiche much more justely shoulde have fallen on the shepe-masters owne heades. And though the number of shepe increase never so faste, yet the price falleth not one myte, because there be so fewe sellers. For they be almooste all comen into a fewe riche mennes handes, whome no neade forceth to sell before they lust, and they luste not before they maye sell as deare as they luste. Now the same cause bringeth in like dearth of the other kindes of cattell, yea and that so much the more, bicause that after fermes plucked downe, and husbandry decaied, there is no man that passethe for the breadynge of younge stoore. For these riche men brynge not up the yonge ones of greate cattel as they do lambes. But first they bie them abrode verie chepe, and afterward when they be fatted in their pastures, they sell them agayne excedynge deare. And therefore (as I suppose) the whole incommoditie hereof is not yet felte. For yet they make dearth onely in those places, where they sell. But when they shall fetch them away from thence wheare they be bredde faster then they can be broughte up: then shall there also be felte greate dearth, stoore beginning there to faile, where the ware is boughte. Thus the unreasonable covetousnes of a few hath turned that thing to the utter undoing of your ylande, in the whiche thyng the chiefe felicitie of your realme did consist. For this greate dearth of victualles causeth men to kepe as litle houses, and as smale hospitalitie as they possible maye, and to put away their servauntes: whether, I pray you, but a beggynge: or elles (whyche these gentell bloude and stoute stomackes wyll sooner set their myndes unto) a stealing? Nowe to amende the matter, to this wretched beggerie and miserable povertie is joyned greate wantonnes, importunate superfluitie, and excessive riote. For not only gentle mennes servauntes, but also handiercraft men: yea and almooste the ploughmen of the cuntry, with al other sortes of people, use muche straunge and proude newefanglenes in their apparell, and to muche prodigall riotte and sumptuous fare at their table. Nowe bawdes, queines, whoores, harlottes, strumpettes, brothelhouses, stewes, and yet another stewes, wyne tavernes, ale houses, and tipling houses, with so manye noughtie, lewde, and unlawfull games, as dyce, cardes, tables, tennis, boules, coytes, do not all these sende the haunTERS of them streyghte a stealyng, when theyr money is gone? Caste

oute these pernicious abhominations, make a lawe, that they, whiche plucked downe fermes, and townes of husbandrie, shal reedifie them, or els yelde and uprender the possession therof to suche as wil go to the cost of buylding them anewe. Suffer not these riche men to bie up al, to ingrosse, and forstalle, and with their monopolie to kepe the market alone as please them. Let not so many be brought up in idelnes, let husbandry and tillage be restored, let clothe-working be renewed, that ther may be honest labours for this idell sort to passe their tyme in profitablye, whiche hitherto either povertie hath caused to be theves, or elles now be either vagabondes, or idel serving men, and shortelye wilbe theves. Doubtles onles you finde a remedy for these enormities, you shall in vaine advaunce your selves of executing justice upon fellows. For this justice is more beautiful in apperance, and more flourishynge to the shewe, then either juste or profitable. For by suffring your youthe wantonlie and viciously to be brought up, and to be infected, even frome theyr tender age, by litle and litle with vice: then a goddes name to be punished, when they commit the same faultes after being come to mans state, which from their youthe they were ever like to do: In this point, I praye you, what other thing do you, then make theves and then punish them?

3. *A Discourse Upon International Relations, Happiness, and Reformers*

But yet, all this notwithstanding, I can by no meanes chaunge my mind, but that I must nedes beleve, that you, if you be disposed, and can fynde in youre hearte to followe some princes courte, shall with your good counselles greatlye helpe and further the commen wealthe. Wherefore there is nothyng more appertaining to youre dewty, that is to saye, to the dewtie of a good man. For where as your Plato judgeth that weale publiques shall by this meanes attayne perfecte felicitie, eyther if philosophers be kynges, or elles if kynges geve themselves to the studie of philosophie, how farre I praye you, shall commen wealthes then be frome thys felicitie, yf philosophers wyll vouchesaufe to enstruct kynges with their good counsell? They be not so unkinde (quod he) but they woulde gladlye do it, yea, manye have done it alreadye in bookes that they have put furthe, if kynges and princes would be willynge and readye to folowe

good counsell. But Plato doubtlesse dyd well foresee, oneless kynges themselves woulde applye their mindes to the studye of Philosophie, that elles they woulde never thoroughlye allowe the counsell of Philosophers, beyng themselves before even from their tender age infected, and corrupt with perverse, and evill opinions. Whiche thyng Plato hymselfe proved trewe in kinge Dionyse. If I shoulde propose to any kyng wholsome decrees, doynge my endevoure to plucke out of hys mynde the pernicious originall causes of vice and noughtines, thinke you not that I shoulde furthewith either be driven awaye, or elles made a laughyng stocke? Well suppose I were with the Frenche kyng, and there syttinge in his counsell, whiles in that mooste secreete consultation, the kyng him selfe there beyng presente in hys owne personne, they beate their braynes, and serche the verye bottomes of their wittes to discusse by what craft and meanes the kyng maye styl kepe Myllayne, and drawe to him againe fugitive Naples, and then howe to conquere the Venetians, and howe to bringe under his jurisdiction all Italie, then howe to win the dominion of Flaunders, Brabant, and of all Burgundie: with divers other landes, whose kingdomes he hath longe ago in mind and purpose invaded. Here whiles one counsel-leth to conclude a legue of peace with the Venetians, so longe to endure, as shall be thought mete and expedient for their purpose, and to make them also of their counsell, yea, and besides that to geve them part of the pray, whiche afterwarde, when they have brought theyr purpose about after their owne myndes, they maye require and clayme againe. Another thinketh best to hieere the Germaines. Another woulde have the favoure of the Swychers wonne with money. Anothers advyse is to appease the puissaunte power of the Emperours majestie wyth golde, as with a moste pleasaunte, and acceptable sacrifice. Whiles another gyveth counsell to make peace wyth the kyng of Arragone, and to restore unto him hys owne kyngedome of Navarra, as a full assuraunce of peace. Another commeth in with his five egges, and adviseth to hooke in the kyng of Castell with some hope of affinitie or allyaunce, and to bringe to their parte certaine Pieers of his courte for greate pensions. Whiles they all staye at the chiefeeste doubte of all, what to do in the meane time with Englande, and yet agree

all in this to make peace with the Englishmen, and with mooste suer and stronge bandes to bynde that weake and feable frendeshippe, so that they muste be called frendes, and hadde in suspicion as enemyes. And that therfore the Skottes muste be hadde in a readines, as it were in a standynge, readie at all occasions, in aunter the Englishmen shoulde sturre never so lytle, incontinent to set upon them. And moreover previlie and secretlye (for openlie it maye not be done by the truce that is taken) privelie therefore I saye to make muche of some Piere of Englande, that is bannished hys countrey, whiche muste cleime title to the crowne of the realme, and affirme hym selfe juste inherytoure thereof, that by this subtyll meanes they maye holde to them the kyng, in whome elles they have but small truste and affiaunce. Here I saye, where so great and heyghe matters be in consultation, where so manye noble and wyse menne counsell theyr kyng onelie to warre, here yf I, selie man, shoulde rise up and will them to tourne over the leafe, and learne a newe lesson, sayinge that my counsell is not to medle with Italy, but to tarye styll at home, and that the kyngedome of Fraunce alone is almooste greater, then that it maye well be governed of one man: so that the kyng shoulde not nede to studye howe to gette more; and then shoulde propose unto them the decrees of the people that be called the Achoriens, whiche be situate over agaynste the Ilande of Utopia on the south-easte side. These Achoriens ones made warre in their kinges quarrell for to gette him another kingdome, whiche he laide claime unto, and avaunced hymselfe ryghte inherytoure to the crowne thereof, by the tytyle of an olde aliaunce. At the last when they had gotten it, and sawe that they hadde even as muche vexation and trouble in kepyng it, as they had in gettyng it, and that either their newe conquered subjectes by sundrye occasions were makynge daylye insurrections to rebell against them, or els that other countreis were continuallie with divers inrodes and forragynges invadyng them: so that they were ever fighting either for them, or agaynste them, and never coulde breake up theyr campos: Seyng them selves in the meane season pyllled and impoverished: their money caried out of the realme: their own men killed to maintaine the glorie of an other nation: when they had no warre, peace nothyng better then warre, by reason

that their people in war had so inured themselves to corrupte and wicked maners: that they had taken a delite and pleasure in robbing and stealing: that through manslaughter they had gathered boldnes to mischiefe: that their lawes were had in contempte, and nothing set by or regarded: that their king beyng troubled with the charge and governaunce of two kingdomes, could not nor was not hable perfectlie to discharge his office towards them both: seing againe that all these evelles and troubles were endles: at the laste layde their heades together, and like faithfull and loving subjectes gave to their kynge free choise and libertie to kepe styll the one of these two kingdomes whether he would: alleginge that he was not hable to kepe both, and that they were mo then might well be governed of halfe a king: forasmuche as no man would be content to take him for his mulettour, that kepeth an other mans moyles besydes his. So this good prince was constreyned to be content with his olde kyngedome and to geve over the newe to one of his frendes. Who shortely after was violently driven out. Furthermore if I shoulde declare unto them, that all this busie preparaunce to warre, wherby so many nations for his sake should be broughte into a troublesome hurleiburley, when all his coffers were emptied, his treasures wasted, and his people destroied, should at the length through some mischance be in vaine and to none effect: and that therefore it were best for him to content him selfe with his owne kingedome of Fraunce, as his forfathers and predecessours did before him: to make much of it, to enrich it, and to make it as flourisshing as he could, to endevoure him selfe to love his subjectes, and againe to be beloved of them, willingly to live with them, peaceably to governe them, and with other kyngdomes not to medle, seinge that whiche he hath all redde is even ynoughe for him, yea and more than he can well turne hym to: this myne advyse, maister More, how thinke you it would be harde and taken? So God helpe me, not very thankfully, quod I. Wel, let us procede then, quod he. Suppose that some kyng and his counsel were together whettinge their wittes and devisinge, what subtell craffe they myght invente to enryche the kinge with great treasures of money. First one counselleth to rayse and enhaunce the valuation of money when the kinge must paye anye: and agayne to calle downe the value of

coyne to lesse then it is worthe, when he muste receive or gather any. For thus great sommes shal be payd wyth a lytyl money, and where lytle is due muche shal be received. Another counselleth to fayne warre, that when under this coloure and pretence the kyng hath gathered greate aboundaunce of money, he maye, when it shall please him, make peace with greate solempnitie and holye ceremonies, to blinde the eyes of the poore communitie, as taking pitie and compassion forsothe upon mans bloude, lyke a loving and a mercifull prince. Another putteth the kyng in remembraunce of certeine olde and moughteaten lawes, that of longe tyme have not bene put in execution, whych because no man can remembre that they were made, everie man hath transgressed. The fynes of these lawes he counselleth the kyng to require: for there is no waye so profitable, nor more honorable, as the whyche hathe a shewe and coloure of justice. Another advyseth him to forbidde manye thinges under greate penalties and fines, specially suche thinges as is for the peoples profit not be used, and afterwarde to dispence for money with them, whyche by this prohibition substeine losse and damage. For by this meanes the favour of the people is wonne, and profite riseth two wayes. First by takinge forfaytes of them whome covetousnes of gaynes hath brought in daunger of this statute, and also by sellinge privileges and licences, whyche the better that the prince is, forsothe the deerer he selleth them: as one that is lothe to graunte to any private persone anye thinge that is against the profite of his people. And therefore maye sel none but at an exceeding dere pryce. Another giveth the kyng counsel to endaunger unto his grace the judges of the Realme, that he maye have them ever on his side, and that they maye in everye matter dispute and reason for the kynges right. Yea and further to call them into his palace and to require them there to argue and discusse his matters in his owne presence. So there shal be no matter of his so openlye wronge and unjuste, wherein one or other of them, either because he wyl have sumthinge to allege and objecte or that he is ashamed to saye that whiche is sayde alreadye, or els to pike a thanke with his prince, wil not fynde some hole open to set a snare in, wherewith to take the contrarie parte in a trippe. Thus whiles the judges cannot agree amonges them selves,

reasoninge and arguing of that which is playne enough, and bringinge the manifest trewthe in dowte: in the meane season the Kinge maye take a fyt occasion to understand the lawe as shal moste make for his advauntage, whereunto all other for shame, or for feare wil agree. Then the Judges may be bolde to pronounce on the kynges side. For he that geveth sentence for the king, cannot be without a good excuse. For it shal be sufficient for him to have equitie on his part, or the bare wordes of the lawe, or a wrythen and wrested understandinge of the same, or els (whiche with good and just Judges is of greater force then all lawes be) the Kynges indisputable prerogative. To conclude, al the counsellours agre and consent together with the ryche Crassus, that no abundance of gold can be sufficient for a prince, which muste kepe and maynteyne an armie: furthermore that a kynge, though he would, can do nothinge unjustlye. For all that all men have, yea also the men them selves be all his. And that every man hath so much of his owne, as the kynges gentilnes hath not taken from hym. And that it shal be moste for the kinges advantage, that his subjectes have very litle or nothinge in their possession, as whose savegarde doth herein consiste, that his people doe not waxe wanton and wealthie through riches and libertie, because where these thinges be, there men be not wonte patiently to obeye harde, unjuste, and unlawefull commaundementes; whereas on the other part neade and povertie doth holde downe and kepe under stowte courages, and maketh them patient perforce, takynge from them bolde and rebellynge stomakes. Here agayne if I shoulde ryse up, and boldelye affirme that all these counselles be to the kinge dishonoure and reproche, whose honoure and safetie is more and rather supported and upholden by the wealth and ryches of his people, then by hys owne treasures: and if I should declare that the comminaltie chueseth their king for their owne sake, and not for his sake: to the intent, that through his laboure and studie they might al live wealthily sauiffe from wronges and injuries: and that therfore the kynge ought to take more care for the wealth of his people, then for his owne wealth, even as the office and dewtie of a shephearde is in that he is a shepherde, to feede his shepe rather then himselfe. For as towchinge this, that they thinke the defence

and mayntenaunce of peace to consiste in the povertie of the people, the thing it selfe sheweth that they be farre out of the waye. For where shal a man finde more wrangling, quarrelling, brawling, and chiding, then among beggers? Who be more desierous of newe mutations and alterations, then they that be not content with the present state of their lyfe? Or finallye who be bolder stomaked to bringe all in a hurleburye (therby trustinge to get some windfal) then they that have nowe nothinge to leese? And yf any Kyng were so smally regarded, and so lightly esteemed, yea so behated of his subjectes, that other wayes he could not kepe them in awe, but onlye by open wronges, by pollinge and shavinge, and by bringinge them to beggerie, sewerly it were better for him to forsake his kingedome, then to holde it by this meanes: whereby though the name of a king be kepte, yet the majestie is lost. For it is againste the dignitie of a kynge to have rule over beggers, but rather over ryche and welthie men. Of this mynde was the hardie and couragius Fabrice, when he sayde, that he had rather be a ruler of riche men, then be ryche himselfe. And verely one man to live in pleasure and wealth, whyles all other wepe and smarte for it, that is the parte, not of a kynge, but of a jayler. To be shorte as he is a folyshe phisition, that cannot cure his patientes disease, onles he caste him in an other syckenes, so he that cannot amend the lives of his subjectes, but be taking from them the wealth and commoditie of lyfe, he muste nedes graunte that, he knoweth not the feate how to governe men. But let him rather amende his owne lyfe, renounce dishonest pleasures, and forsake pride. For these be the chiefe vices that cause hym to runne in the contempte or hatred of his people. Let him lyve of hys owne, hurtinge no man. Let him doe cost not above his power. Let him restreine wyckednes. Let him prevente vices, and take awaye the occasions of offenses by well orderynge hys subjectes, and not by sufferynge wickednes to increase afterward to be punyshed. Let hym not be to hastie in callynge agayne lawes, whyche a custome hath abrogated: specially suche as have bene longe forgotten, and never lacked nor neaded. And let hym never under the cloke and pretence of transgression take suche fynes and forfaytes, as no Judge wyll suffre a private persone to take, as unjuste and ful of gile. Here if I

should brynge forth before them the lawe of the Macariens, whiche be not farre distant from Utopia: whose Kyng the daye of hys coronation is bounde by a solempne othe, that he shall never at anye time have in hys treasure above a thousande ponde of golde or sylver: They saye a verye good kyng, whiche toke more care for the wealth and commoditie of his countrey, then for thenriching of him selfe, made this lawe to be a stop and barre to kinges from heaping and hording up so muche money as might impoveryshe their people. For he forsawe that this som of treasure woulde suffice to supporte the kyng in battaile against his owne people, if they shoulde chaunce to rebell: and also to maintein his warres againste the invasions of his forreyn enemies. Againe he perceived the same stocke of money to be to litle and insufficient to encourage and enhable him wrongfullye to take away other mens goodes: whyche was the chiefe cause whie the lawe was made. An other cause was this. He thought that by this provision his people shoulde not lacke money, wherewith to mayneteyne their dayly occupieng and chaffayre. And seyng the kyng could not chewse but laye out and bestowe al that came in above the prescript some of his stocke, he thought he woulde seke no occasions to doe his subjectes injurie. Suche a kyng shal be feared of evel men, and loved of good men. These, and suche other informations, yf I shoulde use among men wholye inclined and geven to the contrarye part, how deaffe hearers thinke you shoulde I have? Deaffe hearers douteles (quod I). And in good faith no marveyle. And to be plaine with you, truelye I can not allowe that suche communication shalbe used, or suche counsell geven, as you be suere shall never be regarded nor receaved. For how can so straunge informations be profitable, or how can they be beaten into their headdes, whose myndes be allredye prevented: with cleane contrarye persuasions? This schole philosophie is not unpleasaunte amonge frendes in familiare communication, but in the counselles of kinges, where greate matters be debated and reasoned with greate authoritye, these things have no place. That is it whiche I mente (quod he) when I sayde philosophie hadde no place amonge kinges. In dede (quod I) this schole philosophie hath not: whiche thinketh all thinges mete for every place. But there is an other philosophie more civile, whyche knoweth, as ye

wolde say, her owne stage, and thereafter orderynge and behavinge hereselfe in the playe that she hathe in hande, playethe her parte accordinglye with comlyenes, utteringe nothinge oute of dewe ordre and fassyon. And this is the philosophye that you muste use. Or els whyles a commodye of Plautus is playinge, and the vyle bondemen skoffynge and tryffeling amonge them selves, yf you shoulde sodenlye come upon the stage in a Philosophers apparrell, and reherse oute of Octavia the place wherein Seneca disputeth with Nero: had it not bene better for you to have played the domme persone, then by rehersynge that, which served neither for the tyme nor place, to have made suche a tragycall comedye or gallymalfreye? For by bryngynge in other stuffe that nothinge apperteyneth to the present matter, you muste nedes marre and pervert the play that is in hand, though the stuffe that you bringe be muche better. What part soever you have taken upon you, playe that aswel as you can and make the best of it: And doe not therefore disturbe and brynge oute of ordre the whole matter, bycause that an other, whyche is meryer and better cummelie to your remembraunce. So the case standeth in a common wealthe, and so it is in the consultations of Kynges and prynces. Yf evel opinions and noughty persuasions can not be utterly and quyte plucked out of their hartes, if you can not even as you wolde remedy vices, which use and custome hath confirmed: yet for this cause you must not leave and forsake the common wealthe: you muste not forsake the shippe in a tempeste, because you can not rule and kepe downe the wyndes. No nor you muste not laboure to dryve into their heades newe and straunge informations, whyche you knowe wel shalbe nothinge regarded wyth them that be of cleane contrary mindes. But you must with a crafty wile and a subtell trayne studye and endevoure youre selfe, asmuche as in you lyethe, to handle the matter wyttelye and handsomelye for the purpose, and that whyche you can not turne to good, so to order it that it be not verye badde. For it is not possible for al thinges to be well, onles all men were good. Whych I thinke wil not be yet thies good many yeares.

4. *Labor in Utopia*

Husbandrie is a Science common to them all in generall, bothe men and women, where-

in they be all experte and cunning. In this they be all instructed even from their youth: partlie in their scholes with traditions and preceptes, and partlie in the countrey nigh the citie, brought up as it were in playnge, not onely beholding the use of it, but by occasion of exercising their bodies practising it also. Besides husbandrie, whiche (as I saide) is common to them all, everye one of them learneth one or other several and particular science, as his owne proper craft. That is most commonly either clothworking in wol or flaxe, or masonrie, or the smithes craft, or the carpenters science. For there is none other occupation that any number to speake of doth use there. For their garments, which throughout all the Ilande be of one fashion (savyng that there is a difference betwene the mans garmente and the womans, betwene the married and the unmarried) and this one continueth for evermore unchaunged, semely and comelie to the eye, no lette to the movyng and weldyng of the bodye, also fytted both for wynter and summer: as for these garmentes (I saye) every familie maketh their owne. But of the other foresaide craftes everye man learneth one. And not onely the men, but also the women. But the women, as the weaker sort, be put to the easier craftes: as to worke wolle and flaxe. The more laborsome sciences be committed to the men. For the mooste part every man is brought up in his fathers craft. For mooste commonly they be naturallie therto bent and inclined. But yf a mans minde stande to anye other, he is by adoption put into a familie of that occupation, which he doth most fantasy. Whome not onely his father, but also the magistrates do diligently loke to, that he be put to a discrete and an honest householder. Yea, and if anye person, when he hath learned one craft, be desierous to learne also another, he is likewyse suffred and permitted.

When he hath learned bothe, he occupieth whether he wyll: onesse the citie have more neade of the one then of the other. The chiefe and almooste the onely offyce of the Syphograutes is, to see and take hede, that no manne sit idle: but that everye one applye hys owne craft with earnest diligence. And yet for all that, not to be wearied from earlie in the morninge, to late in the eveninge, with continuall worke, like labouringe and toyinge bestes. For this is worse then the miserable and wretched

condition of bondemen. Whiche nevertheles is almooste everye where the lyfe of workemen and artificers, saving in Utopia. For they dividyng the daye and the nyght into xxiiii. juste houres, appointe and assigne onely sixe of those houres to worke; iii before noone, upon the whiche they go streighte to diner: and after diner, when they have rested two houres, then they worke iii. houres and upon that they go to supper. Aboute eyghte of the cloke in the eveninge (countinge one of the cloke at the firste houre after noone) they go to bedde: eyght houres they geve to slepe. All the voide time, that is betwene the houres of worke, slepe, and meate, that they be suffered to bestowe, every man as he liketh best him selfe. Not to thintent that they shold mispend this time in riote or slouthfulnes: but beyng then licensed from the laboure of their owne occupations, to bestow the time well and thriftely upon some other science, as shall please them. For it is a solempne custome there, to have lectures daylye early in the morning, where to be presente they onely be constrained that be namelye chosen and appoynted to learninge. Howbeit a greate multitude of every sort of people, both men and women go to heare lectures, some one and some an other, as everye mans nature is inclined. Yet, this notwithstanding, if any man had rather bestowe this time upon his owne occupation, (as it chaunceth in manye, whose mindes rise not in the contemplation of any science liberall) he is not letted, nor prohibited, but is also praysed and commended, as profitable to the common wealthe. After supper they bestow one houre in playe: in summer in their gardens: in winter in their common halles: where they dine and suppe. There they exercise themselves in musike, or els in honest and wholesome communication. Diceplaye, and suche other folishe and pernicious games they know not. But they use ij. games not much unlike the chesse. The one is the battell of numbers, wherein one nombre stealeth awaye another. The other is wherein vices fyghte with vertues, as it were in battell array, or a set fyld. In the which game is verie properlye shewed, bothe the striffe and discorde that vices have amonge themselves, and agayne theire unite and concorde againste vertues: And also what vices be repugnaunt to what vertues: with what powre and strength they assaile them openlye: by what wiles and subtely they

assaulte them secretely: with what helpe and aide the vertues resiste, and overcome the puissance of the vices: by what craft they frustrate their purposes: and finally by what sleight or meanes the one getteth the victory. But here least you be deceived, one thinge you muste looke more narrowly upon. For seinge they bestowe but vi. houres in woorke, perchaunce you maye thinke that the lacke of some necessarye thinges hereof maye ensewe. But this is nothinge so. For that smal time is not only enough but also to muche for the stoore and abundance of all thinges, that be requisite, either for the necessitie, or commoditie of life. The which thinge you also shall perceave, if you weye and consider with your selves how great a parte of the people in other contreis lyveth ydle. First almost all women, whyche be the halfe of the whole numbre: or els if the women be somewhere occupied, there most commonlye in their steade the men be ydle. Besydes this how greate, and howe ydle a companie is there of preystes, and religious men, as they cal them? put thereto al ryche men, speciallye all landed men, which comonlye be called gentilmen, and noble men. Take into this numbre also theire servautes: I meane all that flocke of stoute bragging russhe bucklers. Joyne to them also sturdy and valiaunte beggers, clokinge their idle lyfe under the coloure of some disease or sickenes. And trulye you shal find them much fewer then you thought, by whose labour all these thinges are wrought, that in mens affaires are now daylye used and frequented. Nowe consider with youre selfe, of these fewe that doe woorke, how fewe be occupied in necessarye woorkes. For where money beareth all the swinge, there many vaayne and superfluous occupations must nedes be used, to serve only for ryotous superfluite, and dishonest pleasure. For the same multitude that now is occupied in woork, if they were devided into so fewe occupations as the necessarye use of nature requyareth; in so greate plentye of thinges as then of necessity woulde ensue, doubtles the prices wolde be to lytle for the artifycers to maynteyne theire livinges. But yf all these, that be now busied about unprofitable occupations, with all the whole flocke of them that lyve ydellye and slouthfullye, whyche consume and waste everye one of them more of these thinges that come by other

mens laboure, then ij. of the workemen themselves doo: yf all these (I saye) were sette to profytable occupatyons, you easilye perceave howe lytle tyme would be enoughe, yea and to muche to stoore us with all thinges that maye be requisite either for necessitie, or for commoditie, yea or for pleasure, so that the same pleasure be trewe and natural. And this in Utopia the thinge it selfe makethe manifeste and playne. For there in all the citye, with the whole contreye, or shiere adjoyning to it scarselye 500. persons of al the whole numbre of men and women, that be neither to-olde, nor to weake to worke, be licensed and dischargd from laboure. Amonge them be the Siphograutes (whoe thoughte they be by the lawes exempte and privileged from labour) yet they exempte not themselves: to the intent that they may the rather by their example provoke other to worke. The same vacation from labour do they also enjoye, to whome the people persuaded by the commendation of the priestes, and secrete election of the Siphograutes, have given a perpetual licence from laboure to learninge. But if any one of them prove not accordinge to the expectation and hoope of him conceaved, he is forthwith plucked backe to the company of artifycers. And contrarye wise, often it chaunceth that a handicraftes man doth so earnestly bestowe his vacante and spare houres in learninge, and throughe diligence so profyteth therin, that he is taken from his handy occupation, and promoted to the company of the learned. Oute of this ordre of the learned be chosen ambassadours, priestes, Tranibores, and finallye the prince him selfe. Whome they in theire olde tonge cal Barzanes, and by a newer name, Adamus. The residewe of the people being neither ydle, nor yet occupied about unprofitable exercises, it may be easely judged in how fewe houres how muche good woorke by them may be doone and dispatched, towardes those thinges that I have spoken of. This commodity they have also above other, that in the most part of necessarye occupations they neade not so much work, as other nations doe. For first of all the buildinge or repayinge of houses asketh everye where so many mens continual labour, bicause that the unthrifty heire suffereth the houses that his father buylded in contynuaunce of tyme to fall in decay. So that which he myghte have upholden wyth lytle coste, hys suc-

cessoure is constreyned to buylde it agayne a newe, to his great charge. Yea many tymes also the howse that stooode one man in muche moneye, another is of so nyce and soo delycate a mynde, that he settethe nothings by it. And it beyng neglected, and therefore shortelye fallynge into ruine, he buyldethe uppe another in an other place with no lesse coste and chardge. But amonge the Utopians, where all thinges be sett in a good ordre, and the common wealthe in a good staye, it very seldom chaunceth, that they cheuse a newe plotte to buyld an house upon. And they doo not only finde spedy and quicke remedies for present fautes: but also prevente them that be like to fall. And by this meanes their houses continewe and laste very longe with litle labour and smal reparations: in so much that this kind of woorkmen somtimes have almost nothings to doo. But that they be commaunded to hewe timbre at home, and to square and trimme up stones, to the intente that if anye woorke chaunce, it may the spedelier rise. Now, syr, in their apparell, marke (I praye you) howe few woorkmen they neade. Fyrste of al, whyles they be at woorke, they be covered homely with leather or skinnes, that will last vii. yeares. When they go furthe abrode they caste upon them a cloke, whych hydeth the other homelye apparel. These clockes through out the whole Iland be all of one coloure, and that is the natural coloure of the wul. They therefore do not only spend much lesse wullen clothe then is spente in other contris, but also the same standeth them in muche lesse coste. But lynyen clothe is made with lesse laboure, and is therefore hadde more in use. But in lynyen cloth onlye whytenesse, in wullen only clenlynnes is regarded. As for the smalnesse or finenesse of the threde, that is no thinge passed for. And this is the cause wherfore in other places iiij. or v. clothe gownes of dyvers coloures, and as manye silke cootes be not enoughe for one man. Yea and yf he be of the delicate and nyse sorte x. be to fewe: whereas there one garmente wyl serve a man mooste commonlye ij. yeares. For whie shoulde he desyre moo? Seinge yf he had them, he should not be the better hapte or covered from colde, neither in his apparel anye whitte the comlyer. Wherefore, seinge they be all exercysed in profitable occupations, and that fewe artificers in the same craftes be sufficiente, this is the cause that

plentye of all thinges beinge among them, they doo sometymes bringe forthe an innumerable compaignye of people to amend the hyghe wayes, yf anye be broken. Many times also, when they have no suche woorke to be occupied aboute, an open proclamation is made, that they shall bestowe fewer houres in worke. For the magistrates doe not exercise theire citizens againste their willes in unneadefull laboures. For whie in the institution of that weale publique, this ende is onelye and chiefly pretended and mynded, that what time maye possibly be spared from the necessarye occupacions and affayres of the common wealth, all that the citeizens shoulde withdrawe from the bodely service to the free libertye of the minde, and garnishinge of the same. For herein they suppose the felicitye of this liffe to consiste.

5. "*And the Pursuit of Happiness*"

They dispute of the good qualites of the sowle, of the body, and of fortune. And whether the name of goodnes maye be applied to all these, or onely to the endowementes and giftes of the soule. They reason of vertue and pleasure. But the chiefe and principall question is in what thinge, be it one or moe, the felicitye of man consisteth. But in this poynte they seme almooste to muche geven and enclyned to the opinion of them, which defende pleasure, wherein they determine either all or the chiefyste parte of mans felicitye to reste. And (whyche is more to bee marveled at) the defense of this soo deynty and delicate an opinion, they fetche even from their grave, sharpe, bytter, and rygorous religion. For they never dispute of felicity or blessednes, but they joine unto the reasons of Philosophie certeyne principles taken oute of religion: wythoute the whyche to the investigation of trewe felicitye they thynke reason of it selfe weake and unperfected. Those principles be these and such lyke. That the soule is immortal, and by the bountifull goodnes of God ordeined to felicitie. That to our vertues and good deades rewardes be appointed after this life, and to our evel deades punishments. Though these be pertynyng to religion, yet they thinke it mete that they shoulde be beleved and graunted by professed reason. But yf these principles were condemned and dysanulled, then without anye delaye they pronounce no man to be so folish, whiche woulde not do all his diligence and endevoure to obteyne pleasure be ryght

or wronge, onlye avoydyng this inconvenience, that the lesse pleasure should not be a let or hinderaunce to the bigger: or that he laboured not for that pleasure, whiche would bringe after it displeasure, greefe, and sorrow. For they judge it extreame madnes to folowe sharpe and painful vertue, and not only to bannishe the pleasure of life, but also willingly to suffer grieve, without anye hope of proffit thereof ensuinge. For what proffit can there be, if a man, when he hath passed over all his lyfe unpleasantly, that is to say, miserablye, shall have no rewarde after his death? But nowe, syr, they thinke not felicitie to reste in all pleasure, but only in that pleasure that is good and honeste, and that hereto as to perfet blessednes our nature is allured and drawen even of vertue, whereto onlye they that be of the contrary opinion do attribute felicitie. For they define vertue to be life ordered according to nature, and that we be hereunto ordeined of god. And that he dothe followe the course of nature, which in desiering and refusinge thinges is ruled by reason. Furthermore that reason doth chiefly and principallie kende in men the love and veneration of the devine majestie. Of whose goodnes it is that we be, and that we be in possibilitie to attayne felicitie. And that secondarely it bothe stirreth and provoketh us to leade our lyfe oute of care in joy and mirth, and also moveth us to helpe and further all other in respecte of the societe of nature to obtaine and enjoye the same. For there was never man so earnest and painefull a follower of vertue and hater of pleasure, that wold so injoyne you laboures, watchinges, and fastinges, but he would also exhort you to ease, lighten, and relieve, to your powre, the lack and misery of others, prayinge the same as a dede of humanitie and pitie. Then if it be a poynte of humanitie for man to bring health and comforte to man, and specialllye (which is a vertue moste peculiarlye belonging to man) to mitigate and assuage the greife of others, and by takyng from them the sorowe and hevynes of lyfe, to restore them to joye, that is to saye, to pleasure: whie maye it not then be sayd, that nature doth provoke everye man to doo the same to himselfe? For a joyfull lyfe, that is to say, a pleasaut lyfe is either evel: and if it be so, then thou shouldest not onlye helpe no man therto, but rather, as much as in the lieth, withdrawe all men frome it, as noysome

and hurteful, or else if thou not only mayste, but also of dewty art bound to procure it to others, why not chiefly to the selfe? To whome thou art bound to shew as much favoure and gentelnes as to other. For when nature biddeth the to be good and gentle to other she commaundeth the not to be cruell and ungentle to the selfe. Therefore even very nature (saye they) prescribeth to us a joyfull lyfe, that is to say, pleasure as the ende of all oure operations. And they define vertue to be lyfe ordered accordyng to the prescripte of nature. But in that that nature dothe allure and provoke men one to healpe another to lyve merily (which suerly she doth not without a good cause: for no man is so farre above the lotte of mans state or condicion, that nature dothe carke and care for hym onlye, whiche equallye favoureth all, that be comprehended under the communion of one shape forme and fassion) verely she commaundeth the to use diligent circumspection, that thou do not so seke for thine owne commodities, that thou procure others incommunities. Wherefore theire opinion is, that not only covenantes and bargaynes made amonge private men ought to be well and faythfullye fulfilled, observed, and kepte, but also common lawes, whiche either a good prince hath justly publyshed, or els the people neither oppressed with tyrannye, neither deceived by fraude and gyell, hath by theire common consent constituted and ratified, concerninge the particion of the commodities of lyfe, that is to say, the matter of pleasure. These lawes not offended, it is wysdome that thou looke to thine own wealthe. And to doe the same for the common wealthe is no lesse then thy duetie, if thou bearest any reverent love, or any naturall zeale and affection to thy native countreye. But to go about to let an other man of his pleasure, whiles thou procurest thine owne, that is open wrong. Contrary wyse to withdrawe somethinge from the selfe to geve to other, that is a poynte of humanitie and gentilnes: whiche never taketh awaye so muche commoditie, as it bringethe agayne. For it is recompensed with the retourne of benefytes, and the conscience of the good dede with the remembraunce of the thankefull love and benevolence of them to whom thou hast done it, doth bringe more pleasure to thy mynde, then that whiche thou hast withholden from thy selfe could have brought to thy bodye. Finallye (which to a godly

disposed and a religious mind is easy to be persuaded) God recompenseth the gifte of a short and smal pleasure with great and everlastinge joye. Therefore the matter diligently weyede and considered, thus they thinke, that all our actions, and in them the vertues themselves be referred at the last to pleasure, as their ende and felicitie. Pleasure they call every motion and state of the bodie or mynde wherein man hath naturally delectation. Appetite they joyne to nature, and that not without a good cause. For like as not only the senses, but also right reason coveteth whatsoever is naturally pleasaunt, so that it may be gotten without wrong or injurie, not letting or debarring a greater pleasure, nor causing painful labour, even so those things that men by vaine ymagination do fayne against nature to be pleasaunt (as though it laye in their power to chaunge the things, as they do the names of things) al suche pleasures they beleve to be of so small helpe and furtheraunce to felicitie, that they counte them a great let and hinderance. Because that in whom they have ones taken place, all his mynde they possesse with a false opinion of pleasure. So that there is no place left for true and naturall delectations. For there be many things, which of their owne nature conteyne no pleasauntnes: yea the moste parte of them muche grieve and sorrowe. And yet throughe the perverse and milicyous flickeringe inticementes of lewde and unhoneste desyres, be taken not only for speciall and soveraigne pleasures, but also be counted amonge the chiefe causes of life. In this counterfeat kinde of pleasure they put them that I spake of before. Whiche the better gownes they have on, the better men they thinke them selves. In the which thing they doo twyse erre. For they be no lesse deceived in that they thinke theire gowne the better, than they be, in that they thinke themselves the better. For if you consider the profitable use of the garmente, whye should wulle of a fyner sponne threde, be thought better, than the wul of a course sponne threde? Yet they, as though the one did passe the other by nature, and not by their mistakyng, avaunce themselves, and thinke the price of their owne persones thereby greatly encreased. And therefore the honour, which in a course gowne they durste not have loked for, they require, as it were of dewtie, for theyr fyner gownes sake. And if they be passed by without reverence, they

take it displeasauntly and disdainfullye. And agayne is it not lyke madnes to take a pryde in vayne and unprofitable honours? For what naturall or trewe pleasure doest thou take of an other mans bare hede, or bowed knees? Will this ease the paine of thy knees, or remedie the phrensie of thy hede? In this ymage of counterfeite pleasure, they be of a marvelous madnesse, whiche for the opinion of nobilitie, rejoyse muche in their owne conceyte. Because it was their fortune to come of suche auncetoures, whose stocke of longe tyme hathe bene counted ryche (for nowe nobilitie is nothing elles) speciallye riche in landes. And though their auncetours left them not one foote of lande, yet they thinke themselves not the lesse noble therfore of one heare. In this number also they counte them that take pleasure and delite (as I said) in gemmes and precious stones, and thynke themselves almoste goddes, if they chaunce to gette an excellent one, speciallye of that kynde, whiche in that tyme of their own countre men is had in hyghest estimation. For one kynde of stone kepeth not his pryce styll in all countreys and at all times. Nor they bye them not, but taken out of the golde and bare: no nor so neither, untill they have made the seller to sweare, that he will warraunte and assure it to be a true stone, and no counterfeit gemme. Suche care they take lest a counterfeite stone should deceave their eyes in steade of a ryghte stone. But why shouldest thou not take even as muche pleasure in beholdinge a counterfeite stone, whiche thine eye cannot discern from a righte stone? They shoulde bothe be of lyke value to thee, even as to the blynde man. What shall I saye of them, that kepe superfluous riches, to take delectation only in the beholdinge, and not in the use or occupiynge thereof? Do they take trewe pleasure, or elles be thei deceived with false pleasure? Or of them that be in a contrarie vice, hidinge the gold whiche they shall never occupye, nor peradventure never se more? And whiles they take care leaste they shall leese it, do leese it in dede. For what is it elles, when they hyde it in the ground, takyng it bothe frome their owne use, and perchaunce frome all other meunes also? And yet thou, when thou haste hydde thy treasure, as one out of all care, hoppest for joye. The whiche treasure, yf it shoulde chaunce to bee stolen, and thou ignoraunt of the thefte shouldest dye tenne years after:

all that tenne yeares space that thou lyvest after thy money was stoolen, what matter was it to thee, whether it hadde bene taken awaye or elles safe as thou lefteste it? Trewlye both wayes like profytte came to thee.

6. *The Welfare of All the People*

Nowe I have declared and described unto you, as truely as I coulde the fourme and ordre of that commen wealth, which verely in my judgment is not only the beste, but also that which alone of good right maye claime and take upon it the name of a commen wealth or publique weale. For in other places they speake stil of the commen wealth. But every man procureth his owne private gaine. Here where nothinge is private, the commen affaires bee earnestlye loked upon. And truely on both partes they have good cause so to do as they do. For in other countreys who knoweth not that he shall sterve for hunger, onles he make some severall provision for himselfe, though the commen wealthe floryshe never so muche in ryches? And therefore he is compelled even of verye necessitie to have regarde to him selfe, rather then to the people, that is to saye, to other. Contrarywyse there where all thinges be commen to every man, it is not to be doubted that any man shal lacke anye thinge necessary for his private uses: so that the commen store houses and bernes be sufficientlye stored. For there nothinge is distributed after a nyggyshe sorte, neither there is anye poore man or begger. And thoughte no man have anye thinge, yet everye man is ryche. For what can be more riche, then to lyve joyfully and merely, without al grieve and pensifenes: not caring for his owne lyving, nor vexed or troubled with his wives importunate complayntes, nor dreadynge povertie to his sonne, nor sorrowing for his daughters dowrey? Yea they take no care at all for the lyvyng and wealthe of themselves and al theirs, of their wyfes, their chyl dren, their nephewes, their childrens chyl dren, and all the succession that ever shall followe in their posteritie. And yet besydes this there is no lesse provision for them that were ones labourers, and be nowe weake and impotent, then for them that do nowe labour and take payne. Here nowe woulde I see, yf anye man dare bee so holde as to compare with this equytie, the justice of other nations. Among whom, I forsake God, if I can fynde

any signe or token of equitie and justice. For what justice is this, that a ryche golde-smythe, or an usurer, or to bee shorte anye of them, which either doo nothing at all, or els that whyche they doo is such, that it is not very necessary to the common wealth, should have a pleasaunte and a welthie lyvinge, either by Idlenes, or by unnecessarye busines: when in the meane tyme poore labourers, carters, yronsmynes, carpenters, and plowmen, by so greate and continual toyle, as drawing and bearinge beastes be skant hable to susteine, and againe so necessary toyle, that without it no common wealth were hable to continewe and endure one yere, should yet get so harde and poore a lyving, and lyve so wretched and miserable a lyfe, that the state and condition of the labouringe beastes maye seme muche better and welthier? For they be not put to soo continuall labour, nor their lyvinge is not muche worse, yea to them muche pleasanter, takynge no thoughte in the meane season for the tyme to come. But these seilye poore wretches be presently tormented with barreyne and unfrutefull labour. And the remembraunce of their poore indigent and beggerlye olde age kylleth them up. For their dayly wages is so lytle, that it will not suffice for the same daye, muche lesse it yeldeth any overplus, that may daylye be layde up for the relyefe of olde age. Is not this an unjust and an unkynde publyque weale, whyche gyveth great fees and rewardes to gentlemen, as they call them, and to goldsmynes, and to suche other, whiche be either ydle persones, or els onely flatterers, and devysers of vayne pleasures: And of the contrary parte maketh no gentle provision for poore plowmen, coliaris, laborers, carters, yronsmynes, and carpenters: without whome no commen wealthe can continewe? But after it hath abused the labours of their lusty and flowring age, at the laste when they be oppressed with olde age and sykenes, being nedye, poore, and indigent of all thinges, then forgettyng their so manye paynefull watchings, not remembring their so manye and so greate benefites, recompenseth and acquyteth them moste unkyndly with myserable death. And yet besides this the riche men not only by private fraud but also by commen lawes do every daye pluck and snatche awaye from the poore some parte of their daily living. So whereas it semed before unjuste to recompense with un-

kindnes their paynes that have bene beneficiall to the publike weale, nowe they have to this their wrong and unjuste dealinge (which is yet a muche worse pointe) given the name of justice, yea and that by force of a lawe. Therefore when I consider and way in my mind all these commen wealthes, which now a dayes any where do flourish, so god helpe me, I can perceave nothing but a certain conspiracy of riche men procuringe their owne commodities under the name and title of the commen wealth. They invent and devise all meanes and craftes, first how to kepe safely, without feare of lesing, that they have unjustly gathered together, and next how to hire and abuse the worke and labour of the poore for as litle money as may be. These devise, when the riche men have decreed to be kept and observed under coloure of the comminaltie, that is to saye, also of the pore people, then they be made lawes. But these most wicked and vicious men, when they have by their unsatiable covetousnes devided among them selves al those thinges, whiche woulde have sufficed all men, yet how farre be they from the welth and felicitie of the Utopian commen wealth? Out of the which, in that all the desire of money with the use thereof is utterly seclused and banished, howe greates a heape of cares is cut away! How great an occasion of wickednes and mischief is plucked up by the rotes! For who knoweth not, that fraud, theft, ravine, brauling, quarelling, brabbling, striffe, chiding, contention, murder, treason, poisoning, which by daily punishmentes are rather revenged then refrained, do dye when money dieth? And also that feare, grieve, care, laboures and watchinges do perish even the very same moment that money perisheth? Yea poverty it selfe, which only semed to lacke money, if money were gone, it also would decrease and vanishe away. And that you may perceave this more plainly, consider with your selves some barein and unfruteful yeare, wherein manye thousandes of people have starved for hunger: I dare be bolde to say, that in the end of that penury so much corne or grain might have bene found in the rich mens barnes, if they had bene searched, as being divided among them whome famine and pestilence then consumed, no man at al should have felt that plague and penuri. So easely might men gette their living, if that same worthy princessse lady money did not alone stop up the waye betwene us and

our lyving, which a goddes name was very excellently devised and invented, that by her the way thereto should be opened. I am sewer the ryche men perceave this, nor they be not ignoraunte how much better it were too lacke noo necessarye thing, then to abunde with overmuch superfluite: to be ryd oute of innumerable cares and troubles, then to be besieged and encombred with great ryches. And I dowte not that either the respecte of every mans private commoditie, or els the authority of oure savioure Christe (which for his great wisdom could not but know what were best, and for his inestimable goodnes could not but counsel to that which he knew to be best) wold have brought all the worlde longe agoo into the lawes of this weale publike, if it wer not that one only beast, the princessse and mother of all mischief, Pride, doth withstande and let it. She measureth not wealth and prosperity by her owne commodities, but by the miserie and incommodities of other, she would not by her good will be made a goddessse, yf there were no wretches left, over whom she might, like a scorneful ladie rule and triumph, over whose miseries her felicities mighte shyne, whose povertie she myghte vexe, tormente, and encrease by gorgiouslye settinge furthe her richesse. Thys hell-hounde creapeth into mens hartes: and plucketh them backe from entering the right pathe of life, and is so depely roted in mens brestes, that she can not be plucked out. This fourme and fashion of a weale publike, which I would gladly wish unto al nations, I am glad yet that it hath chaunced to the Utopians, which have folowed those institutions of life, whereby they have laid such foundations of their common wealth, as shal continew and last not only wealthely, but also, as far as mans wit may judge and conjecture, shall endure for ever. For, seying the chiefe causes of ambition and sedition, with other vices be plucked up by the rootes, and abandoned at home, there can be no jeopardie of domistieall dissention, whiche alone hath caste under foote and brought to nought the well fortified and stronglie defenced wealthe and riches of many cities. But forasmuch as perfect concord remaineth, and wholesome lawes be executed at home, the envie of al forein princes be not hable to shake or move the empire, though they have many tymes long ago gone about to do it, beyng evermore driven backe.

"ONE SOVEREIGN GOVERNOR"

SIR THOMAS ELYOT

[From *The Boke of the Governour*, 1534]

That one soueraigne governour ought to be in a publike weale. And what damage hath happened where a multitude hath had equal authorite without any soueraygne.

Lyke as to a castell or fortresse suffisethe one owner or souerayne, and where any mo be of like power and authoritie seldome cometh the warke to perfection; or beinge all redy made, where the one diligently ouerseeth and the other neglecteth, in that contention all is subuerted and commeth to ruine. In semblable wyse dothe a publike weale that hath mo chiefe governours than one. Example we may take of the grekes, amonge whom in diuers cities weare diuers fourmes of publyke weales governed by multitudes: wherin one was most tolerable where the gouernance and rule was alway permitted to them whiche excelled in vertue, and was in the greke tonge called *Aristocratia*, in latin *Optimorum Potentia*, in englysshe the rule of men of beste disposition, which the Thebanes of longe tyme obserued.

An other publike weale was amonge the Atheniensis, where equalitie was of astate amonge the people, and only by theyr holle consent theyr citie and dominions were governed: whiche moughte well be called a monstre with many heedes: nor neuer it was certeyne nor stable: and often tymes they banyssed or slewe the beste citezins, whiche by their vertue and wisdom had moste profited to the publike weale. This maner of gouernance was called in greke *Democratia*, in latin *Popularis potentia*, in englysshe the rule of the comminaltie. Of these two gouernances none of them may be sufficient. For in the fyrste, whiche consisteth of good men, vertue is nat so constant in a multitude, but that some, beinge ones in authoritie, be incensed with glorie: some with ambition: other with coueitise and desire of treasure or possessions: wherby they falle in to contention: and finallye, where any achiueth the superioritie, the holle gouernance is reduced unto a fewe in nombre, whiche fearinge the multitude and their mutabilitie, to the intent to kepe them in drede to rebelle, ruleth by terrour and crueltie, thinking therby to kepe them selfe in suertie: nat withstanding, rancour

coareted and longe detained in a narowe rroume, at the last brasteth out with intollerable violence, and bryngeth al to confusion. For the power that is practized to the hurte of many can nat continue. The populare astate, if it any thing do varie from equalitie of substance or estimation, or that the multitude of people haue ouer moche liberte, of necessite one of these inconueniences muste happen: either tyranny, where he that is to moche in fauour wolde be elevate and suffre none equalite, or els in to the rage of a communalitie, whiche of all rules is moste to be feared. For lyke as the communes, if they fele some seueritie, they do humbly serue and obaye, so where they imbracinge a licence refuse to be bryddled, they flynge and plunge: and if they ones throwe downe theyr governour, they orde euery thyng without iustice, only with vengeance and crueltie: and with incomparable difficultie and unneth by any wysedome be pacified and brought agayne in to ordre. Wherefore undoubtedly the best and most sure gouernance is by one kynge or prince, whiche ruleth onely for the weale of his people to hym subiecte: and that maner of gouernance is beste approued, and hath longest continued, and is moste auncient. For who can denie but that all thyng in heuen and erthe is governed by one god, by one perpetuall ordre, by one prouidence? One Sonne ruleth ouer the day, and one Moone ouer the nyghte; and to descende downe to the erthe, in a litell beest, whiche of all other is moste to be maruayled at, I meane the Bee, is left to man by nature, as it semeth, a perpetuall figure of a iuste gouernance or rule: who hath amonge them one principall Bee for theyr governour, who excelleth all other in greatnes, yet hath he no pricke or stinge, but in hym is more knowlege than in the residue. For if the day folowyng shall be fayre and drye, and that the bees may issue out of theyr stalles without peryll of rayne or vehement wynde, in the mornynge erely he calleth them, makyng a noyse as it were the sowne of a horne or a trumpet; and with that all the residue prepare them to labour, and fleeth abrode, gatheryng nothing but that shall be swete and profitable, all though they sitte often tymes on herbes and other thynges that be venomous and stynkinge.

The capitayne hym selfe laboureth nat for his sustinance, but all the other for hym; he onely seeth that if any drane or other unprofitable bee entreth in to the hyue, and

consumethe the hony, gathered by other, that he be immediately expelled from that company. And when there is an other nombre of bees encreased, they semblably haue also a capitayne, whiche be nat suffered to continue with the other. Wherefore this newe company gathered in to a swarme, hauyng their capitayne among them, and enuironyng hym to perserue hym from harme, they issue forthe sekyng a newe habitation, whiche they fynde in some tree, except with some pleasant noyse they be alured and conuayed unto an other hyue. I suppose who seriously beholdeth this example, and hath any commendable witte, shall therof gather moche matter to the fourmyng of a publike weale.

THE GARDEN OF THE COMMONWEALTH
SIR THOMAS ELYOT

[From *The Boke of the Governour*, 1534]

For who commendeth those gardiners that wyl put all their diligence in trymmyng or keypyng delicately one knotte or bedde of herbes, suffryng all the remenaunt of their gardeyne to be subuerted with a great nombre of molles,¹ and do attende at no tyme for the takyng and destroyng of them, until the herbis, wherein they haue employed all their labours, be also tourned uppe and perished, and the molles increased in so infinite nombres that no industry or labour may suffice to consume them, whereby the labour is frustrate and all the gardeine made unprofitable and also displeasunt? In this similitude to the gardeyne may be resembled the publike weale, to the gardiners the gouernours and counsailours, to the knottes or beddes sondrye degrees of personages, to the molles vices and sondry enormities. Wherefore the consultation is but of a small effecte wherein the uniuersall astate of the publike weale do nat occupie the more parte of the tyme, and in that generalltie euery particuler astate be nat diligently ordered. For as Tulli sayeth, they that consulte for parte of the people and neglecte the residue, they brynge in to the cite or countraye a thyng mooste pernicious, that is to say, sedition and discorde, whereof it hapnethe that some wyl seeme to fauoure the multitude, other be inclined to leene to the beste sorte, fewe do studie for all uniuersallye. Whiche hath bene the cause that nat onely Athenes, (whiche Tulli dothe name), but

¹ Moles.

also the cite and empyre of Rome, with diuers other cities and realmes, haue decayed and ben finally brought in extreme desolation. Also Plato, in his booke of fortitude, sayeth in the persone of Socrates, Whan so euer a man seketh a thinge for cause of an other thyng, the consultation ought to be alway of that thyng for whose cause the other thing is sought for, and nat of that which is sought for because of the other thyng. And surely wise men do consider that damage often tymes hapneth by abusinge the due fourme of consultation: men like euyl Phisitions sekyng for medicynes or they perfectly knowe the sicknesses; and as euyl marchauntes do utter firste the wares and commodities of straungers, whiles straungers be robberyng of their owne cofers.

Therefore these thinges that I haue rehersed concernyng consultation ought to be of all men in authoritie substancially pondered, and moost vigilantly obserued, if they intende to be to their publike weale profitable, for the whiche purpose onely they be called to be gouernours. And this conclude I to write any more of consultation, whiche is the last part of morall Sapience, and the begynnyng of sapience politike.

Nowe all ye reders that desire to haue your children to be gouernours, or in any other authoritie in the publike weale of your countrey, if ye bringe them up and instructe them in suche fourme as in this boke is declared, they shall than seme to all men worthy to be in authoritie, honour, and noblesse, and all that is under their gouernaunce shall prospere and come to perfection. And as a precious stone in a ryche ouche¹ they shall be beholden and wondred at, and after the dethe of their body their soules for their endeour shall be incomprehensibly rewarded of the gyuer of wisdom, to whome onely be gyuen eternall glorie. Amen.

SOME ELIZABETHAN POLITICAL IDEAS IN
SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS

1. *Our Sea-Walled Garden*

[From *Richard II*, Act III, scene iv]

Langley. *The DUKE OF YORK's garden*
Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies

Queen. What sport shall we devise here
in this garden.

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

¹ Setting.

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?

Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have I need not to repeat;
And what I want it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change; woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire*]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:

Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we in the compass of a pale
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers
choked up,

Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs

Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:
He that hath suffer'd this disordered spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves
did shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what pity
is it

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land

As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,

Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear and he to taste

Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown
down.

Serv. What, think you then the king
shall be deposed?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and deposed

'Tis doubt he will be: letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,

That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking! [*Coming forward*]
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,

How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee

To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?

Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,

Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,

Camest thou by this ill tidings? Speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are
weigh'd:

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard
down.

Post you to London, and you will find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so
light of foot,
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou
think'st

To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Boling-
broke?

Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never
grow! [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies*]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state
might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

2. Of Divine Right

[From *Richard II*, Act III, scene ii. The
King returns to his realm, having learned
of Bolingbroke's rebellion]

The coast of Wales. A castle in view

*Drums: flourish and colors. Enter KING
RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE,
AUMERLE, and Soldiers*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this
at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your
grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I
weep for joy

To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses'
hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in
meeting,

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favors with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle
earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous
sense;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee:

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a
flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
Whose double tongue may with a mortal
touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling and these
stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord: that Power that
made you king

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be em-
braced,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succor and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are
too remiss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in
power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st
thou not

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower
world,

Then thieves and robbers range abroad un-
seen

In murders and in outrage, boldly here:
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty
hole,

Then murders, treasours, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off
their backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at them-
selves?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revel'd in the night
Whilst we were wandering with the an-
tipodes,

Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed
king;

The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden
crown,

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards
the right.

[From Act IV, scene i. The King is
deposed]

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come
to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with will-
ing soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from
him;

And long live Henry, fourth of that name!
Bolingbroke. In God's name, I'll ascend
the regal throne.

Carlisle. Marry, God forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's sub-
ject?

Thieves are not judged but they are by to
hear,

Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbend it,
God,

That in a Christian climate souls refined
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a
deed!

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call
king,

Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy:
The blood of English shall manure the
ground,

And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind con-
found;

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woofullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you
"woe!"

Northumberland. Well have you argued,
sir; and, for your pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the com-
mons' suit.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in
common view

He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under
our arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of
answer.

Little are we beholding to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with RICHARD, and Officers
bearing the regalia.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a
king,

Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have
learn'd

To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my
limbs.

Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favors of these men: were they not
mine?

Did they not sometime cry, "all hail!" to
me?

So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve
thousand, none.

God save the king! Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him
me.

To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own
good will

Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here,
cousin, seize the crown;

Here, cousin;
On this side my hand, and on that side yours,
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up
on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing
to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my
griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me
with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck
my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care
won:

The cares I give I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they
stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the
crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no; no, ay; for I must
nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me, how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my
heart;

With mine own tears I wash away my balm.
With mine own hands I give away my crown.
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state.
With mine own breath release all duty's
rites:

All pomp and majesty I do forswear;

My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to
me!

God keep all vows unbroke that swear to
thee!

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing
grieved,

And thou with all pleased, that hast all
achieved!

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to
sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!

God save King Harry, unking'd Richard
says,

And send him many years of sunshine
days!

What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your fol-
lowers

Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel
out

My weaved-up folly? Gentle Northumber-
land,

If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous ar-
ticle,

Containing the deposing of a king
And cracking the strong warrant of an
oath,

Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of
heaven:

Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait my-
self,

Though some of you with Pilate wash your
hands

Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My Lord, despatch; read o'er
these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I
cannot see:

And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn my eyes upon myself,

I find myself a traitor with the rest;

For I have given here my soul's consent

To undeck the pompous body of a king;

Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught
insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no
title,

No, not that name was given me at the
font,

But 'tis usurped: alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call my-
self!

O that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!
Good king, great king, and yet not greatly
good,

And if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a
looking-glass. [*Exit an attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper while the
glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I
come to hell!

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord North-
umberland.

North. The commons will not then be
satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll
read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's my-
self.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? O flattering
glass,

Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the
face

That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the
face

That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many fol-
lies,

And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:

As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shiv-
ers.

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my
face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath
destroy'd

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see:
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured
soul;

There lies the substance: and I thank thee,
king,

For thy great bounty, that not only givest
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one
boon,

And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. "Fair cousin"? I am greater
than a king:

For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a sub-
ject,

I have a king here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were
from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to
the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! convey! conveyers
are you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's
fall.

[*Exeunt King Richard, some Lords,
and a Guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly
set down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

3. The Commonwealth of the Bees

[From *Henry V*, Act I, scene ii. Exeter and
Canterbury discourse of govern-
ment to the King]

Exeter. While that the armed hand doth
fight abroad,

The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and
lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreering in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Canterbury. Therefore doth heaven divide

The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavor in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at
home,

Others, like merchants, venture trade
abroad,

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet
buds,

Which pillage they with merry march bring
home

To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of
gold,

The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full refer-
ence

To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in
one town;

As many fresh streams meet in one salt
sea;

As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my
liege.

Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia
shake.

If we, with thrice such powers left at
home,

Cannot defend our own doors from the
dog,

Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

4. OF "DEGREE"

[From *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I,
scene iii.]

*The Grecian camp. Before
Agamemnon's tent.*

*Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR,
ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.*

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your
cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promised largeness: checks and
disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of
growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us
That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls
stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then,
you princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our
works,

And call them shames? which are indeed
nought else

But the protracted trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men:
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and
coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined and
kin:

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy god-
like seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being
smooth

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!

THE GREAT TRADITION

The ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The Thetis, and anon behold
 Strong-ribb'd bark through liquid
 Mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse: where then the saucy
 Boat

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rival'd greatness? Either to harbor fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valor's show and valor's worth divide
 In storms of fortune; for in her ray and
 Brightness

The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
 Than by the tiger; but when the splitting
 Wind

Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled under shade, why, then the
 Thing of courage

As roused with rage with rage doth sym-
 pathize,

And with an accent tuned in selfsame key
 Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,
 Thou great commander, nerve and bone of
 Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of
 All

Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses
 Speaks.

Besides the applause and approbation
 The which, [*To Agamemnon*] most mighty
 For thy place and sway,

[*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for
 thy stretch'd-out life

I give to both your speeches, which were
 Such

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
 Should hold up high in brass, and such
 Again

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
 Should with a bond of air, strong as the
 Axletree

On which heaven rides, knit all the Greek-
 ish ears

To his experienced tongue, yet let it please
 Both,

Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.
Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't
 Of less expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
 Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
 When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
 We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been
 Down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a
 master,

But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow
 factions.

When that the general is not like the hive
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected? Degree being
 vizarded,

The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and
 this center

Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office, and custom, in all line of order;

And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
 In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
 Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check to good and bad: but when the
 planets

In evil mixture to disorder wander,
 What plagues and what portents! what mu-
 tiny!

What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
 Commotion in the winds! frights, changes,
 horrors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixture! O, when degree
 is shaken,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,
 Then enterprise is sick! How could com-
 munities,

Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in
 cities,

Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters,
 laurels,

But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing
 meets

In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the
 shores

And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father
 dead:

Force should be right; or rather, right and
 wrong,

Between whose endless jar justice resides,

Should lose their names, and so should justice too.

Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,

This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose

It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath; so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,

Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

OF GOVERNMENT

RICHARD HOOKER

[From *Ecclesiastical Polity*, Book I, 1592]

1. *Maintaining Things That Are Established*

He that goeth about to persuade a multitude, that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favorable hearers; because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regiment is subject, but the secret lets and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider. And because such as openly reprove supposed disorders of state are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all, and for men that carry singular freedom of mind; under this fair and plausible color whatsoever they utter passeth for good and current. That which wanteth in the weight of their speech, is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it. Whereas on the other side, if we maintain things that are established, we have not only to strive with a number of heavy prejudices deeply rooted in the hearts of men, who think that herein we serve the time, and speak in favor of the present

state, because thereby we either hold or seek preferment; but also to bear such exceptions as minds so averted beforehand usually take against that which they are loth should be poured into them.

Albeit therefore much of that we are to speak in this present cause may seem to a number perhaps tedious, perhaps obscure, dark, and intricate; (for many talk of the truth, which never sounded the depth from whence it springeth; and therefore when they are led thereunto they are soon weary, as men drawn from those beaten paths wherewith they have been inured;) yet this may not so far prevail as to cut off that which the matter itself requireth, howsoever the nice humor of some be therewith pleased or no. They unto whom we shall seem tedious are in no wise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labor which they are not willing to endure. And if any complain of obscurity, they must consider, that in these matters it cometh no otherwise to pass than in sundry the works both of art and also of nature, where that which hath greatest force in the very things we see is notwithstanding itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labor is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it and for the lookers-on. In like manner, the use and benefit of good laws all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious; for better examination of their quality, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain of them to be discovered. Which because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable, and the matters which we handle seem by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them) dark, intricate, and unfamiliar. For as much help whereof as may be in this

case, I have endeavored throughout the body of this whole discourse, that every former part might give strength unto all that follow, and every later bring some light unto all before. So that if the judgments of men do but hold themselves in suspense as touching these first more general meditations, till in order they have perused the rest that ensue; what may seem dark at the first will afterwards be found more plain, even as the later particular decisions will appear I doubt not more strong, when the other have been read before.

2. *Of Law in Nature*

Wherefore to come to the law of nature: albeit thereby we sometimes mean that manner of working which God hath set for each created thing to keep; yet forasmuch as those things are termed most properly natural agents, which keep the law of their kind unwittingly, as the heavens and elements of the world, which can do no otherwise than they do; and forasmuch as we give unto intellectual natures the name of Voluntary agents, that so we may distinguish them from the other; expedient it will be, that we sever the law of nature observed by the one from that which the other is tied unto. Touching the former, their strict keeping of one tenure, statute, and law, is spoken of by all, but hath in it more than men have as yet attained to know, or perhaps ever shall attain, seeing the travail of wading herein is given of God to the sons of men, that perceiving how much the least thing in the world hath in it more than the wisest are able to reach unto, they may by this means learn humility. Moses, in describing the work of creation, attributeth speech unto God: "God said, Let there be light: let there be a firmament: let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place: let the earth bring forth: let there be lights in the firmament of heaven." Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power by the easiness of his accomplishing such effects, without travail, pain, or labor? Surely it seemeth that Moses had herein besides this a further purpose, namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary but a voluntary agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with himself that which did outwardly proceed from him: secondly, to show that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by

creatures, and therefore according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described, as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do, importeth the establishment of nature's law. This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published, it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world: since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of his law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labor hath been to do his will: He "made a law for the rain": He gave his "decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment." Now if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether though it were but for a while the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearyed course, should as it were through a languishing faintness begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother no longer able to yield them relief: what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?

3. *Of the Sources of Government*

But forasmuch as we are not by ourselves sufficient to furnish ourselves with

competent store of things needful for such a life as our nature doth desire, a life fit for the dignity of man; therefore to supply those defects and imperfections which are in us living single and solely by ourselves, we are naturally induced to seek communion and fellowship with others. This was the cause of men's uniting themselves at the first in politic Societies, which societies could not be without Government, nor Government without a distinct kind of Law from that which hath been already declared. Two foundations there are which bear up public societies; the one, a natural inclination, whereby all men desire sociable life and fellowship; the other, an order expressly or secretly agreed upon touching the manner of their union in living together. The latter is that which we call the Law of a Commonweal, the very soul of a politic body, the parts whereof are by law animated, held together, and set on work in such actions, as the common good requireth. Laws politic, ordained for external order and regiment amongst men, are never framed as they should be, unless presuming the will of man to be inwardly obstinate, rebellious, and averse from all obedience unto the sacred laws of his nature; in a word, unless presuming man to be in regard of his depraved mind little better than a wild beast, they do accordingly provide notwithstanding so to frame his outward actions, that they be no hinderance unto the common good for which societies are instituted: unless they do this, they are not perfect. It resteth therefore that we consider how nature findeth out such laws of government as serve to direct even nature depraved to a right end.

All men desire to lead in this world a happy life. That life is led most happily, wherein all virtue is exercised without impediment or let. The Apostle, in exhorting men to contentment although they have in this world no more than very bare food and raiment, giveth us thereby to understand that those are even the lowest of things necessary; that if we should be stripped of all those things without which we might possibly be, yet these must be left; that destitution in these is such an impediment, as till it be removed suffereth not the mind of man to admit any other care. For this cause, first God assigned Adam maintenance of life, and then appointed him a law to observe. For this cause, after men began

to grow to a number, the first thing we read they gave themselves unto was the tilling of the earth and the feeding of cattle. Having by this means whereon to live, the principal actions of their life afterward are noted by the exercise of their religion. True it is, that the kingdom of God must be the first thing in our purposes and desires. But inasmuch as righteous life presupposeth life; inasmuch as to live virtuously is impossible except we live; therefore the first impediment, which naturally we endeavor to remove, is penury and want of things without which we cannot live. Unto life many implements are necessary; more, if we seek (as all men naturally do) such a life as hath in it joy, comfort, delight, and pleasure. To this end we see how quickly sundry arts mechanical were found out, in the very prime of the world. As things of greatest necessity are always first provided for, so things of greatest dignity are most accounted of by all such as judge rightly. Although therefore riches be a thing which every man wisheth, yet no man of judgment can esteem it better to be rich than wise, virtuous, and religious. If we be both or either of these, it is not because we are so born. For into the world we come as empty of the one as of the other, as naked in mind as we are in body. Both which necessities of man had at the first no other helps and supplies than only domestic; such as that which the Prophet implieth, saying, "Can a mother forget her child?" such as that which the Apostle mentioned, saying, "He that careth not for his own is worse than an infidel"; such as that concerning Abraham, "Abraham will command his sons and his household after him, that they keep the way of the Lord."

But neither that which we learn of ourselves nor that which others teach us can prevail, where wickedness and malice have taken deep root. If therefore when there was but as yet one only family in the world, no means of instruction human or divine could prevent effusion of blood; how could it be chosen but that when families were multiplied and increased upon earth, after separation each providing for itself, envy, strife, contention, and violence must grow amongst them? For hath not Nature furnished man with wit and valor, as it were with armor, which may be used as well unto extreme evil as good? Yea, were they not used by the rest of the world unto evil;

unto the contrary only by Seth, Enoch, and those few the rest in that line? We all make complaint of the iniquity of our times: not unjustly; for the days are evil. But compare them with those times wherein there were no civil societies, with those times wherein there was as yet no manner of public regiment established, with those times wherein there were not above eight persons righteous living upon the face of the earth; and we have surely good cause to think that God hath blessed us exceedingly, and hath made us behold most happy days.

To take away all such mutual grievances, injuries, and wrongs, there was no way but only by growing unto composition and agreement amongst themselves, by ordaining some kind of government public, and by yielding themselves subject thereunto; that unto whom they granted authority to rule and govern, by them the peace, tranquillity, and happy estate of the rest might be procured. Men always knew that when force and injury was offered they might be defenders of themselves; they knew that howsoever men may seek their own commodity, yet if this were done with injury unto others it was not to be suffered, but by all men and by all good means to be withstood; finally they knew that no man might in reason take upon him to determine his own right, and according to his own determination proceed in maintenance thereof, inasmuch as every man is towards himself and them whom he greatly affecteth partial; and therefore that strifes and troubles would be endless, except they gave their common consent all to be ordered by some whom they should agree upon: without which consent there were no reason that one man should take upon him to be lord or judge over another; because, although there be according to the opinion of some very great and judicious men a kind of natural right in the noble, wise, and virtuous, to govern them which are of servile disposition; nevertheless for manifestation of this their right, and men's more peaceable contentment on both sides, the assent of them who are to be governed seemeth necessary.

To fathers within their private families Nature hath given a supreme power; for which cause we see throughout the world even from the foundation thereof, all men have ever been taken as lords and lawful kings in their own houses. Howbeit over a whole grand multitude having no such de-

pendency upon any one, and consisting of so many families as every politic society in the world doth, impossible it is that any should have complete lawful power, but by consent of men, or immediate appointment of God; because not having the natural superiority of fathers, their power must needs be either usurped, and then unlawful; or, if lawful, then either granted or consented unto by them over whom they exercise the same, else given extraordinarily from God, unto whom all the world is subject. It is no improbable opinion therefore which the arch-philosopher was of, that as the chiefest person in every household was always as it were a king, so when numbers of households joined themselves in civil society together, kings were the first kind of governors amongst them. Which is also (as it seemeth) the reason why the name of Father continued still in them, who of fathers were made rulers; as also the ancient custom of governors to do as Melchisedec, and being kings to exercise the office of priests, which fathers did at the first, grew perhaps by the same occasion.

Howbeit not this the only kind of regiment that hath been received in the world. The inconveniences of one kind have caused sundry other to be devised. So that in a word all public regiment of what kind soever seemeth evidently to have risen from deliberate advice, consultation, and composition between men, judging it convenient and behoveful; there being no impossibility in nature considered by itself, but that men might have lived without any public regiment. Howbeit, the corruption of our nature being presupposed, we may not deny but that the Law of Nature doth now require of necessity some kind of regiment; so that to bring things unto the first course they were in, and utterly to take away all kind of public government in the world, were apparently to overturn the whole world.

The case of man's nature standing therefore as it doth, some kind of regiment the Law of Nature doth require; yet the kinds thereof being many, Nature tieth not to any one, but leaveth the choice as a thing arbitrary. At the first when some certain kind of regiment was once approved, it may be that nothing was then further thought upon for the manner of governing, but all permitted unto their wisdom and discretion which were to rule; till by experience they

found this for all parts very inconvenient, so as the thing which they had devised for a remedy did indeed but increase the sore which it should have cured. They saw that to live by one man's will became the cause of all men's misery. This constrained them to come unto laws, wherein all men might see their duties beforehand, and know the penalties of transgressing them. If things be simply good or evil, and withal universally so acknowledged, there needs no new law to be made for such things. The first kind therefore of things appointed by laws human containeth whatsoever being in itself naturally good or evil, is notwithstanding more secret than that it can be discerned by every man's present conceit, without some deeper discourse and judgment. In which discourse because there is difficulty and possibility many ways to err, unless such things were set down by laws, many would be ignorant of their duties which now are not, and many that know what they should do would nevertheless dissemble it, and to excuse themselves pretend ignorance and simplicity, which now they cannot.

And because the greatest part of men are such as prefer their own private good before all things, even that good which is sensual before whatsoever is most divine; and for that the labor of doing good, together with the pleasure arising from the contrary, doth make men for the most part slower to the one and proner to the other, than that duty prescribed them by law can prevail sufficiently with them: therefore unto laws that men do make for the benefit of men it hath seemed always needful to add rewards, which may more allure unto good than any hardness deterreth from it, and punishments, which may more deter from evil than any sweetness thereto allureth. Wherein as the generality is natural, *virtue rewardable, and vice punishable*; so the particular determination of the reward or punishment belongeth unto them by whom laws are made. Theft is naturally punishable, but the kind of punishment is positive, and such lawful as men shall think with discretion convenient by law to appoint.

In laws, that which is natural bindeth universally, that which is positive not so. To let go those kinds of positive laws which men impose upon themselves, as by vow unto God, contract with men, or such like; somewhat it will make unto our purpose, a

little more fully to consider what things are incident unto the making of the positive laws for the government of them that live united in public society. Laws do not only teach what is good, but they enjoin it, they have in them a certain constraining force. And to constrain men unto any thing inconvenient doth seem unreasonable. Most requisite therefore it is that to devise laws which all men shall be forced to obey none but wise men be admitted. Laws are matters of principal consequence; men of common capacity and but ordinary judgment are not able (for how should they?) to discern what things are fittest for each kind and state of regiment. We cannot be ignorant how much our obedience unto laws dependeth upon this point. Let a man though never so justly oppose himself unto them that are disordered in their ways, and what one amongst them commonly doth not stomach at such contradiction, storm at reproof, and hate such as would reform them? Notwithstanding even they which brook it worst that men should tell them of their duties, when they are told the same by a law, think very well and reasonably of it. For why? They presume that the law doth speak with all indifferency; that the law hath no side-respect to their persons; that the law is as it were an oracle proceeded from wisdom and understanding.

Howbeit laws do not take their constraining force from the quality of such as devise them, but from that power which doth give them the strength of laws. That which we spake before concerning the power of government must here be applied unto the power of making laws whereby to govern; which power God hath over all: and by the natural law, whereunto he hath made all subject, the lawful power of making laws to command whole politic societies of men belongeth so properly unto the same entire societies, that for any prince or potentate of what kind soever upon earth to exercise the same of himself, and not either by express commission immediately and personally received from God, or else by authority derived at the first from their consent upon whose persons they impose laws, it is no better than mere tyranny.

Laws they are not therefore which public approbation hath not made so. But approbation not only they give who personally declare their assent by voice, sign, or act, but also when others do it in their names

by right originally at the least derived from them. As in parliaments, councils, and the like assemblies, although we be not personally ourselves present, notwithstanding our assent is by reason of others agents there in our behalf. And what we do by others, no reason but that it should stand as our deed, no less effectually to bind us than if ourselves had done it in person. In many things assent is given, they that give it not imagining they do so, because the manner of their assenting is not apparent. As for example, when an absolute monarch commandeth his subjects that which seemeth good in his own discretion, hath not his edict the force of a law whether they approve or dislike it? Again, that which hath been received long sithence and is by custom now established, we keep as a law which we may not transgress; yet what consent was ever thereunto sought or required at our hands?

Of this point therefore we are to note, that sith men naturally have no full and perfect power to command whole politic multitudes of men, therefore utterly without our consent we could in such sort be at no man's commandment living. And to be commanded we do consent, when that society whereof we are part hath at any time before consented, without revoking the same after by the like universal agreement. Wherefore as any man's deed past is good as long as himself continueth; so the act of a public society of men done five hundred years sithence standeth as theirs who presently are of the same societies, because corporations are immortal; we were then alive in our predecessors, and they in their successors do live still. Laws therefore human, of what kind soever, are available by consent.

4. *Of the Law of Nations*

Now besides that law which simply concerneth men as men, and that which belongeth unto them as they are men linked with others in some form of politic society, there is a third kind of law which toucheth all such several bodies politic, so far forth as one of them hath public commerce with another. And this third is the Law of Nations. Between men and beasts there is no possibility of sociable communion, because the well-spring of that communion is a natural delight which man hath to transfuse from himself into others, and to receive

from others into himself especially those things wherein the excellency of his kind doth most consist. The chiefest instrument of human communion therefore is speech, because thereby we impart mutually one to another the conceits of our reasonable understanding. And for that cause seeing beasts are not hereof capable, forasmuch as with them we can use no such conference, they being in degree, although above other creatures on earth to whom nature hath denied sense, yet lower than to be sociable companions of man to whom nature hath given reason; it is of Adam said that amongst the beasts "he found not for himself any meet companion." Civil society doth more content the nature of man than any private kind of solitary living, because in society this good of mutual participation is so much larger than otherwise. Herewith notwithstanding we are not satisfied, but we covet (if it might be) to have a kind of society and fellowship even with all mankind. Which thing Socrates intending to signify professed himself a citizen, not of this or that commonwealth, but of the world. And an effect of that very natural desire in us (a manifest token that we wish after a sort an universal fellowship with all men) appeareth by the wonderful delight men have, some to visit foreign countries, some to discover nations not heard of in former ages, we all to know the affairs and dealings of other people, yea to be in league of amity with them: and this not only for traffic's sake, or to the end that when many are confederated each may make other the more strong, but for such cause also as moved the Queen of Saba to visit Solomon; and in a word, because nature doth presume that how many men there are in the world, so many gods as it were there are, or at leastwise such they should be towards men.

Touching laws which are to serve men in this behalf; even as those Laws of Reason, which (man retaining his original integrity) had been sufficient to direct each particular person in all his affairs and duties, are not sufficient but require the access of other laws, now that man and his offspring are grown thus corrupt and sinful; again, as those laws of polity and regiment, which would have served men living in public society together with that harmless disposition which then they should have had, are not able now to serve, when men's iniquity

is so hardly restrained within any tolerable bounds: in like manner, the national laws of natural commerce between societies of that former and better quality might have been other than now, when nations are so prone to offer violence, injury, and wrong. Hereupon hath grown in every of these three kinds that distinction between Primary and Secondary laws; the one grounded upon sincere, the other built upon depraved nature. Primary laws of nations are such as concern embassage, such as belong to the courteous entertainment of foreigners and strangers, such as serve for commodious traffic, and the like. Secondary laws in the same kind are such as this present unquiet world is most familiarly acquainted with; I mean laws of arms, which yet are much better known than kept. But what matter the Law of Nations doth contain I omit to search.

The strength and virtue of that law is such that no particular nation can lawfully prejudice the same by any their several laws and ordinances, more than a man by his private resolutions the law of the whole commonwealth or state wherein he liveth. For as civil law, being the act of the whole body politic, doth therefore overrule each several part of the same body; so there is no reason that any one commonwealth of itself should to the prejudice of another annihilate that whereupon the whole world hath agreed. For which cause, the Lacedæmonians forbidding all access of strangers into their coasts, are in that respect both by Josephus and Theodoret deservedly blamed, as being enemies to that hospitality which for common humanity's sake all the nations on earth should embrace.

5. *"Her Voice the Harmony of the World"*

Thus far therefore we have endeavored in part to open, of what nature and force laws are, according unto their several kinds; the law which God with himself hath eternally set down to follow in his own works; the law which he hath made for his creatures to keep; the law of natural and necessary agents; the law which angels in heaven obey; the law whereunto by the light of reason men find themselves bound in that they are men; the law which they make by composition for multitudes and politic societies of men to be guided by; the law which belongeth unto each nation; the law

that concerneth the fellowship of all; and lastly the law which God himself hath supernaturally revealed. It might peradventure have been more popular and more plausible to vulgar ears, if this first discourse had been spent in extolling the force of laws, in showing the great necessity of them when they are good, and in aggravating their offence by whom public laws are injuriously traduced. But forasmuch as with such kind of matter the passions of men are rather stirred one way or other, than their knowledge any way set forward unto the trial of that whereof there is doubt made, I have therefore turned aside from that beaten path, and chosen though a less easy yet a more profitable way in regard of the end we propose. Lest therefore any man should marvel whereunto all these things tend, the drift and purpose of all is this, even to show in what manner, as every good and perfect gift, so this very gift of good and perfect laws is derived from the Father of lights; to teach men a reason why just and reasonable laws are of so great force, of so great use in the world; and to inform their minds with some method of reducing the laws whereof there is present controversy unto their first original causes, that so it may be in every particular ordinance, thereby the better discerned, whether the same be reasonable, just, and righteous, or no. Is there any thing which can either be thoroughly understood or soundly judged of, till the very first causes and principles from which originally it springeth be made manifest? If all parts of knowledge have been thought by wise men to be then most orderly delivered and proceeded in, when they are drawn to their first original; seeing that our whole question concerneth the quality of ecclesiastical laws, let it not seem a labor superfluous that in the entrance thereunto all these several kinds of laws have been considered, inasmuch as they all concur as principles, they all have their forcible operations therein, although not all in like apparent and manifest manner. By means whereof it cometh to pass that the force which they have is not observed of many.

Easier a great deal it is for men by law to be taught what they ought to do, than instructed how to judge as they should do of law: the one being a thing which belongeth generally unto all, the other such as none but the wiser and more judicious sort

can perform. Yea, the wisest are always touching this point the readiest to acknowledge, that soundly to judge of a law is the weightiest thing which any man can take upon him. But if we will give judgment of the laws under which we live, first let that law eternal be always before our eyes, as being of principal force and moment to breed in religious minds a dutiful estimation of all laws, the use and benefit whereof we see; because there can be no doubt but that laws apparently good are (as it were) things copied out of the very tables of that high everlasting law; even as the book of that law hath said concerning itself, "By me kings reign," and "by me princes decree justice." Not as if men did behold that book and accordingly frame their laws; but because it worketh in them, because it discovereth and (as it were) readeth itself to the world by them, when the laws which they make are righteous. Furthermore, although we perceive not the goodness of laws made, nevertheless sith things in themselves may have that which we peradventure discern not, should not this breed a fear in our hearts how we speak or judge in the worse part concerning that, the unadvised disgrace whereof may be no mean dishonor to Him towards whom we profess all submission and awe? Surely there must be very manifest iniquity in laws, against which we shall be able to justify our contumelious invectives. The chiefest root whereof, when we use them without cause, is ignorance how laws inferior are derived from that supreme or highest law. . . .

Our largeness of speech how men do find out what things reason bindeth them of necessity to observe, and what it guideth them to choose in things which are left as arbitrary; the care we have had to declare the different nature of laws which severally concern all men, from such as belong unto men either civilly or spiritually associated, such as pertain to the fellowship which nations, or which Christian nations, have amongst themselves, and in the last place such as concerning every or any of these God himself hath revealed by his Holy Word: all serveth but to make manifest, that as the actions of men are of sundry distinct kinds, so the laws thereof must accordingly be distinguished. There are in men operations, some natural, some rational, some supernatural, some politic, some finally ecclesiastical: which if we measure not each

by his own proper law, whereas the things themselves are so different, there will be in our understanding and judgment of them confusion.

As that first error sheweth, whereon our opposites in this cause have grounded themselves. For as they rightly maintain that God must be glorified in all things, and that the actions of men cannot tend unto his glory unless they be framed after his law; so it is their error to think that the only law which God hath appointed unto men in that behalf is the sacred Scripture. By that which we work naturally, as when we breathe, sleep, move, we set forth the glory of God as natural agents do, albeit we have no express purpose to make that our end, nor any advised determination therein to follow a law, but do that we do (for the most part) not as much as thinking thereon. In reasonable and moral actions another law taketh place; a law by the observation whereof we glorify God in such sort as no creature else under man is able to do; because other creatures have not judgment to examine the quality of that which is done by them, and therefore in that they do they neither can accuse nor approve themselves. Men do both, as the Apostle teacheth; yea, those men which have no written law of God to show what is good or evil, carry written in their hearts the universal law of mankind, the Law of Reason, whereby they judge as by a rule which God hath given unto all men for that purpose. The law of reason doth somewhat direct men how to honor God as their Creator; but how to glorify God in such sort as is required, to the end he may be an everlasting Savior, this we are taught by divine law, which law both ascertaineth the truth and supplieth unto us the want of that other law. So that in moral actions, divine law helpeth exceedingly the law of reason to guide man's life; but in supernatural it alone guideth.

Proceed we further; let us place man in some public society with others, whether civil or spiritual; and in this case there is no remedy but we must add yet a further law. For although even here likewise the laws of nature and reason be of necessary use, yet somewhat over and besides them is necessary, namely human and positive law, together with that law which is of commerce between grand societies, the law of nations, and of nations Christian. For which cause the law of God hath likewise said, "Let

every soul be subject to the higher powers." The public power of all societies is above every soul contained in the same societies. And the principal use of that power is to give laws unto all that are under it; which laws in such case we must obey, unless there be reason showed which may necessarily enforce that the Law of Reason or of God doth enjoin the contrary. Because except our own private and but probable resolutions be by the law of public determinations overruled, we take away all possibility of sociable life in the world. A plainer example whereof than ourselves we cannot have. How cometh it to pass that we are at this present day so rent with mutual contentions, and that the Church is so much troubled about the polity of the Church? No doubt if men had been willing to learn how many laws their actions in this life are subject unto, and what the true force of each law is, all these controversies might have died the very day they were first brought forth.

It is both commonly said, and truly, that the best men otherwise are not always the best in regard of society. The reason whereof is, for that the law of men's actions is one, if they be respected only as men; and another, when they are considered as parts of a politic body. Many men there are, than whom nothing is more commendable when they are singled; and yet in society with others none less fit to answer the duties which are looked for at their hands. Yea, I am persuaded, that of them with whom in this cause we strive, there are whose betters amongst men would be hardly found, if they did not live amongst men, but in some wilderness by themselves. The cause of which their disposition so unframable unto societies wherein they live, is, for that they discern not aright what place and force these several kinds of laws ought to have in all their actions. Is their question either concerning the regiment of the Church in general, or about conformity between one church and another, or of ceremonies, offices, powers, jurisdictions in our own church? Of all these things they judge by that rule which they frame to themselves with some show of probability, and what seemeth in that sort convenient, the same they think themselves bound to practice; the same by all means they labor mightily to uphold; whatsoever any law of man to the contrary hath determined they weigh it not. Thus by following the law of private reason, where

the law of public should take place, they breed disturbance. . . .

Wherefore that here we may briefly end: of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power: both Angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

TWO COUNSELS ON GOVERNMENT

FRANCIS BACON

[From the *Essays*]

1. *Of Empire*

It is a miserable state of mind to have few things to desire, and many things to fear; and yet that commonly is the case of kings, who, being at the highest, want matter of desire, which makes their minds more languishing; and have many representations of perils and shadows, which makes their minds the less clear. And this is one reason also of that effect which the Scripture speaketh of, "that the king's heart is inscrutable." For multitude of jealousies, and lack of some predominant desire that should marshal and put in order all the rest, maketh any man's heart hard to find or sound. Hence it comes, likewise, that princes many times make themselves desires, and set their hearts upon toys: sometimes upon a building, sometimes upon erecting of an order, sometimes upon the advancing of a person, sometimes upon obtaining excellency in some art or feat of the hand,—as Nero for playing on the harp, Domitian for certainty of the hand with the arrow, Commodus for playing at fence, Caracalla for driving chariots, and the like. This seemeth incredible unto those that know not the principle, that the mind of man is more cheered and refreshed by profiting in small things, than by standing at a stay in great. We see also that kings that have been fortunate conquerors in their first years, it being not possible for them to go forward infinitely, but that they must have some check or arrest in their fortunes, turn in their latter years to be superstitious and melancholy; as did Alexander the Great, Diocletian, and in our

memory Charles V., and others; for he that is used to go forward, and findeth a stop, falleth out of his own favor, and is not the thing he was.

To speak now of the true temper of empire, it is a thing rare and hard to keep; for both temper and distemper consist of contraries. But it is one thing to mingle contraries, another to interchange them. The answer of Apollonius to Vespasian is full of excellent instruction. Vespasian asked him, "What was Nero's overthrow?" He answered, "Nero could touch and tune the harp well; but in government sometimes he used to wind the pins too high, sometimes to let them down too low." And certain it is, that nothing destroyeth authority so much as the unequal and untimely interchange of power pressed too far, and relaxed too much.

This is true, that the wisdom of all these latter times, in princes' affairs, is rather fine deliveries, and shiftings of dangers and mischiefs when they are near, than solid and grounded courses to keep them aloof. But this is but to try masteries with fortune. And let men beware how they neglect and suffer matter of trouble to be prepared, for no man can forbid the spark, nor tell whence it may come. The difficulties in princes' business are many and great; but the greatest difficulty is often in their own mind. For it is common with princes, saith Tacitus, to will contradictories. "Sunt plerumque regum voluntates vehementes, et inter se contrariæ."¹ For it is the solecism of power to think to command the end, and yet not to endure the mean. . . .

2. Of Innovations

As the births of living creatures at first are ill-shapen, so are all Innovations, which are the births of time. Yet, notwithstanding, as those that first bring honor into their family are commonly more worthy than most that succeed, so the first precedent (if

it be good) is seldom attained by imitation. For Ill, to man's nature as it stands perverted, hath a natural motion, strongest in continuance; but Good has a forced motion, strongest at first. Surely every medicine is an innovation, and he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils. For time is the greatest innovator; and if time of course alters things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?

It is true that what is settled by custom, though it be not good, yet at least it is fit; and those things which have long gone together are, as it were, confederate with themselves; whereas new things piece not so well; but, though they help by their utility, yet they trouble by their inconformity. Besides, they are like strangers, more admired, and less favored. All this is true, if time stood still; which contrariwise moveth so round that a froward retention of custom is as turbulent a thing as an innovation; and they that reverence too much old times, are but a scorn to the new. It were good, therefore, that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself; which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived; for otherwise, whatsoever is new is unlooked for: and ever it mends some, and pairs others; and he that is holpen takes it for a fortune, and thanks the time; and he that is hurt, for a wrong, and imputeth it to the author.

It is good also not to try experiments in States, except the necessity be urgent, or the utility evident; and well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change, and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation: and lastly, that the novelty, though it be not rejected, yet be held for a suspect; and, as the Scripture saith, that *we make a stand upon the ancient way, and then look about us, and discover what is the straight and right way, and so to walk in it.*

V. THE POET'S COMMENT

SONNETS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

XV

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,

¹ "The desires of kings are generally violent and arbitrary."

That this huge stage presenteth nought but
shows

Whereon the stars in secret influence com-
ment;

When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same
sky,

Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height
decrease,

And wear their brave state out of memory;
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
 Sets you most rich in youth before my
 sight,
 Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
 To change your day of youth to sullied
 night;
 And all in war with Time for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XXV

Let those who are in favor with their stars
 Of public honor and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph
 bars,
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honor most.
 Great princes' favorites their fair leaves
 spread
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honor razèd quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
 Then happy I, that love and am beloved
 Where I may not remove nor be removed.

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's
 eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless
 cries
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends
 possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despis-
 ing,
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's
 gate;
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth
 brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with
 kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's
 waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless
 night,
 And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd
 woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
 sight:
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear
 friend,
 All losses are restored and sorrows end.

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful
 rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these
 contents
 Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish
 time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire
 shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still
 find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending
 doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand de-
 faced
 The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-
 razed
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss and loss with
 store;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay;
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,
 That Time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death, which cannot
 choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to
 lose.

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor bound-
less sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time
decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest
lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot
back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine
bright.

LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I
cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be
gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do
hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the
cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet
birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take
away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,

Consumed with that which it was nour-
ish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love
more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave
ere long.

CVII

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to
come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me sub-
scribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor
rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless
tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass
are spent.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXLVI

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
[Amidst] these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,

And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on
 men,
 And Death once dead, there's no more
 dying then.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

SIR EDWARD DYER

My mind to me a kingdom is,
 Such present joys therein I find
 That it excels all other bliss
 That earth affords or grows by kind:
 Though much I want which most would
 have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
 No force to win the victory,
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to feed a loving eye;
 To none of these I yield as thrall:
 For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty [surfeits] oft,
 And hasty climbers soon do fall;
 I see that those which are aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all;
 They get with toil, they keep with fear:
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;
 I seek no more than may suffice;
 I press to bear no haughty sway;
 Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
 I little have, and seek no more.
 They are but poor, though much they have,
 And I am rich with little store:
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
 I grudge not at another's pain;
 No worldly waves my mind can toss;
 My state at one doth still remain:
 I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
 I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
 Their wisdom by their rage of will;

Their treasure is their only trust;
 A cloaked craft their store of skill:
 But all the pleasure that I find
 Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
 My conscience clear my chief defense;
 I neither seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by deceit to breed offence:
 Thus do I live; thus will I die;
 Would all did so as well as I!

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

SIR HENRY WOTTON

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will;
 Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise;
 Nor vice hath ever understood
 (How deepest wounds are given by praise!)
 Nor rules of State, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of his grace, than gifts, to lend,
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend!

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall!
 Lord of himself, though not of lands;
 And having nothing, yet hath all!

DEATH

JOHN DONNE

Death, be not proud, though some have
 called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
 For those whom thou think'st thou dost over-
 throw

Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou
kill me.
From Rest and Sleep, which but thy
picture be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more
must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go—
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
Thou'rt slave to Fate, chance, kings, and
desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness
dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as
well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st
thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou
shalt die!

A PINDARIC ODE

BEN JONSON

*To the immortal memory and friendship of
that noble pair, Sir Lucius Cary
and Sir H. Morison*

I

The Strophe, or Turn

Brave infant of Saguntum, clear
Thy coming forth in that great year,
When the prodigious Hannibal did crown
His rage with razing your immortal town.
Thou looking then about,
Ere thou wert half got out,
Wise child, didst hastily return,
And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn.
How summ'd a circle didst thou leave man-
kind
Of deepest lore, could we the center find!

The Antistrophe, or Counter-Turn

Did wiser nature draw thee back,
From out the horror of that sack;
Where shame, faith, honor, and regard of
right,
Lay trampled on? the deeds of death and
night
Urged, hurried forth, and hurl'd
Upon the affrighted world;
Fire, famine, and fell fury met,
And all on utmost ruin set:

As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
No doubt all infants would return like thee.

The Epode, or Stand

For what is life, if measured by the space,
Not by the act?
Or maskèd man, if valued by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one outlived his peers
And told forth fourscore years:
He vexèd time, and busied the whole state;
Troubled both foes and friends;
But ever to no ends:
What did this stirrer but die late?
How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!
For three of his four score he did no good.

II

The Strophe, or Turn

He entered well by virtuous parts,
Got up, and thrived with honest arts,
He purchased friends, and fame, and honors
then,
And had his noble name advanced with men;
But weary of that flight,
He stooped in all men's sight
To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunk in that dead sea of life,
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup,
But that the cork of title buoyed him up.

The Antistrophe, or Counter-Turn

Alas! but Morison fell young!
He never fell,—thou fall'st, my tongue.
He stood a soldier to the last right end,
A perfect patriot and a noble friend;
But most, a virtuous son.
All offices were done
By him, so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As, though his age imperfect might appear,
His life was of humanity the sphere.

The Epode, or Stand

Go now, and tell our days summed up with
fears,
And make them years;
Produce thy mass of miseries on the stage,
To swell thine age;
Repeat of things a throng,
To show thou hast been long,
Not lived; for life doth her great actions
spell,
By what was done and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light: her measures are, how well

Each syllable answered, and was formed,
how fair;
These make the lines of life, and that's her
air!

III

The Strophe, or Turn

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred
year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

The Antistrophe, or Counter-Turn

Call, noble Lucius, then, for wine,
And let thy locks with gladness shine;
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
And think, nay know, thy Morison's not
dead.
He leaped the present age,
Possest with holy rage,
To see that bright eternal day;
Of which we priests and poets say
Such truths as we expect for happy men;
And there he lives with memory and Ben—

The Epode, or Stand

Jonson, who sung this of him, ere he went,
Himself, to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
To have exprest,
In this bright asterism;—
Where it were friendship's schism,
Were not his Lucius long with us to tarry,
To separate these twi-
Lights, the Dioscuri;
And keep the one half from his Harry.
But fate doth so alternate the design,
Whilst that in heaven, this light on earth
must shine,—

IV

The Strophe, or Turn

And shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one star:
Of hearts the union, and those not by
chance

Made, or indenture, or leased out t' advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vain did chime,
Of rhymes, or riots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drink, or feigned protests;
But simple love of greatness and of good,
That knits brave minds and manners more
than blood.

The Antistrophe, or Counter-Turn

This made you first to know the why
You liked, then after, to apply
That liking; and approach so one the
t'other,
Till either grew a portion of the other;
Each styled by his end,
The copy of his friend.
You lived to be the great sir-names
And titles by which all made claims
Unto the Virtue: nothing perfect done,
But as a Cary or a Morison.

The Epode, or Stand

And such a force the fair example had,
As they that saw
The good and durst not practice it, were glad
That such a law
Was left yet to mankind;
Where they might read and find
Friendship, indeed, was written not in
words;
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men,
Whose lines her rolls were, and records:
Who, ere the first down bloomèd on the
chin,
Had sowed these fruits, and got the har-
vest in.

HIS PILGRIMAGE

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My serip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like a quiet palmer,
Traveleth towards the lands of heaven,
Over the silver mountains,

Where spring the nectar fountains.
 There will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss;
 And drink mine everlasting fill
 Upon every milken hill.
 My soul will be a-dry before;
 But, after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy blissful day
 More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
 That have cast off their rags of clay,
 And walk apparelled fresh like me.
 I'll take them first,
 To quench their thirst
 And taste of nectar suckets,
 At those clear wells
 Where sweetness dwells,
 Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
 Are filled with immortality,
 Then the blessed paths we'll travel,
 Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;
 Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
 High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.

From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
 Where no corrupted voices brawl;
 No conscience molten into gold;
 No forged accuser bought or sold;
 No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
 For there Christ is the King's Attorney,
 Who pleads for all, without degrees,
 And he hath angels but no fees.

And when the grand twelve million jury
 Of our sins, with direful fury,
 Against our souls black verdicts give,
 Christ pleads his death; and then we live.

Be Thou my speaker, taintless Pleader!
 Unblotted Lawyer! true Proceeder!
 Thou giv'st salvation, even for alms,
 Not with a bribèd lawyer's palms.

And this is mine eternal plea
 To Him that made heaven and earth and
 sea:
 That, since my flesh must die so soon,
 And want a head to dine next noon,
 Just at the stroke, when my veins start and
 spread,
 Set on my soul an everlasting head!

Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
 To tread those blest paths; which before I
 writ.

THE LAST PAGES OF "THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD"

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

For the rest, if we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add to that which hath been already said, that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God, while they enjoy life, or hope it; but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of his law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed; God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred; *I have considered*, saith Solomon, *all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit*; but who believes it, till Death tells it us? It was Death, which opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth, made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre; and king Francis the First of France, to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent, that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepast happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

PURITANS AND KINGS

I. THE SOUL AND THE WORLD

1. THE PEOPLE OF A BOOK

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

[From *A Short History of the English People*]

No greater moral change ever passed over a nation than passed over England during the years which parted the middle of the reign of Elizabeth from the meeting of the Long Parliament. England became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible. It was as yet the one English book which was familiar to every Englishman; it was read at churches and read at home, and everywhere its words, as they fell on ears which custom had not deadened, kindled a startling enthusiasm. When Bishop Bonner set up the first six Bibles in St. Paul's "many well-disposed people used much to resort to the hearing thereof, especially when they could get any that had an audible voice to read to them." . . . "One John Porter used sometimes to be occupied in that goodly exercise, to the edifying of himself as well as others. This Porter was a fresh young man and of a big stature; and great multitudes would resort thither to hear him, because he could read well and had an audible voice." But the "goodly exercise" of readers such as Porter was soon superseded by the continued recitation of both Old Testament and New in the public services of the Church; while the small Geneva Bibles carried the Scripture into every home. The popularity of the Bible was owing to other causes besides that of religion. The whole prose literature of England, save the forgotten tracts of Wyclif, has grown up since the translation of the Scriptures by Tyndale and Coverdale. So far as the nation at large was concerned, no history, no romance, hardly any poetry, save the little-known verse of Chaucer, existed in the English tongue

when the Bible was ordered to be set up in churches. Sunday after Sunday, day after day, the crowds that gathered round Bonner's Bibles in the nave of St. Paul's, or the family group that hung on the words of the Geneva Bible in the devotional exercises at home, were leavened with a new literature. Legend and annal, war-song and psalm, State-roll and biography, the mighty voices of prophets, the parables of Evangelists, stories of mission journeys, of perils by the sea and among the heathen, philosophic arguments, apocalyptic visions, all were flung broadcast over minds unoccupied for the most part by any rival learning. The disclosure of the stores of Greek literature had wrought the revolution of the Renaissance. The disclosure of the older mass of Hebrew literature wrought the revolution of the Reformation. But the one revolution was far deeper and wider in its effects than the other. No version could transfer to another tongue the peculiar charm of language which gave their value to the authors of Greece and Rome. Classical letters, therefore, remained in the possession of the learned, that is, of the few; and among these, with the exception of Colet and More, or of the pedants who revived a Pagan worship in the gardens of the Florentine Academy, their direct influence was purely intellectual. But the tongue of the Hebrew, the idiom of the Hellenistic Greek, lent themselves with a curious felicity to the purposes of translation. As a mere literary monument, the English version of the Bible remains the noblest example of the English tongue, while its perpetual use made it from the instant of its appearance the standard of our language. For the moment, however, its literary effect was less than its social. The power of the book over the mass of Englishmen showed itself in a thousand superficial ways, and in none more conspicuously than

in the influence it exerted on ordinary speech. It formed, we must repeat, the whole literature which was practically accessible to ordinary Englishmen; and when we recall the number of common phrases which we owe to great authors, the bits of Shakespeare, or Milton, or Dickens, or Thackeray, which unconsciously interweave themselves in our ordinary talk, we shall better understand the strange mosaic of Biblical words and phrases which colored English talk two hundred years ago. The mass of picturesque allusion and illustration which we borrow from a thousand books, our fathers were forced to borrow from one; and the borrowing was the easier and the more natural that the range of the Hebrew literature fitted it for the expression of every phase of feeling. When Spenser poured forth his warmest love-notes in the "Epithalamion," he adopted the very words of the Psalmist, as he bade the gates open for the entrance of his bride. When Cromwell saw the mists break over the hills of Dunbar, he hailed the sun-burst with the cry of David: "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered. Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt thou drive them away!" Even to common minds this familiarity with grand poetic imagery in prophet and apocalypse gave a loftiness and ardor of expression, that with all its tendency to exaggeration and bombast we may prefer to the slipshod vulgarisms of today.

But far greater than its effect on literature or social phrase was the effect of the Bible on the character of the people at large. Elizabeth might silence or tune the pulpits; but it was impossible for her to silence or tune the great preachers of justice, and mercy, and truth, who spoke from the book which she had again opened for her people. The whole moral effect which is produced now-a-days by the religious newspaper, the tract, the essay, the lecture, the missionary report, the sermon, was then produced by the Bible alone; and its effect in this way, however dispassionately we examine it, was simply amazing. One dominant influence told on human action: and all the activities that had been called into life by the age that was passing away were seized, concentrated, and steadied to a definite aim by the spirit of religion. The whole temper of the nation felt the change. A new conception of life and of man superseded the old. A new moral and religious impulse spread through

every class. Literature reflected the general tendency of the time; and the dumpy little quartos of controversy and piety, which still crowd our older libraries, drove before them the classical translations and Italian novelles of the age of the Renaissance. "Theology rules there," said Grotius of England only two years after Elizabeth's death; and when Casaubon, the last of the great scholars of the sixteenth century, was invited to England by King James, he found both King and people indifferent to pure letters. "There is a great abundance of theologians in England," he says, "all point their studies in that direction." Even a country gentleman like Colonel Hutchinson felt the theological impulse. "As soon as he had improved his natural understanding with the acquisition of learning, the first studies he exercised himself in were the principles of religion." The whole nation became, in fact, a Church. The great problems of life and death, whose questionings found no answer in the higher minds of Shakespeare's day, pressed for an answer not only from noble and scholar but from farmer and shopkeeper in the age that followed him. We must not, indeed, picture the early Puritan as a gloomy fanatic. The religious movement had not as yet come into conflict with general culture. With the close of the Elizabethan age, indeed, the intellectual freedom which had marked it faded insensibly away: the bold philosophical speculations which Sidney had caught from Bruno, and which had brought on Marlowe and Raleigh the charge of atheism, died like her own religious indifference, with the Queen. But the lighter and more elegant sides of the Elizabethan culture harmonized well enough with the temper of the Puritan gentleman. The figure of Colonel Hutchinson, one of the Regicides, stands out from his wife's canvas with the grace and tenderness of a portrait by Vandyck. She dwells on the personal beauty which distinguished his youth, on "his teeth even and white as the purest ivory," "his hair of brown, very thickset in his youth, softer than the finest silk, curling with loose great rings at the ends." Serious as was his temper in graver matters, the young squire of Owthorpe was fond of hawking, and piqued himself on his skill in dancing and fence. His artistic taste showed itself in a critical love of "paintings, sculpture, and all liberal arts," as well as in the pleasure he took in his gardens, "in the

improvement of his grounds, in planting groves and walks and forest trees." If he was "diligent in his examination of the Scriptures," "he had a great love for music, and often diverted himself with a viol, on which he played masterly." We miss, indeed, the passion of the Elizabethan time, its caprice, its largeness of feeling and sympathy, its quick pulse of delight; but, on the other hand, life gained in moral grandeur, in a sense of the dignity of manhood, in orderliness and equable force. The temper of the Puritan gentleman was just, noble, and self-controlled. The larger geniality of the age that had passed away was replaced by an intense tenderness within the narrower circle of the home. "He was as kind a father," says Mrs. Hutchinson of her husband, "as dear a brother, as good a master, as faithful a friend as the world had." The wilful and lawless passion of the Renaissance made way for a manly purity. "Neither in youth nor riper years could the most fair or enticing woman ever draw him into unnecessary familiarity or dalliance. Wise and virtuous women he loved, and delighted in all pure and holy and unblamable conversation with them, but so as never to excite scandal or temptation. Scurrilous discourse even among men he abhorred; and though he sometimes took pleasure in wit and mirth, yet that which was mixed with impurity he never could endure." To the Puritan the wilfulness of life, in which the men of the Renaissance had reveled, seemed unworthy of life's character and end. His aim was to attain self-command, to be master of himself, of his thought and speech and acts. A certain gravity and reflectiveness gave its tone to the lightest details of his converse with the world about him. His temper, quick as it might naturally be, was kept under strict control. In his discourse he was ever on his guard against talkativeness or frivolity, striving to be deliberate in speech and "ranking the words beforehand." His life was orderly and methodical, sparing of diet and of self-indulgence; he rose early, "he never was at any time idle, and hated to see any one else so." The new sobriety and self-restraint marked itself even in his change of dress. The gorgeous colors and

jewels of the Renaissance disappeared. Colonel Hutchinson "left off very early the wearing of anything that was costly, yet in his plainest negligent habit appeared very much a gentleman." The loss of color and variety in costume reflected no doubt a certain loss of color and variety in life itself; but it was a loss compensated by solid gains. Greatest among these, perhaps, was the new conception of social equality. Their common calling, their common brotherhood in Christ, annihilated in the mind of the Puritans that overpowering sense of social distinctions which characterized the age of Elizabeth. The meanest peasant felt himself ennobled as a child of God. The proudest noble recognized a spiritual equality in the poorest "saint." The great social revolution of the Civil Wars and the Protectorate was already felt in the demeanor of gentlemen like Hutchinson. "He had a loving and sweet courtesy to the poorest, and would often employ many spare hours with the commonest soldiers and poorest laborers." "He never disdained the meanest nor flattered the greatest." But it was felt even more in the new dignity and self-respect with which the consciousness of their "calling" invested the classes beneath the rank of the gentry. Take such a portrait as that which Nehemiah Wallington, a turner in Eastcheap, has left us of a London housewife, his mother. "She was very loving," he says, "and obedient to her parents, loving and kind to her husband, very tender-hearted to her children, loving all that were godly, much misliking the wicked and profane. She was a pattern of sobriety unto many, very seldom was seen abroad except at church; when others recreated themselves at holidays and other times, she would take her needle-work and say, 'here is my recreation.' . . . God had given her a pregnant wit and an excellent memory. She was very ripe and perfect in all stories of the Bible, likewise in all the stories of the Martyrs, and could readily turn to them; she was also perfect and well seen in the English Chronicles, and in the descents of the Kings of England. She lived in holy wedlock with her husband twenty years, wanting but four days."

2. THE CONFLICT IN THE SOUL

THE COLLAR

GEORGE HERBERT

I struck the board, and cried, "No more; I
will abroad!
What! shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was
corn
Before my tears did drown it;
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted,
All wasted?
Not so, my heart, but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands,
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which petty thoughts have made; and made
to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not
see.
Away! take heed;
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's head there, tie up thy
fears:
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load."
But as I raved, and grew more fierce and
wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "Child";
And I replied, "My Lord."

LOVE

GEORGE HERBERT

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew
back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow
slack
From my first entrance in,

Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lacked anything.

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here":
Love said, "You shall be he."
"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee!"
Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord; but I have marred them: let
my shame
Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not," says Love, "who bore
the blame?"
"My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste
my meat."
So I did sit and eat.

VIRTUE

GEORGE HERBERT

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THE RETREAT

HENRY VAUGHAN

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,

And looking back, at that short space,
 Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
 When on some gilded cloud or flower
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity;
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My conscience with a sinful sound,
 Or had the black art to dispense,
 A several sin to every sense,
 But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shoots of everlastingness.
 O, how I long to travel back,
 And tread again that ancient track,
 That I might once more reach that plain,
 Where first I left my glorious train;
 From whence the enlightened spirit sees
 That shady city of palm trees.
 But ah! my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move;
 And when this dust falls to the urn,
 In that state I came, return.

THE WORLD

HENRY VAUGHAN

I saw Eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright;
 And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days,
 years,
 Driv'n by the spheres
 Like a vast shadow moved; in which the
 world
 And all her train were hurled.
 The doting lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there complain;
 Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
 Wit's four delights,
 With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of
 pleasure;
 Yet his dear treasure,
 All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
 Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights
 and woe,
 Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so
 slow,
 He did not stay, nor go;
 Condemning thoughts, like sad eclipses,
 scowl
 Upon his soul,
 And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.

Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways be
 found,
 Worked under ground,
 Where he did clutch his prey; but one did
 see
 That policy;
 Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
 Were gnats and flies;
 It rained about him blood and tears, but he
 Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
 Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
 His own hands with the dust.
 Yet would not place one piece above, but
 lives
 In fear of thieves.
 Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
 And hugged each one his pelf;
 The downright epicure placed heaven in
 sense,
 And scorned pretence;
 While others, slipt into a wide excess,
 Said little less;
 The weaker sort, slight, trivial wares en-
 slave,
 Who think them brave;
 And poor, despised Truth sat counting by
 Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and
 sing,
 And sing and weep, soared up into the ring;
 But most would use no wing.
 O fools, said I, thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light!
 To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
 Because it shows the way,
 The way, which from this dead and dark
 abode
 Leads up to God;
 A way where you might tread the sun, and be
 More bright than he!
 But, as I did their madness so discuss,
 One whispered thus:
 "This ring the Bridegroom did for none
 provide,
 But for his bride."

BEHIND THE VEIL

HENRY VAUGHAN

They are all gone into the world of light!
 And I alone sit lingering here;
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.
 It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,

Or those faint beams in which this hill is
drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and
hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed
them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest,
may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our
wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
The captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up, gives
room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee,
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and
fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON

JOHN BUNYAN

[From *The Pilgrim's Progress*, 1678]

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation,
poor Christian was hard put to it; for he
had gone but a little way before he espied
a foul fiend coming over the field to meet
him: his name is Apollyon. Then did Chris-
tian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his

mind whether to go back or to stand his
ground. But he considered again that he
had no armor for his back, and therefore
thought that to turn the back to him might
give him the greater advantage with ease to
pierce him with his darts. Therefore he re-
solved to venture and stand his ground; for,
thought he, had I no more in mine eye than
the saving of my life, 'twould be the best
way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him.
Now the monster was hideous to behold: he
was clothed with scales like a fish (and they
are his pride); he had wings like a dragon,
feet like a bear, and out of his belly came
fire and smoke; and his mouth was as the
mouth of a lion. When he was come up to
Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful
countenance, and thus began to question
with him.

Apol. Whence come you? and whither
are you bound?

Chr. I am come from the City of De-
struction, which is the place of all evil, and
am going to the City of Zion.

Apol. By this I perceive thou art one of
my subjects; for all that country is mine,
and I am the prince and god of it. How
is it then that thou hast run away from thy
king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest
do me more service, I would strike thee now
at one blow to the ground.

Chr. I was born indeed in your domin-
ions, but your service was hard, and your
wages such as a man could not live on; for
the wages of sin is death. Therefore when
I was come to years, I did as other consid-
erate persons do, look out, if perhaps I
might mend myself. [Apollyon now tries in
vain to reclaim Christian, who refuses, say-
ing that henceforth he owes allegiance only
to the Prince.]

Apol. I am an enemy to this Prince; I
hate his person, his laws, and people; I am
come out on purpose to withstand thee.

Chr. Apollyon, beware what you do, for
I am in the King's highway, the way of
holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

Apol. Then Apollyon straddled quite
over the whole breadth of the way, and said,
I am void of fear in this matter. Prepare
thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal
den that thou shalt go no further; here will
I spill thy soul.

And with that he threw a flaming dart
at his breast; but Christian had a shield in
his hand, with which he caught it, and so
prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw 'twas time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon therefore followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now; and with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall I shall arise; and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, Nay, in all these things, we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight;—he spake like a dragon; and on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then indeed he did smile and look upward. But 'twas the dreadfullest fight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, I will here give thanks to Him that hath delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to Him that did help me against Apollyon. And so he did, saying,

Great Beelzebub, the Captain of this fiend,
Design'd my ruin; therefore to this end

He sent him harness'd out; and he with rage
That hellish was, did fiercely me engage:
But blessed Michael helped me, and I
By dint of sword did quickly make him fly.
Therefore to Him let me give lasting praise,
And thank and bless His holy name always.

Then there came to him a hand with some of the leaves of the Tree of Life, the which Christian took and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before: so being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand; for he said, I know not but some other enemy may be at hand. But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

VANITY FAIR

JOHN BUNYAN

[From *The Pilgrim's Progress*]

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity. And at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair; it is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 'tis kept is lighter than Vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is Vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is Vanity."

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the celestial city, as these two honest persons are; and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of Vanity, and that it should last all the year long: therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen juggling, cheats, games,

plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of all sorts.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And as in other fairs of less moment there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended, so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets, (viz., countries and kingdoms) where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found: Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold.

Now, as I said, the way to the celestial city lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world. The Prince of Princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day too; yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities: yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might (if possible) allure that Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair therefore is an ancient thing, of long standing and a very great fair.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons: for

First: The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people therefore of the fair made a great gazing upon them: some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they are outlandish-men.

Secondly: And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said: they naturally spoke the language of Canaan but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that from one end

of the fair to the other they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly: But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in Heaven.

One chanced, mockingly, beholding the carriages of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy?" But they, looking gravely upon him, answered, "We buy the Truth." At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub and a great stir in the fair, inso-much that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them, asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb? The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There therefore they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the

fair that were more observing, and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men; they therefore in angry manner let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The other replied, that for aught they could see, the men were quiet, and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides, (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them) they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more

wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that were cast upon them, with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but a few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened, that the cage, nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die, for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here also they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings, by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment: but committing themselves to the All-wise dispose of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

3. CARPE DIEM: ROBERT HERRICK

[From *Hesperides and Noble Numbers*,
1648]

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn

Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair

Fresh-quilted colors through the air:

Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see

The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east

Above an hour since: yet you not dress'd;

Nay! not so much as out of bed?

When all the birds have matins said

And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,

Nay, profanation, to keep in,

Whenas a thousand virgins on this day

Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh
and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care

For jewels for your gown or hair:

Fear not; the leaves will strew

Gems in abundance upon you:

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls un-

wept;

Come and receive them while the light

Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:

And Titan on the eastern hill

Retires himself, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief
in praying:

Few beads are best when once we go a-May-
ing.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming,
mark

How each field turns a street, each street a
park

Made green and trimm'd with trees; see
how

Devotion gives each house a bough

Or branch: each porch, each door ere
this

An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of white-thorn, neatly interwove;
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street
 And open fields and we not see't?
 Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May:
 And sin no more, as we have done, by
 staying;
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
 Some have dispatched their cakes and
 cream
 Before that we have left to dream:
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and
 plighted troth,
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off
 sloth:
 Many a green-gown has been given;
 Many a kiss, both odd and even:
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament;
 Many a jest told of the key's betraying
 This night, and locks pick'd, yet we're not
 a-Maying.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime;
 And take the harmless folly of the time.
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty.
 Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun;
 And, as a vapor or a drop of rain,
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.
 Then while time serves, and we are but de-
 caying,
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying;
 And this same flower that smiles today,
 Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a-getting.
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer;
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while ye may, go marry;
 For, having lost but once your prime,
 You may forever tarry.

TO DAFFODILS

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything.

We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOT

Lord, thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell,
 A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weather-proof,
 Under the spars of which I lie
 Both soft and dry;
 Where thou, my chamber for to ward
 Hast set a guard
 Of harmless thoughts to watch and kee
 Me, while I sleep.
 Low is my porch, as is my fate,
 Both void of state;
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by th' poor,
 Who thither come and freely get
 Good words, or meat.
 Like as my parlor, so my hall
 And kitchen's small;
 A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin,
 Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipped, unflead;

Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire,
 Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.
 Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
 The pulse is thine,
 And all those other bits that be
 There placed by thee;
 The worts, the purslain, and the mess
 Of water-cress,
 Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
 And my content
 Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.
 'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering
 hearth
 With guiltless mirth,
 And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.
 Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soils my land,
 And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one;
 Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day;
 Besides my healthful ewes to bear
 Me twins each year;
 The while the conduits of my kine
 Run cream, for wine.
 All these, and better thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
 That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart,
 Which, fired with incense, I resign,

As wholly thine;
 But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by thee.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

Is this a fast, to keep
 The larder lean,
 And clean
 From fat of veals and sheep?
 Is it to quit the dish
 Of flesh, yet still
 To fill
 The platter high with fish?
 Is it to fast an hour,
 Or rag'd to go,
 Or show
 A downcast look, and sour?
 No; 'tis a fast, to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat
 And meat
 Unto the hungry soul.
 It is to fast from strife,
 From old debate,
 And hate;
 To circumcise thy life.
 To show a heart grief-rent;
 To starve thy sin,
 Not bin;
 And that's to keep thy Lent.

II. FAITH AND FREEDOM: JOHN MILTON

1. THE MAKER OF AN HEROIC POEM

HIMSELF A TRUE POEM

[From *An Apology for Smectymnuus*, 1642]

Nor blame it, readers, in those years to propose to themselves such a reward as the noblest dispositions above other things in this life have sometimes preferred; whereof not to be sensible when good and fair in one person meet argues both a gross and shallow judgment, and withal an ungentle and swainish breast. For by the firm settling of these persuasions, I became, to my best memory, so much a proficient, that if I found those authors anywhere speaking unworthy things of themselves, or unchaste of those names which before they had extolled; this effect it wrought with me,

from that time forward their art I still applauded, but the men I deplored; and above them all, preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never write but honor of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts, without transgression. And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy. . . .

Next, (for hear me out now, readers,) that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered; I betook me among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life, if it so befell him, the honor and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn. And if I found in the story afterward, any of them, by word or deed, breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet, as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written indecent things of the gods. Only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder to stir him up both by his counsel and his arms, to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted chastity. . . .

Thus, from the laureat fraternity of poets, ripper years and the ceaseless round of study and reading led me to the shady spaces of philosophy; but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato, and his equal Xenophon: where, if I should tell ye what I learnt of chastity and love, I mean that which is truly so, whose charming cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy; (the rest are cheated with a thick intoxicating potion, which a certain sorceress, the abuser of love's name, carries about;) and how the first and chiefest office of love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, knowledge and virtue.

[From *A Letter to Diodati*, 1637]

But that you may indulge any excess of menace I must inform you, that I cannot help loving you such as you are; for whatever the Deity may have bestowed upon me in other respects, he has certainly inspired me, if any ever were inspired, with a passion for the good and fair. Nor did Ceres, according to the fable, ever seek her daughter Proserpine with such unceasing solicitude, as I have sought this perfect model

of the beautiful in all the forms and appearances of things. I am wont day and night to continue my search, and I follow in the way in which you go before. Hence, I feel an irresistible impulse to cultivate the friendship of him who, despising the prejudices and false conceptions of the vulgar, dares to think, to speak, and to be that which the highest wisdom has in every age taught to be the best. But if my disposition or my destiny were such that I could without any conflict or any toil emerge to the highest pitch of distinction and of praise, there would nevertheless be no prohibition, either human or divine, against my constantly cherishing and revering those who have either obtained the same degree of glory, or are successfully laboring to obtain it. But now I am sure that you wish me to gratify your curiosity, and to let you know what I have been doing, or am meditating to do. Hear me, my Diodati, and suffer me for a moment to speak without blushing in a more lofty strain. Do you ask what I am meditating? By the help of Heaven, an immortality of fame.

L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks and
sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell, 5
Where brooding darkness spreads his
jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades and low-browed
rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yeleft Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister 'Graces more, 15
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying, 20
There on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee 25

Jest, and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee.
 In unreprieved pleasures free:
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing, startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine;
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the plowman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landskip round it measures;
 Russet lawns and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,

Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of herbs and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequered shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 'Till the livelong daylight fail:
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat.
 She was pinched and pulled, she said;
 And he, by friar's lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
 That ten day-laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
 And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
 Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp and feast and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever, against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce.
 In notes with many a winding bout

Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out, 140
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head 145
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice. 150
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred!
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys! 5
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-
 beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' 10
 train.
 But hail, thou Goddess sage and holy,
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view 15
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove 20
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The sea nymphs, and their powers offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended:
 Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign 25
 Such mixture was not held a stain).
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress lawn 35
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,

And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, 45
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure; 50
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along, 55
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak: 60
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
 I woo to hear thy even-song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen 65
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way, 70
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-watered shore, 75
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour 85
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes; or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold 90
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,
 Whose power hath a true consent 95

With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower;
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek;
 Or call up him that left half-told 110
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass 115
 On which the Tartar king did ride;
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not tricked and frownc'd as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kerchieft in a comely cloud, 125
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or ushered with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute-drops from off the eaves. 130
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak, 135
 Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honeyèd thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such consort as they keep, 145
 Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture displayed, 150
 Softly on my eyelids laid;
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,

Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail 155
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high embowèd roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light. 160
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced quire below,
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies, 165
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown, and mossy cell, 170
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew,
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give, 175
 And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and
 crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing
 year. 6
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he 10
 knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.
 Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well 15
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth
 spring;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the
 string.
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse;
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favor my destined urn, 20
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nursed upon the self-same
 hill,

Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared²⁵
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright³⁰
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westerling wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Tempered to the oaten flute;
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long;
 And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.³⁶
 But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine⁴⁰
 o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes, mourn.
 The willows and the hazel copses green
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,⁴⁵
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
 Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep⁵⁰
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.⁵⁵
 Ay me, I fondly dream!
 Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son.
 Whom universal nature did lament,⁶⁰
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar

His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,⁶⁵

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Næra's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise⁷⁰

(That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,⁷⁵

And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,

Nor in the glistening foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies;⁸⁰

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,⁸⁵

Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,

That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
 But now my oat proceeds,

And listens to the herald of the sea,

That came in Neptune's plea.⁹⁰

He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,

What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?

And questioned every gust of rugged wings

That blows from off each beakèd promontory:

They knew not of his story;⁹⁵

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;

The air was calm, and on the level brine

Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,¹⁰⁰

Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses
 dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
 Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing
 slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim and on the
 edge 105
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with
 woe.
 "Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dear-
 est pledge?"
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain 110
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern be-
 spake:
 "How well could I have spared for thee,
 young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake,
 Creep and intrude and climb into the
 fold! 115
 Of other care they little reckoning make
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know
 how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the
 least 120
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They
 are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy
 songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched
 straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not
 fed, 125
 But swoln with wind and the rank mist they
 draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
 But that two-handed engine at the door 130
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no
 more."
 Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is
 past
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian
 Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand
 hues. 135
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades and wanton winds and gushing
 brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely
 looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed
 showers, 140
 And purple all the ground with vernal flow-
 ers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with
 jet,
 The glowing violet, 145
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired wood-
 bine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive
 head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery
 wears;
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid
 lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false sur-
 mise,
 Ay me, whilst thee the shores and sound-
 ing seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are
 hurled; 155
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming
 tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
 Where the great vision of the guarded
 mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
 Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with
 ruth;
 And O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
 Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep
 no more, 165
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new span-
 gled ore 170
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of Him that walked
 the waves,
 Where, other groves and other streams
 along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,

In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory
move, ¹⁸⁰

And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore.
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood. ¹⁸⁵

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks
and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals
gray;
He touched the tender stops of various
quills,

With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the
hills, ¹⁹⁰
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle
blue:
Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of
youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth
year!

My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom
shew'th.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the
truth

That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less ap-
pear,

That some more timely-happy spirits
endu'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will
of Heaven;

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and
wide,

And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul
more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present

My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light de-
nied?"

I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not
need

Either man's work or his own gifts. Who
best

Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best.
His state

Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without
rest;

They also serve who only stand and
wait."

TO CYRIACK SKINNER

Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes,
though clear

To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;

Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon or star throughout the
year,

Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate
a jot

Of heart or hope, but still bear up and
steer

Right onward. What supports me, dost
thou ask?

The conscience, friend, to have lost them
overplied

In Liberty's defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the
world's vain mask

Content, though blind, had I no better
guide.

OF DARKNESS VISIBLE

[From *The Second Defense*, 1654]

Nor was I ever prompted to such ex-
ertions by the influence of ambition, by
the lust of lucre or of praise; it was only
by the conviction of duty and the feeling
of patriotism, a disinterested passion for
the extension of civil and religious liberty.
Thus, therefore, when I was publicly so-
licitated to write a reply to the *Defense*
of the royal cause, when I had to contend
with the pressure of sickness, and with the
apprehension of soon losing the sight of
my remaining eye, and when my medical
attendants clearly announced that if I did
engage in the work it would be irreparably

lost, their premonitions caused no hesitation and inspired no dismay. I would not have listened to the voice even of Esculapius himself from the shrine of Epidauris, in preference to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast; my resolution was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight, or the desertion of my duty: and I called to mind those two destinies, which the oracle of Delphi announced to the son of Thetis:

"Two fates may lead me to the realms of night,

If staying here, around Troy's wall I fight,

To my dear home no more must I return;
But lasting glory will adorn my urn.

But, if I withdraw from the martial strife,
Short is my fame, but long will be my life."

I considered that many had purchased a less good by a greater evil, the meed of glory by the loss of life: but that I might procure great good by little suffering; that though I am blind, I might still discharge the most honorable duties, the performance of which, as it is something more durable than glory, ought to be an object of superior admiration and esteem; I resolved, therefore, to make the short interval of sight, which was left me to enjoy, as beneficial as possible to the public interest. Thus it is clear by what motives I was governed in the measures which I took, and the losses which I sustained. Let then the calumniators of the divine goodness cease to revile, or make me the object of their superstitious imaginations. Let them consider, that my situation, such as it is, is neither an object of my shame or my regret, that my resolutions are too firm to be shaken, that I am not depressed by any sense of the divine displeasure; that, on the other hand, in the most momentous periods, I have had full experience of the divine favor and protection; and that, in the solace and the strength which have been infused into me from above, I have been enabled to do the will of God; that I may oftener think on what he has bestowed, than on what he has withheld; that, in short, I am unwilling to exchange my consciousness of rectitude with that of any other person; and that I feel the recollection a treasured store of tranquillity and delight. But, if the choice were necessary, I would, sir, prefer my blindness to yours; yours is a

cloud spread over the mind, which darkens both the light of reason and of conscience; mine keeps from my view only the colored surfaces of things, while it leaves me at liberty to contemplate the beauty and stability of virtue and of truth. How many things are there besides which I would not willingly see; how many which I must see against my will; and how few which I feel any anxiety to see! There is, as the apostle has remarked, a way to strength through weakness. Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; as long as in that obscurity, in which I am enveloped, the light of the divine presence more clearly shines, then, in proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong; and in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see. O! that I may thus be perfected by feebleness, and irradiated by obscurity!

OF CELESTIAL LIGHT

[From *Paradise Lost*, III, 1-55]

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!

Or of the Eternal coeternal beam

May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,

And never but in unapproachèd light

Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,

Bright effluence of bright essence increate!

Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,

Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the voice

Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest

The rising World of waters dark and deep,

Won from the void and formless Infinite!

Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,

Escaped the Stygian Pool, though long detained

In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,

Through utter and through middle Darkness

borne,

With other notes than to the Orphean lyre

I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,

Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down

The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,

Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,

And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou

Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain

To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;

So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,

Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief

Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,

Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equaled with me in fate,
So were I equaled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year

Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men

Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,

Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers

Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence

Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

THE POET'S SERVICE TO THE STATE

[From *Reason of Church Government*,
1641]

After I had for my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father, (whom God recompense!) been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools, it was found that whether aught was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or be-taken to of mine own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly

by this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favored to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout, (for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there,) met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things, which I had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniences to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps; I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labor and intense study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die. . . .

Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting; whether that epic form whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model: or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know art, and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art: and lastly, what king or knight, before the conquest, might be chosen in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. . . .

These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation; and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought with his providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general re-

lapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe. Teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed; that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed. And what a benefit this would be to our youth and gentry, may be soon guessed by what we know of the corruption and bane which they suck in daily from the writings and interludes of libidinous and ignorant poetasters, who having scarce ever heard of that which is the main consistence of a true poem, the choice of such persons as they ought to introduce, and what is moral and decent to each one; do for the most part lay up vicious principles in sweet pills to be swallowed down, and make the taste of virtuous documents harsh and sour.

But because the spirit of man cannot demean itself lively in this body, without some recreating intermission of labor and serious things, it were happy for the commonwealth, if our magistrates, as in those famous governments of old, would take into their care, not only the deciding of our contentious lawcases and brawls, but the managing of our public sports and festival pastimes; that they might be, not such as were authorized a while since, the provocations of drunkenness and lust, but such as may inure and harden our bodies by martial exercises to all warlike skill and performance; and may civilize, adorn, and make discreet our minds by the learned and affable meeting of frequent academies, and the procurement of wise and artful recitations, sweetened with eloquent and graceful enticements to the love and practice of justice, temperance, and fortitude, instructing and bettering the nation at all opportunities, that the call of wisdom and virtue may be heard everywhere, as Solomon saith: "She

crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets, in the top of high places, in the chief concourse, and in the opening of the gates." Whether this may not be, not only in pulpits, but after another persuasive method, at set and solemn paneguries, in theaters, porches, or what other place or way may win most upon the people to receive at once both recreation and instruction, let them in authority consult.

The thing which I had to say, and those intentions which have lived within me ever since I could conceive myself anything worth to my country, I return to crave excuse that urgent reason hath plucked from me, by an abortive and foredated discovery. And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but that none hath by more studious ways endeavored, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend; and that the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of prelaty, under whose inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish. Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapors of wine; like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases: to this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them. Although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasant solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of

noises and hoarse disputes, put from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities sold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings, who, when they have, like good sumpters, laid ye down their horse-loads of citations and fathers at your door, with a rhapsody of who and who were bishops here or there, ye may take off their packsaddles, their day's work is done.

FALLEN ON EVIL DAYS

[From *Paradise Lost*, VII, 1-39]

Descend from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing!
The meaning, not the name, I call; for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st; but, heavenly-born,
Before the hills appeared or fountain flowed,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempering. With like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element;
Lest, from this flying steed unreined (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible Diurnal Sphere.
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou

Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when Morn
Purples the East. Still govern thou my song,

Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revelers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard

In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears

To rapture, till the savage clamor drowned
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend

Her son. So fail not thou who thee implores;

For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

[From *Samson Agonistes*]

But, chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies! O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,

And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.

Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me:

They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,

Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own—
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!

O first-created beam, and thou great Word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all,"

Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
The Sun to me is dark

And silent as the Moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,

She all in every part, why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quenched,
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,

That she might look at will through every pore?

Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but, O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulcher, a moving grave;
Buried, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs;
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

"SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE!"

[From *Paradise Lost*, VI, 29-37]

"Servant of God, well done! Well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms,
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care—
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged thee perverse."

2. THE POEM

PARADISE LOST, BOOK I

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,

With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed

In the beginning how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill¹⁰
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed

Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,

Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first

Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,²⁰

Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the highth of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from Thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause

Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,

Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off³⁰
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides.
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,

Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host

Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equaled the Most High,⁴⁰
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,

With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power

Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,

With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day⁵⁰
and night

To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought

Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,

That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,

Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.

At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild: 60
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames

No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared 70
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained

In utter darkness, and their portion set,
As far removed from God and light of Heaven

As from the center thrice to the utmost pole.
Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!

There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed

With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,

He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,

One next himself in power, and next in crime,

Long after known in Palestine, and named 80
Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heaven called Satan, with bold words

Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—
"If thou beest he—but Oh how fallen!
how changed

From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine

Myriads, though bright!—if he whom mutual league,

United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin—into what pit thou seest 91
From what highth fallen: so much the stronger proved

He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,

Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward luster, that fixed mind,

And high disdain from sense of injured merit,

That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,

And to the fierce contention brought along 100
Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,

His utmost power with adverse power opposed

In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?

All is not lost: the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome.

That glory never shall his wrath or might 110
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
Doubted his empire—that were low indeed;
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods

And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,

We may with more successful hope resolve 120
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,

Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven."

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,

Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;

And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:—

"O Prince! O Chief of many thronèd powers

That led the embattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds 130
Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual

King,

And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate!

Too well I see and rue the dire event
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host

In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns, 140

Though all our glory extinct, and happy
state

Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force
as ours)

Have left us this our spirit and strength
entire,

Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be, 150
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-
Fiend replied:—

"Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure—
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160

As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end.

And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which ofttimes may succeed so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.

But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
Back to the gates of Heaven; the sulphurous
hail,

Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge that from the precipice
Of Heaven received us falling; and the
thunder,

Winged with red lightning and impetuous
rage,

Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases
now

To bellow through the vast and boundless
Deep.

Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and
wild,

The seat of desolation, void of light, 181
Save what the glimmering of these livid
flames

Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbor there;
And, reassembling our afflicted powers,

Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what resolution from despair." 191

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts be-
sides,

Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on
Jove,

Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast 200
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered
skiff

Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays.

So stretched out huge in length the Arch-
Fiend lay, 209

Chained on the burning lake; nor ever
thence

Had risen or heaved his head, but that the
will

And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn
On Man by him seduced; but on himself 219
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance
poured.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the
pool

His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires,
and, rolled

In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his
flight

Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights—if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
And such appeared in hue, as when the
force

Of subterranean wind transports a hill 231
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side

Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fueled entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singèd bottom all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found
the sole

Of unblest feet. Him followed his next
mate,

Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian
flood

As gods, and by their own recovered
strength, ²⁴⁰

Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime."
Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for Heaven? this
mournful gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is
best,

Whom reason hath equaled, force hath made
supreme

Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors! ²⁵⁰
hail,

Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of
Heaven.

What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at
least

We shall be free; the Almighty hath not
built

Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: ²⁶⁰

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in
Heaven.

But wherefore let we then our faithful
friends,

The associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in
Hell?" ²⁷⁰

So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub
Thus answered:—"Leader of those armies
bright

Which but the Omnipotent none could have
foiled,

If once they hear that voice, their liveliest
pledge

Of hope in fears and dangers—heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal—they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed: ²⁸¹
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth!"

He scarce had ceased when the superior
Fiend

Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous
shield,

Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose
orb

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, ²⁹⁰

Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.

His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand—
He walked with, to support uneasy steps

Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach

Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called ³⁰⁰
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the
brooks

In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower; or scattered
sedge

Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves
o'erthrew

Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses ³¹⁰
And broken chariot-wheels: so thick be-
strown,

Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.

He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded:—"Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the Flower of Heaven—once
yours, now lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this
place

After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find ³²⁰

To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, fill anon
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern

The advantage, and descending tread us down

Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?

Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!" 330
They heard, and were abashed, and up
they sprung

Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch,
On duty sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not
feel;

Yet to their General's voice they soon obeyed
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy
cloud 340

Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of
Nile:

So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they
light

On the firm brimstone, and fill all the
plain: 350

A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous
sons

Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

Forthwith, from every squadron and each
band,

The heads and leaders thither haste where
stood

Their great Commander; godlike shapes, and
forms

Excelling human, princely Dignities,
And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on
thrones; 360

Though of their names in Heavenly'records
now

Be no memorial, blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the Books of Life.

Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the
Earth,

Through God's high sufferance for the trial
of man,

By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of him that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned 371
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:

Then were they known to me by various
names,

And various idols through the heathen world.

Say, Muse, their names then known, who
first, who last,

Roused from the slumber on that fiery
couch,

At their great Emperor's call, as next in
worth

Came singly where he stood on the bare
strand,

While the promiscuous crowd stood yet
aloof. 380

The chief were those who, from the pit of
Hell

Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst
fix

Their seats, long after, next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods adored

Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned

Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,

Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned, 390

And with their darkness durst affront his
light.

First Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with
blood

Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels
loud,

Their children's cries unheard that passed
through fire

To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshiped in Rabba and her watery plain,

In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such

Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart 400
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build

His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove

The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet
thence

And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell.

Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's
sons,

From Aroar to Nebo and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,⁴¹⁰
And Eleale to the Asphaltic pool;
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them
woe.

Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they who, from the border-
ing flood

Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts⁴²⁰
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general
names

Of Baalim and Ashtaroath—those male,
These feminine. For Spirits, when they
please,

Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompound is their essence pure,
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they
choose,

Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes,⁴³⁰
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians called
Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent
horns;

To whose bright image nightly by the
moon⁴⁴⁰

Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king whose heart, though
large,

Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock⁴⁵⁰
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,

Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive
ark

Maimed his brute image, head and hands
lopt off

In his own temple, on the grunsel-edge,⁴⁶⁰
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worship-
ers:

Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish; yet had his temple high
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.

Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharpar, lucid streams.

He also against the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gained a king,⁴⁷¹
Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquished. After these ap-
peared

A crew who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek⁴⁸⁰
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish
forms

Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
The infection, when their borrowed gold
composed

The calf in Oreb, and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazèd ox—
Jehovah, who, in one night, when he passed
From Egypt marching, equaled with one
stroke

Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more⁴⁹⁰
lewd

Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself. To him no temple stood
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage; and when night⁵⁰⁰
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the
sons

Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night

In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.

These were the prime in order and in might;

The rest were long to tell, though far renowned

The Ionian gods—of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and Earth,

Their boasted parents;—Titan, Heaven's first-born, ⁵¹⁰

With his enormous brood, and birthright seized

By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reigned. These, first in Crete

And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest Heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,

Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields, ⁵²⁰
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks

Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appeared

Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their Chief

Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost

In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised

Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears: ⁵³⁰

Then straight commands that at the warlike sound

Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honor claimed

Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:

Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled

The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,

Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden luster rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: ⁵⁴⁰

At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen

Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colors waving; with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms

Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood ⁵⁵⁰

Of flutes and soft recorders—such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old

Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved

With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,

With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase

Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they.
Breathing united force with fixèd thought, ⁵⁶⁰

Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed

Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now

Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in

guise
Of warriors old, with ordered spear and shield,

Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impose. He through the armèd files

Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views—their order due.

Their visages and stature as of gods; ⁵⁷⁰
Their number last he sums. And now his heart

Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength

Glories; for never, since created man,
Met such embodied force as, named with

these,

Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes: though all the giant

brood

Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each

side

Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son, ⁵⁸⁰

Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,

Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond;

Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
 Their dread commander. He, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent, ⁵⁹⁰
 Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness, nor appeared
 Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
 Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-
 risen

Looks through the horizontal misty air
 Shorn of his beams, or from behind the
 moon,

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
 Above them all the Archangel; but his
 face ⁶⁰⁰

Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and
 care

Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
 Forever now to have their lot in pain;
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
 Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors
 flung ⁶¹⁰

For his revolt; yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory withered: as, when Heaven's fire
 Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain
 pines,

With singed top their stately growth, though
 bare,

Stands on the blasted heath. He now pre-
 pared

To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they
 bend

From wing to wing, and half enclose him
 round

With all his peers: attention held them
 mute.

Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of
 scorn,

Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at
 last ⁶²⁰

Words interwove with sighs found out their
 way:—

“O myriads of immortal Spirits! O Pow-
 ers

Matchless, but with the Almighty!—and that
 strife

Was not inglorious, though the event was
 dire,

As this place testifies, and this dire change,
 Hateful to utter. But what power of mind,
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have
 feared

How such united force of gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
 For who can yet believe, though after loss, ⁶³¹
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend.
 Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
 For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
 If counsels different, or danger shunned
 By me, have lost our hopes. But he who
 reigns

Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure
 Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custom, and his regal state ⁶⁴⁰
 Put forth at full, but still his strength con-
 cealed;

Which tempted our attempt, and wrought
 our fall.

Henceforth his might we know, and know
 our own

So as not either to provoke, or dread
 New war provoked. Our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
 What force effected not; that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force hath overcome but half his foe.

Space may produce new worlds; whereof so
 rife ⁶⁵⁰

There went a fame in Heaven that he ere
 long

Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation whom his choice regard
 Should favor equal to the Sons of Heaven.

Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption: thither or elsewhere;

For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss

Long under darkness cover. But these
 thoughts,

Full counsel must mature. Peace is de-
 spaired, ⁶⁶⁰

For who can think submission? War, then,
 war

Open or understood, must be resolved.”

He spake; and, to confirm his words,
 out-flew

Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the
 thighs

Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
 Far round illumined Hell. Highly they

raged
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped
 arms

Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top⁶⁷⁰

Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire

Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,

A numerous brigad hastened: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell

From Heaven, for even in Heaven his looks⁶⁸⁰
and thoughts

Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,

Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the Center, and with impious hands

Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none⁶⁹⁰
admire

That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those

Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell

Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,

And strength, and art, are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they, with incessant toil
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.⁷⁰⁰
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross.

A third as soon had formed within the ground

A various mold, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook:

As in an organ, from one blast of wind,

To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge⁷¹⁰
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet—
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:

The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equaled in all their glories, to enshrine⁷²⁰
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately highth, and straight
the doors,

Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the archèd roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light⁷³⁰
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring entered, and the work some praise,
And some the architect. His hand was known

In Heaven by many a towered structure high,

Where sceptered Angels held their residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men called him Muleiber; and how he fell⁷⁴⁰
From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry
Jove

Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægean isle. Thus they relate,

Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
To have built in Heaven high towers; nor
did he scape

By all his engines, but was headlong sent⁷⁵⁰
With his industrious crew to build in Hell.

Meanwhile the wingèd heralds, by command

Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host
proclaim

A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers. Their summons
called

From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they
anon

With hundreds and with thousands trooping
came ⁷⁶⁰

Attended. All access was thronged; the
gates

And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a covered field, where cham-
pions bold

Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's
chair

Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance)

Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in
the air,

Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As
bees

In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus
rides,

Pour forth their populous youth about the
hive ⁷⁷⁰

In clusters; they among fresh dews and
flowers

Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state-affairs. So thick the aery crowd
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the sig-
nal given,

Behold a wonder; they but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow
room

Throng numberless, like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves, ⁷⁸¹

Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth
and dance

Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at
large, ⁷⁹⁰

Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,

Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

Book II

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest
hand

Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and
gold,

Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success un-
taught,

His proud imaginations thus displayed:— ¹⁰
"Powers and Dominions, Deities of
Heaven!

For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppressed and
fallen,

I give not Heaven for lost: from this de-
scent

Celestial Virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no
fall,

And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right, and the fixed laws of
Heaven,

Did first create your leader, next, free
choice,

With what besides, in council or in fight, ²⁰
Hath been achieved of merit, yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe, unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might
draw

Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's
aim

Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest
share

Of endless pain? Where there is then no
good ³⁰

For which to strive, no strife can grow up
there

From faction; for none sure will claim in
Hell

Precedence, none whose portion is so small
Of present pain that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return

To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best
way, 40

Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise may speak."

He ceased; and next him Moloch, scap-
tered king,

Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest
Spirit

That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by de-
spair.

His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
He recked not, and these words thereafter
spake:— 50

"My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need; not
now.

For while they sit contriving, shall the rest—
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend—sit lingering here,
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-
place

Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame.
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather choose, 60
Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless
way,

Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange
fire,

His own invented torments. But perhaps 70
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
The event is feared! Should we again pro-
voke

Our stronger, some worse way his wrath
may find

To our destruction—if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroyed! What can be
worse

Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss,
condemned

In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us, without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than
thus,

We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to in-
cense

His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential—happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being!—
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

He ended frowning, and his look de-
nounced

Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seemed
For dignity composed, and high exploit. 110
But all was false and hollow; though his
tongue

Dropt manna, and could make the worse ap-
pear

The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were
low;

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful; yet he pleased the
ear:

And with persuasive accent thus began:—

"I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged 120
Main reason to persuade immediate war
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven
are filled

With armed watch, that render all access 130

Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our
way

By force, and at our heels all Hell should
rise

With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mold,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel 140
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage;
And that must end us, that must be our
cure—

To be no more. Sad cure! for who would
lose,

Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night, 150
Devoid of sense and motion? And who
knows,

Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we
then?'

Say they who counsel war; 'we are decreed.
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe: 160
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?' Is this then
worst,

Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursued and
struck

With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and be-
sought

The Deep to shelter us? This Hell then
seemed

A refuge from those wounds. Or when we
lay

Chained on the burning lake? That sure was
worse.

What if the breath that kindled those grim
fires, 170

Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold
rage,

And plunge us in the flames; or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again

His red right hand to plague us? What if
all

Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled, 180
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and
prey

Of racking whirlwinds, or forever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end! This would be worse.
War therefore; open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades: for what can force or
guile

With him, or who deceive his mind, whose
eye

Views all things at one view? He from
Heaven's highth 190

All these our motions vain sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and
wiles.

Shall we then live thus vile, the race of
Heaven

Thus trampled, thus expelled to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these
than worse,

By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust 200
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might
fall.

I laugh, when those who at the spear are
bold

And venturous, if that fail them, shrink, and
fear

What yet they know must follow—to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror. This is
now

Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit 210
His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished; whence these rag-
ing fires

Will slacken, if his breath stir not their
flames.

Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor, or, inured, not feel;

Or, changed at length, and to the place
conformed

In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat; and, void of
pain,

This horror will grow mild, this darkness
light; ²²⁰

Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance,
what change

Worth waiting,—since our present lot ap-
pears

For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe."

Thus Belial, with words clothed in rea-
son's garb,

Counseled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace; and after him thus Mammon
spake:—

"Either to disenthroned the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain ²³⁰
Our own right lost. Him to unthroned we
then

May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the
strife.

The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's
Lord Supreme

We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could
we

Stand in his presence, humble, and re-
ceive ²⁴⁰

Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead
sing

Forced Halleluiahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our
task

In Heaven, this our delight. How wear-
some

Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pur-
sue—

By force impossible, by leave obtained ²⁵⁰
Unacceptable—though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our
own

Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke

Of servile pomp. Our greatness will ap-
pear

Then most conspicuous, when great things
of small,

Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er ²⁶⁰

Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labor and endurance. This deep
world

Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-
ruling Sire

Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne, from whence deep thun-
ders roar,

Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles
Hell!

As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert
soil ²⁷⁰

Wants not her hidden luster, gems, and
gold;

Nor want we skill or art, from whence to
raise

Magnificence; and what can Heaven show
more?

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs re-
move

The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may ²⁸⁰
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I ad-
vise."

He scarce had finished, when such mur-
mur filled

The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all
night long

Had roused the sea, now with hoarse ca-
dence lull

Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by
chance,

Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was
heard ²⁹⁰

As Mammon ended, and his sentence
pleased,

Advising peace; for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell; so much the
fear

Of thunder and the sword of Michaël

Wrought still within them; and no less de-
 sire
 To found this nether empire, which might
 rise,
 By policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heaven.
 Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than
 whom,
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave ³⁰⁰
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
 A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat and public care;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone.
 Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his
 look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noontide air, while thus he
 spake:—
 "Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring
 of Heaven, ³¹⁰
 Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now
 Must we renounce, and changing style, be
 called
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines—here to continue, and build up
 here
 A growing empire; doubtless! while we
 dream,
 And know not that the King of Heaven
 hath doomed
 This place our dungeon—not our safe re-
 treat
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
 From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new
 league
 Banded against his throne, but to remain ³²⁰
 In strictest bondage, though thus far re-
 moved,
 Under the inevitable curb, reserved
 His captive multitude. For he, be sure,
 In highth or depth, still first and last will
 reign
 Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend
 His empire, and with iron scepter rule
 Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.
 What sit we then projecting peace and war?
 War hath determined us, and foiled with
 loss ³³⁰
 Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
 Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will
 be given
 To us enslaved, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return,

But, to our power, hostility, and hate,
 Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though
 slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
 May reap his conquest, and may least re-
 joice
 In doing what we most in suffering feel? ³⁴⁰
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or
 siege,
 Or ambush from the Deep. What if we
 find
 Some easier enterprise? There is a place
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
 Err not), another World, the happy seat
 Of some new race called Man, about this
 time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favored
 more ³⁵⁰
 Of him who rules above; so was his will
 Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath
 That shook Heaven's whole circumference,
 confirmed.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to
 learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mold
 Or substance, how endued, and what their
 power,
 And where their weakness: how attempted
 best,
 By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be
 shut,
 And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lie ex-
 posed, ³⁶⁰
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it; here, perhaps,
 Some advantageous act may be achieved
 By sudden onset: either with Hell-fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess
 All as our own, and drive, as we were
 driven,
 The puny habitants; or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting
 hand
 Abolish his own works. This would sur-
 pass ³⁷⁰
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise
 In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall
 curse
 Their frail original, and faded bliss—
 Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth

Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed; for
whence ³⁸⁰

But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still
serves

His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those Infernal States, and
joy

Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus re-
news:—

"Well have ye judged, well ended long
debate, ³⁹⁰

Synod of gods! and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved; which from the low-
est deep

Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat—perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neigh-
boring arms

And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious
air, ⁴⁰⁰

To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom
shall we send

In search of this new world? whom shall
we find

Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering
feet

The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive

The happy isle? What strength, what art,
can then ⁴¹⁰

Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations
thick

Of Angels watching round? Here he had
need

All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we
send,

The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared

To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt; but all sat mute, ⁴²⁰
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts;
and each

In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonished. None among the choice and
prime

Of those Heaven-warring champions could
be found

So hardy as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus
spake:—

"O Progeny of Heaven! Empyrean
Thrones! ⁴³¹

With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the
way

And hard, that out of Hell leads up to
Light;

Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.

These passed, if any pass, the void pro-
found

Of unessential Night receives him next,
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of be-
ing ⁴⁴⁰

Threatens him, plunged in that abortive
gulf.

If thence he scape, into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sovranity, adorned
With splendor, armed with power, if aught
proposed

And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I ac-
sume ⁴⁵⁰

These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him
due

Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honored sits? Go therefore, mighty
Powers,

Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at
home

While here shall be our home, what best may
ease

The present misery, and render Hell

More tolerable; if there be cure or charm ⁴⁶⁰
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
 Of this ill mansion; intermit no watch
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction
 seek

Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
 None shall partake with me." Thus saying,
 rose

The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
 Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised,
 Others among the chief might offer now
 (Certain to be refused) what erst they
 feared, ⁴⁷⁰

And, so refused, might in opinion stand
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
 Which he through hazard huge must earn.

But they
 Dreaded not more the adventure than his
 voice

Forbidding; and at once with him they rose.
 Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him
 they bend

With awful reverence prone; and as a god
 Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.
 Nor failed they to express how much they
 praised ⁴⁸⁰

That for the general safety he despised
 His own; for neither do the Spirits damned
 Lose all their virtue,—lest bad men should
 boast

Their specious deeds on Earth, which glory
 excites,

Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.
 Thus they their doubtful consultations
 dark

Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief;
 As when from mountain-tops the dusky
 clouds

Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps,
 o'er-spread

Heaven's cheerful face, the louring ele-
 ment ⁴⁹⁰

Scowls o'er the darkened landskip snow or
 shower;

If chance the radiant sun with farewell
 sweet

Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,

The birds their notes renew, and bleating
 herds

Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
 O shame to men! Devil with devil damned
 Firm concord holds; men only disagree
 Of creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heavenly grace; and, God proclaiming
 peace,

Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife ⁵⁰⁰
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction wait!

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and
 forth

In order came the grand, Infernal Peers;
 Midst came their mighty Paramount, and
 seemed

Alone the antagonist of Heaven, nor less
 Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp su-
 preme, ⁵¹⁰

And god-like imitated state; him round
 A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed
 With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms,
 Then of their session ended they bid cry
 With trumpet's regal sound the great re-
 sult:

Toward the four winds four speedy Cheru-
 bim

Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
 By herald's voice explained; the hollow
 Abyss

Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
 With deafening shout returned them loud
 acclaim. ⁵²⁰

Thence more at ease their minds, and some-
 what raised

By false presumptuous hope, the rangèd
 powers

Disband; and, wandering, each his several
 way

Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplexed, where he may likeli-
 est find

Truce to his restless thoughts, and enter-
 tain

The irksome hours, till his great Chief re-
 turn.

3. LIBERTY AND DISCIPLINE

[From *Areopagitica*, 1644]

THE VIRTUE OF BOOKS

I deny not but that it is of greatest con-
 cernment in the church and commonwealth

to have a vigilant eye how books demean
 themselves, as well as men; and thereafter
 to confine, imprison, and do sharpest jus-
 tice on them as malefactors; for books are
 not absolutely dead things, but do contain

a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth: and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life.

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labor to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil: that is to say, of knowing good by evil.

As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly

better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas,) describing true temperance under the person of Guyon, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain.

Since therefore the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

OF RESTRAINTS

For if they fell upon one kind of strictness, unless their care were equal to regulate all other things of like aptness to corrupt the mind, that single endeavor they knew would be but a fond labor; to shut and fortify one gate against corruption, and be necessitated to leave others round about wide open. If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth, but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be

licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also, and the balconies, must be thought on; these are shrewd books, with dangerous frontispieces, set to sale: who shall prohibit them, shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebec reads, even to the ballatry and the gamut of every municipal fiddler; for these are the countryman's Arcadias, and his Montemayors.

Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill abroad, than household gluttony? Who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting? And what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harbored? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober workmasters, to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country? Who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state.

To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian politics, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably. Nor is it Plato's licensing of books will do this, which necessarily pulls along with it so many other kinds of licensing, as will make us all both ridiculous and weary, and yet frustrate; but those unwritten, or at least unconstraining laws of virtuous education, religious and civil nurture, which Plato there mentions, as the bonds and ligaments of the commonwealth, the pillars and the sustainers of every written statute; these they be, which will bear chief sway in such matters as these, when all licensing will be easily eluded. Impunity and remissness for certain are the bane of a commonwealth; but here the great art lies, to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment, and in what things persuasion only is to work. If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years were to be under pit-

tance, prescription, and compulsion, what were virtue but a name, what praise could be then due to well doing, what gramercy to be sober, just, or continent?

Many there be that complain of divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues! when God gave him reason, he gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing; he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions. We ourselves esteem not of that obedience, or love, or gift, which is of force; God therefore left him free, set before him a provoking object ever almost in his eyes; herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence. Wherefore did he create passions within us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue? They are not skilful considerers of human things who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin; for, besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all, in such a universal thing as books are; and when this is done, yet the sin remains entire. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left, ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste that came not thither so: such great care and wisdom is required to the right managing of this point.

Suppose we could expel sin by this means; look how much ye thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue: for the matter of them both is the same: remove that, and ye remove them both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who, though he commands us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us even to a profuseness all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Why should we then affect a rigor contrary to the manner of God and of nature, by abridging or scanting those means, which books freely permitted are, both to the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth?

LIBERTY OF THOUGHT

I lastly proceed from the no good it¹ can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in be-

¹ i. e., requiring a license for the publication of books.

ing first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally church revenues, that then all learning would be forever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy: nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman, who had a competency left him. If therefore ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenious sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labors advance the good of mankind, then know, that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him.

What advantage is it to a man, over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferula, to come under the fescue of an imprimatur? If serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar-lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no greater argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that wrote before him; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities, can bring him

to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unlesured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labor of bookwriting; and if he be not repulsed, or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety, that he is no idiot or seducer; it cannot be but a dishonor and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy as to have many things well worth the adding come into his mind after licensing, while the book is yet under the press, which not seldom happens to the best and diligentest writers; and that perhaps a dozen times in one book. The printer dares not go beyond his licensed copy; so often then must the author trudge to his leave-giver, that those his new insertions may be viewed; and many a jaunt will be made, ere found, or found at leisure; meanwhile either the press must stand still, which is no small damage, or the author lose his accuratest thoughts, and send the book forth worse than he had made it, which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy and vexation that can befall.

And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching; how can he be a doctor in his book, as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, whenas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction of his patriarchal licenser, to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hide-bound humor which he calls his judgment? When every acute reader, upon the first sight of a pedantic license, will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him: "I hate a pupil teacher; I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist. I know nothing of the licenser, but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance; who shall warrant me his judgment?" "The state, sir," replies the stationer; but has a quick return: "The state shall be my governors, but not my critics; they may be mistaken in the choice of a licenser, as easily as this licenser may be mistaken in an author. This is some common stuff": and he might add from Sir Francis Bacon, that "such

authorized books are but the language of the times." For though a licenser should happen to be judicious more than ordinary, which will be a great jeopardy of the next succession, yet his very office and his commission enjoins him to let pass nothing but what is vulgarly received already.

A HERETIC IN THE TRUTH

Well knows he who uses to consider, that our faith and knowledge thrives by exercise, as well as our limbs and complexion. Truth is compared in scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition. A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believes things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy. There is not any burden that some would gladlier post off to another than the charge and care of their religion. There be, who knows not that there be? of protestants and professors, who live and die in as errant and implicit faith as any lay papist of Loretto.

A wealthy man, addicted to his pleasure and to his profits, finds religion to be a traffic so entangled, and of so many piddling accounts, that of all mysteries he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade. What should he do? Fain he would have the name to be religious, fain he would bear up with his neighbors in that. What does he therefore, but resolves to give over toiling, and to find himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs; some divine of note and estimation that must be. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody; and indeed makes the very person of that man his religion: esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say his religion is now no more within himself, but is become a dividual moveable, and goes and comes near him, according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him; his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep; rises, is saluted, and after the malmsey, or some well-spiced bruage, and better

breakfasted than He whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem, his religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading all day without his religion.

Another sort there be, who when they hear that all things shall be ordered, all things regulated and settled; nothing written but what passes through the custom-house of certain publicans that have the tonnage and poundage of all free-spoken truth, will straight give themselves up into your hands, make them and cut them out what religion ye please: there be delights, there be recreations and jolly pastimes, that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream. What need they torture their heads with that which others have taken so strictly and so unalterably into their own purveying? These are the fruits which a dull ease and cessation of our knowledge will bring forth among the people. How goodly, and how to be wished were such an obedient unanimity as this! What a fine conformity would it starch us all into! Doubtless a staunch and solid piece of framework as any January could freeze together.

LIBERTY THE NURSE OF ALL GREAT WITS

Truth indeed came once into the world with her divine master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on: but when he ascended and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, lords and commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mold them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking, that continue to

do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint.

We boast our light; but if we look not wisely on the sun itself, it smites us into darkness. Who can discern those planets that are oft combust, and those stars of brightest magnitude that rise and set with the sun, until the opposite motion of their orbs bring them to such a place in the firmament, where they may be seen evening or morning? The light which we have gained was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge. It is not the unfrocking of a priest, the unmitering of a bishop, and the removing him from off the presbyterian shoulders, that will make us a happy nation; no, if other things as great in the church, and in the rule of life both economical and political, be not looked into and reformed, we have looked so long upon the blaze that Zuinglius and Calvin have beacons up to us that we are stark blind.

There be who perpetually complain of schisms and sects, and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims. It is their own pride and ignorance which causes the disturbing, who neither will hear with meekness, nor can convince, yet all must be suppressed which is not found in their Syntagma. They are the troublers, they are the dividers of unity, who neglect and permit not others to unite those dissevered pieces, which are yet wanting to the body of truth. To be still searching what we know not, by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it (for all her body is homogeneal, and proportional), this is the golden rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a church; not the forced and outward union of cold and neutral and inwardly divided minds.

Lords and commons of England! consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient, and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and able judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philos-

ophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the labored studies of the French.

Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language and our theological arts. Yet that which is above all this, the favor and the love of Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending towards us. Why else was this nation chosen before any other, that out of her, as out of Sion, should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of reformation to all Europe? And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wickliffe, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Husse and Jerome, no, nor the name of Luther or of Calvin, had been ever known: the glory of reforming all our neighbors had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demeaned the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and the backwardest scholars of whom God offered to have made us the teachers.

Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his church, even to the reforming of reformation itself; what does he then but to reveal himself to his servants, and as his manner is, first to his Englishmen? I say, as his manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of his counsels, and are unworthy. Behold now, this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defense of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction.

What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful laborers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to the harvest; there need not be five weeks, had we but eyes to lift up, the fields are white already. Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men, to reassume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligences to join and unite into one general and brotherly search after truth; could we but forego this prelatial tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men. I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mold and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage, "If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a church or kingdom happy."

Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries, as if, while the temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort of irrational men, who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world: neither can every piece of the building be of one form; nay, rather the perfection consists in this, that out of many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilarities that are not vastly disproportional, arises the goodly

and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure.

Let us therefore be more considerate builders, more wise in spiritual architecture, when great reformation is expected. For now the time seems come, wherein Moses, the great prophet, may sit in heaven rejoicing to see that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled, when not only our seventy elders, but all the Lord's people, are become prophets. No marvel then though some men, and some good men too perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest these divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds, and waits the hour: when they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches; nor will beware, until he see our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude, honest perhaps, though overtimid, of them that vex in this behalf, but shall laugh in the end at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me.

First, when a city shall be as it were besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumored to be marching up, even to her walls and suburb trenches; that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular good will, contentedness, and confidence in your prudent foresight, and safe government, lords and commons; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well-grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was who, when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment.

Next, it is a lively and cheerful presage

of our happy success and victory. For as in a body when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is; so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, by casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs, and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honorable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily in this city? Should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, lords and commons! they who counsel ye to such a suppressing, do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free, and humane government; it is the liberty, lords and commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us; liberty which is the nurse of all great wits: this is that which hath rarified and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves,

that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; ye cannot suppress that unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may dispatch at will their own children. And who shall then stick closest to ye and excite others? Not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct, and his four nobles of Danegelt. Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities, yet I love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

OF DISCIPLINE

[From *Reason of Church Government*, .
1641]

There is not that thing in the world of more grave and urgent importance throughout the whole life of man, than is discipline. What need I instance? He that hath read with judgment of nations and commonwealths, of cities and camps, of peace and war, sea and land, will readily agree that the flourishing and decaying of all civil societies, all the moments and turnings of human occasions are moved to and fro as upon the axle of discipline. So that whatsoever power or sway in mortal things weaker men have attributed to fortune, I durst with more confidence (the honor of Divine Providence ever saved) ascribe either to the vigor or the slackness of discipline. Nor is there any sociable perfection in this life, civil or sacred, that can be above discipline; but she is that which with her musical cords preserves and holds all the parts thereof together. Hence in those perfect armies of Cyrus in Xenophon, and Scipio in the Roman stories, the excellence of military skill was esteemed, not by the not needing, but by the readiest submitting to the edicts of their commander. And certainly discipline is not only the removal of disorder; but if any visible shape can be given to divine things, the very visible shape and image of virtue, whereby she is not only

seen in the regular gestures and motions of her heavenly paces as she walks, but also makes the harmony of her voice audible to mortal ears.

BRITAIN THE HOME OF TRUE LIBERTY

[From the *Second Defense*, 1654]

Who is there, who does not identify the honor of his country with his own? And what can conduce more to the beauty or glory of one's country, than the recovery, not only of its civil but its religious liberty? And what nation or state ever obtained both, by more successful or more valourous exertion? For fortitude is seen resplendent, not only in the field of battle and amid the clash of arms, but displays its energy under every difficulty and against every assailant. Those Greeks and Romans who are the objects of our admiration employed hardly any other virtue in the extirpation of tyrants, than that love of liberty which made them prompt in seizing the sword, and gave them strength to use it. With facility they accomplished the undertaking, amid the general shout of praise and joy; nor did they engage in the attempt so much as an enterprise of perilous and doubtful issue, as in a contest the most glorious in which virtue could be signalized; which infallibly led to present recompense; which bound their brows with wreaths of laurel, and consigned their memories to immortal fame. For as yet, tyrants were not beheld with a superstitious reverence; as yet they were not regarded with tenderness and complacency, as the vicegerents or deputies of Christ, as they have suddenly pro-

fessed to be; as yet the vulgar, stupefied by the subtle casuistry of the priest, had not degenerated into a state of barbarism, more gross than that which disgraces the most senseless natives of Hindostan. For these make mischievous demons, whose malice they cannot resist, the objects of their religious adoration: while those elevate impotent tyrants, in order to shield them from destruction, into the rank of gods; and, to their own cost, consecrate the pests of the human race. But against this dark array of long-received opinions, superstitions, obloquy, and fears, which some dread even more than the enemy himself, the English had to contend; and all this, under the light of better information, and favored by an impulse from above, they overcame with such singular enthusiasm and bravery, that, great as were the numbers engaged in the contest, the grandeur of conception, and loftiness of spirit which were universally displayed, merited for each individual more than a mediocrity of fame; and Britain, which was formerly styled the hot-bed of tyranny, will hereafter deserve to be celebrated for endless ages, as a soil most genial to the growth of liberty. During the mighty struggle, no anarchy, no licentiousness was seen; no illusions of glory, no extravagant emulation of the ancients inflamed them with a thirst for ideal liberty; but the rectitude of their lives, and the sobriety of their habits, taught them the only true and safe road to real liberty; and they took up arms only to defend the sanctity of the laws and the rights of conscience. Relying on the divine assistance, they used every honorable exertion to break the yoke of slavery.

4. THE STATE

THE MASTERPIECE OF A POLITICIAN

[From *Reformation in England*, 1641]

It is a work good and prudent to be able to guide one man; of larger extended virtue to order well one house; but to govern a nation piously and justly, which only is to say happily, is for a spirit of the greatest size, and divinest mettle. And certainly of no less a mind, nor of less excellence in another way, were they who by writing laid the solid and true foundations of this science, which being of greatest importance to the life of man, yet there is no art that hath been more cankered in her principles,

more soiled and slubbered with aphorisming pedantry, than the art of policy; and that most, where a man would think should least be, in Christian commonwealths. They teach not, that to govern well, is to train up a nation in true wisdom and virtue, and that which springs from thence, magnanimity, (take heed of that,) and that which is our beginning, regeneration, and happiest end, likeness to God, which in one word we call godliness; and that this is the true flourishing of a land. Other things follow as the shadow does the substance: to teach thus were mere pulpitry to them.

This is the masterpiece of a modern poli-

tician, how to qualify and mold the sufferance and subjection of the people to the length of that foot that is to tread on their necks; how rapine may serve itself with the fair and honorable pretences of public good; how the puny law may be brought under the wardship and control of lust and will: in which attempt if they fall short, then must a superficial color of reputation by all means, direct or indirect, be gotten to wash over the unsightly bruise of honor. To make men governable in this manner, their precepts mainly tend to break a national spirit and courage, by countenancing open riot, luxury, and ignorance, till having thus disfigured and made men beneath men, as Juno in the fable of Io, they deliver up the poor transformed heifer of the commonwealth to be stung and vexed with the breeze and goad of oppression, under the custody of some Argus with a hundred eyes of jealousy. To be plainer, sir, how to solder, how to stop a leak, how to keep up the floating carcass of a crazy and diseased monarchy or state, betwixt wind and water, swimming still upon her own dead lees, that now is the deep design of a politician. Alas, sir! a commonwealth ought to be but as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body; for look what the grounds and causes are of single happiness to one man, the same ye shall find them to a whole state.

THE SOURCE OF POWER

[From *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, 1648-9]

No man who knows aught can be so stupid to deny that all men naturally were born free, being the image and resemblance of God himself, and were by privilege above all the creatures born to command, and not to obey; and that they lived so, till from the root of Adam's transgression falling among themselves to do wrong and violence, and foreseeing that such courses must needs tend to the destruction of them all, they agreed by common league to bind each other from mutual injury, and jointly to defend themselves against any that give disturbance or opposition to such agreement. Hence came cities, towns, and commonwealths. And because no faith in all was found sufficiently binding, they saw it needful to ordain some authority that might restrain

by force and punishment what was violated against peace and common right.

This authority and power of self-defense and preservation being originally and naturally in every one of them, and unitedly in them all; for ease, for order, and lest each man should be his own partial judge, they communicated and derived either to one, whom for the eminence of his wisdom and integrity they chose above the rest, or to more than one, whom they thought of equal deserving: the first was called a king; the other, magistrates: not to be their lords and masters, (though afterward those names in some places were given voluntarily to such as have been authors of inestimable good to the people,) but to be their deputies and commissioners, to execute by virtue of their intrusted power that justice, which else every man by the bond of nature and of covenant must have executed for himself and for one another. And to him that shall consider well, why among free persons one man by civil right should bear authority and jurisdiction over another, no other end or reason can be imaginable.

These for a while governed well, and with much equity decided all things at their own arbitrament; till the temptation of such a power, left absolute in their hands, perverted them at length to injustice and partiality. Then did they, who now by trial had found the danger and inconveniences of committing arbitrary power to any, invent laws, either framed or consented to by all, that should confine and limit the authority of whom they chose to govern them: that so man, of whose failing they had proof, might no more rule over them, but law and reason, abstracted as much as might be from personal errors and frailties. "While, as the magistrate was set above the people, so the law was set above the magistrate." When this would not serve, but that the law was either not executed, or misapplied, they were constrained from that time, the only remedy left them, to put conditions and take oaths from all kings and magistrates at their first instalment, to do impartial justice by law: who, upon those terms and no other, received allegiance from the people, that is to say, bond or covenant to obey them in execution of those laws which they, the people, had themselves made or assented to. And this oft-times with express warning, that if the king or magistrate proved unfaithful to his trust, the people would be disengaged.

They added also counselors and parliaments, not to be only at his beck, but, with him or without him, at set times, or at all times, when any danger threatened, to have care of the public safety.

It being thus manifest that the power of kings and magistrates is nothing else but what is only derivative, transferred, and committed to them in trust from the people to the common good of them all, in whom the power yet remains fundamentally, and cannot be taken from them, without a violation of their natural birthright; and seeing that from hence Aristotle, and the best of political writers, have defined a king, "him who governs to the good and profit of his people, and not for his own ends"; it follows from necessary causes that the titles of sovereign lord, natural lord, and the like, are either arrogancies or flatteries, not admitted by emperors and kings of best note, and disliked by the church both of Jews (Isa. xxvi, 13) and ancient Christians, as appears by Tertullian and others. Although generally the people of Asia, and with them the Jews also, especially since the time they chose a king against the advice and counsel of God, are noted by wise authors much inclinable to slavery.

Secondly, that to say, as is usual, the king hath as good right to his crown and dignity as any man to his inheritance, is to make the subject no better than the king's slave, his chattel, or his possession that may be bought and sold: and doubtless, if hereditary title were sufficiently inquired, the best foundation of it would be found but either in courtesy or convenience. But suppose it to be of right hereditary, what can be more just and legal, if a subject for certain crimes be to forfeit by law from himself and posterity all his inheritance to the king, than that a king, for crimes proportional, should forfeit all his title and inheritance to the people? Unless the people must be thought created all for him, he not for them, and they all in one body inferior to him single; which were a kind of treason against the dignity of mankind to affirm.

Thirdly, it follows, that to say kings are accountable to none but God, is the overturning of all law and government. For if they may refuse to give account, then all covenants made with them at coronation, all oaths are in vain, and mere mockeries; all laws which they swear to keep, made to no purpose; for if the king fear not God,

(as how many of them do not,) we hold then our lives and estates by the tenure of his mere grace and mercy, as from a god, not a mortal magistrate; a position that none but court-parasites or men besotted would maintain! Aristotle, therefore, whom we commonly allow for one of the best interpreters of nature and morality, writes in the fourth of his *Politics*, chap. x, that "monarchy unaccountable is the worst sort of tyranny, and least of all to be endured by free-born men."

It follows, lastly, that since the king or magistrate holds his authority of the people, both originally and naturally for their good, in the first place, and not his own, then may the people, as oft as they shall judge it for the best, either choose him or reject him, retain him or depose him, though no tyrant, merely by the liberty and right of free-born men to be governed as seems to them best. This, though it cannot but stand with plain reason, shall be made good also by Scripture (Deut. xvii, 14): "When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, and shalt say, I will set a king over me, like as all the nations above me." These words confirm us that the right of choosing, yea of changing their own government, is by the grant of God himself in the people.

OF JUSTICE

[From *Eikonoklastes*, 1649]

It happened once, as we find in Esdras and Josephus, authors not less believed than any under sacred, to be a great and solemn debate in the court of Darius, what thing was to be counted strongest of all other. He that could resolve this, in reward of his excellent wisdom, should be clad in purple, drink in gold, sleep on a bed of gold, and sit next Darius. None but they, doubtless, who were reputed wise, had the question propounded to them; who after some respite given them by the king to consider, in full assembly of all his lords and gravest counselors, returned severally what they thought. The first held that wine was strongest; another, that the king was strongest; but Zorobabel, prince of the captive Jews, and heir to the crown of Judah, being one of them, proved women to be stronger than the king, for that he himself had seen a concubine take his crown from off his head to set it upon her own; and

others beside him have likewise seen the like feat done, and not in jest. Yet he proved on, and it was so yielded by the king himself, and all his sages, that neither wine, nor women, nor the king, but truth of all other things was the strongest.

For me, though neither asked, nor in a nation that gives such rewards to wisdom. I shall pronounce my sentence somewhat different from Zorobabel; and shall defend that either truth and justice are all one, (for truth is but justice in our knowledge, and justice is but truth in our practice;) and he indeed so explains himself, in saying that with truth is no accepting of persons, which is the property of justice, or else if there be any odds, that justice, though not stronger than truth, yet by her office, is to put forth and exhibit more strength in the affairs of mankind. For truth is properly no more than contemplation; and her utmost efficiency is but teaching: but justice in her very essence is all strength and activity; and hath a sword put into her hand, to use against all violence and oppression on the earth. She it is most truly, who accepts no person, and exempts none from the severity of her stroke. She never suffers injury to prevail, but when falsehood first prevails over truth; and that also is a kind of justice done on them who are so deluded. Though wicked kings and tyrants counterfeit her sword, as some did that buckler fabled to fall from heaven into the capitol, yet she communicates her power to none but such as, like herself, are just, or at least will do justice. For it were extreme partiality and justice, the flat denial and overthrow of herself, to put her own authentic sword into the hand of an unjust and wicked man, or so far to accept and exalt one mortal person above his equals, that he alone shall have the punishing of all other men transgressing, and not receive like punishment from men, when he himself shall be found the highest transgressor.

We may conclude, therefore, that justice, above all other things, is and ought to be the strongest; she is the strength, the kingdom, the power, and majesty of all ages. Truth herself would subscribe to this, though Darius and all the monarchs of the world should deny. And if by sentence thus written it were my happiness to set free the minds of Englishmen from longing to return poorly under that captivity of kings from which the strength and supreme

sword of justice hath delivered them, I shall have done a work not much inferior to that of Zorobabel; who, by well-praising and extolling the force of truth, in that contemplative strength conquered Darius, and freed his country and the people of God from the captivity of Babylon. Which I shall yet not despair to do, if they in this land whose minds are yet captive be but as ingenuous to acknowledge the strength and supremacy of justice, as that heathen king was to confess the strength of truth: or let them but, as he did, grant that, and they will soon perceive that truth resigns all her outward strength to justice: justice therefore must needs be strongest, both in her own, and in the strength of truth. But if a king may do among men whatsoever is his will and pleasure, and notwithstanding be unaccountable to men, then, contrary to the magnified wisdom of Zorobabel, neither truth nor justice, but the king, is strongest of all other things, which that Persian monarch himself, in the midst of all his pride and glory, durst not assume.

A FREE COMMONWEALTH

[From *A Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth*, 1660]

The whole freedom of man consists either in spiritual or civil liberty. As for spiritual, who can be at rest, who can enjoy anything in this world with contentment, who hath not liberty to serve God, and to save his own soul, according to the best light which God hath planted in him to that purpose, by the reading of his revealed will, and the guidance of his Holy Spirit? That this is best pleasing to God, and that the whole protestant church allows no supreme judge or rule in matters of religion, but the Scriptures; and these to be interpreted by the Scriptures themselves, which necessarily infers liberty of conscience, I have heretofore proved at large in another treatise; and might yet further, by the public declarations, confessions, and admonitions of whole churches and states, obvious in all histories since the reformation. . . .

The other part of our freedom consists in the civil rights and advancements of every person according to his merit: the enjoyment of those never more certain, and the access to these never more open than in a free commonwealth. Both which, in my opinion, may be best and soonest obtained

if every county in the land were made a kind of subordinate commonalty or commonwealth, and one chief town or more, according as the shire is in circuit, made cities, if they be not so called already; where the nobility and chief gentry, from a proportionable compass of territory annexed to each city, may build houses or palaces befitting their quality; may bear part in the government, make their own judicial laws, or use those that are, and execute them by their own elected judicatures and judges without appeal, in all things of civil government between man and man. So they shall have justice in their own hands, law executed fully and finally in their own counties and precincts, long wished and spoken of but never yet obtained. They shall have none then to blame but themselves, if it be not well administered; and fewer laws to expect or fear from the supreme authority; or to those that shall be made, of any great concernment to public liberty, they may, without much trouble in these commonalties, or in more general assemblies called to their cities from the whole territory on such occasion, declare and publish their assent or dissent by deputies, within a time limited, sent to the grand council; yet so as this their judgment declared shall submit to the greater number of other counties or commonalties, and not avail them to any exemption of themselves or refusal of agreement with the rest, as it may in any of the United Provinces, being sovereign within itself, oftentimes to the great disadvantage of that union.

In these employments they may, much better than they do now, exercise and fit themselves till their lot fall to be chosen into the grand council, according as their worth and merit shall be taken notice of by the people. As for controversies that shall happen between men of several counties, they may repair, as they do now, to the capital city, or any other more commodious, indifferent place, and equal judges. And thus I find to have been practiced in the old Athenian commonwealth, reputed the first and ancientest place of civility in all Greece; that they had in their several cities a peculiar, in Athens a common government, and their right as it befell them to the administration of both.

They should have here also schools and academies at their own choice, wherein their children may be bred up in their own sight to all learning and noble education; not in

grammar only, but in all liberal arts and exercises. This would soon spread much more knowledge and civility, yea, religion, through all parts of the land, by communicating the natural heat of government and culture more distributively to all extreme parts, which now lie numb and neglected; would soon make the whole nation more industrious, more ingenious at home, more potent, more honorable abroad. To this a free commonwealth will easily assent; nay, the parliament hath had already some such thing in design; for of all governments a commonwealth aims most to make the people flourishing, virtuous, noble, and high spirited. Monarchs will never permit; whose aim is to make the people wealthy indeed perhaps, and well fleeced, for their own shearing, and the supply of regal prodigality; but otherwise softest, basest, vilest, servilest, easiest to be kept under. And not only in fleece, but in mind also sheepishest; and will have all the benches of judicature annexed to the throne, as a gift of royal grace, that we have justice done us; whereas nothing can be more essential to the freedom of a people than to have the administration of justice and all public ornaments in their own election and within their own bounds, without long traveling or depending upon remote places to obtain their right or any civil accomplishment, so it be not supreme but subordinate to the general power and union of the whole republic.

In which happy firmness as in the particular above-mentioned we shall also far exceed the United Provinces, by having not as they, (to the retarding and distracting oftentimes of their counsels or urgentest occasions,) many sovereignties united in one commonwealth, but many commonwealths under one united and intrusted sovereignty. And when we have our forces by sea and land either of a faithful army or a settled militia in our own hands, to the firm establishing of a free commonwealth, public accounts under our own inspection, general laws, and taxes, with their causes in our own domestic suffrages, judicial laws, offices, and ornaments at home in our own ordering and administration, all distinction of lords and commoners, that may any way divide or sever the public interest, removed; what can a perpetual senate have then, wherein to grow corrupt, wherein to encroach upon us, or usurp? Or if they do, wherein to be formidable? Yet if all this avail not to remove the fear or envy of a

perpetual sitting, it may be easily provided to change a third part of them yearly, or every two or three years, as was above mentioned; or that it be at those times in the

people's choice, whether they will change them, or renew their power, as they shall find cause.

5. FOES OF THE STATE

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES

A book was writ of late called Tetrachordon,
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
The subject new: it walked the town a while,
Numbering good intellects; now seldom pored on.
Cries the stall-reader, "Bless us! what a word on
A title-page is this!"; and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why, is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnell, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward Greek.

ON THE SAME

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
License they mean when they cry liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good:

But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT

Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,
To seize the widowed whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a Classic Hierarchy,
Taught ye by mere A.S. and Rutherford?

Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul
Must now be named and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call!
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing, worse than those of Trent,

That so the Parliament
May with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though baulk your ears,

And succor our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge:
New *Presbyter* is but old *Priest*, writ large.

ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX
Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
And rumors loud that daunt remotest kings,
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise

Their Hydra heads, and the false North
displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent
wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand
(For what can war but endless war still
breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be
freed,
And public faith cleared from the shameful
brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth Valor
bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the
land.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through
a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,

Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast
plowed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work
pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of
Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises
loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much
remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war: new foes
arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular
chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the
paw
'Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their
maw.

6. THE INTERNATIONAL MIND

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT
Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,
whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains
cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of
old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks
and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient
fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that
rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks.
Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and
ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth
sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may
grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy
way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

THE NATION'S PROTEST (PIEDMONT)¹

To the Most Serene and Potent Prince,
Louis, King of France.

¹ "An emphatic State-Letter; which Oliver Cromwell meant, and John Milton thought and wrote into words; not unworthy to be read."—*Carlyle*.

Most Serene and Potent King, Most
Close Friend and Ally,—Your Majesty may
recollect that during the negotiations be-
tween us for the renewing of our League
(which many advantages to both nations,
and much damage to their common enemies,
resulting therefrom, now testify to have
been wisely done), there fell out that mis-
erable slaughter of the people of the val-
leys; whose cause, on all sides deserted, and
trodden down, we, with the utmost earnest-
ness and pity, recommended to your mercy
and protection. Nor do we think your
Majesty, for your own part, has been want-
ing in an office so pious and indeed so hu-
man, in so far as either by authority or
favor you might have influence with the
Duke of Savoy: we certainly, and many
other Princes and States, by embassies, by
letters, by entreaties directed hither, have
not been wanting.

After that most sanguinary massacre,
which spared no age nor either sex, there
was at last a peace given; or rather, under
the specious name of peace, a certain more
disguised hostility. The terms of peace
were settled in your town of Pignerol:
hard terms; but such as these poor people,
indigent and wretched, after suffering all
manner of cruelties and atrocities, might
gladly acquiesce in; if only, hard and un-
just as the bargain is, it were adhered to.
It is not adhered to: those terms are broken;
the purport of every one of them is, by

false interpretation and various subterfuges, eluded and violated. Many of these people are ejected from their old habitations; their native religion is prohibited to many: new taxes are exacted; a new fortress has been built over them, out of which soldiers frequently sallying plunder or kill whomsoever they meet. Moreover, new forces have of late been privily got ready against them; and such as follow the Romish religion are directed to withdraw from among them within a limited time: so that everything seems now again to point toward the extermination of all among these unhappy people, whom the former massacre had left.

Which now, O Most Christian King, I beseech and obtest thee, by thy right-hand which pledged a league and friendship with us, by the sacred honor of that title of Most Christian,—permit not to be done: nor let such license of savagery, I do not say to any Prince (for indeed no cruelty like this could come into the mind of any Prince, much less into the tender years of that young Prince, or into the woman's heart of his mother), but to those accursed assassins, be given. Who while they profess themselves the servants and imitators of Christ our Savior, who came into this world that He might save sinners, abuse His most merciful name and commandments to the cruellest slaughterings. Snatch, thou who art able, and who in such an elevation art worthy to be able, these poor suppliants of thine from the hands of murderers, who, lately drunk with blood, are again athirst for it, and think convenient to turn the discredit of their own cruelty upon their Prince's score. Suffer not either thy titles and the environs of thy kingdom to be soiled with that discredit, or the peaceable gospel of Christ by that cruelty, in thy reign. Remember that these very people became subjects of thy ancestor, Henry, most friendly to Protestants; when Lesdiguières victoriously pursued him of Savoy across the Alps, through those same valleys, where indeed the most commodious pass to Italy is. The instrument of their paction and surrender is yet extant in the public acts of your kingdom: in which this among other things is specified and provided against, that these people of the valleys should not thereafter be delivered over to anyone except on the same conditions under which thy invincible ancestor had received them into fealty. This promised

protection they now implore; promise of thy ancestor they now, from thee the grandson, suppliantly demand. To be thine rather than his whose they now are, if by any means of exchange it could be done, they would wish and prefer: if that may not be, thine at least by succor, by commiseration, and deliverance.

There are likewise reasons of state which might give inducement not to reject these people of the valleys flying for shelter to thee: but I would not have thee, so great a King as thou art, be moved to the defense of the unfortunate by other reasons than the promise of thy ancestors, and thy own piety and royal benignity and greatness of mind. So shall the praise and fame of this most worthy action be unmixed and clear; and thyself shalt find the Father of Mercy, and His Son Christ the King, whose name and doctrine thou shalt have vindicated, the more favorable to thee, and propitious through the course of life.

May the Almighty, for His own glory, for the safety of so many most innocent Christian men, and for your true honor, dispose your Majesty to this determination. Your Majesty's most friendly

Oliver Protector of the Commonwealth of England.

Westminster, 26th May, 1658.

(Translated from the Latin of Milton by Thomas Carlyle.)

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

[From *Of Reformation in England*, 1641]

But to return whence was digressed: seeing that the throne of a king, as the wise king Solomon often remembers us, "is established in justice," which is the universal justice that Aristotle so much praises, containing in it all other virtues, it may assure us that the fall of prelacy, whose actions are so far distant from justice, cannot shake the least fringe that borders the royal canopy; but that their standing doth continually oppose and lay battery to regal safety, shall by that which follows easily appear. Amongst many secondary and accessory causes that support monarchy, these are not of least reckoning, though common to all other states; the love of the subjects, the multitude and valor of the people, and store of treasure. In all these things hath the kingdom been of late sore weakened, and chiefly by the prelates. First, let any man

consider, that if any prince shall suffer under him a commission of authority to be exercised, till all the land groan and cry out, as against a whip of scorpions, whether this be not likely to lessen and keel the affections of the subject. Next, what numbers of faithful and freeborn Englishmen, and good Christians, have been constrained to forsake their dearest home, their friends and kindred, whom nothing but the wide ocean, and the savage deserts of America, could hide and shelter from the fury of the bishops? O, sir, if we could but see the shape of our dear mother England, as poets are wont to give a personal form to what they please, how would she appear, think ye, but in a mourning weed, with ashes upon her head, and tears abundantly flowing from her eyes, to behold so many of her children exposed at once, and thrust from things of dearest necessity, because their conscience could not assent to things which the bishops thought indifferent? What more binding than conscience? What more free than indifferency? Cruel then must that indifferency needs be, that shall violate the strict necessity of conscience; merciless and inhuman that free choice and liberty

that shall break asunder the bonds of religion! Let the astrologer be dismayed at the portentous blaze of comets, and impressions in the air, as foretelling troubles and changes to states: I shall believe there cannot be a more ill-boding sign to a nation (God turn the omen from us!) than when the inhabitants, to avoid insufferable grievances at home, are enforced by heaps to forsake their native country.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

[From *Tenure of Kings*, 1649]

Who knows not that there is a mutual bond of amity and brotherhood between man and man over all the world, neither is it the English sea that can sever us from that duty and relation: a straiter bond yet there is between fellow-subjects, neighbors, and friends. . . . Nor is it distance of place that makes enmity, but enmity that makes distance. He, therefore, that keeps peace with me, near or remote, of whatsoever nation, is to me, as far as all civil and human offices, an Englishman and a neighbor. . . . This is gospel, and this was ever law among equals.

III. THE BEGINNINGS OF FREE GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA

THE PILGRIMS AND THEIR COMPACT

WILLIAM BRADFORD

[From the *History of Plymouth Plantation*.]

Of their departure from Leyden, and other things there about, with their arrival at Southampton, where they all met together, and took in their provisions.

At length, after much travail and these debates, all things were got ready and provided. A small ship was bought and fitted in Holland which was intended as to serve to help to transport them, so to stay in the country, and attend upon fishing and such other affairs as might be for the good and benefit of the colony when they came there. Another was hired at London, of burden about 9. score; and all other things got in readiness. So being ready to depart, they had a day of solemn humiliation, their pastor taking his text from Ezra 8.21. *And there at the river, by Ahava, I proclaimed a fast that we might humble ourselves before our God, and seek of him a right way*

for us, and for our children, and for all our substance. Upon which he spent a good part of the day very profitably, and suitable to their present occasion. The rest of the time was spent in pouring out prayers to the Lord with great fervency mixed with abundance of tears. And the time being come that they must depart, they were accompanied with most of their brethren out of the city, unto a town sundry miles off called Delfes Haven, where the ships lay ready to receive them. So they left that goodly and pleasant city, which had been their resting place, near 12 years; but they knew they were pilgrims and looked not much on those things, but lift up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits. When they came to the place they found the ship and all things ready. And such of their friends as could not come with them followed after them, and sundry also came from Amsterdam to see them shipped and to take their leave of them. That night was spent with little sleep by the most, but with friendly entertainment and Christian discourse, and other

real expressions of true Christian love. The next day the wind being fair they went aboard, and their friends with them, where truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting; To see what sighs and sobs and prayers did sound amongst them, what tears did rush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each heart; that sundry of the Dutch strangers that stood on the quay as spectators, could not refrain from tears. Yet comfortable and sweet it was to see such lively and true expressions of dear and unfained love. But the tide (which stays for no man) calling them away that were thus loath to depart, their reverend pastor falling down on his knees (and they all with him,) with watery cheeks commended them with most fervent prayers to the Lord and his blessing. And then with mutual embraces and many tears, they took their leaves one of another; which proved to be the last leave to many of them.

Thus hoisting sail, with a prosperous wind they came in short time to Southampton, where they found the bigger ship come from London, lying ready with all the rest of their company. After a joyful welcome, and mutual congratulations, with other friendly entertainments, they fell to parley about their business, how to dispatch with the best expedition; as also with their agents, about the alteration of the conditions. Mr. Carver pleaded he was employed here at Hampton and knew not well what the other had done at London. Mr. Cushman answered he had done nothing but what he was urged to partly by the grounds of equity and more especially by necessity, otherwise all had been dashed and many undone. And in the beginning he acquainted his fellow agents herewith, who consented unto him, and left it to him to execute, and to receive the money at London, and send it down to them at Hampton, where they made the provisions; the which he accordingly did, though it was against his mind, and some of the merchants, that they were there made. And for giving them notice at Leyden of this change, he could not well in regard of the shortness of the time; again, he knew it would trouble them and hinder the business, which was already delayed overlong in regard of the season of the year, which he feared they would find to their cost. But these things gave not content at present. Mr. Weston, likewise, came up from London to see them

dispatched and to have the conditions confirmed; but they refused, and answered him, that he knew right well that these were not according to the first agreement, neither could they yield to them without the consent of the rest that were behind and indeed they had special charge when they came away, from the chief of those that were behind, not to do it. At which he was much offended, and told them they must then look to stand on their own legs. So he returned in displeasure, and this was the first ground of discontent between them. And whereas they wanted well near £100 to clear things at their going away, he would not take order to disburse a penny, but let them shift as they could. So they were forced to sell off some of their provisions to stop this gap which was some 3. or 4. score firkins of butter, which commodity they might best spare, having provided too large a quantity of that kind.

The Compact of the Pilgrims

The rest of this History (if God gives me life, and opportunity) I shall, for brevity's sake, handle by way of *Annals*, noting only the heads of principal things, and passages as they fell in order of time, and may seem to be profitable to know, or to make use of. And this may be as the second Book.

The Remainder of Anno: 1620

I shall a little return back and begin with a combination made by them before they came ashore, being the first foundation of their government in this place; occasioned partly by the discontented mutinous and speeches that some of the strangers amongst them had let fall from them in the ship—That when they came ashore they would use their own liberty; for none had power to command them, the patent they had being for Virginia, and not for New England, which belonged to another Government, with which the Virginia Company had nothing to do. And partly that such an act by them done (this their condition considered) might be as firm as any patent, and in some respects more sure.

The form was as followeth.

In y^e name of God, Amen. We whose names are vnderwritten, the loyall subjects of our dread soueraigne Lord, *King James*, by y^e grace of God, of great Britaine, France, & Ireland king, defender of y^e faith, &c.

Haueing vndertaken, for y^e glorie of God, and advancemente of y^e christian faith and honour of our king & countrie, a voyage to plant y^e first colonie in y^e Northerne parts of Virginia. Doe by these presents solemnly & mutually in y^e presence of God, and one of another, couenant, & combine our selues together into a Ciuill body politick, for our better ordering, & preservation & furtherance of y^e ends aforesaid; and by Vertue hearof to enacte, constitute, and frame, such just & equall lawes, ordinances, Acts, constitutions, & offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete & conuenient for y^e generall good of y^e Colonie, vnto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witnes whereof we haue herevnder subscribed our names at Cap-Codd y^e. 11. of Nouember, in y^e year of y^e raigne of our soueraigne Lord, King James, of England, France, & Ireland y^e eighteenth, and of Scotland y^e fiftie fourth. An^o: Dom. 1620.

THE FIRST PROMOTION OF LEARNING

EDWARD JOHNSON

[From *A Wonder-Working Providence*,
1654]

Toward the latter end of this summer (1635) came over the learned, reverend, and judicious Mr. Henry Dunster, before whose coming the Lord was pleased to provide a patron for erecting a college, as you have formerly heard, his provident hand being now no less powerful in pointing out with his unerring finger a president abundantly fitted, this his servant, and sent him over for to manage the work. And as in all the other passages of this history the Wonder-working Providence of Sion's Saviour hath appeared, so more especially in this work, the fountains of learning being in a great measure stopped in our native country at this time, so that the sweet waters of Shilo's streams must ordinarily pass into the churches through the stinking channel of prelatical pride, beside all the filth that the fountains themselves were daily encumbered withal, insomuch that the Lord turned aside often from them, and refused the breathings of his blessed Spirit among them, which caused Satan (in these latter days of his transformation into an angel of light) to make it a means to persuade people from the use of learning altogether, that so in the

next generation they might be destitute of such helps as the Lord hath been pleased hitherto to make use of, as chief means for the conversion of his people and building them up in the holy faith, as also for breaking down the Kingdom of Antichrist. And verily had not the Lord been pleased to furnish New England with means for the attainment of learning, the work would have been carried on very heavily, and the hearts of godly parents would have vanished away with heaviness for their poor children, whom they must have left in a desolate wilderness, destitute of the means of grace.

It being a work (in the apprehension of all whose capacity could reach to the great sums of money the edifice of a mean college would cost) past the reach of a poor pilgrim people, who had expended the greatest part of their estates on a long voyage, traveling into foreign countries being unprofitable to any that have undertaken it, although it were but with their necessary attendance, whereas this people were forced to travel with wives, children, and servants; besides they considered the treble charge of building in this new populated desert, in regard of all kind of workmanship, knowing likewise, that young students could make up a poor progress in learning, by looking on the bare walls of their chambers, and that Diogenes would have the better of them by far, in making use of a tun to lodge in; not being ignorant also, that many people in this age are out of conceit with learning, and that although they were not among a people who counted ignorance the mother of devotion, yet were the greater part of the people wholly devoted to the plow (but to speak uprightly, hunger is sharp, and the head will retain little learning, if the heart be not refreshed in some competent measure with food, although the gross vapors of a gluttoned stomach are the bane of a bright understanding, and brings barrenness to the brain). But how to have both go on together, as yet they know not. Amidst all these difficulties, it was thought meet learning should plead for itself, and (as many other men of good rank and quality in this barren desert) plot out a way to live. Hereupon all those who had tasted the sweet wine of Wisdom's drawing, and fed on the dainties of knowledge, began to set their wits at work, and verily as the whole progress of this work had a farther dependency than on the present-eyed means,

so at this time chiefly the end being firmly fixed on a sure foundation, namely, the glory of God and good of all his elect people the world throughout, in vindicating the truths of Christ and promoting his glorious Kingdom, who is now taking the heathen for his inheritance and the utmost ends of the earth for his possession, means they know there are, many thousand uneyed of mortal man, which every day's Providence brings forth.

Upon these resolutions, to work they go, and with thankful acknowledgment readily take up all lawful means as they come to hand. For place they fix their eye upon New-Town, which to tell their posterity whence they came, is now named Cambridge. And withal to make the whole world understand that spiritual learning was the thing they chiefly desired, to sanctify the other and make the whole lump holy, and that learning being set upon its right object might not contend for error instead of truth, they chose this place, being then under the orthodox and soul-flourishing ministry of Mr. Thomas Shepard, of whom it may be said, without any wrong to others, the Lord of his Ministry hath saved many a hundred soul. The situation of this College is very pleasant, at the end of a spacious plain, more like a bowling-green than a wilderness, near a fair navigable river, environed with many neighboring towns of note, being so near, that their houses join with her suburbs. The building thought by some to be too gorgeous for a wilderness, and yet too mean in others' apprehensions for a college, it is at present enlarging by purchase of the neighbor houses. It hath the conveniences of a fair hall, comfortable studies, and a good library, given by the liberal hand of some magistrates and ministers, with others. The chief gift towards the founding of this college was by Mr. John Harvard, a reverend minister; the country, being very weak in their public treasury, expended about £500 towards it, and for the maintenance thereof, gave the yearly revenue of a ferry passage between Boston and Charles-Town, the which amounts to about £40 or £50 per annum. The commissioners of the four united colonies also taking into consideration of what common concernment this work would be, not only to the whole plantations in general, but also to all our English Nation, they endeavored to stir up all the people in the several colonies to make a yearly contribution

toward it, which by some is observed, but by the most very much neglected. The government hath endeavored to grant them all the privileges fit for a college, and accordingly the Governor and magistrates, together with the President of the College for the time being, have a continual care of ordering all matters for the good of the whole.

This college hath brought forth and nurst up very hopeful plants, to the supplying some churches here, as the gracious and godly Mr. Wilson, son to the grave and zealous servant of Christ, Mr. John Wilson; this young man is pastor to the Church of Christ at Dorchester; as also Mr. Buckley, son to the reverend Mr. Buckley, of Concord; as also a second son of his, whom our native country hath now at present help in the ministry, and the other is over a people of Christ in one of these Colonies, and if I mistake not, England hath I hope not only this young man of New England nurturing up in learning, but many more, as Mr. Sam. and Nathaniel Mathers, Mr. Wells, Mr. Downing, Mr. Barnard, Mr. Allin, Mr. Brewster, Mr. William Ames, Mr. Jones. Another of the first-fruits of this college is employed in these western parts in Mevis, one of the Summer Islands; besides these named, some help hath been had from hence in the study of physie, as also the godly Mr. Sam. Danforth, who hath not only studied divinity, but also astronomy; he put forth many almanacs, and is now called to the office of a teaching elder in the Church of Christ at Roxbury, who was one of the fellows of this College. The number of students is much increased of late, so that the present year, 1651, on the twelfth of the sixth month, ten of them took the degree of Bachelors of Art, among whom the Sea-born son of Mr. John Cotton was one. . . .

THE MAY-POLE OF MERRY MOUNT¹

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

[From *Twice Told Tales*, 1837]

Bright were the days at Merry Mount, when the May-Pole was the banner staff of that gay colony! They who reared it,

¹This story illustrates the conflict between Puritan severity and the older spirit of Merry England, as it appeared on American soil. The colony at Merry Mount was established in 1622 and was dispersed by Miles Standish in 1628. With the point of view of the unfortunate Merry Mount revelers, compare the poetry of Herrick.

should their banner be triumphant, were to pour sunshine over New England's rugged hills, and scatter flower-seeds throughout the soil. Jollity and gloom were contending for an empire. Midsummer eve had come, bringing deep verdure to the forest, and roses in her lap, of a more vivid hue than the tender buds of Spring. But May, or her mirthful spirit, dwelt all the year round at Merry Mount, sporting with the summer months, and revelling with Autumn, and basking in the glow of Winter's fire-side. Through a world of toil and care she flitted with a dream-like smile, and came hither to find a home among the lightsome hearts of Merry Mount.

Never had the May-Pole been so gayly decked as at sunset on midsummer eve. This venerated emblem was a pine-tree, which had preserved the slender grace of youth, while it equaled the loftiest height of the old wood monarchs. From its top streamed a silken banner, colored like the rainbow. Down nearly to the ground, the pole was dressed with birchen boughs, and others of the liveliest green, and some with silvery leaves fastened by ribbons that fluttered in fantastic knots of twenty different colors, but no sad ones. Garden flowers and blossoms of the wilderness laughed gladly forth amid the verdure, so fresh and dewy that they must have grown by magic on that happy pine-tree. Where this green and flowery splendor terminated, the shaft of the May-Pole was stained with the seven brilliant hues of the banner at its top. On the lowest green bough hung an abundant wreath of roses, some that had been gathered in the sunniest spots of the forest, and others, of still richer blush, which the colonists had reared from English seed. O people of the Golden Age, the chief of your husbandry was to raise flowers!

But what was the wild throng that stood hand in hand about the May-Pole? It could not be that the fauns and nymphs, when driven from their classic groves and homes of ancient fable, had sought refuge, as all the persecuted did, in the fresh woods of the West. These were Gothic monsters, though perhaps of Grecian ancestry. On the shoulders of a comely youth uprose the head and branching antlers of a stag; a second, human in all other points, had the grim visage of a wolf; a third, still with the trunk and limbs of a mortal man, showed

the beard and horns of a venerable he-goat. There was the likeness of a bear erect, brute in all but his hind legs, which were adorned with pink silk stockings. And here again, almost as wondrous, stood a real bear of the dark forest, lending each of his fore-paws to the grasp of a human hand, and as ready for the dance as any in that circle. His inferior nature rose half-way, to meet his companions as they stooped. Other faces wore the similitude of man or woman, but distorted or extravagant, with red noses pendulous before their mouths, which seemed of awful depth, and stretched from ear to ear in an eternal fit of laughter. Here might be seen the Salvage Man, well known in heraldry, hairy as a baboon, and girdled with green leaves. By his side, a nobler figure, but still a counterfeit, appeared an Indian hunter, with feathery crest and wampum belt. Many of this strange company wore foolscaps, and had little bells appended to their garments, tinkling with a silvery sound, responsive to the inaudible music of their gleesome spirits. Some youths and maidens were of soberer garb, yet well maintained their places in the irregular throng, by the expression of wild revelry upon their features. Such were the colonists of Merry Mount, as they stood in the broad smile of sunset, round their venerated May-Pole.

Had a wanderer, bewildered in the melancholy forest, heard their mirth, and stolen a half-affrighted glance, he might have fancied them the crew of Comus, some already transformed to brutes, some midway between man and beast, and the others rioting in the flow of tipsy jollity that foreran the change. But a band of Puritans, who watched the scene, invisible themselves, compared the masques to those devils and ruined souls with whom their superstition peopled the black wilderness.

Within the ring of monsters appeared the two airiest forms that had ever trodden on any more solid footing than a purple and golden cloud. One was a youth in glistening apparel, with a scarf of the rainbow pattern crosswise on his breast. His right hand held a gilded staff, the ensign of high dignity among the revelers, and his left grasped the slender fingers of a fair maiden, not less gaily decorated than himself. Bright roses glowed in contrast with the dark and glossy curls of each, and were scattered round their feet, or had sprung up spon-

taneously there. Behind this lightsome couple, so close to the May-Pole that its boughs shaded his jovial face, stood the figure of an English priest, canonically dressed, yet decked with flowers, in heathen fashion, and wearing a chaplet of the native vine-leaves. By the riot of his rolling eye, and the pagan decorations of his holy garb, he seemed the wildest monster there, and the very Comus of the crew.

"Votaries of the May-Pole," cried the flower-decked priest, "merrily, all day long, have the woods echoed to your mirth. But be this your merriest hour, my hearts! Lo, here stand the Lord and Lady of the May, whom I, a clerk of Oxford, and high priest of Merry Mount, am presently to join in holy matrimony. Up with your nimble spirits, ye morrice-dancers, green men, and glee-maidens, bears and wolves, and horned gentlemen! Come; a chorus now, rich with the old mirth of Merry England, and the wilder glee of this fresh forest; and then a dance, to show the youthful pair what life is made of, and how airily they should go through it! All ye that love the May-Pole, lend your voices to the nuptial song of the Lord and Lady of the May!"

This wedlock was more serious than most affairs of Merry Mount, where jest and delusion, trick and fantasy, kept up a continual carnival. The Lord and Lady of the May, though their titles must be laid down at sunset, were really and truly to be partners for the dance of life, beginning the measure that same bright eve. The wreath of roses, that hung from the lowest green bough of the May-Pole, had been twined for them, and would be thrown over both their heads, in symbol of their flowery union. When the priest had spoken, therefore, a riotous uproar burst from the rout of monstrous figures.

"Begin you the stave, reverend Sir," cried they all; "and never did the woods ring to such a merry peal, as we of the May-Pole shall send up!"

Immediately a prelude of pipe, cithern, and viol, touched with practiced minstrelsy, began to play from a neighboring thicket, in such a mirthful cadence that the boughs of the May-Pole quivered to the sound. But the May Lord, he of the gilded staff, chancing to look into his Lady's eyes, was wonder-struck at the almost pensive glance that met his own.

"Edith, sweet Lady of the May," whis-

pered he, reproachfully, "is yon wreath of roses a garland to hang above our graves, that you look so sad? O Edith, this is our golden time! Tarnish it not by any pensive shadow of the mind; for it may be that nothing of futurity will be brighter than the mere remembrance of what is now passing."

"That was the very thought that saddened me; How came it in your mind too?" said Edith, in a still lower tone than he; for it was high treason to be sad at Merry Mount. "Therefore do I sigh amid this festive music. And besides, dear Edgar, I struggle as with a dream, and fancy that these shapes of our jovial friends are visionary, and their mirth unreal, and that we are no true Lord and Lady of the May. What is the mystery in my heart?"

Just then, as if a spell had loosened them, down came a little shower of withering rose-leaves from the May-Pole. Alas, for the young lovers! No sooner had their hearts glowed with real passion, than they were sensible of something vague and unsubstantial in their former pleasures, and felt a dreary presentiment of inevitable change. From the moment that they truly loved, they had subjected themselves to earth's doom of care and sorrow, and troubled joy, and had no more a home at Merry Mount. That was Edith's mystery. Now leave we the priest to marry them, and the masquers to sport round the May-Pole, till the last sunbeam be withdrawn from its summit, and the shadows of the forest mingle gloomily in the dance. Meanwhile, we may discover who these gay people were.

Two hundred years ago, and more, the Old World and its inhabitants became mutually weary of each other. Men voyaged by thousands to the West; some to barter glass beads, and such like jewels, for the furs of the Indian hunter; some to conquer virgin empires; and one stern band to pray. But none of these motives had much weight with the colonists of Merry Mount. Their leaders were men who had sported so long with life, that when Thought and Wisdom came, even these unwelcome guests were led astray by the crowd of vanities which they should have put to flight. Erring Thought and perverted Wisdom were made to put on masques, and play the fool. The men of whom we speak, after losing the heart's fresh gaiety, imagined a wild philosophy of pleasure, and came hither to act

out their latest day-dream. They gathered followers from all that giddy tribe, whose whole life is like the festal days of soberer men. In their train were minstrels, not unknown in London streets; wandering players, whose theaters had been the halls of noblemen; mummers, rope dancers, and mountebanks, who would long be missed at wakes, church ales, and fairs; in a word, mirth-makers of every sort, such as abounded in that age, but now began to be discountenanced by the rapid growth of Puritanism. Light had their footsteps been on land, and as lightly they came across the sea. Many had been maddened by their previous troubles into a gay despair; others were as madly gay in the flush of youth, like the May Lord and his Lady; but whatever might be the quality of their mirth, old and young were gay at Merry Mount. The young deemed themselves happy. The elder spirits, if they knew that mirth was but the counterfeit of happiness, yet followed the false shadow wilfully, because at least her garments glittered brightest. Sworn triflers of a lifetime, they would not venture among the sober truths of life, not even to be truly blest.

All the hereditary pastimes of old England were transplanted hither. The King of Christmas was duly crowned, and the Lord of Misrule bore potent sway. On the eve of Saint John, they felled whole acres of the forest to make bonfires, and danced by the blaze all night, crowned with garlands, and throwing flowers into the flame. At harvest-time, though their crop was of the smallest, they made an image with the sheaves of Indian corn, and wreathed it with autumnal garlands, and bore it home triumphantly. But what chiefly characterized the colonists of Merry Mount was their veneration for the May-Pole. It has made their true history a poet's tale. Spring decked the hallowed emblem with young blossoms and fresh green boughs; Summer brought roses of the deepest blush, and the perfected foliage of the forest. Autumn enriched it with that red and yellow gorgeousness, which converts each wildwood leaf into a painted flower; and Winter silvered it with sleet, and hung it round with icicles, till it flashed in the cold sunshine, itself a frozen sunbeam. Thus each alternate season did homage to the May-Pole, and paid it a tribute of its own richest splendor. Its votaries danced round it once, at least, in

every month; sometimes they called it their religion, or their altar; but always, it was the banner staff of Merry Mount.

Unfortunately, there were men in the New World of a sterner faith than these May-Pole worshipers. Not far from Merry Mount was a settlement of Puritans, most dismal wretches, who said their prayers before daylight, and then wrought in the forest or the cornfield till evening made it prayer-time again. Their weapons were always at hand, to shoot down the straggling savage. When they met in conclave, it was never to keep up the old English mirth, but to hear sermons three hours long, or to proclaim bounties on the heads of wolves and the scalps of Indians. Their festivals were fast-days, and their chief pastime the singing of psalms. Woe to the youth or maiden who did but dream of a dance! The selectman nodded to the constable; and there sat the light-heeled reprobate in the stocks; or if he danced, it was round the whipping-post, which might be termed the Puritan May-Pole.

A party of these grim Puritans, toiling through the difficult woods, each with a horse-load of iron armor to burthen his footsteps, would sometimes draw near the sunny precincts of Merry Mount. There were the silken colonists, sporting round their May-Pole; perhaps teaching a bear to dance, or striving to communicate their mirth to the grave Indian; or masquerading in the skins of deer and wolves, which they had hunted for that especial purpose. Often, the whole colony were playing at blindman's buff, magistrates and all with their eyes bandaged, except a single scapegoat, whom the blinded sinners pursued by the tinkling of the bells at his garments. Once, it is said, they were seen following a flower-decked corpse, with merriment and festive music, to his grave. But did the dead man laugh? In their quietest times, they sang ballads and told tales, for the edification of their pious visitors; or perplexed them with juggling tricks; or grinned at them through horse-collars; and when sport itself grew wearisome, they made game of their own stupidity, and began a yawning match. At the very least of these enormities, the men of iron shook their heads and frowned so darkly, that the revelers looked up, imagining that a momentary cloud had overcast the sunshine, which was to be perpetual there. On the other hand, the

Puritans affirmed, that, when a psalm was pealing from their place of worship, the echo which the forest sent them back seemed often like the chorus of a jolly catch, closing with a roar of laughter. Who but the fiend, and his bond-slaves, the crew of Merry Mount, had thus disturbed them? In due time, a feud arose, stern and bitter on one side, and as serious on the other as anything could be among such light spirits as had sworn allegiance to the May-Pole. The future complexion of New England was involved in this important quarrel. Should the grizzly saints establish their jurisdiction over the gay sinners, then would their spirits darken all the clime, and make it a land of clouded visages, of hard toil, of sermon and psalm forever. But should the banner-staff of Merry Mount be fortunate, sunshine would break upon the hills, and flowers would beautify the forest, and late posterity do homage to the May-Pole.

After these authentic passages from history, we return to the nuptials of the Lord and Lady of the May. Alas! we have delayed too long, and must darken our tale too suddenly. As we glance again at the May-Pole, a solitary sunbeam is fading from the summit, and leaves only a faint, golden tinge, blended with the hues of the rainbow banner. Even that dim light is now withdrawn, relinquishing the whole domain of Merry Mount to the evening gloom, which has rushed so instantaneously from the black surrounding woods. But some of these black shadows have rushed forth in human shape.

Yes; with the setting sun, the last day of mirth had passed from Merry Mount. The ring of gay masquers was disordered and broken; the stag lowered his antlers in dismay; the wolf grew weaker than a lamb; the bells of the morrice-dancers tinkled with tremulous affright. The Puritans had played a characteristic part in the May-Pole mummeries. Their darksome figures were intermixed with the wild shapes of their foes, and made the scene a picture of the moment, when waking thoughts start up amid the scattered fantasies of a dream. The leader of the hostile party stood in the center of the circle, while the rout of monsters cowered around him, like evil spirits in the presence of a dread magician. No fantastic foolery could look him in the face. So stern was the energy of his aspect, that the whole man, visage, frame, and soul, seemed wrought of

iron, gifted with life and thought, yet all of one substance with his head-piece and breast-plate. It was the Puritan of Puritans; it was Endicott himself!

"Stand off, priest of Baal!" said he, with a grim frown, and laying no reverent hand upon the surplice. "I know thee, Blackstone!¹ Thou art the man, who couldst not abide the rule even of thine own corrupted church, and hast come hither to preach iniquity, and to give example of it in thy life. But now shall it be seen that the Lord hath sanctified this wilderness for his peculiar people. Woe unto them that would defile it! And first, for this flower-decked abomination, the altar of thy worship!"

And with his keen sword Endicott assaulted the hallowed May-Pole. Nor long did it resist his arm. It groaned with a dismal sound; it showered leaves and rosebuds upon the remorseless enthusiast; and finally, with all its green boughs, and ribbons, and flowers, symbolic of departed pleasures, down fell the banner-staff of Merry Mount. As it sank, tradition says, the evening sky grew darker, and the woods threw forth a more somber shadow.

"There," cried Endicott, looking triumphantly on his work,—“there lies the only May-Pole in New England! The thought is strong within me, that, by its fall, is shadowed forth the fate of light and idle mirth-makers, amongst us and our posterity. Amen! saith John Endicott.”

"Amen!" echoed his followers.

But the votaries of the May-Pole gave one groan for their idol. At the sound, the Puritan leader glanced at the crew of Comus, each a figure of broad mirth, yet, at this moment, strangely expressive of sorrow and dismay.

"Valiant captain," quoth Peter Palfrey, the Ancient of the band, "what order shall be taken with the prisoners?"

"I thought not to repent me of cutting down a May-Pole," replied Endicott, "yet now I could find in my heart to plant it again, and give each of these bestial pagans one other dance round their idol. It would have served rarely for a whipping-post!"

¹ Did Governor Endicott speak less positively, we should suspect a mistake here. The Rev. Mr. Blackstone, though an eccentric, is not known to have been an immoral man. We rather doubt his identity with the priest of Merry Mount.—[Author's Note.]

"But there are pine trees enow," suggested the lieutenant.

"True, good Ancient," said the leader. "Wherefore, bind the heathen crew, and bestow on them a small matter of stripes apiece, as earnest of our future justice. Set some of the rogues in the stocks to rest themselves, so soon as Providence shall bring us to one of our own well-ordered settlements, where such accommodations may be found. Further penalties, such as branding and cropping of ears, shall be thought of hereafter."

"How many stripes for the priest?" inquired Ancient Palfrey.

"None as yet," answered Endicott, bending his iron frown upon the culprit. "It must be for the Great and General Court to determine whether stripes and long imprisonment, and other grievous penalty, may atone for his transgressions. Let him look to himself! For such as violate our civil order, it may be permitted us to show mercy. But woe to the wretch that troubleth our religion!"

"And this dancing bear," resumed the officer. "Must he share the stripes of his fellows?"

"Shoot him through the head!" said the energetic Puritan. "I suspect witchcraft in the beast."

"Here be a couple of shining ones," continued Peter Palfrey, pointing his weapon at the Lord and Lady of the May. "They seem to be of high station among these misdoers. Methinks their dignity will not be fitted with less than a double share of stripes."

Endicott rested on his sword, and closely surveyed the dress and aspect of the hapless pair. There they stood, pale, downcast, and apprehensive. Yet there was an air of mutual support, and of pure affection, seeking aid and giving it, that showed them to be man and wife, with the sanction of a priest upon their love. The youth, in the peril of the moment, had dropped his gilded staff, and thrown his arm about the Lady of the May, who leaned against his breast, too lightly to burden him, but with weight enough to express that their destinies were linked together, for good or evil. They looked first at each other, and then into the grim captain's face. There they stood, in the first hour of wedlock, while the idle pleasures of which their companions were the emblems, had given place to the sternest

cares of life, personified by the dark Puritans. But never had their youthful beauty seemed so pure and high, as when its glow was chastened by adversity.

"Youth," said Endicott, "ye stand in an evil case, thou and thy maiden wife. Make ready presently; for I am minded that ye shall both have a token to remember your wedding-day!"

"Stern man," cried the May Lord, "how can I move thee? Were the means at hand, I would resist to the death. Being powerless, I entreat! Do with me as thou wilt, but let Edith go untouched!"

"Not so," replied the immitigable zealot. "We are not wont to show an idle courtesy to that sex, which requireth the stricter discipline. What sayest thou, maid? Shall thy silken bridegroom suffer thy share of the penalty, besides his own?"

"Be it death," said Edith, "and lay it all on me!"

Truly, as Endicott had said, the poor lovers stood in a woeful case. Their foes were triumphant, their friends captive and abased, their home desolate, the benighted wilderness around them, and a rigorous destiny, in the shape of the Puritan leader, their only guide. Yet the deepening twilight could not altogether conceal that the iron man was softened; he smiled at the fair spectacle of early love; he almost sighed for the inevitable blight of early hopes.

"The troubles of life have come hastily on this young couple," observed Endicott. "We will see how they comport themselves under their present trials, ere we burthen them with greater. If, among the spoil, there be any garments of a more decent fashion, let them be put upon this May Lord and his Lady, instead of their glistening vanities. Look to it, some of you."

"And shall not the youth's hair be cut?" asked Peter Palfrey, looking with abhorrence at the love-lock and long glossy curls of the young man.

"Crop it forthwith, and that in the true pumpkin-shell fashion," answered the captain. "Then bring them along with us, but more gently than their fellows. There be qualities in the youth, which may make him valiant to fight, and sober to toil, and pious to pray; and in the maiden, that may fit her to become a mother in our Israel, bringing up babes in better nurture than her own hath been. Nor think ye, young ones, that

they are the happiest, even in our lifetime of a moment, who misspend it in dancing round a May-Pole!"

And Endicott, the severest Puritan of all who laid the rock-foundation of New England, lifted the wreath of roses from the ruin of the May-Pole, and threw it, with his own gauntleted hand, over the heads of the Lord and Lady of the May. It was a deed of prophecy. As the moral gloom of the world overpowers all systematic gaiety, even

so was their home of wild mirth made desolate amid the sad forest. They returned to it no more. But, as their flowery garland was wreathed of the brightest roses that had grown there, so, in the tie that united them, were intertwined all the purest and best of their early joys. They went heavenward, supporting each other along the difficult path which it was their lot to tread, and never wasted one regretful thought on the vanities of Merry Mount.

IV. COMMONWEALTH AND RESTORATION

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE COMMONWEALTH

OLIVER CROMWELL

[From a Speech at the Opening of the Little Parliament, July 4, 1653]

We have not thought it amiss a little to remind you of that series of providences wherein the Lord hath appeared, dispensing wonderful things to these nations from the beginning of our troubles to this very day.

If I should look much backward, we might remind you of the state of affairs as they were before the Short, that is the last, Parliament, in what posture the things of this nation then stood: but they do so well, I presume, occur to all your memories and knowledge, that I shall not need to look so far backward. Nor yet to those hostile occasions which arose between the King that was and the Parliament that then followed. And indeed, should I begin much later, the things that would fall very necessarily before you, would rather be for a history than for a verbal discourse at this present.

But thus far we may look back. You very well know it pleased God much about the midst of this War, to win now the forces of this nation; and to put them into the hands of other men of other principles than those that did engage at the first. By what ways and means that was brought about, would ask more time than is allotted me to mind you of it. Indeed, there are stories that do recite those transactions and give you narratives of matters of fact; but those things wherein the life and power of them lay; those strange windings and turnings of Providence; those very great appearances of God, in crossing and thwarting the purposes of men, that He might raise up a poor and contemptible company of men, neither versed in military affairs,

nor having much natural propensity to them, into wonderful success—! Simply by their owning a principle of godliness and religion; which so soon as it came to be owned, and the state of affairs put upon the foot of that account, how God blessed them, furthering all undertakings, yet using the most improbable and the most contemptible and despicable means, is very well known to you.

Why the several successes and issues have been, is not fit to mention at this time neither:—though I confess I thought to have enlarged myself upon that subject; forasmuch as considering the works of God, and the operations of His hands, is a principal part of our duty; and a great encouragement to the strengthening of our hands and of our faith, for that which is behind. And among other ends which those marvelous dispensations have been given us for, that's a principal end which ought to be minded by us.

Certainly in this revolution of affairs, as the issue of those successes which God was pleased to give to the army, and to the authority that then stood, there were very great things brought about;—besides those dints that came upon the nations and places where the war itself was, very great things in civil matters, too. As first, the bringing of offenders to justice,—and the greatest of them. Bringing of the state of this government to the name of a Commonwealth. Searching and sifting of all persons and places. The King removed, and brought to justice; and many great ones with him. The House of Peers laid aside. The House of Commons itself, the representative of the People of England, winnowed, sifted, and brought to a handful; as you very well remember.

And truly God would not rest there:—

for, by the way, although it's fit for us to ascribe our failings and miscarriages to ourselves, yet the gloriousness of the work may well be attributed to God Himself, and may be called His strange work. You remember well that at the change of the government there was not an end of our troubles, although in that year were such high things transacted as indeed made it to be the most memorable year that this nation ever saw. So many insurrections, invasions, secret designs, open and public attempts, all quashed in so short a time, and this by the very signal appearance of God Himself; which I hope, we shall never forget!—You know also, as I said before, that, as the first effect of that memorable year of 1648 was to lay a foundation, by bringing offenders to punishment, so it brought us likewise to the change of government:—although it were worth the time, perhaps, if one had time, to speak of the carriage of some in places of trust, in most eminent places of trust, which was such as would have frustrated us of the hopes of all our undertakings. I mean by the closure of the treaty that was endeavored with the King; whereby they would have put into his hands all that we had engaged for, and all our security should have been a little piece of paper! That thing going off, you very well know how it kept this nation still in broils by sea and land. And yet what God wrought in Ireland and Scotland you likewise know; until He had finished those troubles, upon the matter, by His marvelous salvation wrought at Worcester.

I confess to you that I am very much troubled in my own spirit that the necessity of affairs requires I should be so short in those things: because, as I told you, this is the leanest part of the transactions, this mere historical narrative of them; there being in every particular; in the King's first going from the Parliament, in the pulling down of the Bishops, the House of Peers, in every step towards that change of the government,—I say there is not any one of these things, thus removed and reformed, but hath an evident print of Providence set upon it, so that he who runs may read it. I am sorry I have not an opportunity to be more particular on these points, which I principally designed, this day; thereby to stir up your hearts and mine to gratitude and confidence. . . .

Indeed I have but one more word to say to you; though in that perhaps I shall show

my weakness: it's by way of encouragement to go in this work. And give me leave to begin thus. I confess I never looked to see such a day as this, it may be nor you neither, when Jesus Christ should be so owned as He is, this day, in this work. Jesus Christ is owned this day by the call of you; and you own Him by your willingness to appear for Him. And you manifest this, as far as poor creatures may do, to be a day of the power of Christ. I know you well remember that Scripture, "He makes His people willing in the day of His power." God manifests this to be the day of the power of Christ; having, through so much blood, and so much trial as hath been upon these nations, made this to be one of the great issues thereof: To have His people called to the supreme Authority. He makes this to be the greatest mercy, next to His own Son. God hath owned His Son; and He hath owned you, and made you own Him. I confess I never looked to have seen such a day; I did not.—Perhaps you are not known by face to one another; indeed I am confident you are strangers, coming from all parts of the nation as you do: but we shall tell you that indeed we have not allowed ourselves the choice of one person in whom we had not this good hope. That there was in him faith in Jesus Christ, and love to all His people and saints.

Thus God hath owned you in the eyes of the world; and thus, by coming hither, you own Him: and, as it is in Isaiah, xlii. 21, —it's an high expression; and look to your own hearts whether, now or hereafter, God shall apply it to you: "This People, saith God, I have formed for myself, that they may show forth my praise." I say, it's a memorable passage; and, I hope, not unfitly applied: the Lord apply it to each of your hearts! I shall not descant upon the words; they are plain: indeed you are as like the forming of God as ever people were. If a man should tender a book to you to swear you upon, I dare appeal to all your consciences, neither directly nor indirectly did you seek for your coming hither. You have been passive in coming hither; being called,—and indeed that's an active work,—though not on your part! "This people have I formed": consider the circumstances by which you are called hither; through what strivings, through what blood you are come hither,—where neither you nor I, nor no man living, three months ago,

had any thought to have seen such a company taking upon them, or rather being called to take, the supreme authority of this nation! Therefore, own your call! Indeed, I think it may be truly said that there never was a supreme authority consisting of such a body, above one-hundred-and-forty, I believe; never such a body, that came into the supreme authority before, under such a notion as this, in such a way of owning God, and being owned by Him. And therefore I may also say, never such a people so formed, for such a purpose, were thus called before.

PEACE HATH ITS VICTORIES

OLIVER CROMWELL

I

[From a Speech Delivered at the Opening of Parliament, January 20, 1657-8]

If this be the condition of your affairs abroad, I pray a little consider what is the estate of your affairs at home. And if both, these considerations, of home affairs and foreign, have but this effect, to get a consideration among you, a due and just consideration,—let God move your hearts for the answering of anything that shall be due unto the nation, as He shall please! And I hope I shall not be solicitous; I shall look up to Him who hath been my God and my guide hitherto.

I say, I beseech you looking to your own affairs at home, how they stand! I am persuaded you are all, I apprehend you are all, honest and worthy good men; and that there is not a man of you but would desire to be found a good patriot. I know you would! We are apt to boast sometimes that we are Englishmen: and truly it is no shame for us that we are Englishmen;—but it is a motive to us to do like Englishmen, and seek the real good of this nation, and the interest of it. But, I beseech you, what is our case at home? I profess I do not well know where to begin on this head, or where to end, I do not. But I must needs say, let a man begin where he will, he shall hardly be out of that drift I am speaking to you upon. We are as full of calamities, and of divisions among us in respect of the spirits of men, as we could well be,—though, through a wonderful, admirable, and never to be sufficiently admired providence of God, still in peace! And the fighting we have had, and the suc-

cess we have had—yea, we that are here, we are an astonishment to the world! And take us in that temper we are in, or rather in that distemper, it is the greatest miracle that ever befell the sons of men, that we are got again to peace. And whoever shall seek to break it, God Almighty root that man out of this nation! And he will do it, let the pretences be what they may!

Peace-breakers, do they consider what it is they are driving towards? They should do it! He that considereth not the woman with child,—the sucking children of this nation that know not the right hand from the left, of whom, for ought I know, it may be said this city is as full as Nineveh was said to be:—he that considereth not these, and the fruit that is like to come of the bodies of those now living added to these; he that considereth not these, must have the heart of a Cain; who was marked, and made to be an enemy of all men, and all men enemies to him! For the wrath and justice of God will prosecute such a man to his grave, if not to Hell! I say, look on this nation; look on it! Consider what are the varieties of interest in this nation,—if they be worthy the name of interests. If God did not hinder, it would all but make up one confusion. We should find there would be but one Cain in England, if God did not restrain! We should have another more bloody Civil War than ever we had in England. For, I beseech you, what is the general spirit of this nation? Is it not that each sect of people,—if I may call them sects, whether sects upon a religious account or upon a civil account—is not this nation miserable in that respect? What is that which possesseth every sect? What is it? That every sect may be uppermost! That every sort of men may get the power into their hands, and they would use it well;—that every sect may get the power into their hands!

It were a happy thing if the nation would be content with rule. Content with rule, if it were but in civil things, and with those that would rule *worst*;—because misrule is better than no rule; and an ill government, a bad government, is better than none!—Neither is this all: but we have an appetite to variety; to be not only making wounds, but widening those already made. As if you should see one making wounds in a man's side, and eager only to be groping and groveling with his fingers in those wounds! This is what such men would be

at; this is the spirit of those who would trample on men's liberties in spiritual respects. They will be making wounds, and rending and tearing, and making them wider than they were. Is not this the case? Doth there want anything—I speak not of sects in an ill sense; but the nation is hugely made up of them,—and what is the want that prevents these things from being done to the uttermost, but that men have more anger than strength? They have not power to attain their ends. There wants nothing else. And, I beseech you, judge what such a company of men, of these sects, are doing, while they are contesting one with another! They are contesting in the midst of a generation of men; contesting in the midst of these all united. What must be the issue of such a thing as this? So stands it; it is so. And do but judge what proofs have been made of the spirits of these men. Summoning men to take up arms; and exhorting men, each sort of them, to fight for their notions; each sort thinking they are to try it out by the sword; and every sort thinking that they are truly under the banner of Christ, if they but come in, and bind themselves in such a project.

Now do but judge what a hard condition this poor nation is in. This is the state and condition we are in. Judge, I say, what a hard condition this poor nation is in, and the cause of God is in,—amidst such a party of men as the cavaliers are, and their participants! Not only with respect to what these are like to do of themselves: but some of these, yea some of these, they care not who carry the goal: some of these have invited the Spaniard himself to carry on the cavalier cause.

And this is true. This and many other things that are not fit to be suggested unto you; because so we should betray the interest of our intelligence. I say, this is your condition! What is your defense? What hindereth the irruption of all this upon you, to your utter destruction? Truly, that you have an army in these parts,—in Scotland, in England, and Ireland. Take them away tomorrow, would not all these interests run into one another?—I know you are rational, prudent men. Have you any fame or model of things that would satisfy the minds of men, if this be not the fame, this which you are now called together upon and engaged in,—I mean, the two Houses of Parliament and myself? What hinders this

nation from being an Aceldama, a field of blood, if this doth not? It is, without doubt, this: give the glory to God; for without this, it would prove as great a plague as all that hath been spoken of. It is this, without doubt, that keeps this nation in peace and quietness.—And what is the case of your army withal? A poor unpaid army; the soldiers going barefoot at this time, in this city, this weather! And yet a peaceable people, these soldiers; seeking to serve you with their lives; judging their pains and hazards and all well bestowed. In obeying their officers and serving you, to keep the peace of these nations! Yea, he must be a man with a heart as hard as the weather who hath not a due sense of this!

AN APPEAL FOR UNITY

OLIVER CROMWELL

[From a Speech Before Parliament, January 25, 1658]

And now having said this, I have discharged my duty to God and to you, in making this demonstration,—and I profess, not as a rhetorician! My business was to prove the verity of the designs from abroad; and the still unsatisfied spirits of the Cavaliers at home,—who from the beginning of our peace to this day have not been wanting to do what they could to kindle a fire at home in the midst of us. And I say, if be so, the truth,—I pray God affect your hearts with a due sense of it! And give you heart and one mind to carry on this work for which we are met together! If these things be so,—should you meet tomorrow, and accord in all things tending to your preservation and your rights and liberties, really it will be feared there is too much time elapsed already for your delivering yourselves from those dangers that hang upon you.

We have had now six years of peace, and have had an interruption of ten years war. We have seen and heard and felt the evils of war; and now God hath given us a new taste of the benefits of peace. Have you not had such a peace in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and there is not a man to lift up his finger to put you into distemper? Is not this a mighty blessing from the Lord of Heaven? Shall we now be prodigal of time? Should any man, shall we, listen to delusions, to break and interrupt this peace?

There is not any man that has been true to this cause, as I believe you have been all, who can look for anything but the greatest rending and persecution that ever was in this world! I wonder how it can enter into the heart of man to undervalue these things; to slight peace and the gospel, the greatest mercy of God. We have peace and the gospel! Let us have one heart and soul; one mind to maintain the honest and just rights of this nation;—not to pretend to them, to the destruction of our peace, to the destruction of the nation! Really, pretend that we will, if you run into another flood of blood and war, the sinews of the nation being wasted by the last, it must sink and perish utterly. I beseech you, and charge you in the name and presence of God, and as before Him, be sensible of these things and lay them to heart! You have a day of fasting coming on. I beseech God touch your hearts and open your ears to this truth; and that you may be as deaf as adders to stop your ears to all dissension! and may look upon them who would sow dissension, whoever they may be, as Paul saith to the Church of Corinth, as I remember: "Mark such as cause divisions and offenses, and would disturb you from that foundation of Peace you are upon, under any pretense whatsoever!"

I shall conclude with this. I was free, the last time of our meeting to tell you I would discourse with a psalm; and I did it. I am not ashamed of it at any time, especially when I meet with men of such consideration as you. There you have one verse which I forgot. "I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for He will speak Peace unto his people and to His saints; but let them not turn again to folly." Dissension, division, destruction, in a poor nation under a civil war,—having all the effects of a civil war upon it! Indeed if we return again to folly, let every man consider, If it be *not* like turning to destruction? If God shall unite your hearts and bless you, and give you the blessing of union and love one to another; and tread-down everything that riseth up in your hearts and tendeth to deceive your own souls with pretenses of this thing or that, as we have been saying, and not prefer the keeping of peace, that we may see the fruit of righteousness in them that love peace and embrace peace,—it will be said of this poor nation, *Actum est de Anglia*, It is all over with England!

But I trust God will never leave it to such a spirit. And while I live, and am able, I shall be ready to stand and fall with you, in this seemingly promising union which God hath wrought among you, which I hope neither the pride nor envy of them shall be able to make void. I have taken my oath to govern according to the laws that are now made; and trust I shall fully answer it. And know I sought not this place. I speak it before God, Angels, and Men: I DID NOT. You sought me for it, you brought me to it, and I took my oath to be faithful to the interest of these nations, to be faithful to the government. All those things were implied, in my eye, in the oath to be faithful to this government upon which we have now met. And I trust, by the grace of God, as I have taken my oath to serve this Commonwealth on such an account, I shall,—I must!—see it done according to articles of Government. That every just interest may be preserved; that a godly ministry may be upheld, and not affronted by seducing and seduced spirits; that all men may be preserved in their just rights, whether civil or spiritual. Upon this account did I take oath, and swear to this government! And so having declared my heart and mind to you in this, I have nothing more to say, but to pray, God Almighty bless you.

THE RESTORATION

SAMUEL PEPYS

[From the *Diary*]

March 16, 1660. To Westminster Hall, where I heard how the Parliament had this day dissolved themselves, and did pass very cheerfully through the Hall, and the Speaker without his Mace. The whole Hall was joyful thereat, as well as themselves, and now they begin to talk loud of the king. Tonight I am told, that yesterday, about five o'clock in the afternoon, one came with a ladder to the Great Exchange, and wiped with a brush the inscription that was on King Charles, and that there was a great bonfire made in the Exchange, and people called out, "God bless King Charles the Second."

May 2. Mr. Donne from London, with letter that tells us the welcome news of the Parliament's votes yesterday, which shall be remembered for the happiest May-day that

hath been many a year to England. The King's letter was read in the House, wherein he submits himself and all things to them, as to an Act of Oblivion to all, unless they shall please to except any, as to the confirming of the sales of the King's and Church lands, if they see good. The House, upon reading the letter, ordered 50,000 lbs. to be forthwith provided to send to His Majesty for his present supply; and a committee chosen to return an answer of thanks to his Majesty for his gracious letter; and that the letter be kept among the records of the Parliament; and in all this not so much as one No. So that Luke Robinson himself stood up, and made a recantation for what he had done, and promises to be a loyal subject to his Prince for the time to come. The City of London have put out a Declaration, wherein they do disclaim their owning any other Government but that of a King, Lords, and Commons. Thanks were given by the House to Sir John Greenville, one of the bedchamber to the King, who brought the letter, and they continued bare all the time it was reading. Upon notice from the Lords to the Commons, of their desire that the Commons would join with them in their vote for King, Lords, and Commons; the Commons did concur, and voted that all books whatever that are out against the Government of Kings, Lords, and Commons, should be brought into the House and burned. Great joy all yesterday at London, and at night more bonfires than ever, and ringing of bells, and drinking of the King's health upon their knees in the streets, which methinks is a little too much.

May 15. In the afternoon my Lord called me on purpose to show me his fine clothes which are now come hither, and indeed are very rich as gold and silver can make them, only his sword he and I do not like. In the afternoon my Lord and I walked together in the coach two hours, talking together upon all sorts of discourse: as religion, wherein he is, I perceive, wholly skeptical, saying, that indeed the Protestants as to the Church of Rome are wholly fanatiques; he likes uniformity and form of prayer: about State-business, among other things he told me that his conversion to the King's cause (for I was saying that I wondered from what time the King could look upon him to become his friend) commenced from his being in the Sound, when

he found what usage he was likely to have from a Commonwealth.

May 23. In the morning come infinity of people on board from the King to go along with him. My Lord, Mr. Crewe, and others, go on shore to meet the King as he comes off from shore, where Sir R. Stayner, bringing his Majesty into the boat, I hear that his Majesty did with a great deal of affection kiss my Lord upon his first meeting. The King, with the two Dukes and Queen of Bohemia, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange, come on board, where I, in their coming in, kissed the King's, Queen's, and Princess's hand, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. All day, nothing but Lords and persons of honor on board, that we were exceeding full. Dined in a great deal of state, the Royal company by themselves in the coach, which was a blessed sight to see. After dinner, the King and Duke altered the name of some of the ships, viz., the Nazeby into Charles; the Richard, James; the Speaker, Mary; the Dunbar (which was not in company with us), the Henry; Winsly, Happy Return; Wakefield, Richmond; Lambert, the Henrietta; Cheriton, the Speedwell; Bradford, the Success. That done, the Queen, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange, took leave of the King, and the Duke of York went on board the London, and the Duke of Gloucester, the Swiftsure, which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down, (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his traveling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knee in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at a table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private;

when at the same table there was one, that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place, at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fire-side, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying, that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going.

May 25. I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the gallantry of the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town come and give him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took, and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so in a stateley coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination.

July 10. This day I put on my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life.

August 25. This night W. Hewer brought me home from Mr. Pim's my velvet coat and cap, the first that ever I had.

October 13. I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said, that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the king beheaded at White Hall, and to see

the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross. Setting up shelves in my study.

October 14 (Lord's day). To White Hall chapel, where one Dr. Crofts made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill-sung, which made the King laugh. Here I first did see the Princess Royal since she came into England. Here I also observed, how the Duke of York and Mrs. Palmer did talk to one another very wantonly through the hangings that parts the King's closet where the ladies sit.

November 4 (Lord's Day). In the morn to our own church, where Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer, by saying Glory be to the Father, &c., after he had read the two psalms: but the people had been so little used to it, that they could not tell what to answer.

January 3, 1661. To the Theater, where was acted "Beggar's Bush," it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage.

January 31. To my Lady Batten's; where my wife and she are lately come back from being abroad, and seeing of Cromwell. Ireton, and Bradshaw, hanged and buried at Tyburne.

THE PURITAN

SAMUEL BUTLER

[From *Hudibras*, 1667-8]

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid

Right Worshipful on shoulder blade;
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for charnel or for warrant;
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
 Mighty he was at both of these
 And styl'd of War, as well as Peace:
 (So some rats, of Amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water).
 But here our Authors make a doubt
 Whether he were more wise or stout:
 Some hold the one, and some the other,
 But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
 Which made some take him for a tool
 That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and southwest side;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute:
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl;
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks Committee-men and Trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination:
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure he would do.

For his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit:
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true Church Militant;
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox,
 By Apostolic blows and knocks;
 Call fire and sword, and desolation,
 A godly, thorough Reformation,
 Which always must be carry'd on,
 And still be doing, never done;
 As if Religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended:
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss;

More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick:
 That with more care keep holiday
 The wrong, than others the right way;
 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
 By damning those they have no mind to:
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worship'd God for spite:
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for:
 Freewill they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow:
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin:
 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly:
 Quarrel with minc'd-pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-por-
 ridge;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.

OF COMMONWEALTH

THOMAS HOBBES

[From *Leviathan*, 1651, chapters xvii, xviii,
 xix, xxi]

The Nature of a Commonwealth

The final cause, end, or design, of men, who naturally love liberty and dominion over others, in the introduction of that restraint upon themselves in which we see them live in commonwealths, is the foresight of their own preservation and of a more contented life thereby; that is to say, of getting themselves out from that miserable condition of war which is necessarily consequent, as hath been shown in chapter xiii,¹ to the natural

¹ The following passage sets forth Hobbes' famous idea of the state of nature with its perpetual warfare:

"Hereby it is manifest that, during the time men live without a common power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called war, and such a war as is of every man against every man. For 'war' consisteth not in battle only or the act of fighting, but in a tract of time wherein the will to contend by battle is sufficiently known, and therefore the notion of 'time' is to be considered in the nature of war, as it is in the nature of weather. For as the nature of foul weather lieth not in a shower or two of rain but in an inclination thereto of many days together, so the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting but in the known disposition thereto during all the time, there is no assurance to the contrary. All other time is 'peace.'"

"Whatsoever therefore is consequent to a time of war, where every man is enemy to every man, the same is consequent to the time wherein men live without other security than what their own strength and their own invention shall furnish

passions of men, when there is no visible power to keep them in awe, and tie them by fear of punishment to the performance of their covenants and observation of those laws of Nature set down in the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters.

For the laws of Nature, as "justice," "equity," "modesty," "mercy" and, in sum, "doing to others as we would be done to," of themselves, without the terror of some power to cause them to be observed, are contrary to our natural passions, that carry us to partiality, pride, revenge, and the like. And covenants, without the sword, are but words, and of no strength to secure a man at all. Therefore, notwithstanding the laws of Nature, which every one hath then kept when he has the will to keep them, when he can do it safely, if there be no power erected or not great enough for our security, every man will, and may lawfully, rely on his own strength and art for caution against all other men. And in all places where men have lived by small families, to rob and spoil one another has been a trade, and so far from being reputed against the law of Nature, that the greater spoils they gained, the greater was their honor; and men observed no other laws therein but the laws of honor, that is, to abstain from cruelty, leaving to men their lives and instruments of husbandry. And as small families did then, so now do cities and kingdoms, which are but greater families, for their own security enlarge their dominions, upon all pretences of danger and fear of invasion or assistance that may be given to invaders, and endeavor as much as they can to subdue or weaken their neighbors by open force and secret arts, for want of other caution, justly; and are remembered for it in after ages with honor.

Nor is it the joining together of a small number of men that gives them this security, because, in small numbers, small additions on the one side or the other make the advantage of strength so great as is sufficient to carry the victory, and therefore gives en-

them withal. In such condition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain, and consequently no culture of the earth, no navigation nor use of the commodities that may be imported by sea, no commodious building, no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force, no knowledge of the face of the earth; no account of time, no arts, no letters, no society, and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

couragement to an invasion. The multitude sufficient to confide in for our security is not determined by any certain number, but by comparison with the enemy we fear; and is then sufficient when the odds of the enemy is not of so visible and conspicuous moment to determine the event of war as to move him to attempt.

And be there never so great a multitude, yet, if their actions be directed according to their particular judgments and particular appetites, they can expect thereby no defence nor protection, neither against a common enemy nor against the injuries of one another. For, being distracted in opinions concerning the best use and application of their strength, they do not help, but hinder, one another, and reduce their strength by mutual opposition to nothing; whereby they are easily not only subdued by a very few that agree together, but also, when there is no common enemy, they make war upon each other for their particular interests. For, if we could suppose a great multitude of men to consent in the observation of justice and other laws of Nature, without a common power to keep them all in awe we might as well suppose all mankind to do the same; and then there neither would be nor need to be any civil government or commonwealth at all, because there would be peace without subjection.

Nor is it enough for the security which men desire should last all the time of their life that they be governed and directed by one judgment for a limited time, as in one battle or one war. For, though they obtain a victory by their unanimous endeavor against a foreign enemy, yet afterwards, when either they have no common enemy or he that by one part is held for an enemy is by another part held for a friend, they must needs by the difference of their interests dissolve and fall again into a war amongst themselves. . . .

The only way to erect such a common power as may be able to defend them from the invasion of foreigners and the injuries of one another, and thereby to secure them in such sort as that by their own industry and by the fruits of the earth they may nourish themselves and live contentedly, is to confer all their power and strength upon one man, or upon one assembly of men, that may reduce all their wills by plurality of voices unto one will; which is as much as to say, to appoint one man or assembly of men

to bear their person; and every one to own and acknowledge himself to be author of whatsoever he that so beareth their person shall act, or cause to be acted, in those things which concern the common peace and safety; and therein to submit their wills, every one to his will, and their judgments to his judgment. This is more than consent or concord: it is a real unity of them all, in one and the same person, made by covenant of every man with every man, in such manner as if every man should say to every man, "I authorize and give up my right of governing myself to this man, or to this assembly of men, on this condition, that thou give up thy right to him and authorize all his actions in like manner." This done, the multitude so united in one person is called a "commonwealth," in Latin *civitas*. This is the generation of that great "leviathan," or, rather, to speak more reverently, of that "mortal god," to which we owe under the "immortal God," our peace and defense. For by this authority, given him by every particular man in the commonwealth, he hath the use of so much power and strength conferred on him that by terror thereof he is enabled to perform the wills of them all, to peace at home and mutual aid against their enemies abroad. And in him consisteth the essence of the commonwealth; which, to define it, is "one person, of whose acts a great multitude by mutual covenants one with another have made themselves every one the author, to the end he may use the strength and means of them all as he shall think expedient for their peace and common defense."

And he that carrieth this person is called "sovereign," and said to have "sovereign power"; and every one besides his "subject."

The attaining to this sovereign power is by two ways. One by natural force, as when a man maketh his children to submit themselves and their children to his government, as being able to destroy them if they refuse; or by war subdueth his enemies to his will, giving them their lives on that condition. The other is when men agree amongst themselves to submit to some man, or assembly of men, voluntarily, on confidence to be protected by him against all others. This latter may be called a political commonwealth, or commonwealth by "institution"; and the former, a commonwealth by "acquisition."

Of the Several Kinds of Commonwealth

The difference of commonwealths consisteth in the difference of the sovereign or the person representative of all and every one of the multitude. And because the sovereignty is either in one man or in an assembly of more than one, and into that assembly either every man hath right to enter or not every one, but certain men distinguished from the rest, it is manifest there can be but three kinds of commonwealth. For the representative must needs be one man or more; and, if more, then it is the assembly of all or but of a part. When the representative is one man, then is the commonwealth a "monarchy"; when an assembly of all that will come together, then it is a "democracy," or popular commonwealth; when an assembly of a part only, then it is called an "aristocracy." Other kind of commonwealth there can be none; for either one, or more, or all, must have the sovereign power, which I have shown to be indivisible, entire.

Of the Liberty of Subjects

Liberty, or "freedom," signifieth, properly, the absence of opposition—by opposition, I mean external impediments of motion; and may be applied no less to irrational and inanimate creatures than to rational. For whatsoever is so tied or environed as it cannot move but within a certain space, which space is determined by the opposition of some external body, we say it hath not liberty to go further. And so of all living creatures whilst they are imprisoned or restrained with walls or chains; and of the water whilst it is kept in by banks or vessels, that otherwise should spread itself into a larger space, we use to say they are not at liberty to move in such manner as without those external impediments they would. But, when the impediment of motion is in the constitution of the thing itself, we use not to say it wants the liberty, but the power, to move, as when a stone lieth still, or a man is fastened to his bed by sickness.

And, according to this proper and generally received meaning of the word, a "freeman is he that in those things which by his strength and wit he is able to do is not hindered to do what he has a will to." But, when the words "free" and "liberty" are applied to anything but "bodies," they are abused; for that which is not subject to

motion is not subject to impediment; and, therefore, when it is said, for example, the way is free, no liberty of the way is signified, but of those that walk in it without stop. And when we say a gift is free, there is not meant any liberty of the gift, but of the giver, that was not bound by any law of covenant to give it. So, when we "speak freely," it is not the liberty of voice or pronouncement, but of the man, whom no law hath obliged to speak otherwise than he did. Lastly, from the use of the word "free-will" no liberty can be inferred of the will, desire, or inclination, but the liberty of the man, which consisteth in this, that he finds no stop in doing what he has the will, desire, or inclination, to do.

Fear and liberty are consistent; so when a man throweth his goods into the sea for "fear" the ship should sink, he doth it nevertheless very willingly, and may refuse to do it if he will: it is therefore the action of one that was "free"; so a man sometimes pays his debt, only for "fear" of imprisonment, which, because nobody hindered him from detaining, was the action of a man at "liberty." And, generally, all actions which men do in commonwealths for "fear" of the law are actions which the doers had "liberty" to omit.

"Liberty" and "necessity" are consistent, as in the water that hath not only "liberty" but a "necessity" of descending by the channel; so likewise in the actions which men voluntarily do, which, because they proceed from their will, proceed from "liberty," and yet—because every act of man's will, and every desire and inclination, proceedeth from some cause, and that from another cause, in a continual chain whose first link is in the hand of God, the first of all causes—proceed from "necessity." So that, to him that could see the connection of those causes, the "necessity" of all men's voluntary actions would appear manifest. And therefore God, that seeth and disposeth all things, seeth also that the "liberty" of man in doing what he will is accompanied with the "necessity" of doing that which God will, and no more nor less. For, though men may do many things which God does not command, nor is therefore author of them, yet they can have no passion nor appetite to anything of which appetite God's will is not the cause. And did not His will assure the "necessity" of man's will, and consequently of all that on man's will dependeth, the

"liberty" of men would be a contradiction and impediment to the omnipotence and "liberty" of God. And this shall suffice, as to the matter in hand, of that natural "liberty" which only is properly called "liberty."

But as men, for the attaining of peace and conservation of themselves thereby, have made an artificial man which we call a commonwealth, so also have they made artificial chains, called "civil laws," which they themselves by mutual covenants have fastened at one end to the lips of that man, or assembly, to whom they have given the sovereign power, and at the other end to their own ears. These bonds, in their own nature but weak, may nevertheless be made to hold by the danger, though not by the difficulty, of breaking them.

In relation to these bonds only it is that I am to speak now of the "liberty" of "subjects." For, seeing there is no commonwealth in the world wherein there be rules enough set down for the regulating of all the actions and words of men, as being a thing impossible, it followeth necessarily that, in all kinds of actions by the laws pretermitted, men have the liberty of doing what their own reasons shall suggest for the most profitable to themselves. For, if we take liberty in the proper sense for corporal liberty—that is to say, freedom from chains and prison—it were very absurd for men to clamor as they do for the liberty they so manifestly enjoy. Again, if we take liberty for an exemption from laws, it is no less absurd for men to demand as they do that liberty by which all other men may be masters of their lives. And yet, as absurd as it is, this is it they demand, not knowing that the laws are of no power to protect them, without a sword in the hands of a man or men to cause those laws to be put in execution. The liberty of a subject lieth therefore only in those things which in regulating their actions the sovereign hath pretermitted, such as is the liberty to buy and sell and otherwise contract with one another, to choose their own abode, their own diet, their own trade of life, and institute their children as they themselves think fit, and the like.

Nevertheless we are not to understand that by such liberty the sovereign power of life and death is either abolished or limited. For it has been already shown that nothing the sovereign representative can do to a subject, on what pretence soever, can properly be

called injustice or injury, because every subject is author of every act the sovereign doth; so that he never wanteth right to anything, otherwise than as he himself is the subject of God, and bound thereby to observe the laws of Nature. And therefore it may, and doth, often happen in commonwealths that a subject may be put to death by the command of the sovereign power; and yet neither do the other wrong; as when Jephtha caused his daughter to be sacrificed; in which, and the like cases, he that so dieth had liberty to do the action for which he is nevertheless without injury put to death. And the same holdeth also in a sovereign prince that putteth to death an innocent subject. For, though the action be against the law of Nature as being contrary to equity, as was the killing of Uriah by David, yet it was not an injury to Uriah, but to God. Not to Uriah, because the right to do what he pleased was given him by Uriah himself; and yet to God, because David was God's subject, and prohibited all iniquity by the law of Nature; which distinction David himself, when he repented the fact, evidently confirmed, saying: "To Thee only have I sinned." In the same manner the people of Athens, when they banished the most potent of their commonwealth for ten years, thought they committed no injustice; and yet they never questioned what crime he had done, but what hurt he would do: nay, they commanded the banishment of they knew not whom; and every citizen bringing his oyster shell into the market-place written with the name of him he desired should be banished, without actually accusing him, sometimes banished an Aristides, for his reputation of justice, and sometimes a scurrilous jester, as Hyperbolus, to make a jest of it. And yet a man cannot say the sovereign people of Athens wanted right to banish them, or an Athenian the liberty to jest or to be just.

The liberty whereof there is so frequent and honorable mention in the histories and philosophy of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and in the writings and discourse of those that from them have received all their learning in the politics, is not the liberty of particular men, but the liberty of the commonwealth; which is the same with that which every man then should have, if there were no civil laws nor commonwealth at all. And the effects of it also be the same. For as amongst masterless men there is per-

petual war of every man against his neighbor; no inheritance, to transmit to the son, nor to expect from the father; no propriety of goods, or lands; no security; but a full and absolute liberty in every particular man: so in states and commonwealths not dependent on one another every commonwealth, not every man, has an absolute liberty to do what it shall judge, that is to say, what that man, or assembly that representeth it, shall judge most conducing to their benefit. But withal they live in the condition of a perpetual war, and upon the confines of battle, with their frontiers armed and cannons planted against their neighbors round about. The Athenians and Romans were free, that is, free commonwealths; not that any particular men had the liberty to resist their own representative, but that their representative had the liberty to resist or invade other people. There is written on the turrets of the city of Lucca, in great characters, at this day, the word "Libertas"; yet no man can thence infer that a particular man has more liberty or immunity from the service of the commonwealth there than in Constantinople. Whether a commonwealth be monarchical or popular the freedom is still the same.

But it is an easy thing for men to be deceived by the specious name of liberty; and, for want of judgment to distinguish, mistake that for their private inheritance and birthright which is the right of the public only. And, when the same error is confirmed by the authority of men in reputation for their writings on this subject, it is no wonder if it produce sedition, and change of government. In these western parts of the world we are made to receive our opinions concerning the institution and rights of commonwealths, from Aristotle, Cicero, and other men, Greeks and Romans, that, living under popular states, derived those rights not from the principles of Nature but transcribed them into their books, out of the practice of their own commonwealths, which were popular; as the grammarians describe the rules of language out of the practice of the time, or the rules of poetry out of the poems of Homer and Virgil. And, because the Athenians were taught to keep them from desire of changing their government, that they were free men, and all that lived under monarchy were slaves, therefore Aristotle put it down in his *Politics* (lib. 6, cap. ii): "In democracy

'liberty' is to be supposed; for it is commonly held that no man is 'free' in any other government." And as Aristotle, so Cicero and other writers have grounded their civil doctrine on the opinions of the Romans, who were taught to hate monarchy, at first, by them that having deposed their sovereign shared amongst them the sovereignty of Rome, and afterwards by their successors. And by reading of these Greek and Latin authors men from their childhood have gotten a habit, under a false show of liberty, of favoring tumults, and of licentious controlling the actions of their sovereigns, and again of controlling those controllers; with the effusion of so much blood as I think I may truly say there was never anything so dearly bought as these western parts have bought the learning of the Greek and Latin tongues.

THE POLITICAL VERSE OF JOHN DRYDEN

[From *Astræ Redux*, 1660]

And welcome now, great monarch, to your own!

Behold the approaching cliffs of Albion.
It is no longer motion cheats your view;
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and in the white it wears
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
But you, whose goodness your descent doth show,

Your heavenly parentage and earthly too,
By that same mildness which your father's crown

Before did ravish shall secure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when the Almighty would to Moses give

A sight of all he could behold and live,
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in his name.

Your power to justice doth submit your cause,

Your goodness only is above the laws,
Whose rigid letter, while pronounced by you,

Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew,

When through Arabian groves they take their flight,

Made wanton with rich odors, lose their spite.

And as those lees that trouble it refine
The agitated soul of generous wine,
So tears of joy, for your returning spilt,
Work out and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,

Who in their haste to welcome you to land
Choked up the beach with their still growing store

And made a wilder torrent on the shore:
While, spurred with eager thoughts of past delight,

Those who had seen you, court a second sight,

Preventing still your steps and making haste
To meet you often whereso'er you past.

How shall I speak of that triumphant day,
When you renewed the expiring pomp of May!

A month that owns an interest in your name;
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.
That star, that at your birth shone out so bright

It stained the duller sun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.

And now Time's whiter series is begun,
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run:
Those clouds that overcast your morn shall fly,

Dispelled to farthest corners of the sky.
Our nation, with united interest blest,
Not now content to poise, shall sway the rest.
Abroad your empire shall no limits know,
But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow;
Your much-loved fleet shall with a wide command

Besiege the petty monarchs of the land;
And as old Time his offspring swallowed down,

Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,

Our merchants shall no more adventurers be;
Nor in the farthest East those dangers fear
Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes,
For what the powerful takes not he bestows;
And France that did an exile's presence fear
May justly apprehend you still too near.

At home the hateful names of parties cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
The discontented now are only they
Whose crimes before did your just cause betray;

Of those your edicts some reclaim from sins,
But most your life and blest example wins.

Oh, happy prince, whom Heaven hath taught
the way
By paying vows to have more vows to pay!
Oh, happy age! oh, times like those alone
By fate reserved for great Augustus' throne,
When the joint growth of arms and arts
foreshew
The world a monarch, and that monarch
you!

[From *Absalom and Achitophel*, 1681]

The inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites; the town so called from
them,
And theirs the native right.
But when the chosen people grew more
strong,
The rightful cause at length became the
wrong; 5
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the
more.
Thus worn and weakened, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government:
Impoverished and deprived of all com-
mand, 10
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgraced, and burnt like com-
mon wood.
This set the heathen priesthood in a flame,
For priests of all religions are the same. 15
Of whatsoever descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defense his servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies, 20
In this conclude them honest men and
wise.
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
To espouse his cause by whom they eat and
drink.
From hence began that Plot, the nation's
curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse, 25
Raised in extremes, and in extremes decried,
With oaths affirmed, with dying vows denied,
Not weighed or winnowed by the multitude,
But swallowed in the mass, unchewed and
crude.
Some truth there was, but dashed and brewed
with lies 30
To please the fools and puzzle all the wise:
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing or believing all.
The Egyptian rites the Jebusites embraced,

Where gods were recommended by their
taste; 35
Such savory deities must needs be good
As served at once for worship and for food.
By force they could not introduce these gods,
For ten to one in former days was odds:
So fraud was used, the sacrificer's trade; 40
Fools are more hard to conquer than per-
suade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews.
And raked for converts even the court and
stews:
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly
took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock. 45
Some thought they God's anointed meant to
slay
By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebusites may go?
This plot, which failed for want of common
sense, 50
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence;
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humor which before
Slept quiet in its channels bubbles o'er; 55
So several factions from this first ferment
Work up to foam and threat the govern-
ment.
Some by their friends, more by themselves
thought wise,
Opposed the power to which they could not
rise.
Some had in courts been great, and thrown
from thence, 60
Like fiends were hardened in impenitence.
Some by their monarch's fatal mercy grown
From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne
Were raised in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men
could tie. 65
Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place, 70
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay. 75
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves
went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his
wit.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied
And thin partitions do their bounds
divide; 80

Else, why should he, with wealth and honor
blest,

Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?

And all to leave what with his toil he won 85
To that unfeathered two-legg'd thing, a son,
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.

In friendship false, implacable in hate, 90
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state;
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting
fame,

Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name. 95
So easy still it proves in factious times
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will,
Where crowds can wink and no offence be
known, 100

Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the
judge.

In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
With more discerning eyes or hands more
clean, 105

Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch and easy of access.

Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the raucness of the soil been freed 110

From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.

But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land. 115

Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contrived long
since, 120

He stood at bold defiance with his prince
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulked behind the
laws.

The wished occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he
makes; 125

By buzzing emissaries fills the ears

Of listening crowds with jealousies and
fears

Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the king himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full
well 130

Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For governed by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime
renews;

And once in twenty years their scribes
record,

By natural instinct they change their lord. 135
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.

Not that he wished his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate;
But, for he knew his title not allowed 140
Would keep him still depending on the
crowd,

That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy. . . .

A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed
Of the true old enthusiastic breed: 145

'Gainst form and order they their power
employ,

Nothing to build and all things to destroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of such
Who think too little and who talk too much.
These out of mere instinct, they knew not
why, 150

Adored their fathers' God and property,
And by the same blind benefit of Fate
The Devil and the Jebusite did hate:

Born to be saved even in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing
right. 155

Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra
more

Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the
land;

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be 160
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buf-
foon; 165

Then all for women, painting, rhyming,
drinking,

Besides ten thousand freaks that died in
thinking.

Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!

Railing and praising were his usual
themes, 170
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent or over civil
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert. 175
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from Court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For spite of him, the weight of business fell 180
On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

[From *The Hind and the Panther*, 1687]

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds 5
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die.
Not so her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine. 10
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate,
The immortal part assumed immortal state.
Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose 15
And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoyed her pains. 20
With grief and gladness mixed, their mother viewed
Her martyred offspring and their race renewed;
Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpassed.
Panting and pensive now she ranged alone. 25

And wandered in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrained
By sovereign power, her company disdained,
Grinned as they passed, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity. 30
'Tis true she bounded by and tripped so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight;
For truth has such a face and such a mien
As to be loved needs only to be seen.
The bloody Bear, an Independent beast 35
Unlicked to form, in groans her hate expressed.
Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare
Professed neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheists use,
Mimicked all sects and had his own to choose; 40
Still when the Lion looked, his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The bristled Baptist Boar, impure as he,
But whitened with the foam of sanctity,
With fat pollutions filled the sacred place, 45
And mountains leveled in his furious race;
So first rebellion founded was in grace.
But, since the mighty ravage which he made
In German forests had his guilt betrayed,
With broken tusks and with a borrowed name, 50
He shunned the vengeance and concealed the shame,
So lurked in sects unseen. With greater guile
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil;
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chased from Nice, then by Socinus nursed, 55
His impious race their blasphemy renewed,
And Nature's King through Nature's optics viewed;
Reversed they viewed him lessened to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a God desecry.
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend, 60
Hence they began, and here they all will end. . . .
Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more
That beasts of prey are banished from thy shore;
The Bear, the Boar, and every savage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame, 65

Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful
 bower,
 And, muzzled though thy seem, the mutes
 devour.
 More haughty than the rest, the wolfish
 race
 Appear with belly gaunt and famished face;
 Never was so deformed a beast of grace. ⁷⁰
 His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
 Close clapped for shame; but his rough crest
 he rears,
 And pricks up his predestinating ears.
 His wild disordered walk, his haggard eyes,
 Did all the bestial citizens surprise; ⁷⁵
 Though feared and hated, yet he ruled a
 while,
 As captain or companion of the spoil. . . .

These are the chief; to number o'er the
 rest
 And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
 Were weary work; nor will the Muse de-
 scribe ⁸⁰
 A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe,
 Who, far from steeples and their sacred
 sound,
 In fields their sullen conventicles found.
 These gross, half-animated lumps I leave,
 Nor can I think what thoughts they can con-
 ceive. ⁸⁵
 But if they think at all, 't is sure no higher
 Than matter put in motion may aspire;
 Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of
 clay,
 So drossy, so divisible are they
 As would but serve pure bodies for allay, ⁹⁰
 Such souls as shards produce, such beetle
 things

As only buzz to heaven with evening wings,
 Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
 Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
 They know not beings, and but hate a
 name; ⁹⁵

To them the Hind and Panther are the same.

The Panther, sure the noblest next the
 Hind

And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
 Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away
 She were too good to be a beast of prey! ¹⁰⁰
 How can I praise or blame, and not offend,
 Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
 Her faults and virtues lie so mixed, that she
 Nor wholly stands condemned nor wholly
 free.

Then, like her injured Lion, let me speak; ¹⁰⁵
 He cannot bend her and he would not
 break.

Unkind already, and estranged in part,
 The Wolf begins to share her wandering
 heart.

Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
 She half commits who sins but in her
 will. ¹¹⁰

If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
 There could be spirits of a middle sort,
 Too black for heaven and yet too white for
 hell,

Who just dropped half-way down, nor lower
 fell;

So poised, so gently she descends from
 high, ¹¹⁵

It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.
 Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretense
 Her clergy heralds make in her defense
 A second century not half-way run,
 Since the new honors of her blood begun. ¹²⁰

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IDEALS OF SANITY AND ORDER

I. CRITICISMS OF SOCIAL LIFE AND MANNERS

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM

ALEXANDER POPE

Canto I

What dire offence from amorous causes
springs,

What mighty contests rise from trivial
things,

I sing.—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due;
This, e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view.
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, ⁵
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could
compel

A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
Oh, say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord? ¹⁰
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timor-
ous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the
day.

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing
shake, ¹⁵

And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake.
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the
ground,

And the pressed watch returned a silver
sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow pressed,
Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy
rest; ²⁰

'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
The morning dream that hovered o'er her
head;

A youth more glittering than a birth-night
beau,

(That e'en in slumber caused her cheek to
glow)

Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay, ²⁵

And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say:
"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished
care

Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touched thy infant
thought,

Of all the nurse and all the priest have
taught, ³⁰

Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav-
enly flowers;

Hear and believe! thy own importance
know, ³⁵

Nor bound thy narrow views to things below,
Some secret truths, some learnèd pride con-
cealed,

To maids alone and children are revealed.
What though no credit doubting wits may
give?

The fair and innocent shall still believe. ⁴⁰
Know, then, unnumbered spirits round thee
fly,

The light militia of the lower sky.
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the
Ring.

Think what an equipage thou hast in air, ⁴⁵
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous
mould;

Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air. ⁵⁰
Think not, when woman's transient breath
is fled,

That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks
the cards.

Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive, ⁵⁵
And love of om'ler, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire.

To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name. ⁶⁰
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a
gnome,

In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair, ⁶⁵
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

"Know further yet: whoever fair and
chaste

Rejects mankind, is by some sylph em-
braced;

For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with
ease

Assume what sexes and what shapes they
please. ⁷⁰

What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring
spark,

The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm
desires, ⁷⁵

When music softens, and when dancing
fires?

'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honor is the word with men below.
Some nymphs there are, too conscious of
their face,

For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their
pride, ⁸¹

When offers are disdained, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweep-
ing train,

And garters, stars, and coronets appear, ⁸⁵
And in soft sounds 'Your Grace' salutes
their ear.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to
roll,

Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau. ⁹⁰

"Oft when the world imagine women
stray,

The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their
way,

Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.

What tender maid but must a victim fall ⁹⁵
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could with-
stand,

If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,

They shift the moving toychop of their
heart; ¹⁰⁰

Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots
sword-knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches
drive.

This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

"Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name. ¹⁰⁶

Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star

I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend, ¹¹⁰
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or
where.

Warned by the sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:

Beware of all, but most beware of man!"

He said; when Shock, who thought she
slept too long, ¹¹⁵

Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his
tongue.

'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;

Wounds, charms, and ardors were no sooner
read,

But all the vision vanished from thy head. ¹²⁰

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands dis-
played,

Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, robed in white, the nymph intent
adores,

With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears, ¹²⁵

To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,

Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.

Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;

From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering
spoil. ¹³²

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The tortoise here and elephant unite, ¹³⁵

Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the
white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux.

Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;

The fair each moment rises in her charms, ¹⁴⁰

Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,

And calls forth all the wonders of her face;

Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,

And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.

The busy sylphs surround their darling care,

These set the head, and those divide the hair,

Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the
gown; ¹⁴⁷
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

Canto II

Not with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dressed youths
around her shone, ⁵

But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she
wore,

Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those; ¹⁰
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.

Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of
pride, ¹⁵

Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to
hide;

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of man-
kind,

Nourished two locks, which graceful hung
behind ²⁰

In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender
chains.

With hairy springes, we the birds betray, ²⁵
Slight lines of hair surprise the funny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous baron the bright locks ad-
mired;

He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way, ³¹
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had im-
plored ³⁵

Propitious Heaven, and every power adored,
But chiefly Love; to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of
gloves,

And all the trophies of his former loves; ⁴⁰
With tender billets-doux he lights the pyre.

And breathes three amorous sighs to raise
the fire.

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent
eyes

Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.
The powers gave ear, and granted half his
prayer; ⁴⁵

The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating
tides;

While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die; ⁵⁰
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently
play,

Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.

All but the sylph—with careful thoughts op-
pressed,

Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air: ⁵⁵
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers
breathe,

That seemed but zephyrs to the train be-
neath.

Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of
gold; ⁶⁰

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.

Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, ⁶⁵
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colors
flings,

Colors that change whene'er they wave their
wings.

Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed; ⁷⁰

His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:

"Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give
ear!

Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks as-
signed ⁷⁵

By laws eternal to th' aerial kind.

Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.

Some guide the course of wandering orbs on
high,

Or roll the planets through the boundless
sky. ⁸⁰

Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale
light

Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the
night,

Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain; ⁸⁶
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions
 guide:

Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British
 throne. ⁹⁰

"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious
 care;

To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprisoned essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colors from the vernal flow-
 ers; ⁹⁵

To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in
 showers,

A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
 Nay, oft in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow. ¹⁰⁰

"This day, black omens threat the bright-
 est fair

That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or sleight;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapped
 in night.

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
 Or some frail china jar receive a flaw; ¹⁰⁶
 Or stain her honor, or her new brocade;
 Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
 Or whether Heaven has doomed that Shock
 must fall. ¹¹⁰

Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge re-
 pair;

The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite lock;
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock. ¹¹⁶

To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to
 fail,

Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs
 of whale; ¹²⁰

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
 And guard the wide circumference around.

"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his
 sins, ¹²⁵

Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
 Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;

Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clogged he beats his silken wings in
 vain; ¹³⁰

Or alum styptics with contracting power
 Shrink his thin essence like a riveled flower;
 Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow, ¹³⁵
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!"

He spoke; the spirits from the sails de-
 scend;

Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
 Some thrird the mazy ringlets of her hair;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear; ¹⁴⁰
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

Canto III

Close by those meads, forever crowned with
 flowers,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising
 towers,

There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighboring Hampton takes
 its name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall fore-
 doom ⁵

Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;
 Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms
 obey,

Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes
 tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court: ¹⁰
 In various talk th' instructive hours they
 passed,

Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian
 screen;

A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
 At every word a reputation dies. ¹⁶

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of
 day,

The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray; ²⁰
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;

The merchant from th' Exchange returns in
 peace,

And the long labors of the toilet cease.
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, ²⁵
 Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
 At ombre singly to decide their doom;

And swells her breast with conquests yet to
 come.

Straight the three bands prepare in arms to
 join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial
 guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:
 First, Ariel perched upon a Matadore,
 Then each, according to the rank they bore;
 For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient
 race, 35
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of
 place.

Behold, four kings in majesty revered,
 With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
 And four fair queens whose hands sustain
 a flower,
 The expressive emblem of their softer
 power; 40
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty
 band,
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their
 hand;
 And parti-colored troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with
 care: 45
 Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps
 they were.

Now moved to war her sable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
 Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the
 board. 50

As many more Manillio forced to yield
 And marched a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
 Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
 With his broad saber next, a chief in years,
 The hoary majesty of spades appears, 55
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
 The rest, his many-colored robe concealed.
 The rebel knave, who dares his prince en-
 gage,

Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
 E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens
 o'erthrew,
 And mowed down armies in the fights of
 Loo,

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguished by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; 65
 Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 The imperial consort of the crown of spades;
 The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous
 pride. 70

What boots the regal circle on his head,

His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The baron now his diamonds pours apace;
 Th' embroidered king who shows but half
 his face, 76

And his refulgent queen, with powers com-
 bined,

Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder
 seen,

With throngs promiscuous strew the level
 green. 80

Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye;
 The pierced battalions disunited fall, 85
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms
 them all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily
 arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen
 of hearts.

At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90
 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.

And now (as oft in some distempered state)
 On one nice trick depends the general fate.
 An ace of hearts steps forth; the king un-
 seen 95

Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive
 queen:

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the
 sky;

The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, or too soon elate, 102
 Sudden, these honors shall be snatched away,
 And cursed forever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is
 crowned, 106

The berries crackle, and the mill turns
 round;

On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors
 glide,

While China's earth receives the smoking
 tide: 110

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor
 fanned,

Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,¹¹⁵
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.

Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)

Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
New stratagems the radiant lock to gain.¹²⁰

Ah, cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,

Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!

Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,

How soon they find fit instruments of ill! ¹²⁵
Just then Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends ¹³¹

The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.

Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair; ¹³⁶

And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;

Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought; ¹⁴⁰
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired, ¹⁴⁵

Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,

T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed; ¹⁵⁰
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,

(But airy substance soon unites again).

The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, forever, and forever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes, ¹⁵⁵

And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.

Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,

When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last;

Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,

In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine," ¹⁶¹

The victor cried; "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read, ¹⁶⁵

Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,

While nymphs take treats, or assignments give,

So long my honor, name, and praise shall live! ¹⁷⁰

What Time would spare, from steel receives its date,

And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, ¹⁷⁵

And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel

The conquering force of unresisted steel?"

Canto IV

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppressed,

And secret passions labored in her breast.

Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,

Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss, ⁵

Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,

Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,

Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinned awry,

E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,

As thou, sad virgin, for thy ravished hair. ¹⁰

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew

And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,

Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,

As ever sullied the fair face of light,

Down to the central earth, his proper scene,

Repaired to search the gloomy cave of Spleen. ¹⁶

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapor reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, sheltered close from air, 21
And screened in shades from day's detested
glare,

She sighs forever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne, alike in
place, 25

But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white ar-
rayed;

With store of prayers, for mornings, nights,
and noons

Her hand is filled; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien, 31
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practiced to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride.
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35
Wrapped in a gown, for sickness, and for
show.

The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new dis-
ease.

A constant vapor o'er the palace flies,
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted
shades, 41

Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling
spires,

Pale specters, gaping tombs, and purple
fires;

Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumbered throngs on every side are
seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by
Spleen.

Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the
spout. 50

A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie
talks;

Men prove with child, as powerful fancy
works,

And maids, turned bottles, call aloud for
corks.

Safe past the gnome through this fan-
tastic band, 55

A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addressed the power: "Hail, way-
ward queen!

Who rule the sex, to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapors and of female wit;
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit; 60
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble
plays;

Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.

A nymph there is, that all thy power dis-
dains, 65

And thousands more in equal mirth main-
tains.

But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a
grace,

Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame.
Or change complexions at a losing game; 70

If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, 75
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could
ease:

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the
spleen."

The goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his
prayer. 80

A wondrous bag with both her hands she
binds,

Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female
lungs,

Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of
tongues.

A vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing
tears.

The gnome rejoicing bears her gift away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts
to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he
found,

Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound. 90
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he
rent.

And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.

"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands,
and cried, 95

(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched
maid!" replied)

"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,

For this with torturing irons wreathed
around? 100

For this with fillets strained your tender
head,

And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!

Honor forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine 105

Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.

Methinks already I your tears survey,

Already hear the horrid things they say,

Already see you a degraded toast,

And all your honor in a whisper lost! 110

How shall I, then, your helpless fame de-
fend?

'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!

And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,

Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,

And heightened by the diamond's circling
rays, 115

On that rapacious hand forever blaze?

Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus
grow,

And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;

Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,

Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish
all!" 120

She said; then raging to Sir Plume re-
pairs,

And bids her beau demand the precious
hairs

(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane).

With earnest eyes, and round unthinking
face, 125

He first the snuff-box opened, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My lord, why, what
the devil?

Zounds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must
be civil!

Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee,
pox!

Give her the hair," he spoke, and rapped his
box. 130

"It grieves me much," replied the peer
again,

"Who speaks so well should ever speak in
vain.

But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted
hair;

Which never more its honors shall re-
new, 135

Clipped from the lovely head where late it
grew)

That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall forever
wear."

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph
spread

The long-contented honors of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears
not so;

He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.

Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief ap-
pears,

Her eyes half languishing, half drowned in
tears;

On her heaved bosom hung her drooping
head, 145

Which, with a sigh, she raised; and thus she
said:

"Forever curs'd be this detested day,

Which snatched my best, my favorite curl
away!

Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,

If Hampton Court these eyes had never
seen! 150

Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,

By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed.

Oh, had I rather unadmired remained

In some lone isle or distant northern land;

Where the gilt chariot never marks the
way, 155

Where none learn omber, none e'er taste
bohea!

There kept my charms concealed from mor-
tal eye,

Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.

What moved my mind with youthful lords
to roam?

Oh, had I stayed, and said my prayers at
home! 160

'Twas this, the morning omens seemed to
tell:

Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-
box fell;

The tottering china shook without a wind;

Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most
unkind!

A sylph, too, warned me of the threats of
fate, 165

In mystic visions, now believed too late!

See the poor remnants of these slighted
hairs!

My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine
spares;

These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy
neck; 170

The sister lock now sits uncouth, alone,

And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;

Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears de-
mands,

And tempts once more, thy sacrilegious
hands.

Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to
 seize ¹⁷⁵
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

Canto V

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
 But Fate and Jove had stopped the baron's
 ears.

In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain, ⁵
 While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her
 fan;

Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
 "Say, why are beauties praised and hon-
 ored most,

The wise man's passion, and the vain man's
 toast? ¹⁰

Why decked with all that land and sea af-
 ford,

Why angels called, and angel-like adored?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-
 gloved beaux,

Why bows the side-box from its inmost
 rows?

How vain are all these glories, all our
 pains, ¹⁵

Unless good sense preserve what beauty
 gains;

That men may say, when we the front-box
 grace,

'Behold the first in virtue as in face!'

Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age
 away, ²⁰

Who would not scorn what housewife's
 cares produce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of
 use?

To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.

But since, alas! frail beauty must decay; ²⁵
 Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to
 gray;

Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
 What then remains but well our power to
 use,

And keep good humor still whate'er we
 lose? ³⁰

And trust me, dear! good humor can pre-
 vail,

When airs, and flights, and screams, and
 scolding fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the
 soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause en-
 sued; ³⁵

Belinda frowned, "Thalestris called her
 prude.

"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whale-
 bones crack; ⁴⁰

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapons in their hands are
 found,

Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal
 wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods en-
 gage, ⁴⁵

And heavenly breasts with human passions
 rage;

'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes
 arms;

And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
 Jove's thunder roars, Heaven trembles all
 around,

Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps
 resound: ⁵⁰

Earth shakes her nodding towers, the
 ground gives way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of
 day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's height
 Clapped his glad wings, and sat to view the
 fight;

Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites
 survey ⁵⁵

The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thales-
 tris flies,

And scatters death around from both her
 eyes,

A beau and witling perished in the throng,
 One died in metaphor, and one in song. ⁶⁰

"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
 Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards
 cast,

"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his
 last.

Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies ⁶⁵
 Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa
 down,

Chloe stepped in and killed him with a
 frown;

She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the beau revived again. ⁷⁰

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in
air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's
hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to
side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs sub-
side.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, ⁷⁵
With more than usual lightning in her eyes;
Nor feared the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord with manly strength en-
dued,
She with one finger and a thumb sub-
dued: ⁸⁰

Just where the breath of life his nostrils
drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'er-
flows, ⁸⁵

And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda
cried,

And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his
neck, ⁹⁰

In three seal-rings; which after, melted
down,

Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's
hairs, ⁹⁵

Which long she wore, and now Belinda
wears.)

"Boast not my fall," he cried, "insulting
foe!

Thou by some other shalt be laid as low;
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind! ¹⁰⁰
Rather than so, ah, let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn
alive."

"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all
around

"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs re-
bound.

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain ¹⁰⁵
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his
pain.

But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with
pain,

In every place is sought, but sought in
vain: ¹¹⁰

With such a prize no mortal must be
blessed,
So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can
contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar
sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured
there.

There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous
vases, ¹¹⁵

And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer
cases;

There broken vows and death-bed alms are
found,

And lovers' hearts with ends of riband
bound,

The courtier's promises, and sick man's
prayers,

The smiles of harlots, and the tears of
heirs, ¹²⁰

Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a
flea,

Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward
rise,

Though marked by none but quick, poetic
eyes:

(So Rome's great founder to the heavens
withdrew, ¹²⁵

To Proculus alone confessed in view)

A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.

Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevelled
light. ¹³⁰

The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through
the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall
survey,

And hail with music its propitious ray.

This the blest lover shall for Venus take, ¹³⁵

And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless
skies,

When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall fore-
doom

The fate of Louis and the fall of Rome. ¹⁴⁰

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy
ravished hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining
sphere!

Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.

For, after all the murders of your eye, ¹⁴⁵

When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust:
 This lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

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THE SPECTATOR AS AN INSTRUMENT
 OF REFORM¹

JOSEPH ADDISON

[*The Spectator*, No. 10. March, 1710-11.]

Non alter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
 Remigis subigit, si brachia forte remisit,
 Atque illum praeceps prono rapit alevus amni.²
 —*Virgil*.

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day: so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who, I hope, will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavor to enliven morality

¹Of the service which his essays rendered to morality it is difficult to speak too highly. It is true that, when the "Tatler" appeared, that age of outrageous profaneness and licentiousness which followed the Restoration had passed away. Jeremy Collier had shamed the theaters into something which, compared with the excesses of Etherege and Wycherley, might be called decency: yet there still lingered in the public mind a pernicious notion that there was some connection between genius and profligacy, between the domestic virtues and the sullen formality of the Puritans. That error it is the glory of Addison to have dispelled. He taught the nation that the faith and the morality of Hale and Tillotson might be found in company with wit more sparkling than the wit of Congreve, and with humor richer than the humor of Vanbrugh. So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that since his time the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the mark of a fool. And this revolution, the greatest and most salutary ever effected by any satirist, he accomplished, be it remembered, without writing one personal lampoon.—*Macaulay: Essay on Addison*.

²"Like a boatman who just manages to make head against the stream, if the tension of his arms happens to relax, and the current whirled away the boat headlong down the river's bed."

—*John Contington*.

with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermittent starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates that he brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea tables and in coffee houses.

I would, therefore, in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter, and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think that where the *Spectator* appears the other public prints will vanish, but shall leave it to my reader's consideration whether, Is it not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland, and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds and make enmities irreconcilable?

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies; I mean the fraternity of spectators who live in the world without having anything to do in it, and either by the affluence of their fortunes or laziness of their dispositions have no other business with the rest of mankind but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, fellows of the Royal Society, Templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of busi-

ness; in short, everyone that considers the world as a theater and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with whether there was any news stirring; and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of till about twelve o'clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instill into them such sound and wholesome sentiments as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them rather as they are women than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated like and conversation that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind

of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavor to make an innocent, if not an improving, entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavor to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments, of the sex. In the meanwhile I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day; but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great railery to the small wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of railery. C.

THE TRUMPET CLUB

RICHARD STEELE

[*The Tatler*, No. 132. Feb. 11, 1709-10.]

Habeo senectutis magnam gratiam, quae mihi sermonis aviditatem auxit, potioris et cibi sustulit.¹

After having applied my mind with more than ordinary attention to my studies, it is my usual custom to relax and unbend it in the conversation of such as are rather easy than shining companions. This I find particularly necessary for me before I retire to rest, in order to draw my slumbers upon me by degrees and fall asleep insensibly. This is the particular use I make of a set of heavy,

¹ "I am much beholden to old age, which has increased my eagerness for conversation in proportion as it has lessened my appetites of hunger and thirst."

honest men, with whom I have passed many hours with much indolence, though not with great pleasure. Their conversation is a kind of preparative for sleep: it takes the mind down from its abstractions, leads it into the familiar traces of thought, and lulls it into that state of tranquillity which is the condition of a thinking man when he is but half awake. After this, my reader will not be surprised to hear the account which I am about to give of a club of my own contemporaries among whom I pass two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my first nap before I go to bed. The truth of it is, I should think myself unjust to posterity, as well as to the society at the Trumpet, of which I am a member, did not I in some part of my writings give an account of the persons among whom I have passed almost a sixth part of my time for these last forty years. Our club consisted originally of fifteen; but, partly by the severity of the law in arbitrary times, and partly by the natural effects of old age, we are at present reduced to a third part of that number; in which, however, we have this consolation, that the best company is said to consist of five persons. I must confess, besides the aforementioned benefit which I meet with in the conversation of this select society, I am not the less pleased with the company, in that I find myself the greatest wit among them and am heard as their oracle in all points of learning and difficulty.

Sir Jeoffery Notch, who is the oldest of the club, has been in possession of the right-hand chair time out of mind and is the only man among us that has the liberty of stirring the fire. This, our foreman, is a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion and run it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting; for which reason he looks upon himself as an honest, worthy gentleman who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful up-start.

Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in the last civil wars and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any action in Europe worth talking of since the fight of Marston Moor; and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices; for which he is in great esteem among us.

Honest old Dick Reptile is the third of

our society. He is a good-natured, indolent man who speaks little himself but laughs at our jokes; and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to show him good company and give him a taste of the world. This young fellow sits generally silent; but whenever he opens his mouth or laughs at any thing that passes he is constantly told by his uncle, after a jocular manner, "Ay, ay, Jack, you young men think us fools; but we old men know you are."

The greatest wit of our company, next to myself, is a benchet of the neighboring inn, who in his youth frequented the ordinaries about Charing Cross, and pretends to have been intimate with Jack Ogle. He has about ten distiches of Hudibras without book and never leaves the club till he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town frolic spoken of, he shakes his head at the dullness of the present age and tells us a story of Jack Ogle.

For my own part, I am esteemed among them because they see I am something respected by others; though at the same time I understand by their behavior that I am considered by them as a man of a great deal of learning but no knowledge of the world; insomuch, that the Major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the philosopher; and Sir Jeoffery, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth and cried, "What does the scholar say to it?"

Our club meets precisely at six o'clock in the evening; but I did not come last night until half an hour after seven, by which means I escaped the battle of Naseby, which the Major usually begins at about three-quarters after six: I found also that my good friend the benchet had already spent three of his distiches; and only waited an opportunity to hear a sermon spoken of that he might introduce the couplet where "a stick" rhymes to "ecclesiastic." At my entrance into the room, they were naming a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the benchet had been diverting them with a story of Jack Ogle.

I had no sooner taken my seat but Sir Jeoffery, to show his good will toward me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco and stirred up the fire. I look upon it as a point of morality to be obliged by those who endeavor to oblige me; and therefore, in re-

quital for his kindness and to set the conversation a-going, I took the best occasion I could to put him upon telling us the story of old Gantlett, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his descent on both sides for several generations, describing his diet and manner of life, with his several battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This Gantlett was a game cock upon whose head the knight, in his youth, had won five hundred pounds and lost two thousand. This naturally set the Major upon the account of Edgehill fight, and ended in a duel of Jack Ogle's.

Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all that was said, though it was the same he had heard every night for these twenty years, and, upon all occasions, winked upon his nephew to mind what passed.

This may suffice to give the world a taste of our innocent conversation, which we spun out until about ten of the clock, when my maid came with a lantern to light me home. I could not but reflect with myself, as I was going out, upon the talkative humor of old men and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot employ his natural propensity in discourses which would make him venerable. I must own, it makes me very melancholy in company, when I hear a young man begin a story; and have often observed that one of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five-and-twenty gathers circumstances every time he tells it, until it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by the time he is threescore.

The only way of avoiding such a trifling and frivolous old age is to lay up in our way to it such stores of knowledge and observation as may make us useful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind of man in a long life will become a magazine of wisdom or folly, and will consequently discharge itself in something impertinent or improving. For which reason, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling story-teller, so there is nothing more venerable than one who has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

In short, we who are in the last stage of life and are apt to indulge ourselves in talk ought to consider if what we speak be worth being heard and endeavor to make our discourse like that of *Nestor*, which Homer compares to the flowing of honey for its sweetness.

I am afraid I shall be thought guilty of this excess I am speaking of, when I cannot conclude without observing that Milton certainly thought of this passage in Homer when, in his description of an eloquent spirit, he says,

"His tongue dropped manna."

THE SPECTATOR CLUB

JOSEPH ADDISON

[*The Spectator*, No. 2. March 2, 1710-11.]

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name is Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor, by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee house for calling him youngster. But, being ill used by the above mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind: but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young

women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the *Quorum*; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago, gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully; but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable; as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell court, and takes a turn at Will's, till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed, and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play; for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London. A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and

great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms, for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation,—and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even, regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavor at the same end with himself, the favor of a commander. He will, however, in his way of

talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it: for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never over-bearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But, that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but, having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but a very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from what Frenchwomen our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; and whose vanity to shew her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world; as other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some cele-

brated beauty, mother of the present lord such-a-one. . . .

This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred, fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest, worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution; and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-councillor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

PUBLIC OPINION IN THE MAKING

JOSEPH ADDISON

[*The Spectator*, No. 403. June 12, 1712.]

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit.¹
—Horace.

When I consider this great city in its several quarters and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners, and interests. The courts of two countries do not so much differ from one another as the court and city in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct

¹ "Who sees the manners of many men."

people from those of Cheapside, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their way of thinking and conversing together.

For this reason, when any public affair is upon the anvil, I love to hear the reflections that arise upon it in the several districts and parishes of London and Westminster, and to ramble up and down a whole day together, in order to make myself acquainted with the opinions of my ingenious countrymen. By this means I know the faces of all the principal politicians within the bills of morality; and as every coffee house has some particular statesman belonging to it, who is the mouth of the street where he lives, I always take care to place myself near him, in order to know his judgment on the present posture of affairs. The last progress that I made with this intention was about three months ago, when we had a current report of the king of France's death. As I foresaw this would produce a new face of things in Europe, and many curious speculations in our British coffee houses, I was very desirous to learn the thoughts of our most eminent politicians on that occasion.

That I might begin as near the fountain-head as possible, I first of all called in at St. James's, where I found the whole outward room in a buzz of politics. The speculations were but very indifferent toward the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were so very much improved by a knot of theorists who sat in the inner room, within the steams of the coffee pot, that I there heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of and all the line of Bourbon provided for in less than a quarter of an hour.

I afterwards called in at Giles's, where I saw a board of French gentlemen sitting upon the life and death of their grand monarch. Those among them who had espoused the Whig interest very positively affirmed that he departed this life about a week since, and therefore proceeded without any further delay to the release of their friends on the galleys, and to their own re-establishment; but finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended progress.

Upon my arrival at Jenny Man's, I saw an alert young fellow that cocked his hat upon a friend of his who entered just at the same

time with myself, and accosted him after the following manner: "Well, Jack, the old prig is dead at last. Sharp's the word. Now or never, boy. Up to the walls of Paris directly." With several other deep reflections of the same nature.

I met with very little variation in the politics between Charing Cross and Covent Garden. And upon my going into Will's, I found their discourse was gone off from the death of the French king to that of Monsieur Boileau, Racine, Corneille, and several other poets, whom they regretted on this occasion, as persons who would have obliged the world with very noble elegies on the death of so great a prince, and so eminent a patron of learning.

At a coffee house near the Temple, I found a couple of young gentlemen engaged very smartly in a dispute on the succession to the Spanish monarchy. One of them seemed to have been retained as advocate for the Duke of Anjou, the other for his Imperial Majesty. They were both for regulating the title to that kingdom by the statute laws of England; but finding them going out of my depth I passed forward to Paul's churchyard, where I listened with great attention to a learned man, who gave the company an account of the deplorable state of France during the minority of the deceased king.

I then turned on my right hand into Fish Street, where the chief politician of that quarter, upon hearing the news, (after having taken a pipe of tobacco, and ruminated for some time) "If," says he, "the king of France is certainly dead, we shall have plenty of mackerel this season; our fishery will not be disturbed by privateers, as it has been for these ten years past." He afterwards considered how the death of this great man would affect our pilchards, and by several other remarks infused a general joy into his whole audience.

I afterwards entered a by coffee house that stood at the upper end of a narrow lane, where I met with a nonjuror, engaged very warmly with a laceman who was the great support of a neighboring conventicle. The matter in debate was whether the late French king was most like Augustus Cæsar or Nero. The controversy was carried on with great heat on both sides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the course of their debate, I was under some apprehension that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my penny at the

bar, and made the best of my way to Cheap-side.

I here gazed upon the signs for some time before I found one to my purpose. The first object I met in the coffee room was a person who expressed a great grief for the death of the French king; but upon his explaining himself, I found his sorrow did not arise from the loss of the monarch, but for his having sold out of the bank about three days before he heard the news of it: upon which a haberdasher, who was the oracle of the coffee house, and had his circle of admirers about him, called several to witness that he had declared his opinion above a week before that the French king was certainly dead; to which he added, that considering the late advices we had received from France, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying these together and dictating to his hearers with great authority, there came in a gentleman from Garraway's, who told us that there were several letters from France just come in, with advice that the king was in good health, and was gone out a-hunting the very morning the post came away: upon which the haberdasher stole off his hat that hung upon a wooden peg by him, and retired to his shop with great confusion. This intelligence put a stop to my travels, which I had prosecuted with much satisfaction; not being a little pleased to hear so many different opinions upon so great an event, and to observe how naturally upon such a piece of news everyone is apt to consider it with a regard to his particular interest and advantage.

A POLITICAL BUSYBODY

JOSEPH ADDISON

[*The Tatler*, No. 155. April 6, 1710.]

Alлена negotia curat,
Excussus propria.¹

—Horace.

From My Own Apartment, April 5.

There lived some years since, within my neighborhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbors. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows and a kind of impatience in all his motions that plainly discovered he

¹ "When he had lost all business of his own, He ran in quest of news through all the town."

was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest news-monger in our quarter: that he rose before day to read the *Postman*; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbors were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favorite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, until about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me; and who should it be but my old neighbor, the upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for, notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose greatcoat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl, to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee.

Upon his coming up to me, I was going to inquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, 'whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender.'

I told him, "None that I heard of," and asked him whether he had yet married his eldest daughter.

He told me, "No. But pray," says he, "tell me sincerely what are your thoughts of the King of Sweden?" For though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age.

"But pray," says he, "do you think there is anything in the story of his wound?" And finding me surprised at the question, "Nay," says he, "I only propose it to you."

I answered that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it.

"But why in the heel," says he, "more than any other part of the body?"

"Because," said I, "the bullet chanced to light there."

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the North; and after having spent some time on them, he told me he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the *Supplement* with the *English Post* and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. "*The Daily Courant*," says he, "has these words. 'We have advices from very good hands that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.' This is very mysterious but the *Post-boy* leaves us more in the dark; for he tells us 'That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince which time will bring to light.' Now the *Postman*," says he, "who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words: 'The late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation.' This certain prince," says the upholsterer, "whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be ——" Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added that, for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woolen manufacture. He then told us that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; "and those," says he

"are Prince Menzikoff and the Duchess of Mirandola." He backed his assertions with so many broken hints and such a show of depth and wisdom that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen, whether, in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at sea; and added that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the northern crowns hold together and the czar of Muscovy stand neuter. He further told us, for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of lands about the pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point my friend, the upholsterer, began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace; in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality. I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away, but had not gone thirty yards before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing toward me with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half-a-crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event as the affairs of Europe now stand.

This paper I design for the particular benefit of those worthy citizens who live more in a coffee house than in their shops,

and whose thoughts are so taken up with the affairs of the allies that they forget their customers.

II. STANDARDS OF INTELLECT AND TASTE

A BUSY LIFE

JOSEPH ADDISON

[*The Spectator*, No. 317. March 4, 1711-12.]

—*Fruges consumere nati.*¹
—*Horace.*

Augustus, a few moments before his death, asked his friends who stood about him if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, Let me then, says he, go off the stage with your applause, using the expression with which the Roman actors made their exit at the conclusion of a dramatic piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them; whether it was worth coming into the world for, whether it be suitable to a reasonable being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant, or buffoon, the satirist, or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it will redound to his praise to have it said of him that no man in England eat better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that nobody outdid him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and eulogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They

are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significancy to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere to the following purpose: I have often seen from my chamber window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance, and endowed with reason. These two intellectual beings are employed, from morning to night, in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phrase it, in polishing marble.

My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the Club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen who died a few days since. This honest man being of greater consequence in his own thoughts than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew showed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it; after having first informed him that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

MONDAY, Eight o'clock. I put on my clothes and walked into the parlor.

Nine o'clock, ditto. Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. Mem. Too many plums, and no suet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind, S.S.E.

¹ "Born but to feed."—*Sir Theodore Martin.*

From six to ten. At the Club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, Eight o'clock. Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of Mother Cob's Mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem. Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

From six to ten. At the Club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, Eight o'clock. Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands, but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter-dish. Mem. Cookmaid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffee house. Advice from Smyrna, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the Club before anybody else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking till nine next morning.

THURSDAY, Nine o'clock. Stayed within till two o'clock for Sir Timothy, who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small beer sour. Beef overcorned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cookmaid. Sent a mes-

sage to Sir Timothy. Mem. I did not go to the Club tonight. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined, and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the coffee house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock. At the Club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small beer with the Grand Vizier.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields. Wind N.E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home, and dried myself.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course marrow-bones. Second ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brook's and Hellier.

Three o'clock. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the Club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Vizier certainly dead, etc.

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the above-mentioned journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions and received so very small improvements; and yet, if we look into the behavior of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves,

and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

A LADY'S LIBRARY

JOSEPH ADDISON

[*The Spectator*, No. 37. *Thursday*,
April 12, 1710-11.]

—Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ
Femineas assueta manus—¹ —*Virgil.*

Some months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, enclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady, whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora, and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her Lady's library, till such time as she was in a readiness to receive me. The very sound of a lady's library gave me a great curiosity to see it; and as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of china placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colors, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture and stained with the greatest variety of dyes.

That part of the library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was enclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, mandarins, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in chinaware. In the midst of the room was a little japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff box made in the shape of a little book. I found there

¹ Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskilled.—*Dryden.*

were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the number, like fagots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixed kind of furniture as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know, at first, whether I should fancy myself in a grotto or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use; but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

Ogilby's *Virgil*.

Dryden's *Juvenal*.

Cassandra.

Cleopatra.

Astræa.

Sir Isaac Newton's *Works*.

The Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.

Pembroke's *Arcadia*.

Lock of Human Understanding, with a paper of patches in it.

A spelling-book.

A dictionary for the explanation of hard words.

Sherlock upon Death.

The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

Sir William Temple's *Essays*.

Father Malebranche's *Search after Truth*; translated into English.

A book of novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Culpepper's *Midwifery*.

The Ladies' Calling.

Tales in Verse, by Mr. D'Urfey; bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.

All the classic authors in wood.

A set of *Elzevirs* by the same hand.

Clelia; which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.

Baker's *Chronicle*.

Advice to a Daughter.

The New *Atalantis*, with a key to it.

Mr. Steele's *Christian Hero*.

A prayer-book; with a bottle of Hungary water by the side of it.

Dr. Sacheverell's speech.

Fielding's *Trial*.

Seneca's *Morals*.

Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*.

La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and, upon my presenting her with the letter from the knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health; I answered "Yes," for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favorite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men (as she has often said herself), but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male visitants except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottoes covered with woodbines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet, which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of The Purling Stream.

The knight likewise tells me that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country. "Not," says Sir Roger, "that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants, as upon her larks and nightingales; for she says that *every bird* which is killed in her ground will

spoil a concert, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year."

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable, though more in fashion. What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination.

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

DANIEL DEFOE

[From *An Essay upon Projects*, 1697]

I have often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilized and a christian country, that we deny the advantages of learning to women. We reproach the sex every day with folly and impertinence; while I am confident, had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves.

One would wonder, indeed, how it should happen that women are conversible at all, since they are only beholden to natural parts for all their knowledge. Their youth is spent to teach them to stitch and sew, or make baubles. They are taught to read, indeed, and perhaps to write their names, or so; and that is the height of a woman's education. And I would but ask any who slight the sex for their understanding, what is a man (a gentleman, I mean) good for, that is taught no more? I need not give instances, or examine the character of a gentleman, with a good estate, of a good family, and with tolerable parts; and examine what figure he makes for want of education.

The soul is placed in the body like a rough diamond, and must be polished, or the luster of it will never appear. And 'tis manifest, that as the rational soul distinguishes us from brutes, so education carries on the distinction, and makes some less brutish than others. This is too evident to need any demonstration. But why then should women be denied the benefit of instruction? If knowledge and understanding had been useless additions to the sex, God Almighty would never have given them capacities; for he made nothing needless. Besides, I would ask such, what they can see in ignorance, that they should think it a necessary ornament to a woman? or how much worse is a wise woman than a fool? or what has the woman done to forfeit the privilege of being taught? Does she plague us with her pride and impertinence? Why did we not let her learn, that she might have had more wit? Shall we upbraid women with folly, when 'tis only the error of this inhuman custom that hindered them from being made wiser?

The capacities of women are supposed to be greater, and their senses quicker than those of the men; and what they might be capable of being bred to, is plain from some instances of female wit, which this age is not without, which upbraids us with injustice, and looks as if we denied women the advantages of education, for fear they should vie with the men in their improvements. . . .

They should be taught all sorts of breeding suitable both to their genius and quality. And in particular, music and dancing, which it would be cruelty to bar the sex of because they are their darlings. But besides this, they should be taught languages, as particularly French and Italian, and I would venture the injury of giving a woman more tongues than one. They should, as a particular study, be taught all the graces of speech, and all the necessary air of conversation, which our common education is so defective in that I need not expose it. They should be brought to read books, and especially history; and so to read as to make them understand the world, and be able to know and judge of things when they hear of them.

To such whose genius would lead them to it, I would deny no sort of learning; but the chief thing, in general, is to cultivate the understandings of the sex, that they may be capable of all sorts of conversation; that

their parts and judgments being improved, they may be as profitable in their conversation as they are pleasant.

Women, in my observation, have little or no difference in them, but as they are or are not distinguished by education. Tempers, indeed, may in some degree influence them, but the main distinguishing part is their breeding.

The whole sex are generally quick and sharp—I believe. I may be allowed to say, generally so: for you rarely see them lumpish and heavy when they are children, as boys will often be. If a woman be well bred, and taught the proper management of her natural wit, she proves generally very sensible and retentive.

And, without partiality, a woman of sense and manners is the finest and most delicate part of God's creation, the glory of her Maker, and the great instance of his singular regard to man, his darling creature, to whom He gave the best gift either God could bestow or man receive. And 'tis the sordidest piece of folly and ingratitude in the world, to withhold from the sex the due luster which the advantages of education give to the natural beauty of their minds.

A woman, well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behavior, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments, her person is angelic, and her conversation heavenly. She is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit, and delight. She is every way suitable to the sublimest wish; and the man that has such a one to his portion, has nothing to do but to rejoice in her, and be thankful.

On the other hand, suppose her to be the very same woman, and rob her of the benefit of education, and it follows:

If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy.

Her wit, for want of teaching, makes her impertinent and talkative.

Her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical.

If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse; and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud.

If she be passionate, want of manners makes her a termagant and a scold, which is much at one with lunatic.

If she be proud, want of discretion

(which still is breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous.

And from these she degenerates to be turbulent, clamorous, noisy, nasty, and the devil! . . .

The great distinguishing difference, which is seen in the world between men and women, is in their education; and this is manifested by comparing it with the difference between one man or woman, and another.

And herein it is that I take upon me to make such a bold assertion, that all the world are mistaken in their practice about women. For I cannot think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and so delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men; and all, to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves.

Not that I am for exalting the female government in the least; but, in short, I would have men take women for companions, and educate them to be fit for it. A woman of sense and breeding will scorn as much to enroach upon the prerogative of man, as a man of sense will scorn to oppress the weakness of the woman. But if the women's souls were refined and improved by teaching, that word would be lost. To say the weakness of the sex, as to judgment, would be nonsense; for ignorance and folly would be no more to be found among women than men.

I remember a passage, which I heard from a very fine woman. She had wit and capacity enough, an extraordinary shape and face, and a great fortune, but had been cloistered up all her time, and for fear of being stolen, had not had the liberty of being taught the common necessary knowledge of women's affairs. And when she came to converse in the world her natural wit made her so sensible of the want of education, that she gave this short reflection on herself: "I am ashamed to talk with my very maids," says she, "for I don't know when they do right or wrong. I had more need go to school, than be married."

I need not enlarge on the loss the defect of education is to the sex, nor argue the benefit of the contrary practice. 'Tis a thing will be more easily granted than remedied. This chapter is but an essay at the thing; and I refer the practice to those

happy days (if ever they shall be) when men shall be wise enough to mend it.

From AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM (1711)

ALEXANDER POPE

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame

By her just standard, which is still the same;

Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,

Works without show, and without pomp
presides:

In some fair body thus the informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigor fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;

Itself unseen, but in the effects, remains.

Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,

Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed;

Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The winged courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old discovered, not devised,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodized;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrained
By the same laws which first herself ordained.

Hear how learned Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:

High on Parnassus' top her sons she showed,

And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;

Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize,
And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.

Just precepts thus from great examples given,

She drew from them what they derived from Heaven.

The generous critic fanned the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then criticism the Muses' handmaid proved,

To dress her charms, and make her more beloved:

But following wits from that intention strayed,

Who could not win the mistress, wooed the maid;

Against the poets their own arms they turned,

Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned.

So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.

Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,

Nor time nor moths e'er spoiled so much as they.

Some dryly plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts, how poems may be made.

These leave the sense, their learning to display,

And those explain the meaning quite away.

You, then, whose judgment the right course would steer,

Know well each ancient's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in every page;

Religion, country, genius of his age:

Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.

Be Homer's works your study and delight,

Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,

And trace the Muses upward to their spring.

Still with itself compared, his text peruse;

And let your comment be the Mantuan Musè.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind

A work to outlast immortal Rome designed,
Perhaps he seemed above the critic's law,

And but from nature's fountains scorned to draw:

But when to examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.

Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design;

And rules as strict his labored work confine,

As if the Stagirite o'erlooked each line.

Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;

To copy nature is to copy them.

HOW TO JUDGE A PLAY

JOSEPH ADDISON

[*The Tatler*, No. 165.—*Saturday*,
April 29, 1710.]

It has always been my endeavor to distinguish between realities and appearances and to separate true merit from the pretense to it. As it shall ever be my study to make discoveries of this nature in human life and to settle the proper distinctions between the virtues and perfections of mankind and those false colors and resemblances of them that shine alike in the eyes of the vulgar, so I shall be more particularly careful to search into the various merits and pretenses of the learned world. This is the more necessary, because there seems to be a general combination among the pedants to extol one another's labors and cry up one another's parts; while men of sense, either through that modesty which is natural to them, or the scorn they have for such trifling commendations, enjoy their stock of knowledge, like a hidden treasure, with satisfaction and silence. Pedantry indeed, in learning, is like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it; that attracts the eyes of the common people; breaks out in noise and show; and finds its reward, not from any inward pleasure that attends it, but from the praises and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this shallow species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited animal than that which is generally known by the name of a Critic. This, in the common acceptance of the word, is one that, without entering into the sense and soul of an author, has a few general rules, which, like mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every writer; and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as Unity, Style, Fire, Phlegm, Easy, Natural, Turn, Sentiment, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together, in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are an elevated eye and a dogmatical brow, a positive voice and a contempt for everything that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in generals. He praises or dispraises in the lump. He shakes his head very frequently at the pedantry of universities and bursts into laughter when

you mention an author that is not known at Will's. He hath formed his judgment upon Homer, Horace, and Virgil, not from their own works, but from those of Rapin and Bossu. He knows his own strength so well that he never dares praise any thing in which he has not a French author for his voucher.

With these extraordinary talents and accomplishments, Sir Timothy Tittle puts men in vogue, or condemns them to obscurity, and sits as judge of life and death upon every author that appears in public. It is impossible to represent the pangs, agonies, and convulsions which Sir Timothy expresses in every feature of his face and muscle of his body upon the reading a bad poet.

About a week ago, I was engaged, at a friend's house of mine, in an agreeable conversation with his wife and daughters, when, in the height of our mirth, Sir Timothy, who makes love to my friend's eldest daughter, came in amongst us, puffing and blowing as if he had been very much out of breath. He immediately called for a chair and desired leave to sit down without any further ceremony. I asked him, where he had been? whether he was out of order? He only replied, that he was quite spent, and fell a cursing in soliloquy. I could hear him cry, "A wicked rogue—an execrable wretch—was there ever such a monster!" The young ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked, whether anyone had hurt him? He answered nothing, but still talked to himself. "To lay the first scene," says he, "in St. James's Park and the last in Northamptonshire!"

"Is that all?" said I. "Then I suppose you have been at the rehearsal of a play this morning."

"Been!" says he; "I have been at Northampton, in the park, in a lady's bed-chamber, in a dining-room, everywhere; the rogue has led me such a dance——"

Though I could scarce forbear laughing at his discourse, I told him I was glad it was no worse, and that he was only metaphorically weary.

"In short, sir," says he, "the author has not observed a single unity in his whole play; the scene shifts in every dialogue; the villain has hurried me up and down at such a rate that I am tired off my legs."

I could not but observe with some pleasure that the young lady whom he made love to conceived a very just aversion toward

him, upon seeing him so very passionate in trifles. And as she had that natural sense which makes her a better judge than a thousand critics, she began to rally him upon this foolish humor. "For my part," says she, "I never knew a play take that was written up to your rules, as you call them."

"How, Madam!" says he. "Is that your opinion? I am sure you have a better taste."

"It is a pretty kind of magic," says she, "the poets have, to transport an audience from place to place without the help of a coach and horses; I could travel round the world at such a rate. It is such an entertainment as an enchantress finds when she fancies herself in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feast, or a solemnity; though at the same time she has never stirred out of her cottage."

"Your simile, Madam," says Sir Timothy, "is by no means just."

"Pray," says she, "let my similes pass without a criticism. I must confess," continued she (for I found she was resolved to exasperate him), "I laughed very heartily at the last new comedy which you found so much fault with."

"But, Madam," says he, "you ought not to have laughed; and I defy anyone to show me a single rule that you could laugh by."

"Ought not to laugh!" says she; "pray who should hinder me?"

"Madam," says he, "there are such people in the world as Rapin, Dacier, and several others, that ought to have spoiled your mirth."

"I have heard," says the young lady, "that your great critics are always very bad poets: I fancy there is as much difference between the works of the one and the other as there is between the carriage of a dancing-master and a gentleman. I must confess," continued she, "I would not be troubled with so fine a judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad comedy than I do in a deep tragedy."

"Madam," says Sir Timothy, "that is not my fault; they should learn the art of writing."

"For my part," says the young lady, "I should think the greatest art in your writers of comedies is to please."

"To please!" says Sir Timothy; and immediately fell a-laughing.

"Truly," says she, "that is my opinion." Upon this he composed his countenance, looked upon his watch, and took his leave.

I hear that Sir Timothy has not been at my friend's house since this notable conference, to the great satisfaction of the young lady, who by this means has got rid of a very impertinent fop.

I must confess, I could not but observe

with a great deal of surprise how this gentleman, by his ill-nature, folly, and affectation, had made himself capable of suffering so many imaginary pains and looking with such a senseless severity upon the common diversions of life.

III. POLITICAL AND SOCIAL IDEALS

THE TRUE BORN ENGLISHMAN (1701)

DANIEL DEFOE

A true born Englishman's a contradiction!
In speech, an irony; in fact, a fiction!
A banter made to be a test of fools!
Which those that use it, justly ridicules;
A metaphor invented to express
A man akin to all the universe!

For as the Scots, as learned men have said,
Throughout the world their wandering seed
have spread,

So open-handed England, 'tis believed,
Has all the gleanings of the world received.
Some think, of England 'twas, our Savior
meant

The Gospel should to all the world be sent,
Since, when the blessed sound did hither
reach,

They to all nations might be said to preach.

'Tis well that virtue gives nobility;
How shall we else the want of birth and
blood supply?

Since scarce one family is left alive,
Which does not from some foreigner derive.
Of sixty thousand English gentlemen
Whose names and arms in registers remain,
We challenge all our heralds to declare
Ten families which English Saxons are!

France justly boasts the ancient noble line
Of Bourbon, Montmorency, and Lorraine.
The Germans, too, their House of Austria
show,

And Holland their invincible Nassau—
Lines which in heraldry were ancient grown,
Before the name of Englishman was known.
Even Scotland, too, her elder glory shows!
Her Gordons, Hamiltons, and her Monroes;
Douglas, Mackays, and Grahams, names
well known

Long before ancient England knew her
own.

But England, modern to the last degree,
Borrows or makes her own nobility;

And yet she boldly boasts of pedigree!
Repines that foreigners are put upon her,
And talks of her antiquity and honor!
Her S(ackvil)les, S(avi)les, C(eci)ls, Dela-
(me)res,

M(ohu)ns and M(ontag)ues, D(ura)s, and
V(ee)res;

Not one have English names, yet all are
English peers!

Your Houblons, Papillons, and Lethuliers
Pass now for true born English knights and
squires,

And make good senate members, or lord
mayors,

Wealth (howsoever got) in England, makes
Lords, of mechanics! gentlemen, of rakes!
Antiquity and birth are needless here.

'Tis impudence and money make a peer! . . .

Then let us boast of ancestors no more,
Or deeds of heroes done in days of yore,
In latent records of the ages past,
Behind the rear of time, in long oblivion
placed.

For if our virtues must in lines descend,
The merit with the families would end,
And intermixtures would most fatal grow,
For vice would be hereditary too;
The tainted blood would of necessity,
Involuntary wickedness convey!

Vice, like ill-nature, for an age or two,
May seem a generation to pursue:
But virtue seldom does regard the breed,
Fools do the wise, and wise men fools suc-
ceed.

What is it to us, what ancestors we had?
If good, what better? or what worse, if
bad?

Examples are for imitation set,
Yet all men follow virtue with regret.

Could but our ancestors retrieve their fate,
And see their offspring thus degenerate;
How we contend for birth and names un-
known,

And build on their past actions, not our
own;

They'd cancel records, and their tombs de-
face,
And openly disown the vile degenerate
race!
For fame of families is all a cheat;
'Tis personal virtue only makes us great!

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION

JOSEPH ADDISON

Ἦ φιλάττη γῇ μήτερ, ὡς σεμνὸν σφόδρ' εἰ
Τοῖς νοῦν ἔχουσι κτῆμα.¹

[*The Spectator*, No. 287.—January 29,
1712.]

I look upon it as a peculiar happiness. that were I to choose of what religion I would be, and under what government I would live, I should most certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is established in my own country. In this point I think I am determined by reason and conviction; but if I shall be told that I am acted by prejudice, I am sure it is an honest prejudice; it is a prejudice that arises from the love of my country, and therefore such an one as I will always indulge. I have in several papers endeavored to express my duty and esteem for the Church of England, and design this as an essay upon the civil part of our constitution, having often entertained myself with reflections on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers.

That form of government appears to me the most reasonable, which is most conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be consistent with public peace and tranquillity. This is what may properly be called liberty, which exempts one man from subjection to another so far as the order and economy of government will permit.

Liberty should reach every individual of a people, as they all share one common nature; if it only spreads among particular branches, there had better be none at all, since such a liberty only aggravates the misfortune of those who are deprived of it, by setting before them a disagreeable subject of comparison.

This liberty is best preserved, where the legislative power is lodged in several persons, especially if those persons are of different ranks and interests; for where they

are of the same rank, and consequently have an interest to manage peculiar to that rank, it differs but little from a despotical government in a single person. But the greatest security a people can have for their liberty, is when the legislative power is in the hands of persons so happily distinguished, that by providing for the particular interests of their several ranks, they are providing for the whole body of the people that has not a common interest with at least one part of the legislators.

If there be but one body of legislators, it is no better than a tyranny; if there are only two, there will want a casting voice, and one of them must at length be swallowed up by disputes and contentions that will necessarily arise between them. Four would have the same inconvenience as two, and a greater number would cause too much confusion. I could never read a passage in Polybius, and another in Cicero, to this purpose, without a secret pleasure in applying it to the English constitution, which it suits much better than the Roman. Both these great authors give the pre-eminence to a mixed government, consisting of three branches, the regal, the noble, and the popular. They had doubtless in their thoughts the constitution of the Roman commonwealth, in which the Consul represented the king, the Senate the nobles, and the Tribunes the people. This division of the three powers in the Roman constitution was by no means so distinct and natural as it is in the English government. Among several objections that might be made to it, I think the chief are those that affect the consular power, which had only the ornaments without the force of the regal authority. Their number had not a casting voice in it; for which reason if one did not chance to be employed abroad, while the other sat at home, the public business was sometimes at a stand, while the consuls pulled two different ways in it. Besides I do not find that the consuls had ever a negative voice in the passing of a law, or decree of the senate, so that indeed they were rather the chief body of the nobility, or the first ministers of state, than a distinct branch of the sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a part, who are not a part of the legislature. Had the consuls been invested with the regal authority to as great a degree as our monarchs, there would never have been any occasion for a dictatorship, which had in it the power of all the three

¹ Dear native land, how do the good and wise
Thy happy clime and countless blessings prize!

orders, and ended in the subversion of the whole constitution.

Such an history as that of Suetonius, which gives us a succession of absolute princes, is to me an unanswerable argument against despotic power. Where the prince is a man of wisdom and virtue, it is indeed happy for his people that he is absolute; but since, in the common run of mankind, for one that is wise and good you find ten of a contrary character, it is very dangerous for a nation to stand to its chance, or to have its public happiness or misery depend on the virtue or vices of a single person. Look into the history I have mentioned, or into any series of absolute princes, how many tyrants must you read through, before you come to an emperor that is supportable. But this is not all; an honest private man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an absolute prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleases with impunity, you extinguish his fear, and consequently overturn in him one of the great pillars of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs apparent to grand empires, when in the possession of them, have become such monsters of lust and cruelty as are a reproach to human nature?

Some tell us we ought to make our governments on earth like that in heaven, which, say they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodness and justice, I should be for following this great model; but where goodness and justice are not essential to the ruler, I would by no means put myself into his hands to be disposed of according to his particular will and pleasure.

It is odd to consider the connection between despotic government and barbarity, and how the making of one person more than man, makes the rest less. About nine parts of the world in ten are in the lowest state of slavery, and consequently sunk in the most gross and brutal ignorance. European slavery is indeed a state of liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three divisions of the world; and therefore it is no wonder that those who grovel under it have many tracks of light among them, of which the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty, and where these abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately lift up their heads and flourish. As a man

must have no slavish fears and apprehensions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or speculation, and push his researches into all the abstruse corners of truth, so it is necessary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniences of life.

The first thing every one looks after is to provide himself with necessaries. This point will engross our thoughts till it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleasures and amusement; and among a great number of idle people, there will be many whose pleasures will lie in reading and contemplation. These are the two great sources of knowledge; and as men grow wise, they naturally love to communicate their discoveries; and others, seeing the happiness of such a learned life, and improving by their conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, till a nation is filled with races of wise and understanding persons. Ease and plenty are therefore the great cherishers of knowledge; and as most of the despotic governments of the world have neither of them, they are naturally over-run with ignorance and barbarity. In Europe, indeed, notwithstanding several of its princes are absolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning; but the reason is, because the subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full tyranny like the princes of the eastern nations, lest his subjects should be invited to new-mould their constitution, having so many prospects of liberty within their view. But in all despotic governments, though a particular prince may favor arts and letters, there is a natural degeneracy of mankind, as you may observe from Augustus's reign, how the Romans lost themselves by degrees till they fell to an equality with the most barbarous nations that surrounded them. Look upon Greece under its free state, and you would think its inhabitants lived in different climates, and under different heavens, from those at present; so different are the geniuses which are formed under Turkish slavery and Grecian liberty.

Besides poverty and want, there are other reasons that debase the minds of men, who live under slavery, though I look on it as the principal. This natural tendency of despotic power to ignorance and barbarity, though not insisted upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable argument against that form of government, as it shews how

repugnant it is to the good of mankind and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the great ends of all civil institutions.

THE CAREER OF CONQUEST

RICHARD STEELE

[*The Spectator*, No. 180.—Sept. 26, 1711.]

Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.
—*Horace.*

The following letter has so much weight and good sense that I cannot forbear inserting it, though it relates to an hardened sinner, whom I have very little hopes of reforming, viz., Lewis XIV of France.

"Mr. Spectator:

"Amidst the variety of subjects of which you have treated I could wish it had fallen in your way to expose the vanity of conquests. This thought would naturally lead one to the French king, who has been generally esteemed the greatest conqueror of our age, till her majesty's armies had torn from him so many of his countries, and deprived him of the fruit of all his former victories. For my own part, if I were to draw his picture, I should be for taking him no lower than to the Peace of Reswick, just at the end of his triumphs, and before his reverse of fortune; and even then I should not forbear thinking his ambition had been vain and unprofitable to himself and his people.

"As for himself, it is certain he can have gained nothing by his conquests, if they have not rendered him master of more subjects, more riches, or greater power. What I shall be able to offer upon these heads, I resolve to submit to your consideration.

"To begin, then, with his increase of subjects. From the time he came of age, and has been a manager for himself, all the people he had acquired were such only as he had reduced by his wars, and were left in his possession by the peace; he had conquered not above one-third part of Flanders, and consequently no more than one-third part of the inhabitants of that province.

"About one hundred years ago, the houses in that country were all numbered, and by a just computation the inhabitants of all sorts could not then exceed 750,000 souls. And if any man will consider the desola-

¹ "The monarch's folly makes the people rue."

tion by almost perpetual wars, the numerous armies that have lived almost ever since at discretion upon the people, and how much of their commerce has removed for more security to other places, he will have little reason to imagine that their numbers have since increased; and therefore with one-third part of that province that prince can have gained no more than one-third part of the inhabitants, or 250,000 new subjects, even though it should be supposed they were all contented to live still in their native country, and transfer their allegiance to a new master.

"The fertility of this province, its convenient situation for trade and commerce, its capacity for furnishing employment and subsistence to great numbers, and the vast armies that have been maintained here, make it credible that the remaining two-thirds of Flanders are equal to all his other conquests; and consequently by all he cannot have gained more than 750,000 new subjects, men, women, and children, especially if a deduction shall be made of such as have retired from the conqueror to live under their old masters.

"It is time now to set his loss against his profit, and to show for the new subjects he had acquired how many old ones he had lost in the acquisition. I think that in his wars he has seldom brought less into the field in all places than 200,000 fighting men, besides what have been left in garrisons; and I think the common computation is that of an army, at the latter end of a campaign, without sieges or battle, scarce four-fifths can be mustered of those that came into the field at the beginning of the year. His wars at several times till the last peace have held about twenty years; and if 40,000 yearly lost, or a fifth part of his armies, are to be multiplied by twenty, he cannot have lost less than 800,000 of his old subjects, all able-bodied men, a greater number than the new subjects he had acquired.

"But this loss is not all. Providence seems to have equally divided the whole mass of mankind into different sexes that every woman may have her husband, and that both may equally contribute to the continuance of the species. It follows, then, that for all the men that have been lost as many women must have lived single. In so long a course of years great part of them must have died, and all the rest must go off at last without leaving any representatives

behind. By this account he must have lost not only 800,000 subjects, but double that number, and all the increase that was reasonably to be expected from it.

"It is said in the last war there was a famine in his kingdom which swept away two millions of his people. This is hardly credible; if the loss was only of one-fifth part of that sum it was very great. But 'tis no wonder there should be famine where so much of the people's substance is taken away for the king's use that they have not sufficient left to provide against accidents, where so many of the men are taken from the plow to serve the king in his wars, and a great part of the tillage is left to the weaker hands of so many women and children. Whatever was the loss, it must undoubtedly be placed to the account of his ambition.

"And so must also the destruction or banishment of three or four hundred thousand of his reformed subjects; he could have no other reasons for valuing those lives so very cheap but only to recommend himself to the bigotry of the Spanish nation.

"How should there be industry in a country where all property is precarious? What subject will sow his land that his prince may reap the whole harvest? Parsimony and frugality must be strangers to such a people; for will any man save today what he has reason to fear will be taken from him tomorrow? And where is the encouragement for marrying? Will any man think of raising children without any assurance of clothing for their backs, or so much as food for their bellies? And thus by his fatal ambition he must have lessened the number of his subjects, not only by slaughter and destruction, but by preventing their very births, he has done as much as was possible toward destroying posterity itself.

"Is this then the great, the invincible Lewis? This the immortal man, the *tout puissant*, or the almighty, as his flatterers have called him? Is this the man that is so celebrated for his conquests? For every subject he has acquired, has he not lost three that were his inheritance? Are not his troops fewer, and those neither so well fed, or clothed, or paid, as they were formerly, though he has now so much greater cause to exert himself? And what can be the reason of all this but that his revenue is a great deal less, his subjects are either

poorer, or not so many to be plundered by constant taxes for his use?

"It is well for him he had found out a way to steal a kingdom; if he had gone on conquering as he did before, his ruin had been long since finished. This brings to my mind a saying of King Pyrrhus, after he had a second time beat the Romans in a pitched battle, and was complimented by his generals, 'Yes,' says he, 'such another victory and I am quite undone.' And since I have mentioned Pyrrhus, I will end with a very good, though known, story of this ambitious madman. When he had shown the utmost fondness for his expedition against the Romans, Cyneas, his chief minister, asked him what he proposed to himself by this war.

"Why," says Pyrrhus, 'to conquer the Romans, and reduce all Italy to my obedience.'

"What then?" says Cyneas.

"To pass over into Sicily," says Pyrrhus, 'and then all the Sicilians must be our subjects.'

"And what does your majesty intend next?"

"Why, truly," says the king, 'to conquer Carthage, and make myself master of all Africa.'

"And what, sir," says the minister, 'is to be the end of all your expeditions?'

"Why, then," says the king, 'for the rest of our lives we'll sit down to good wine.'

"How, sir," replied Cyneas, 'to better than we have now before us? Have we not already as much as we can drink?'

"Riot and excess are not the becoming characters of princes; but if Pyrrhus and Lewis had debauched like Vitellius they had been less hurtful to their people.

"Your humble servant,

"PHILARITHMUS."

SELECTIONS FROM GULLIVER'S TRAVELS [1726]¹

JONATHAN SWIFT

1. *Political Acrobatics*

[Gulliver, an English surgeon, is shipwrecked in the country of the Lilliputians, a race of pigmies. After many surprising

¹ "These voyages are intended as a moral political romance—to correct vice by showing its deformity in opposition to the beauty of virtue, and to amend the false systems of philosophy by pointing out the errors, and applying salutary means to avoid them."
—Lord Orrery.

adventures he is taken to the Emperor's court and gains an insight into the causes of political preferment and the nature of party strife. The selection is from Chapters III and IV.]

My gentleness and good behavior had gained so far on the Emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favorable disposition. The natives came, by degrees, to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and, at last, the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language. The Emperor had a mind, one day, to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practiced by those persons who are candidates for great employments, and high favor at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace, (which often happens) five or six of those candidates petition the Emperor to entertain his Majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the Emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the strait rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the somerset several times together, upon a trencher fixed on the rope, which is no thicker than a common pack-thread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with

fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who hath not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured, that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would have infallibly broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the Emperor and Empress, and first minister, upon particular occasions. The Emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the Emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favor. The ceremony is performed in his Majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or new world. The Emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it backwards and forwards several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the Emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-colored silk, the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle, and you see few great persons about the court who are not adorned with one of these girdles. . . .

The first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was that I might have license to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the Emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice by proclamation of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it is two feet and a half high,

and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers, at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great Western Gate, and passed very gently and sideling through the two principal streets, only in my short waist-coat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers that might remain in the streets, although the orders were strict that all people should keep in their houses at their own peril. The garret-windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators that I thought, in all my travels, I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run cross, and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls. The houses are from three to five stories; the shops and markets well provided.

The Emperor's palace is in the center of the city, where the two great streets met. It is inclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his Majesty's permission to step over this wall; and, the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now, the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time, the Emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards distance from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people hav-

ing received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace, with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stepped over the building very conveniently, from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the Empress, and the young Princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her Imperial Majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with farther descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press, containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes, with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion: their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public or to myself during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

2. *Political Parties and International Relations in Lilliput*

[This passage satirizes the English high-church or Tory party and the low-church or Whig party. Chapters IV and V.]

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) of private affairs, came to my house, attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality, and personal merits, as well as the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my

ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said he might pretend to some merit in it; but, however, added, that, if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. "For," said he, "as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labor under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion by a most potent enemy from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand that, for above seventy moons past, there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of Tramecksan and Slamecksan, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his Majesty hath determined to make use of only low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly, that his Majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by a drurr than any of his court (drurr is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high that they will neither eat nor drink nor talk with each other. We compute the Tramecksan, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his Imperial Highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high-heels; at least, we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his Majesty. For as to what we heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain that an hundred mortals of your bulk would, in a short time, destroy all the fruits and cattle of his Majesty's dominions. Besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu, which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell

you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six and thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: It is allowed on all hands that the primitive way of breaking eggs before we eat them was upon the larger end; but his present Majesty's grandfather while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the Emperor, his father, published an edict, commanding all his subjects upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us, there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy; but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great Prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran). This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: That all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end. And which is the convenient end seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the Emperor of Blefuscu's court and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires for thirty-six moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just pre-

paring to make a descent upon us; and his Imperial Majesty, placing great confidence in your valor and strength, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you."

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the Emperor, and to let him know that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

The empire of Blefuscu is an island, situated to the north-east side of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our Emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his Majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet: which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbor ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed, who told me, that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy glumgluffs deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty glumgluffs at most. I walked towards the north-east coast, over against Blefuscu; where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave order (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as pack-thread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and, for the same reason, I twisted three of the iron bars together, binding the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt

ground; I arrived to the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face: and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept among other little necessities a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the Emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and, thus armed, went on boldly with my work in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, farther than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull, but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving above two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other: but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair, that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped a while to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face: and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and, waiting about an hour till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo,

and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The Emperor and his whole court stood on the shore expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, because I was under water to my neck. The Emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears, for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and, holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput! This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honor among them.

His Majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavored to divert him from his design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice: and I plainly protested, that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery. And, when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his Imperial Majesty, that he could never forgive me; he mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared, at least, by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions, which by a side-wind reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his Majesty and a junto of ministers maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when

put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded upon conditions very advantageous to our Emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons, and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have at court, their Excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valor and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the Emperor their master's name, and desired me to show them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their Excellencies to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honor to present my most humble respects to the Emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country: accordingly, the next time I had the honor to see our Emperor, I desired his general license to wait on the Blefuscuian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could plainly perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection, from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbor; yet our Emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to de-

liver their credentials and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed that, from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continued reception of exiles, which is mutual among them, and from the custom in each empire to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners, there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the Emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

3. *Public Servants in Lilliput*

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since Government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understandings is fitted to some station or other, and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery, to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age; but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power, the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and at least, that the mistakes, committed by ignorance in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and had great abilities to manage and multiply and defend his corruptions.

4. *English Institutions*

[In his second voyage Gulliver visits the Brobdingnagians, men of giant stature in comparison with whom Gulliver himself becomes the Lilliputian. In the course of his association with the Emperor he takes oc-

casional to "celebrate the praise of his own dear native country, in a style equal to its merits and felicity." From Part II, Chapter VI.]

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet: he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his Majesty, that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind he was master of. That reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body: on the contrary, we observed in our country, that the tallest persons were usually least provided with it. That, among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his Majesty some signal service. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for so he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses) he should be glad to hear of anything that might deserve imitation.

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country, in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse, by informing his Majesty, that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English Parliament, partly made up of an illustrious body, called the House of Peers, persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them

for being counselors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the Legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, from whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defense of their prince and country, by their valor, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honor had been the reward of their virtue from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counselors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition, who were, indeed, the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the Parliament consisted of an assembly called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities, and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And these two bodies make up the most august assembly in Europe, to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole Legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice, over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice, and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our Treasury, the valor and achievements of our forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honor of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England, for about an hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of several questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his Majesty, in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections upon every article. He asked what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives. What course was taken to supply that assembly when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humor of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady, or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements. What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in their last resort. Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them. Whether those holy lords I spoke of, were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives, had never been compliers with the times, while they were common priests, or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that assembly.

He then desired to know what arts were practiced in electing those whom I called commoners: whether a stranger, with a strong purse, might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighborhood. How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension: because that appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his Majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere: and he desired to know whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry. He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless enquiries and objec-

tions, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his Majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense. Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive. Whether party in religion or politics were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice. Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs. Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure. Whether they had ever at different times pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions. Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation. Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions. And particularly, whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate.

He fell next upon the management of our treasury and said he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and, when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations: but, if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate like a private person. He asked me who were our creditors, and where we should find money to pay them. He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbors, and that our generals must needs be richer than our king. He asked what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coast with our fleet. Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army in the midst of peace,

and among a free people. He said, if we were governed by our own consent in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals picked up at a venture in the streets, for small wages, who might get an hundred times more by cutting their throats.

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic (as he was pleased to call it) in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics. He said he knew no reason why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public, should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

He observed that, among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming. He desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes; whether mean, vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they have received, to learn and practice that infamous dexterity upon others.

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, or ambition, could produce.

His Majesty in another audience was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner

he spoke them in: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country: you have clearly proved, that ignorance, idleness, and vice are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator: that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution which, in its original, might have been tolerable; but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It doth not appear from all you have said, how any one perfection is required toward the procurement of any one station among you; much less that men are ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests are advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valor, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or counselors for their wisdom. As for yourself (continued the king), who have spent the greatest part of your life in traveling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But, by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pain wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

5. Research

[The third adventure is in the flying island of Laputa, a land in which the inhabitants, though of normal size, are strangely warped in intellect, being given over entirely to abstruse mathematical speculation. Gulliver makes a visit to their academy of Lagado. Part III, Chapters V and VI.]

This academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which, growing waste, was purchased, and applied to that use. I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room hath in it one or more projectors; and, I believe, I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meager aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same color. He had been

eight years upon a project for extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me, he did not doubt, in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them. . . .

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation, which he justified to me, by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition: their employment was to mix colors for painters, which their masters taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling. It was, indeed, my misfortune to find them, at that time, not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken: this artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment, I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of plowing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of plows, cattle, and labor. The method is this: in an acre of ground you bury, at six inches distance, and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other mast, or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest: then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where, in few days, they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing; it is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the art-

ist to go in and out. At my entrance he called aloud to me not to disturb his webs. He lamented the fatal mistake the world had been so long in of using silk-worms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects, who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave, as well as spin. And he proposed farther, that, by employing spiders, the charge of dying silks would be wholly saved; whereof I was fully convinced, when he showed me a vast number of flies most beautifully colored, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us that the webs would take a tincture from them; and, as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads.

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sundial upon the great weathercock on the town house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind. . . .

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something, when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them the universal artist. He told us he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life. He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the niter, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble for pillows and pin-cushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse, to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs; the first to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped, in a reasonable time,

to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness; and he flattered himself that a more noble exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Everyone knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labor, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language in their several moods, tenses, and declensions; but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame; and, giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six and thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and, where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn, the engine was so contrived that the words shifted into new places as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were

employed in this labor, and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and, out of those rich materials, to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness; and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine; the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate upon paper, as in the figure here annexed. I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby, at least, this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution that he should have the honor entire, without a rival.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles; because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health, as well as brevity. For it is plain that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lungs by corrosion; and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in con-

junction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things; which hath only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds he must be obliged, in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of these sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other resume their burdens, and take their leave.

But, for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets and under his arms, enough to supply him: and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet, who practice this art, is full of all things ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage, proposed by this invention, was, that it would serve as an universal language, to be understood in all civilized nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success had not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the quantum or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads; to whom this bolus is so nauseous that they generally steal aside and discharge it upwards before it can operate; neither have

they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

In the school of political projectors, I was but ill entertained; the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses; which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favorites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employment persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive; and confirmed in me the old observation that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance, whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and the political body; can there be anything more evident than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured by the same prescriptions. It is allowed that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humors; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions, with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen, flatus, vertigos, and deliriums; with scrofulous tumors full of fetid purulent matter; with foul frothy ructations, with canine appetites and crudeness of digestion, besides many others needless to mention. This doctor therefore proposed, that, upon the meeting of a senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of

each day's debate, feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered, and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies and the methods of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines; and, before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or admit them at the next meeting.

This project could not be of any great expense to the public, and would, in my poor opinion, be of much use for the dispatch of business in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power; beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few months which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulancy of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old, rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again: because it is a general complaint, that the favorites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories, the same doctor proposed, that whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business with the utmost brevity, and in the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick in the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his breech, or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness; and at every levee day, repeat the same operation, till the business were done, or absolutely refused.

He likewise directed, that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defense of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary: because, if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: you take an hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying

each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems, indeed, to be a work that requireth some exactness, but the professor assured us that, if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible. For he argued thus; that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves, within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion: and as to the difference of brains in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect trifle.

I heard a very warm debate between two professors, about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money without grieving the subject. The first affirmed the justest method would be to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly: and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated after the fairest manner by a jury of his neighbors. The second was of an opinion directly contrary, to tax those qualities of body and mind for which men chiefly value themselves; the rate to be more or less according to the degrees of excelling: the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast. The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favorites of the other sex, and the assessments according to the number and natures of the favors they have received; for which they are allowed to be their own vouchers. Wit, valor, and politeness were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honor, justice, wisdom, and learning, they should not be taxed at all; because they are qualifications of so singular a kind that no man will either allow them in his neighbor or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty, and skill in dressing; wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, chastity, good sense, and good nature were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting.

To keep senators in the interest of the crown, it was proposed that the members should raffle for employments; every man

first taking an oath, and giving security that he would vote for the court, whether he won or no; after which the losers had, in their turn, the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus hope and expectation would be kept alive; none would complain of broken promises, but impute their disappointments wholly to Fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of a ministry.

6. War

[In his last voyage Gulliver comes to the country of the Houyhnhnms, in which the horses are endowed with reason and are lords and masters of creation. In character they retain the primitive simplicity of brutes, being wholly exempt from the vices and sophistication of civilized man. The real beasts of this kingdom are the Yahoos, creatures corrupt and irrational, who yet have forms of human beings. Gulliver informs his horse master about the state of England. From Part IV, Chapter V.]

The reader may please to observe, that the following extract of many conversations I had with my master, contains a summary of the most material points, which were discoursed at several times, for above two years; his Honor often desiring fuller satisfaction, as I farther improved in the Houyhnhnm tongue. I laid before him, as well as I could, the whole state of Europe; I discoursed of trade and manufactures, of arts and sciences; and the answers I gave to all the questions he made, as they arose upon several subjects, were a fund of conversation not to be exhausted. But I shall here only set down the substance of what passed between us concerning my own country, reducing it into order as well as I can, without any regard to time, or other circumstances, while I strictly adhere to truth. My only concern is, that I shall hardly be able to do justice to my master's arguments and expressions, which must needs suffer by my want of capacity, as well as by a translation into our barbarous English.

In obedience, therefore, to his Honor's commands, I related to him the revolution under the Prince of Orange; the long war with France entered into by the said Prince, and renewed by his successor the present Queen, wherein the greatest powers of Christendom were engaged, and which still continued: I computed, at his request, that about a million of Yahoos might have been

killed in the whole progress of it; and, perhaps, a hundred or more cities taken, and five times as many ships burnt or sunk.

He asked me what were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another. I answered they were innumerable; but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern; sometimes the corruption of ministers; who engage their master in a war, in order to stifle or divert the clamor of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinion hath cost many millions of lives: for instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine; whether whistling be a vice or virtue; whether it be better to kiss a post, or throw it into the fire; what is the best color for a coat, whether black, white, red, or gray; and whether it should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean, with many more. Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long continuance, as those occasioned by difference in opinion, especially if it be in things indifferent.

Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarreleth with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon, because the enemy is too strong; and sometimes because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbors want the things which we have, or have the things which we want; and we both fight, till they take ours, or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of a war, to invade a country, after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land that would render our dominions round and complete. If a prince sends forces into a nation, where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kindly, honorable, and frequent practice when one prince desires the assistance of another to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he hath driven out the in-

vader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood, or marriage, is a frequent cause of war between princes; and the nearer the kindred is, the greater is their disposition to quarrel: poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honorable of all others: because a soldier is a Yahoo hired to kill in cold blood as many of his own species, who had never offended him, as possibly he can.

There is, likewise, a kind of beggarly princes in Europe, not able to make war by themselves, who hire out their troops to richer nations, for so much a day to each man; of which they keep three-fourths to themselves, and it is the best part of their maintenance; such are those in Germany and other northern parts of Europe.

"What you have told me" (said my master) "upon the subject of war, does, indeed, discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to: however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger; and that Nature hath left you utterly incapable of doing much mischief.

"For, your mouths lying flat with your faces, you can hardly bite each other to any purpose, unless by consent. Then as to the claws upon your feet before and behind. they are so short and tender, that one of our Yahoos would drive a dozen of yours before him. And, therefore, in recounting the numbers of those who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think that you have said the thing which is not."

I could not forbear shaking my head, and smiling a little at his ignorance. And, being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannon, culverins, muskets, carbines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, battles, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments, sea-fights; ships sunk with a thousand men; twenty thousand killed on each side; dying groans, limbs flying in the air; smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet; flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewn with carcases, left for food to dogs and wolves, and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning, and destroying. And, to set forth the valor of my own dear countrymen, I assured him that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at

once in a siege, and as many in a ship; and beheld the dead bodies come down in pieces from the clouds to the great diversion of the spectators.

I was going on to more particulars when my master commanded me silence. He said, whoever understood the nature of Yahoos might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal, to be capable of every action I had named, if their strength and cunning equaled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so he found it gave him a disturbance in his mind, to which he was wholly a stranger before. He thought his ears, being used to such abominable words, might, by degrees, admit them with less detestation. That although he hated the Yahoos of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a *gnnayh* (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature, pretending to reason, could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed therefore confident that, instead of reason, we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices; as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill-shapen body, not only larger, but more distorted.

7. *The Uses of Wealth*

[From *A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms*, Chapter VI.]

My master was yet wholly at a loss to understand what motives could incite this race of lawyers to perplex, disquiet, and weary themselves, and engage in a confederacy of injustice, merely for the sake of injuring their fellow-animals; neither could he comprehend what I meant in saying, they did it for hire. Whereupon I was at much pains to describe to him the use of money, the materials it was made of, and the value of the metals; that, when a Yahoo had got a great store of this precious substance, he was able to purchase whatever he had a mind to, the finest clothing, the noblest houses, great tracts of land, the most costly meats and drinks; and have his choice of the most beautiful females. Therefore, since money alone was able to perform all these feats, our Yahoos thought they could never have *enough of it to spend*, or to save, as they

found themselves inclined, from their natural bent either to profusion or avarice. That the rich man enjoyed the fruit of the poor man's labor, and the latter were a thousand to one in proportion to the former. That the bulk of our people were forced to live miserably, by laboring every day for small wages, to make a few live plentifully. I enlarged myself much on these and many other particulars, to the same purpose, but his Honor was still to seek: for he went upon a supposition, that all animals had a title to their share in the productions of the earth; and especially those who presided over the rest. Therefore he desired I would let him know what these costly meats were, and how any of us happened to have them. Whereupon I enumerated as many sorts as came into my head, with the various methods of dressing them, which could not be done without sending vessels by sea to every part of the world, as well for liquors to drink, as for sauces, and innumerable other conveniences. I assured him, that this whole globe of earth must be at least three times gone round, before one of our better female Yahoos could get her breakfast, or a cup to put it in. He said, that must needs be a miserable country, which cannot furnish food for its own inhabitants. But what he chiefly wondered at, was how such vast tracts of ground as I described, should be wholly without fresh water, and the people put to the necessity of sending over the sea for drink. I replied, that England (the dear place of my nativity) was computed to produce three times the quantity of food, more than its inhabitants are able to consume, as well as liquors extracted from grain, or pressed out of the fruit of certain trees, which made excellent drink; and the same proportion in every other convenience of life. But in order to feed the luxury and intemperance of the males, and the vanity of the females, we sent away the greatest part of our necessary things to other countries, from whence, in return, we brought the materials of diseases, folly, and vice, to spend among ourselves. Hence it follows of necessity, that vast numbers of our people are compelled to seek their livelihood by begging, robbing, stealing, cheating, forswearing, flattering, suborning, forging, gaming, lying, fawning, hectoring, voting, scribbling, star-gazing, poisoning, canting, libeling, free-thinking, and the like occupations: every one of which terms I was at much pains to make him understand.

That wine was not imported among us from foreign countries, to supply the want of water or other drinks, but because it was a sort of liquid which made us merry, by putting us out of our senses; diverted all melancholy thoughts, begat wild extravagant imaginations in the brain, raised our hopes, and banished our fears; suspended every office of reason for a time, and deprived us of the use of our limbs till we fell into a profound sleep; although it must be confessed, that we always awaked sick and

dispirited; and that the use of this liquor filled us with diseases, which made our lives uncomfortable and short.

But, beside all this, the bulk of our people supported themselves by furnishing the necessities or conveniences of life to the rich, and to each other. For instance, when I am at home, and dressed, as I ought to be, I carry on my body the workmanship of an hundred tradesmen; the building and furniture of my house employ as many more, and five times the number to adorn my wife.

IV. PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

WOMAN

ALEXANDER POPE

[From the *Moral Essays*, 1735.]

O! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets or Codille;
Spleen, Vapors, or Smallpox, above them
all,

And mistress of herself, tho' china fall.
And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heav'n when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer Man;
Picks from each sex to make the fav'rite
blest,

Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest;
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools;
Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth,
allied,

Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new:
Shakes all together, and produces—You.

Be this a woman's fame; with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a
jest.

This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the
sphere;

Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with
care,

Averted half your parents' simple prayer,
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous God who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for Duchesses, the world shall
know it,
To you gave Sense, Good-humor, and a Poet.

THE GOLDEN MEAN

ALEXANDER POPE

[From *The Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*, 1737.]

Yes, sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place;
But sure no statute in his favor says,
How free or frugal I shall pass my days;
I who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing, madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day.
And pleas'd if sordid want be far away.
What is 't to me (a passenger, God wot)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with every fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth;
In Power, Wit, Figure, Virtue, Fortune,
placed

Behind the foremost, and before the last.
"But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the avarice of Pow'r?

Does neither Rage inflame nor Fear appall?
Not the black fear of Death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can Reason hold her
throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' un-
known?

Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire.
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look
behind,

And count each birthday with a grateful
mind?

Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend! your bus'ness
done,

When of a hundred thorns you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd and lov'd, and ate and drank,
your fill.

Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the
stage;

Leave such to trifle with more grace and
ease,

Whom Folly pleases, and whose follies
please.

A PERFECT UNIVERSE

ALEXANDER POPE

[From *An Essay on Man*, 1733-4.]

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man; 5
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscu-
ous shoot;

Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield; 10
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we
can; 15

But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or man below.
What can we reason, but from what we
know?

Of man, what see we but his station here
From which to reason, or to which refer? 20

Through worlds unnumbered though the God
be known,

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs, 25

What other planets circle other suns,

What varied being peoples every star,

May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.

But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,

The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30

Gradations just, has thy pervading soul

Look'd through? or can a part contain the

whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,

And drawn supports, upheld by God, or
thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason
wouldst thou find, 35

Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,

Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no
less?

Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they
shade? 40

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove.

Of systems possible, if 'tis confessed

That wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where all must full or not coherent be, 45

And all that rises, rise in due degree;

Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis
plain,

There must be, somewhere, such a rank as
man:

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)

Is only this, if God has placed him wrong? 50

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,

May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, though labored on with
pain,

A thousand movements scarce one purpose
gain;

In God's, one single can its end produce; 55

Yet serves to second too some other use.

So man, who here seems principal alone,

Perhaps acts second to some sphere un-
known,

Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;

'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why
man restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the
plains;

When the dull ox, why now he breaks the
clod,

Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
 Then shall man's pride and dullness com-
 prehend⁶⁵
 His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
 Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled;
 and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.
 Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in
 fault;
 Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:⁷⁰
 His knowledge measured to his state and
 place,
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here or there?⁷⁵
 The blest today is as completely so,
 As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the
 book of fate,
 All but the page prescribed, their present
 state:
 From brutes what men, from men what spir-
 its know:
 Or who could suffer being here below?⁸⁰
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed today,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery
 food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his
 blood.
 Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,⁸⁵
 That each may fill the circle marked by
 Heaven:
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.⁹⁰
 Hope humbly then; with trembling pin-
 ions soar;
 Wait the great teacher Death; and God
 adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing
 now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast:⁹⁵
 Man never is, but always to be, blest.
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
 Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored
 mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the
 wind;¹⁰⁰
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler
 Heaven;

Some safer world in depths of woods em-
 braced,¹⁰⁵
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land
 behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for
 gold.
 To be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;¹¹⁰
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of
 sense
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
 Say, "Here he gives too little, there too
 much";
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, "If man's unhappy, God's unjust";
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high
 care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there,¹²⁰
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the
 rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
 In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,¹²⁵
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.¹³⁰

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies
 shine,
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis
 for mine:
 For me kind nature wakes her genial power,
 Suckles each herb, and spreads out every
 flower;
 Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew¹³⁵
 The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
 For me, the mine a thousand treasures
 brings;
 For me, health gushes from a thousand
 springs;
 Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise:
 My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."¹⁴⁰
 But errs not Nature from this gracious
 end,
 From burning suns when livid deaths de-
 scend,
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tem-
 pests sweep
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the
 deep?
 No ('tis replied), the first Almighty Cause

Acts not by partial, but by general laws; 146
Th' exceptions few; some change, since all
began:

And what created perfect?—Why then
man?

If the great end be human happiness, 149
Then nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's de-
sires;

As much eternal springs and cloudless
skies,

As men forever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav-
en's design, 155

Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?

Who knows but He, whose hand the light-
ning forms,

Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the
storms;

Pours fierce ambition in a Caesar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge
mankind? 160

From pride, from pride, our very reasoning
springs.

Account for moral, as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these
acquit?

In both, to reason right is to submit,

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here; 166

That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discomposed the mind.

But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life. 170

The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? Now up-
ward will he soar,

And little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved ap-
pears 175

To want the strength of bulls, the fur of
bears.

Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of
all?

Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assigned;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of
force; 182

All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

Each beast, each insect, happy in its own: 185
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?

Shall he alone, whom rational we call,

Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with
all?

The bliss of man (could pride that bless-
ing find)

Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190

No powers of body or of soul to share,

But what his nature and his state can bear.

Why has not man a microscopic eye?

For this plain reason, man is not a fly.

Say what the use, were finer optics given, 195

T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the
heaven?

Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,

To smart and agonize at every pore?

Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,

Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 200

If nature thundered in his opening ears,

And stunned him with the music of the
spheres,

How would he wish that Heaven had left
him still

The whispering zephyr, and the purling
rill?

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies? 206

VII. Far as creation's ample range ex-
tends,

The scale of sensual, mental power ascends.

Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,

From the green myriads in the peopled
grass: 210

What modes of sight betwixt each wide ex-
treme,

The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:

Of smell, the headlong lioness between

And hound sagacious on the tainted green:

Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,

To that which warbles through the vernal
wood: 216

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!

Feels at each thread, and lives along the
line:

In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true

From poisonous herbs extracts the healing
dew? 220

How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,

Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with
thine!

'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier,
Forever separate, yet forever near!

Remembrance and reflection how allied; 225

What thin partitions sense from thought di-
vide:

And middle natures, how they long to join,

Yet never pass th' insuperable line!

Without this just gradation, could they be

Subjected, these to those, or all to thee? 230

The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean,
and this earth
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,²⁴⁰
From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's
destroyed:

From nature's chain whatever link you
strike,²⁴⁵
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain
alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only but the whole must fall.²⁵⁰
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the
sky;

Let ruling angels from their spheres be
hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on
world;

Heaven's whole foundations to their center
nod,²⁵⁵

And nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for
thee?

Vile worm!—Oh, madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordained the dust
to tread,

Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?²⁶⁰

What if the head, the eye, or ear repined

To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?

Just as absurd for any part to claim

To be another, in this general frame;

Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,

The great directing Mind of all ordains.²⁶⁶

All are but parts of one stupendous
whole,

Whose body nature is, and God the soul;

That, changed through all, and yet in all the
same;

Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,²⁷¹

Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,

Lives through all life, extends through all
extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent;

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal
part,²⁷⁵

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,

As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:

To him no high, no low, no great, no small;

He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection
name:²⁸¹

Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

Know thy own point: this kind, this due
degree

Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on
thee.

Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,²⁸⁵

Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:

Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,

Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;

All chance, direction, which thou canst not
see;²⁹⁰

All discord, harmony not understood;

All partial evil, universal good:

And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,

One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

SELF LOVE AND REASON

ALEXANDER POPE

[From *An Essay on Man*, 1733-4]

Two principles in Human Nature reign,

Self-love to urge and Reason to restrain;

Nor this a good nor that a bad we call;

Each works its end, to move or govern all:

And to their proper operation still⁵

Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the
soul;

Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.

Man but for that no action could attend,

And, but for this were active to no end:¹⁰

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,

To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;

Or meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,

Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle re-
quires;¹⁵

Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires:

Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,

Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.

Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;

Reason's at distance and in prospect lie:²⁰

That sees immediate good by present sense;

Reason, the future and the consequence.

Thicker than arguments, temptations
throng;

At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
 The action of the stronger to suspend, 25
 Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
 Attention habit and experience gains;
 Each strengthens Reason and Self-love re-
 strains.
 Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to
 fight,
 More studious to divide than to unite; 30
 And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason
 split,
 With all the rash dexterity of Wit.
 Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
 Self-love and Reason to one end aspire, 35
 Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
 But greedy that, its object would devour;
 This taste the honey, and not wound the
 flower:
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil or our greatest good. 40

GOVERNMENT

ALEXANDER POPE

[From *An Essay on Man*, 1733-4]

Who first taught souls enslaved, and
 realms undone,
 Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
 That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
 T' invert the world, and counterwork its
 cause?
 Force first made conquest, and that conquest
 law;
 Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
 Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And Gods of conquerors, Slaves of subjects
 made.
 She, 'midst the lightning's blaze and thun-
 der's sound,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when
 groan'd the ground,
 She taught the weak to bend, the proud to
 pray
 To Power unseen, and mightier far than
 they:
 She, from the rending earth and bursting
 skies,
 Saw Gods descend, and Fiends infernal rise:
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd
 abodes;
 Fear made her Devils, and weak hope her
 Gods;
 Gods, partial, changeful, passionate, un-
 just;

Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or
 lust;
 Such as the souls of cowards might con-
 ceive,
 And, formed like tyrants, tyrants would be-
 lieve.
 Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide,
 And Hell was built on spite, and Heav'n on
 pride:
 Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no
 more;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with
 gore:
 Then first the flamen tasted living food,
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human
 blood;
 With Heav'n's own thunders shook the
 world below,
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
 So drives Self-love thro' just and thro' un-
 just,
 To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:
 The same Self-love in all becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, government and
 laws.
 For, what one likes if others like as well,
 What serves one well, when many wills
 rebel?
 How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
 His safety must his liberty restrain:
 All join to guard what each desires to
 gain.
 Fore'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
 Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
 And found the private in the public good.
 'Twas then the studious head, or gen'rous
 mind,
 Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
 Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
 The faith and moral Nature gave before;
 Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew;
 Taught power's due use to people and to
 kings,
 Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender
 strings,
 The less or greater set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other
 too;
 Till jarring int'rest of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that
 springs
 From order, union, full consent of things;
 Where small and great, where weak and
 mighty made

To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the
rest,

And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one center bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or
king.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:

For modes of faith let graceless zealots
fight;

His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity:

All must be false that thwart this one great
end,

And all of God that bless mankind or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported
lives;

The strength he gains is from th' embrace
he gives.

On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet made at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul,
And one regards itself, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature linked the gen'ral
frame,

And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

EQUALITY

ALEXANDER POPE

[From *An Essay on Man*, 1733-4]

Order is Heav'n's first law; and, this con-
fessed,

Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from
hence

That such are happier, shocks all common
sense.

Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,

If all are equal in their happiness;

But mutual wants this happiness increase;

All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's
peace.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;

Bliss is the same in subject or in king,

In who obtain defence, or who defend,

In him who is, or him who finds a friend:

Heav'n breathes thro' every member of the
whole

One common blessing, as one common
soul.

But Fortune's gifts, if each alike possessed,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

VIRTUE

ALEXANDER POPE

[From *An Essay on Man*, 1733-4]

Know then this truth (enough for man to
know),

"Virtue alone is happiness below;"

The only point where human bliss stands
still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill;

Where only merit constant pay receives,

Is bless'd in what it takes and what it gives;

The joy unequal'd if its end it gain,

And, if it lose, attended with no pain;

Without satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,

And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,

Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:

Good from each object, from each place
acquired,

For ever exercised, yet never tired;

Never elated while one man's oppress'd;

Never dejected while another's bless'd:

And where no wants, no wishes can remain,

Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow;

Which who but feels can taste, but thinks
can know:

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning
blind,

The bad must miss, the good untaught will
find:

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,

But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God;

Pursues that chain which links th' immense
design,

Joins Heav'n and earth, and mortal, and
divine;

Sees that no being any bliss can know,

But touches some above and some below;

Learns from this union of the rising whole

The first, last purpose of the human soul;

And knows where faith, law, morals, all
began,

All end, in love of God and love of Man.

MEN OF FIRE

RICHARD STEELE

[*The Tatler*, No. 61:1. Tuesday, August 30,
1709]

Quicquid agunt homines—

—nostrum est farrago libelli.¹

—Juvenal.

Among many phrases which have crept
into conversation, especially of such com-

¹ "Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme."

pany as frequent this place, there is not one which misleads men more than that of a "Fellow of a great deal of fire." This metaphorical term, Fire, has done much good in keeping coxcombs in awe of one another; but, at the same time, it has made them troublesome to everybody else. You see in the very air of a "Fellow of Fire," something so expressive of what he would be at that if it were not for self-preservation a man would laugh out.

I had last night the fate to drink a bottle with two of these Firemen, who are indeed dispersed like the myrmidons in all quarters and to be met with among those of the most different education. One of my companions was a scholar with Fire; and the other a soldier of the same complexion. My learned man would fall into disputes and argue without any manner of provocation or contradiction: the other was decisive without words and would give a shrug or an oath to express his opinion. My learned man was a mere scholar and my man of war as mere a soldier. The particularity of the first was ridiculous, that of the second, terrible. They were relations by blood, which in some measure moderated their extravagances toward each other: I gave myself up merely as a person of no note in the company; but as if brought to be convinced that I was an inconsiderable thing, any otherwise than that they would show each other to me and make me spectator of the triumph they alternately enjoyed. The scholar has been very conversant with books and the other with men only; which makes them both superficial: for the taste of books is necessary to our behavior in the best company and the knowledge of men is required for a true relish of books: but they have both Fire, which makes one pass for a man of sense, the other for a fine gentleman. I found I could easily enough pass my time with the scholar: for, if I seemed not to do justice to his parts and sentiments, he pitied me, and let me alone. But the warrior could not let it rest there; I must know all that happened within his shallow observations of the nature of the war: to all which he added an air of laziness, and contempt of those of his companions who were eminent for delighting in the exercise and knowledge of their duty. Thus it is that all the young fellows of much animal life and little understanding who repair to our armies usurp upon the conversation of

reasonable men, under the notion of having Fire.

The word has not been of greater use to shallow lovers to supply them with chat to their mistresses than it has been to pretended men of pleasure to support them in being pert and dull and saying of every fool of their order, "Such a one has Fire." There is Colonel Truncheon, who marches with divisions ready on all occasions; a hero who never doubted in his life but is ever positively fixed in the wrong, not out of obstinate opinion, but invincible stupidity.

It is very unhappy for this latitude of London that it is possible for such as can learn only fashion, habit, and a set of common phrases of salutation, to pass with no other accomplishments, in this nation of freedom, for men of conversation and sense. All these ought to pretend to is not to offend; but they carry it so far as to be negligent whether they offend or not; "for they have Fire." But their force differs from true spirit as much as a vicious from a mettlesome horse. A man of Fire is a general enemy to all the waiters where you drink; is the only man affronted at the company's being neglected; and makes the drawers abroad, his *valet de chambre* and footman at home, know he is not to be provoked without danger.

This is not the Fire that animates the noble Marinus, a youth of good nature, affability, and moderation. He commands his ship as an intelligence moves its orb: he is the vital life and his officers the limbs of the machine. His vivacity is seen in doing all the offices of life with readiness of spirit and propriety in the manner of doing them. To be ever active in laudable pursuits is the distinguishing character of a man of merit; while the common behavior of every gay coxcomb of Fire is to be confidently in the wrong and dare to persist in it.

A VISION OF HUMAN LIFE

JOSEPH ADDISON

[*The Spectator*, No. 159. September, 1711]

—Omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Callgat, nubem eripiam—. —*Virgil*.

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one,

¹ "I will take away wholly the cloud whose veil, cast over your eyes, dulls your mortal vision and darkies round you damp and thick."

—*John Conington*.

entitled *The Visions of Mirzah*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated, word for word, as follows:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirzah, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; Follow me.

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great

variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants; and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions, that infest human life.

"I here fetched a deep sigh. Alas, said I, man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion toward me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect: Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one-half of it, inso-

much that I could discover nothing in it, but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it." . . .

THE RISE OF MODERN DEMOCRACY

I. THE ERA OF REVOLUTION

1. THE NEW SYMPATHY

AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THOMAS GRAY

1

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to
me.

2

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the
sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning
flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
folds;

3

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon com-
plain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's
shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould-
'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-
built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
horn,
No more shall rouse them from their
lowly bed.

6

For them no more the blazing hearth shall
burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to
share.

7

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has
broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!

8

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er
gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the
fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies
raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of
praise.

11

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting
breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of
Death?

12

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial
 fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have
 sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

13

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample
 page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er un-
 roll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

14

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean
 bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless
 breast
 The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's
 blood.

16

Th' applause of list'ning senates to com-
 mand,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

17

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes
 confin'd;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a
 throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

18

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to
 hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous
 shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
 strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their
 way.

20

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculp-
 ture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlet-
 ter'd muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply:
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
 day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look be-
 hind?

23

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye re-
 quires;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature
 cries,
 Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

24

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonored
 Dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale re-
 late;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy
 fate,

25

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of
 dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so
high,
His listless length at noontide would he
stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would
rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hope-
less love.

28

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd
hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite
tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

29

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw
him borne.
Approach and read (for thou can'st read)
the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged
thorn."

The Epitaph

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame un-
known.*

*Fair Science frown'd not on his humble
birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he
wish'd) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread
abode,*

*(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.*

(1751)

THE WRONGS OF MAN

WILLIAM COWPER

[From *The Task*, 1785]

Of Slavery

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is
pained, 5

My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is
filled.

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax 10
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own; and having power
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy
cause

Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith 16

Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be de-
plored 21

As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his
sweat

With stripes, that mercy with a bleeding
heart

Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast. 25
Then what is man? And what man, seeing
this,

And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep, 30
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever
earned.

No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all prize,
I had much rather be myself the slave, 35
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on
him.

We have no slaves at home—then why
abroad?

And they themselves once ferried o'er the
wave

That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their
lungs 40

Receive our air, that moment they are free;

They touch our country, and their shackles
 fall.
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then
 And let it circulate through every vein 45
 Of all your empire; that, where Britain's
 power
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

The Lot of Poverty

In such a world, so thorny, and where
 none
 Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
 Without some thirstily sorrow at its side, 50
 It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
 Against the law of love, to measure lots
 With less distinguished than ourselves; that
 thus
 We may with patience bear our moderate
 ills, 54
 And sympathize with others suffering more.
 Ill fares the traveler now, and he that stalks
 In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
 The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
 By congregated loads adhering close
 To the clogged wheels; and in its sluggish
 pace 60
 Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
 The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
 While every breath, by respiration strong
 Forced downward, is consolidated soon
 Upon their jutting chests. He, formed to
 bear 65
 The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
 With half-shut eyes, and puckered cheeks
 and teeth
 Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
 One hand secures his hat, save when with
 both
 He brandishes his pliant length of whip, 70
 Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
 O happy; and in my account denied
 That sensibility of pain, with which
 Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou! 74
 Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
 The piercing cold, but feels it unimpaired.
 The learned finger never need explore
 The vigorous pulse; and the unhealthful
 east,
 That breathes the spleen, and searches every
 bone
 Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee. 80
 Thy days roll on exempt from household
 care,
 Thy wagon is thy wife; and the poor beasts,
 That drag the dull companion to and fro,
 Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy
 care.

Ah treat them kindly! rude as thou appear-
 est, 85
 Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the
 great,
 With needless hurry whirled from place to
 place,
 Humane as they would seem, not always
 show.
 Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
 Such claim compassion in a night like this,
 And have a friend in every feeling heart. 91
 Warmed, while it lasts, by labor, all day
 long
 They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
 Ill clad and fed but sparely, time to cool.
 The frugal housewife trembles when she
 lights 95
 Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing
 clear,
 But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
 The few small embers left she nurses well;
 And, while her infant race, with outspread
 hands,
 And crowded knees sit cowering o'er the
 sparks, 100
 Retires, content to quake, so they be
 warmed.
 The man feels least; as more inured than
 she
 To winter and the current in his veins
 More briskly moved by his severer toil; 104
 Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs.
 The taper soon extinguished, which I saw
 Dangled along at the cold finger's end
 Just when the day declined; and the brown
 loaf
 Lodged on the shelf, half eaten without
 sauce 109
 Of savory cheese, or butter, costlier still;
 Sleep seems their only refuge; for alas!
 Where penury is felt the thought is chained,
 And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few.
 With all this thrift they thrive not. All the
 care
 Ingenious parsimony takes, but just 115
 Saves the small inventory, bed, and stool,
 Skillet, and old carved chest, from public
 sale.
 They live, and live without extorted alms
 From grudging hands; but other boast have
 none
 To soothe their honest pride, that scorns to
 beg, 120
 Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
 I praise you much, ye weak and patient
 pair,
 For ye are worthy; choosing rather far
 A dry but independent crust, hard earned,

And eaten with a sigh, than to endure 125
 The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
 Of knaves in office, partial in the work
 Of distribution; liberal of their aid
 To clamorous Importunity in rags,
 But oftentimes deaf to suppliants, who would
 blush 130
 To wear a tattered garb, however coarse,
 Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth:
 These ask with painful shyness, and, re-
 fused
 Because deserving, silently retire! 134
 But be ye of good courage! Time itself
 Shall much befrend you. Time shall give
 increase
 And all your numerous progeny, well
 trained
 But helpless, in few years shall find their
 hands,
 And labor too. Meanwhile ye shall not
 want
 What, conscious of your virtues, we can
 spare. 140

Of War

Great princes have great playthings. Some
 have played
 At hewing mountains into men, and some
 At building human wonders mountain high.
 Some have amused the dull, sad years of
 life, 144
 (Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad)
 With schemes of monumental fame; and
 sought
 By pyramids and mausoleum pomp,
 Short-lived themselves, t' immortalize their
 bones.
 Some seek diversion in the tented field,
 And make the sorrows of mankind their
 sport. 150
 But war's a game, which, were their sub-
 jects wise,
 Kings would not play at. Nations would
 do well
 T' extort their truncheons from the puny
 hands
 Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds 154
 Are gratified with mischief, and who spoil.
 Because men suffer it, their toy the world.

Of Tyranny

Then shame to manhood, and opprobri-
 ous more
 To France than all her losses and defeats,

Old or of later date, by sea or land,
 Her house of bondage, worse than that of
 old 160
 Which God avenged on Pharaoh—the Bas-
 tile.
 Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken
 hearts;
 Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,
 That monarchs have supplied from age to
 age
 With music, such as suits their sovereign
 ears, 166
 The sighs and groans of miserable men!
 There's not an English heart that would
 not leap
 To hear that ye were fallen at last; to know
 That e'en our enemies, so oft employed
 In forging chains for us, themselves were
 free. 170
 For he who values Liberty, confines
 His zeal for her predominance within
 No narrow bounds; her cause engages him
 Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.
 There dwell the most forlorn of human kind,
 Immured though unaccused, condemned un-
 tried. 176
 Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape.
 There, like the visionary emblem seen
 By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,
 And, filleted about with hoops of brass,
 Still lives, though all his pleasant boughs
 are gone 181
 To count the hour-bell and expect no
 change;
 And ever as the sullen sound is heard,
 Still to reflect, that, though a joyless
 note
 To him whose moments all have one dull
 pace, 186
 Ten thousand rovers in the world at large
 Account it music; that it summons some
 To theater or jocund feast or ball;
 The wearied hireling finds it a release 189
 From labor; and the lover, who has chid
 Its long delay, feels every welcome stroke
 Upon his heart-strings, trembling with de-
 light—
 To fly for refuge from distracting thought
 To such amusements as ingenious woe
 Contrives, hard-shifting, and without her
 tools— 196
 To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
 In staggering types, his predecessor's tale.
 A sad memorial, and subjoin his own—
 To turn purveyor to an overgorged 199
 And bloated spider, till the pampered pest
 Is made familiar, watches his approach,

Comes at his call and serves him for a friend—

To wear out time in numbering to and fro
The studs, that thick emboss his iron door;
Then downward and then upward, then
aslant 206

And then alternate; with a sickly hope
By dint of change to give his tasteless task
Some relish; till the sum, exactly found
In all directions, he begins again— 209

Oh comfortless existence! hemmed around
With woes, which who that suffers would
not kneel

And beg for exile, or the pangs of death?
That man should thus encroach on fellow-
man,

Abridge him of his just and native rights.
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold 215

Upon the endearments of domestic life
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him for perhaps a heedless word
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears, 219
Moves indignation, makes the name of king
(Of king whom such prerogative can
please)

As dreadful as the Manichean god:
Adored through fear, strong only to de-
stroy.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its luster and perfume; 225
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil: hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science, blinds
The eyesight of Discovery; and begets, 230
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meager intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blame-worthy as thou
art

With all thy loss of empire, and though
squeezed 235

By public exigence, till annual food
Falls for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free; 239
My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapors, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than
mine:

Thine adulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art, 245
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,

Or flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless
brawl; 250

Yet being free I love thee: for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou
art,

To seek no sublunary rest beside.

But, once enslaved, farewell! I could en-
dure 255

Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at
home

Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the
grain

Of British natures, wanting its excuse 259
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double
pain

Feel all the rigor of thy fickle clime
And if I must bewail the blessing lost,
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys
bled,

I would at least bewail it under skies 265
Milder, among a people less austere,
In scenes which, having never known me
free,

Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.
Do I forebode impossible events,
And tremble at vain dreams? Heaven grant
I may. 270

But th' age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them. He that
takes

Deep in his soft credulity the stamp 275
Designed by loud declaimers on the part
Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
Incurs derision for his easy faith,
And lack of knowledge, and with cause
enough:

For when was public virtue to be found 280
Where private was not? Can he love the
whole

Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend,
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
Who slights the charities, for whose dear
sake 285

That country, if at all, must be beloved?

'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad
For England's glory, seeing it wax pale
And sickly, while her champions wear their
hearts

So loose to private duty, that no brain, 290
Healthful and undisturbed by factious
fumes,

Can dream them trusty to the general weal.
Such were not they of old, whose tempered
blades

Dispersed the shackles of usurped control,
And hewed them link from link; then Albion's sons ²⁹⁵

Were sons indeed: they felt a filial heart
Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs;
And, shining each in his domestic sphere,
Shone brighter still, once called to public
view. ²⁹⁹

'Tis therefore many, whose sequestered lot
Forbids their interference, looking on,
Anticipate perforce some dire event;
And, seeing the old castle of the state,
That promised once more firmness, so as-
sailed, ³⁰⁴

That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,
Stand motionless, expectant of its fall.
All has its date below; the fatal hour
Was registered in heaven ere time began.
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest
works ³⁰⁹

Die too: the deep foundations that we lay,
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace re-
mains.

We build with what we deem eternal rock:
A distant age asks where the fabric stood;
And in the dust, sifted and searched in vain,
The undiscoverable secret sleeps. ³¹⁵

My Country

England, with all thy faults I love thee
still—

My country! and while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be
found,

Shall be constrained to love thee. Though
thy clime ³¹⁹

Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer
France

With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights
sublime ³²⁶

Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too; and with a just disdain, ³³²
Frown at effeminate, whose very looks
Reflect dishonor on the land I love.

How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things,
as smooth

And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
With odors, and as profligate as sweet
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight; when such
as these ³⁴⁰

Presume to lay their hands upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast
enough

In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise
enough ³⁴⁵

To fill th' ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother
tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his
own.

Farewell those honors, and farewell with
them

The hope of such hereafter! They have
fallen ³⁵⁰

Each in his field of glory; one in arms,
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
Of Smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham heart-sick of his country's
shame! ³⁵⁴

They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown,
If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he
fought,

Put so much of his heart into his act, ³⁵⁹
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. O rise some other such!
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.

THE REALITY OF HUMBLE LIFE

GEORGE CRABBE

[From *The Village*, 1783]

The Village Life, and every care that reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining
swains;

What labor yields, and what, that labor
past,

Age, in its hour of languor, finds at last;
What form the real Picture of the Poor, ⁶
Demand a song—the Muse can give no
more.

Fled are those times, when, in harmonious
strains,

The rustic poet praised his native plains:
No shepherds now, in smooth alternate
verse,

Their country's beauty or their nymphs re-
hearse; 10

Yet still for these we frame the tender
strain,

Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,
And shepherds' boys their amorous pains
reveal,

The only pains, alas! they never feel.

On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous
reign, 15

If Tityrus found the Golden Age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream pro-
long,

Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely
stray,

Where Virgil, not where Fancy, leads the
way? 20

Yes, thus the Muses sing of happy swains,
Because the Muses never knew their pains:
They boast their peasants' pipes; but peas-
ants now

Resign their pipes and plod behind the
plow;

And few, amid the rural tribe, have time 25
To number syllables, and play with rime;
Save honest Duck, what son of verse could
share

The poet's rapture and the peasant's care?
Or the great labors of the field degrade,
With the new peril of a poorer trade? 30

From this chief cause these idle praises
spring,

That themes so easy few forbear to sing;
For no deep thought the trifling subjects
ask;

To sing of shepherds is an easy task;
The happy youth assumes the common
strain, 35

A nymph his mistress, and himself a swain;
With no sad scenes he clouds his tuneful
prayer,

But all, to look like her, is painted fair.

I grant indeed that fields and flocks have
charms

For him that grazes or for him that
farms; 40

But when amid such pleasing scenes I
trace

The poor laborious natives of the place,
And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
On their bare heads and dewy temples play;
While some, with feebler heads, and fainter
hearts 45

Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their
parts—

Then shall I dare these real ills to hide,
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?

No; cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys
boast; 50

Where other cares than those the Muse re-
lates,

And other shepherds dwell with other mates;
By such examples taught, I paint the
Cot,

As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will
not:

Nor you, ye poor, of lettered scorn com-
plain, 55

To you the smoothest song is smooth in
vain;

O'ercome by labor, and bowed down by time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rime?

Can poets soothe you, when you pine for
bread,

By winding myrtles round your ruined
shed? 60

Can their light tales your weighty griefs
o'erpower,

Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?
Lo! where the heath, with withering brake
grown o'er,

Lends the light turf that warms the neigh-
boring poor

From thence a length of burning sand ap-
pears, 65

Where the thin harvest waves its withered
ears.

Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted
rye;

There thistles stretch their prickly arms
afar,

And to the ragged infant threaten war; 70

There poppies, nodding, mock the hope of
toil,

There the blue bugloss paints the sterile
soil;

Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;

O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a
shade, 75

And clasping tares cling round the sickly
blade;

With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendor vainly shines around.

So looks the nymph whom wretched arts
adorn,

Betrayed by man, then left for man to
scorn; 80

Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic
rose,

While her sad eyes the troubled breast dis-
close:

Whose outward splendor is but folly's dress,
Exposing most when most it gilds distress.

Here joyless roam a wild amphibious
race, ⁸⁵

With sullen woe displayed in every face;
Who, far from civil arts and social fly,
And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye.

Here too the lawless merchant of the main
Draws from his plow the intoxicated
swain; ⁹⁰

Want only claimed the labor of the day,
But vice now steals his nightly rest away.

Where are the swains, who, daily labor
done,

With rural games played down the setting
sun;

Who struck with matchless force the bound-
ing ball, ⁹⁵

Or made the ponderous quoit obliquely fall;
While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong,
Engaged some artful stripling of the throng.
And fell beneath him, foiled, while far
around

Hoarse triumph rose, and rocks returned
the sound? ¹⁰⁰

Where now are these?—Beneath yon cliff
they stand,

To show the freighted pinnace where to
land;

To load the ready steed with guilty haste,
To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste,
Or, when detected, in their straggling
course, ¹⁰⁵

To foil their foes by cunning or by force;
Or, yielding part (which equal knaves de-
mand),

To gain a lawless passport through the
land.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

ROBERT BURNS

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

1

My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected
friend!

No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish
end:

My dearest meed a friend's esteem and
praise:

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd
scene;

The native feelings strong, the guileless
ways;

What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier
there, I ween!

2

November chill blows loud wi' angry
sugh,¹

The short'ning winter day is near a
close;

The miry beasts retreating frae the
pleugh,

The black'ning trains o' craws to their
repose;

The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor
goes,—

This night his weekly moil is at an end,—
Collects his spades, his mattocks and his
hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to
spend,

And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
hameward bend.

3

At length his lonely cot appears in
view,

Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;

Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher²
through

To meet their dad, wi' flichterin³ noise
an' glee.

His wee bit ingle,⁴ blinkin bonilie,

His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's
smile,

The hisping infant prattling on his
knee,

Does a' his weary kiaugh⁵ and care be-
guile,

An' makes him quite forget his labor an'
his toil.

4

Belyve,⁶ the elder bairns come drappin in,
At service out amang the farmers
roun';

Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some
tentie⁸ rin

¹ sound
² stagger
³ fluttering

⁴ fire-place
⁵ anxiety
⁶ presently

⁷ drive
⁸ careful

A cannie errand to a neibor toun:
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-
 grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her
 ee,
 Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw⁹
 new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won¹⁰ penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hard-
 ship be.

5

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters
 meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly
 spiers:¹¹
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd
 fleet;
 Each tells the uncoss¹² that he sees or
 hears.
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful
 years;
 Anticipation forward points the view;
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her
 shears,
 Gars¹³ auld claes look amaisht as weel's
 the new;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

6

Their master's an' their mistress's com-
 mand
 The younkens a' are warnèd to obey;
 An' mind their labors wi' an eydent¹⁴
 hand,
 An' ne'er tho' out o' sight, to jauk or
 play:
 "An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
 An' mind your duty, duly, morn an'
 night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang
 astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain that sought the
 Lord aright!"

7

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the
 same,
 Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her
 hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious
 flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her
 cheek;
 Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires
 his name,
 While Jenny hafflins¹⁵ is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild
 worthless rake.

8

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him
 ben,¹⁶
 A strappin youth; he takes the mother's
 eye;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs,
 and kye.¹⁷
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows
 wi' joy,
 But, blate¹⁸ and laithfu',¹⁹ scarce can weel
 behave;
 The mother wi' a woman's wiles can
 spy
 What maks the youth sae bashfu' an' sae
 grave,
 Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected
 like the lave.²⁰

9

O happy love! where love like this is
 found!
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond com-
 pare!
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this de-
 clare—
 "If Heaven a draught of heavenly
 pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest
 pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender
 tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
 the ev'ning gale."

10

Is there, in human form, that bears a
 heart,
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and
 truth!
 That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art

⁹ fine
¹⁰ hard-won
¹¹ asks
¹² odds and ends
¹³ makes
¹⁴ diligent

¹⁵ partly
¹⁶ within
¹⁷ crows
¹⁸ shy
¹⁹ bashful
²⁰ rest

Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting
youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling
smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their
child,
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their dis-
traction wild?

11

But now the supper crowns their simple
board,
The halesome parritch,²¹ chief of Sco-
tia's food;
The sowpe²² their only hawkie²³ does af-
ford,
That yont²⁴ the hallan²⁵ snugly chows
her cud.
The dame brings forth, in complimental
mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd²⁶ keb-
buck fell,²⁷
An' aft²⁸ he's prest, an' aft he ca's it
guid;
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond²⁹ auld, sin' lint³⁰ was
i' the bell.

12

The chærfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle
wide;
The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace
The big ha'-bible,³¹ ance his father's
pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart³² haffets³³ wearing thin and
bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in
Zion glide,
He wales³⁴ a portion with judicious care;
And, "Let us worship God," he says with
solemn air.

13

They chant their artless notes in simple
guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the
noblest aim:

²¹ porridge
²² milk
²³ cow
²⁴ beyond
²⁵ partition

²⁶ well-saved
²⁷ strong cheese
²⁸ often
²⁹ twelve-month
³⁰ since flax

³¹ hall Bible
³² gray
³³ locks
³⁴ chooses

Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling measures
rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the
name,
Or noble *Elgin* beats³⁵ the heaven-ward
flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are
tame;
The tickl'd ear no heart-felt raptures
raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's
praise.

14

The priest-like father reads the sacred
page,—
How Abram was the friend of God on
high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging
ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing
cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred
lyre.

15

Perhaps the Christian volume is the
theme,—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was
shed;
How He, who bore in heav'n the second
name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His
head:
How His first followers and servants
sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a
land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced
by Heav'n's command.

16

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal
King,
The saint, the father, and the husband
prays:

³⁵ incites, kindles

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days:
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear,
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

17

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's ev'ry grace except the heart!
 The pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply in some cottage far apart
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
 And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

18

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
 That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

19

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God":
 And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind:

What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

20

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
 And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

21

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,—
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

A WINTER NIGHT

ROBERT BURNS

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these?—SHAKESPEARE.

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,¹
 Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
 When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r²
 Far south the lift,³
 Dim-dark'ning through the flaky show'r,
 Or whirling drift:

As night the storm the steeples rocked,
 Poor labor sweet in sleep was locked,

¹ keen and severe² stare³ sky

While burns,⁴ wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,⁵
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie⁶ cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle⁷
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,⁸
Beneath a scaur.⁹

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing!
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e?

Ev'n you, on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote
spoil'd

My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.
Now Phoebe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muff'd, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole:—

"Blow, blow, ye winds with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness unrelenting,
Vengeful malice unrepenting,
Than heav'n-illumin'd man on brother man
bestows.

"See stern oppression's iron grip,
Or mad ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, want, and murder o'er a land!
Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pamper'd luxury, flatt'ry by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o'er proud property, extended wide:
And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
A creature of another kind,

⁴ streams
⁵ vomited

⁶ shivering
⁷ noisy onset

⁸ scramble
⁹ cliff

Some coarser substance unrefin'd,
Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile,
below.

"Where, where is love's fond, tender
throe,
With lordly honor's lofty brow,
The powers you proudly own?
Is there, beneath love's noble name,
Can harbor, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone?
Mark maiden-innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares;
This boasted honor turns away,
Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears and unavailing
pray'rs!
Perhaps, this hour, in mis'ry's squalid
nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless
breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the
rocking blast!

"Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves
create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched
fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite dis-
own!
Ill-satisfied keen nature's clam'rous call,
Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself
to sleep,
While thro' the ragged roof and chinky
wall,
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift
heap!
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch, already crush'd low
By cruel fortune's undeserv'd blow?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard nae mair, for chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer—
A cottage-rousing crow.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Through all His works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

ROBERT BURNS

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd¹ for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray,² an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie,³ ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof⁴ for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon⁵ his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa'⁶ that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree,⁷ an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

THE TWA DOGS

ROBERT BURNS

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,

¹ gold ² young fellow ³ cannot accom-
⁴ coarse gray ⁵ fool ⁶ plish
 ⁷ above ⁸ prize

When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Caesar,
Was keepit for his Honor's pleasure;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,¹
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit² some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lockèd, letter'd, braw³ brass collar
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient⁴ a pride—nae pride had he,
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
Even wi' a tinkler-gypsey's messan.⁵
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,⁶
Nae tawtèd⁷ tyke,⁸ tho' e'er sae duddie,⁹
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a plowman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang-syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash¹⁰ an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh¹¹ or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt¹² face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gaucie¹³ tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies¹⁴ wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain' o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit;
Whyles mice an' moudieworts¹⁵ they how-
kit;¹⁶

Whyles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin¹⁷ weary grown,
Upon a knowe¹⁸ they sat them down
And there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.

Caesar

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;

¹ ear ⁷ with matted ¹² white-streaked
² whelped ⁸ hair ¹³ big and joyous
³ fine ⁹ cur ¹⁴ haunches
⁴ devil ¹⁰ ragged ¹⁵ moles
⁵ cur ¹¹ wise ¹⁶ digged
⁶ smithy ¹² ditch ¹⁷ larking
 ¹³ knoll

An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his rackèd rents.
His coals, his kain,¹⁹ an' a' his stents;
He rises when he likes himsel;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,²⁰
The yellow-letter'd Geordie keeks.²¹

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,²²
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan²³
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic-like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.

Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,²⁴
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant man
His Honor has in a' the lan';
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

Luath

Trowth, Caesar, whiles they're fasht²⁵
enough;
A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, an' sic like;
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie²⁶ o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' darg,²⁷ to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.²⁸

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger:
But, how it comes, I never kenn'd yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented:
And buirdly chieks,²⁹ an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

Caesar

But, then, to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespek it!
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk
As I wad by a stinkin' broek.³⁰
I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,

An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash,³¹
He'll stamp and threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
And hear it a', an' fear an' tremble.

I see how folk live that hae riches:
But surely poor folk maun be wretches!

Luath

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink;
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided.
They're aye in less or mair provided;
An' tho' fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans³² an' faithfu' wives:
The prattling things are just their pride
That sweetens a' their fire-side;
An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy³³
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts;
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
An' ferlie³⁴ at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,³⁵
When rural life, o' ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.
That merry day the year begins
They bar the door on frosty win's;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
And sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin³⁶ pipe, an' sneeshin mill,³⁷
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,³⁸
The young anes rantin thro' the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
There's mony a creditable stock

¹⁹ rents ²² stomach ²⁵ labor
²⁰ stitches ²³ wonder ²⁶ roof
²¹ peeps ²⁴ worried ²⁷ stalwart folks
²⁸ stuffing ²⁹ litter ³⁰ badger

³¹ abuse ³⁴ wonder ³⁷ snuff-box
³² growing chil- ³⁵ harvest-homes ³⁸ talking in a
dren ³⁶ smoking ³⁹ lively manner
³³ ale

O' decent, honest, fawsont³⁹ folk
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favor wi' some gentle master,
Wha aiblins,⁴⁰ thrang a parliamentin',
For Britain's guid his saul indentin'—

Caesar

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
Say, rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
An' saying ay or no's they bid him
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais tak a waft,
To mak a tour, an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton*, an' see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by Madrid he takes the route,
To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi' nowte;⁴¹
Or down Italian vista startles,
Whore-hunting amang groves o' myrtles;
Then houses drumly⁴² German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
And clear the consequential sorrows,
Love gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid!—for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction!

Luath

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear⁴³ to gang that gate⁴⁴ at last!

O would they stay aback frae Courts,
An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, and the Cotter!
For thae frank, rantin' ramblin' billies,
Fient haet⁴⁵ o' them 's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,⁴⁶
Or shootin' o' a hare or moorcock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will you tell me, Master Caesar,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't needna fear them.

Caesar

Lord, man, were ye but whyles whare I
am,

³⁹ decent ⁴² muddy ⁴⁵ Fiend have it,
⁴⁰ perhaps ⁴³ goods none
⁴¹ fight with bulls ⁴⁴ way ⁴⁶ mistress

The gentles, ye wad ne'er envy 'em.
It's true they needna starve nor sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them;
An' aye the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A countra fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'd, he's right enough;
A countra girl at her wheel,
Her dizzens⁴⁷ done, she's unco weel:
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;
An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party-matches,
Then sowther⁴⁸ a' in deep debauches;
Ae night, they're mad wi' drink and
whoring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.

The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty:
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard,
There's some exception, man an' woman;
But this is gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night:
The bum-clock⁴⁹ humm'd wi' lazy drone;
The kye⁵⁰ stood rowtin i' the loan⁵¹:
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na men, but dogs;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

(1786)

⁴⁷ dozens ⁴⁹ humming beetle ⁵¹ lane
⁴⁸ soldier ⁵⁰ cattle

TO A MOUSE

*On Turning Up Her Nest with the Plow,
November, 1785*

ROBERT BURNS

1

Wee, sleekit,¹ cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickerin² brattle!³
I wad be laith⁴ to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'rin⁵ pattle!⁵

2

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

3

I doubt na, whyles,⁶ but thou may thieve:
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen⁷ icker⁸ in a thrave⁹
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,¹⁰
An' never miss 't!

4

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big¹¹ a new ane,
O' foggage¹² green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin
Baith snell¹³ an' keen!

5

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here beneath the blast
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

6

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
But¹⁴ house or hald,
To thole¹⁵ the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch¹⁶ cauld!

¹ sleek	⁷ occasional	¹³ rank grass
² hurrying	⁸ ear of grain	¹⁴ piercing
³ scamper	⁹ twenty-four	¹⁵ without
⁴ loth	¹⁰ sheaves	¹⁶ endure
⁵ paddle	¹¹ rest	¹⁷ hoar-frost
⁶ sometimes	¹² build	

7

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane¹⁷
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,¹⁸
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pair
For promis'd joy.

8

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my ee
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL

ROBERT BURNS

1

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring,¹ and danc'd it
round,
Below the gallows-tree.

2

Oh! what is death but parting breath?—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

3

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword!
And there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.

4

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avengèd be.

5

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dare not die!

¹⁷ lone¹⁸ amiss¹ dance tune

A DREAM

ROBERT BURNS

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames
with reason;
But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason.

On reading, in the public papers, the Laureate's Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep than he imagined himself transported to the birthday levee; and in his dreaming fancy made the following address.—BURNS.

1

Guid-mornin' to your Majesty!
May Heav'n augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new birthday ye see,
A humble poet wishes!
My bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang thae birthday dresses
Sae fine this day.

2

I see ye're complimented thrang,¹
By mony a lord an' lady;
"God save the king!" 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said aye;
The poets, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But aye unerring steady.
On sic a day.

3

For me, before a monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on your grace,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's mony waur² been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

4

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted:
But facts are chiefls that winna ding,³
An downa⁴ be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,⁵
And now the third part of the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

¹ industriously
worse

² be upset
cannot

³ patched

5

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
Ye've trusted ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,⁶
Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts yon day.

6

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaister;
Your sair taxation does her fleecy,
Till she has scarce a tester;
For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear, that wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

7

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges
(An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
A name not envy spairges),⁷
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, Gudesake! let nae saving fit
Abridge your bonnie barges
An' boats this day.

8

Adieu, my Liege! may freedom geck⁸
Beneath your high protection;
An' may ye rax⁹ Corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection!
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your Queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great birthday.

9

Hail, Majesty most Excellent!
While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gies ye?
Thae bonnie bairntime,¹⁰ Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze¹¹ ye
In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day.

⁶ cow-shed
stains

⁷ sport
stretch

⁸ issue
hoist

10

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
 I tell your Highness fairly,
 Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 An' curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
 Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie,
 By night or day.

11

Yet aft a ragged cowte's¹² been known
 To mak a noble aiver;¹³
 So, ye may doucelly¹⁴ fill a throne,
 For a' their clish-ma-claver:¹⁵
 There, him at Agincourt wha shone,
 Few better were or braver;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,
 He was an unco shaver
 For mony a day.

12

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg,
 Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
 Altho' a ribbon at your lug¹⁶
 Wad been a dress completer:
 As ye disown yon paughty¹⁷ dog
 That bears the keys o' Peter,
 Then, swith! an' get a wife to hug,
 Or, trouth! ye'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.

13

Young, royal Tarry Breeks, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her;
 A glorious galley, stem an' stern,
 Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 An' large upon her quarter
 Come full that day.

14

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
 Ye royal lasses dainty,
 Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,¹⁸
 An' gie you lads a-plenty:
 But sneer na British boys awa,
 For kings are unco scant aye;
 An' German gentles are but sma',
 They're better just than want aye
 On ony day.

¹² colt
¹³ horse
¹⁴ soberly

¹⁵ nonsense
¹⁶ ear
¹⁷ haughty

¹⁸ haste
¹⁹ fine

15

God bless you a'! consider now,
 Ye're unco muckle dautit;²⁰
 But ere the course o' life be thro',
 It may be bitter sautit:²¹
 An' I hae seen their coggie²² fu',
 That yet hae tarrow't at it;
 But or the day was done, I trow,
 The laggen²⁴ they hae clautit²⁵
 Fu' clean that day.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY

ROBERT BURNS

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France?
 I watna what's the name o't;
 Around it a' the patriots dance,
 Weel Europe kens the fame o't.
 It stands where ance the Bastile stood,
 A prison built by kings, man,
 When Superstition's hellish brood
 Kept France in leading-strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
 Its virtues a' can tell, man;
 It raises man aboon the brute,
 It makes him ken himsel, man.
 Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
 He's greater than a lord, man,
 And wi' the beggar shares a mite
 Of a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
 To comfort us 'twas sent, man:
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
 And mak us a' content, man.
 It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
 Makes high and low guid friends, man;
 And he wha acts the traitor's part
 It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel
 Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
 And staw¹ a branch, spite o' the deil,
 Frae yont the western waves, man.
 Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,
 And now she sees wi' pride, man,
 How weel it buds and blossoms there,
 Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folk aye hate to see
 The works of Virtue thrive, man;
 The courtly vermin's bann'd the tree,
 And grat² to see it thrive, man;

²⁰ uncommonly
²¹ much petted
²² salted

²³ little dish
²⁴ murmured
²⁵ corner

²⁶ scraped
²⁷ stole
²⁸ grieved

King Louis thought to cut it down,
 When it was unco sma', man;
 For this the watchman crack'd his crown,
 Cut aff his head and a', man:

A wicked crew syne,³ on a time,
 Did tak a solemn aith, man,
 It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
 I wat they pledged their faith, man;
 Awa they gaed, wi' mock parade,
 Like beagles hunting game, man,
 But soon grew weary o' the trade,
 And wish'd they'd been at hame, man.

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
 Her sons did loudly ca', man;
 She sang a sang o' liberty,
 Which pleased them ane and a', man.
 By her inspired, the new-born race
 Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
 The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase,
 And bang'd the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
 Her poplar and her pine, man,
 Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
 And o'er her neighbors shine, man.
 But seek the forest round and round,
 And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
 That sic a tree cannot be round
 'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alake, this life
 Is but a vale o' woe, man;
 A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife,
 Nae real joys we know, man.
 We labor soon, we labor late,
 To feed the titled knave, man;
 And a' the comfort we're to get
 Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
 The world would leeve in peace, man;
 The sword would help to mak a plow,
 The din o' war wad cease, man.
 Like brethren in a common cause,
 We'd on each other smile, man;
 And equal rights and equal laws
 Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon⁴ wha wadna eat
 Sic halesome dainty cheer, man;
 I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
 To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.
 Syne let us pray, auld England may
 Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;
 And blithe we'll sing, and hail the day
 That gives us liberty, man.

³ then

⁴ woe to the rogue

THE AMERICAN WAR

ROBERT BURNS

1

WHEN Guilford good our pilot stood,
 And did our helm thraw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within America, man:
 Then up they gat the maskin-pat,¹
 And in the sea did jaw, man;
 An' did nae less, in full Congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

2

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
 I wat he was na slaw, man!
 Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
 And Carleton did ca', man:
 But yet, what reck, he, at Quebec,
 Montgomery-like did fa', man:
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

3

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage,
 Was kept at Boston ha', man;
 Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
 For Philadelphia, man;
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
 Guid Christian bluid to draw, man;
 But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir-loin he hackèd sma', man.

4

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In Saratoga shaw,² man.
 Cornwallis fought as long's he dought,
 An' did the buckskins claw, man;
 But Clinton's glaive³ frae rust to save,
 He hung it to the wa', man.

5

Then Montague, and Guildford too,
 Began to fear a fa', man:
 And Sackville doure,⁴ wha stood the stoure,⁵
 The German chief to thraw, man;
 For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man;
 And Charlie Fox threw by the box,⁶
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

¹ tea-pot
² forest

³ sword
⁴ stubborn

⁵ storm
⁶ the dice box

6

Then Rockingham took up the game,
Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man;
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thrav, man,
For North an' Fox united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

7

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa, man,
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man;
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew,
'Up Willie,⁷ waur⁸ them a' man!

8

Behind the throne then Granville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While sleet Dundas arous'd the class,
Be-north the Roman wa', man:
And Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith,⁹
(Inspired Bardies saw, man;)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd 'Willie, rise!
Would I hae fear'd them, a', man!

9

But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.,
Gowff'd¹⁰ Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthron¹¹ raise, an' coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man;
An' Caledon threw by the drone,¹²
An' did her whittle draw, man;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt and bluid,
To make it guid in law, man.

SCOTS WHA HAE

ROBERT BURNS

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

⁷ William Pitt⁸ worse⁹ attire¹⁰ "golfed," i. e.,

struck

¹¹ Southern, i. e.,

the English

¹² part of a bag-

pipe

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

A VISION

ROBERT BURNS

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din:
Athort the lift¹ they start and shift.
Like fortune's favors, tint² as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me
And on his bonnet grav'd was
The sacred posie — 'Liberty!'

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear:
But, oh! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

¹ sky² lost

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He, weeping, wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,—
I winna venture 't in my rhymes.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns¹ beware, Sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall rin to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally.

O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided;
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung² decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourselfs united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted!
For never, etc.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout³ may fail in 't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' ⁴ a nail in 't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought;
And wha wad dare to spoil it?
By heavens! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
By heavens, etc.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-sworn brother,
Wha would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damn'd together!
Wha will not sing, 'God save the King,'
Shall hang as high 's the steeple;
But while we sing, 'God save the King,'
We'll ne'er forget the People.
But while we sing, etc.

THE TOAST¹

ROBERT BURNS

Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a
toast—

¹ rogues ² patch ⁴ drive
³ cudgel

¹ At an annual celebration of the victory of
Admiral Rodney over the Spanish fleet in the
West Indies, April 12, 1782.

Here's the memory of those on the twelfth
that we lost—
That we lost, did I say? nay, by Heav'n,
that we found;
For their fame it shall last while the world
goes round.
The next in succession, I'll give you—the
King!
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he
swing!
And here's the grand fabric, our free Con-
stitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution;
And longer with politics not to be cramm'd,
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove dis-
loyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first
trial!

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL

ROBERT BURNS

O Prince! O Chief of many thronèd pow'rs!
That led th'embattl'd seraphim to war.
—MILTON.

1

O thou! whatever title suit thee,—
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie!
Wha in yon cavern, grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges¹ about the brunstane cootie²
To scaud³ poor wretches!

2

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,
To skelp⁴ an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

3

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far ken'd⁵ an' noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's⁶ thy hame,⁷
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag⁸ nor lame,
Nor blate⁹ nor scour.¹⁰

4

Whyles,¹¹ rangin like a roarin lion,
For prey a' holes an' corners tryin;

¹ splashes ⁵ known ⁸ shy
² brimstone tub ⁶ flaming ravine ¹⁰ timid
³ scald ⁷ home ¹¹ sometimes
⁴ slap ⁹ sluggish

Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
Tirlin' ¹² the kirks; ¹³
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin.
Unseen thou lurks.

5

I've heard my rev'rend grannie say,
In lanely ¹⁴ glens ye like to stray;
Or whare auld ruin'd castles gray
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rers way
Wi' eldritch ¹⁵ croon.

6

When twilight did my grannie summon
To say her pray'rs, douce ¹⁶ honest woman!
Aft yont ¹⁷ the dike she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerit drone;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees ¹⁸ comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

7

Ae ¹⁹ dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentint ²⁰ light,
Wi' you mysel I gat a fright
Ayont ²¹ the lough; ²²
• Ye like a rash-buss ²³ stood in sight
Wi' waving sough.

8

The cudgel in my nieve ²⁴ did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch, stoor ²⁵ "Quaick,
quaick,"
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
On whistlin wings.

9

Let warlocks ²⁶ grim an' wither'd hags
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags
They skim the muirs an' drizzly crags
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards ²⁷ renew their leagues,
Owre howket ²⁸ dead.

10

Thence, countra wives wi' toil an' pain
May plunge an' plunge the kirk ²⁹ in vain;
For oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witchin skill;

³³ unroofing
³⁴ churches
³⁵ lonely
³⁶ unearthly
³⁷ grave
³⁸ often beyond

³⁹ elders
⁴⁰ one
⁴¹ slanting
⁴² beyond
⁴³ lake
⁴⁴ rush-bush

⁴⁵ fist
⁴⁶ harsh
⁴⁷ wizards
⁴⁸ church-yards
⁴⁹ duk up
⁵⁰ churn

An' dawtet, ³⁰ twal-pint hawkie's ³¹ gaen
As yell's ³² the bill. ³³

11

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse; ³⁴
When the best wark-lume ³⁵ i' the house,
By cantrip ³⁶ wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

12

When thowes ³⁷ dissolve the snawy hoord, ³⁸
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then water-kelpies ³⁹ haunt the foord
By your direction,
An' nighted trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

13

And aft ⁴⁰ your moss-traversing spunkies ⁴¹
Decoy the wight that late and drunk is:
The bleezin, ⁴² curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

14

When masons' mystic word and grip
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell,
The youngest brither ⁴³ ye wad whip
Aff ⁴⁴ straight to hell!

15

Lang syne, in Eden's bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
And all the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird, ⁴⁵
In shady bow'r;

16

Then you, ye auld sneck-drawin ⁴⁶ dog!
Ye cam to Paradise incog,
And play'd on man a cursed brogue, ⁴⁷
(Black be your fa'!)
And gried the infant world a shog, ⁴⁸
Maist ⁴⁹ ruin'd a'.

⁵⁰ petted

⁵¹ twelve-pint cow

⁵² dry as

⁵³ bull

⁵⁴ bold

⁵⁵ work-loom

⁵⁶ mischievous

⁵⁷ thaws

⁵⁸ snowy hoard

⁵⁹ water-spirits

⁶⁰ often

⁶¹ will-o'-the-

⁶² wisps

⁶³ blazing

⁶⁴ brother

⁶⁵ off

⁶⁶ sword

⁶⁷ latch-lifting

⁶⁸ trick

⁶⁹ shock

⁷⁰ almost

17

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,⁵⁰
 Wi' reeket⁵¹ duds and reestet gizz,⁵²
 Ye did present your smoutie phiz
 Mang better folk,
 An' sklented⁵³ on the man of Uz
 Your spitefu' joke?

18

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house and hal',
 While scabs and blotches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 An' lows'd⁵⁴ his ill-tongued, wicked scaul,⁵⁵
 Was warst ava?⁵⁶

19

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares an' fetchin fierce,
 Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding⁵⁷ a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme.

20

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin,
 A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
 Some luckless hour will send him linkin,⁵⁸
 To your black pit;
 But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,⁵⁹
 An' cheat you yet.

21

But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
 O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
 Ye aiblins⁶⁰ might — I dinna ken —
 Still hae a stake:
 I'm wae⁶¹ to think upo' yon den,
 Ev'n for your sake!

THE SINCERITY OF BURNS

THOMAS CARLYLE

[From *An Essay on Burns*, 1828.]

The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose; but, at the same time, it is plain and easily recognized, — his *Sincerity*, his indisputable air of Truth. Here are no fabulous woes or joys; no hollow fantastic sentimentalities; no wire-drawn refinings, either in thought or

feeling: the passion that is traced before us has glowed in a living heart; the opinion he utters has risen in his own understanding, and been a light to his own steps. He does not write from hearsay, but from sight and experience; it is the scenes that he has lived and labored amidst, that he describes; those scenes, rude and humble as they are, have kindled beautiful emotions in his soul, noble thoughts, and definite resolves; and he speaks forth what is in him, not from any outward call of vanity or interest, but because his heart is too full to be silent. He speaks it with such melody and modulation as he can; "in homely rustic jingle"; but it is his own, and genuine. This is the grand secret for finding readers and retaining them: let him who would move and convince others, be first moved and convinced himself. Horace's rule, *Si vis me flere*, is applicable in a wider sense than the literal one. To every poet, to every writer, we might say: Be true, if you would be believed. Let a man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart; and other men, so strangely are we all knit together by the tie of sympathy, must and will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker, or below him; but in either case, his words, if they are earnest and sincere, will find some response within us; for in spite of all casual varieties in outward rank or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man. . . .

Byron and Burns were sent forth as missionaries to their generation, to teach it a higher Doctrine, a purer Truth; they had a message to deliver, which left them no rest till it was accomplished; in dim throes of pain, this divine behest lay smouldering within them, for they knew not what it meant, and felt it only in mysterious anticipation, and they had to die without articulately uttering it. They are in the camp of the Unconverted; yet not as high messengers of rigorous though benignant Truth, but as soft flattering singers, and in pleasant fellowship will they live there; they are first adulated, then persecuted; they accomplish little for others; they find no peace for themselves, but only death and the peace of the grave. We confess it is not without a certain mournful awe that we view the fate of these noble souls, so richly gifted, yet ruined to so little purpose with all their

⁵⁰ flurry ⁵⁴ loosed ⁵⁸ tripping
⁵¹ smoked ⁵⁵ scold ⁵⁹ darting
⁵² singed face ⁵⁶ worst of all ⁶⁰ possibly
⁵³ directed ⁵⁷ baffle ⁶¹ sad

gifts. It seems to us there is a stern moral taught in this piece of history, — *twice* told us in our own time! Surely to men of like genius, if there be any such, it carries with it a lesson of deep, impressive significance. Surely it would become such a man, furnished for the highest of all enterprises, — that of being the Poet of his Age, — to consider well what it is that he attempts, and in what spirit he attempts it. For the words of Milton are true in all times, and were never truer than in this: "He who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem." If he cannot first so make his life, then let him hasten from this arena; for neither its lofty glories nor its fearful perils are fit for him. Let him dwindle into a modish balladmonger; let him worship and be-sing the idols of the time, and the time will not fail to reward him, — if, indeed, he can endure to live in that capacity! Byron and Burns could not live as idol-priests, but the fire of their own hearts consumed them,

and better it was for them that they could not. For it is not in the favor of the great or of the small, but in a life of truth, and in the inexpugnable citadel of his own soul, that a Byron's or a Burns's strength must lie. Let the great stand aloof from him, or know how to reverence him. Beautiful is the union of wealth with favor and furtherance for literature, like the costliest flower-jar enclosing the loveliest amaranth. Yet let not the relation be mistaken. A true poet is not one whom they can hire by money or flattery to be a minister of their pleasures, their writer of occasional verses, their purveyor of table-wit; he cannot be their menial, he cannot even be their partisan. At the peril of both parties, let no such union be attempted! Will a Courser of the Sun work softly in the harness of a Dray-horse? His hoofs are of fire, and his path is through the heavens, bringing light to all lands; will he lumber on mud highways, dragging ale for earthly appetites from door to door?

2. THE STRUGGLE AGAINST TYRANNY IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

THE CHARACTER OF PITT

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

[From *A Short History of the English People*, 1877]

But the nation of which Chesterfield despaired was really on the eve of its greatest triumphs, and the miserable incapacity of the Duke of Newcastle only called to the front the genius of William Pitt. Pitt was the grandson of a wealthy governor of Madras, who had entered Parliament in 1735 as member for one of his father's pocket boroughs, and had headed the younger "patriots" in their attack on Walpole. The dismissal from the army by which Walpole met his attacks turned his energy wholly to politics. His fiery spirit was hushed in office during the "broad-bottom administration" which followed Walpole's fall, but after the death of Henry Pelham, Newcastle's jealousy of power threw him into an attitude of opposition and he was deprived of his place. When the disasters of the war however drove Newcastle from office in November 1756, Pitt became Secretary of State; but in four months the enmity of the King and of New-

castle's party drove him to resign. In July 1757, however, it was necessary to recall him. The failure of Newcastle to construct an administration forced the Duke to a junction with his rival; and fortunately for their country, the character of the two statesmen made the compromise an easy one. For all that Pitt coveted, for the general direction of public affairs, the control of foreign policy, the administration of the war, Newcastle had neither capacity nor inclination. On the other hand, his skill in parliamentary management was unrivalled. If he knew little else, he knew better than any living man the price of every member and the intrigues of every borough. What he cared for was not the control of affairs, but the distribution of patronage and the work of corruption, and from this Pitt turned disdainfully away. "Mr. Pitt does everything," wrote Horace Walpole, "and the Duke gives everything. So long as they agree in this partition they may do what they please." Out of the union of these two strangely-contrasted leaders, in fact, rose the greatest, as it was the last, of the purely Whig administrations. But its real power lay from beginning to end in Pitt himself. Poor as he was, for his income was little

more than two hundred a year, and springing as he did from a family of no political importance, it was by sheer dint of genius that the young cornet of horse, at whose youth and inexperience Walpole had sneered, seized a power which the Whig houses had ever since the Revolution kept jealously in their grasp. His ambition had no petty aim. "I want to call England," he said as he took office, "out of that enervate state in which twenty thousand men from France can shake her." His call was soon answered. He at once breathed his own lofty spirit into the country he served, as he communicated something of his own grandeur to the men who served him. "No man," said a soldier of the time, "ever entered Mr. Pitt's closet who did not feel himself braver when he came out than when he went in." Ill-combined as were his earlier expeditions, many as were his failures, he roused a temper in the nation at large which made ultimate defeat impossible. "England has been a long time in labor," exclaimed Frederick of Prussia as he recognized a greatness like his own, "but she has at last brought forth a man."

It is this personal and solitary grandeur which strikes us most as we look back to William Pitt. The tone of his speech and action stands out in utter contrast with the tone of his time. In the midst of a society critical, polite, indifferent, simple even to the affectation of simplicity, witty and amusing but absolutely prosaic, cool of heart and of head, skeptical of virtue and enthusiasm, skeptical above all of itself, Pitt stood absolutely alone. The depth of his conviction, his passionate love for all that he deemed lofty and true, his fiery energy, his poetic imaginativeness, his theatrical airs and rhetoric, his haughty self-assumption, his pompousness and extravagance, were not more puzzling to his contemporaries than the confidence with which he appealed to the higher sentiments of mankind, the scorn with which he turned from a corruption which had till then been the great engine of politics, the undoubting faith which he felt in himself, in the grandeur of his aims, and in his power to carry them out. "I know that I can save the country," he said to the Duke of Devonshire on his entry into the Ministry, "and I know no other man can." The groundwork of Pitt's character was an intense and passionate pride; but it was a pride which kept him from stooping to the level of the men who

had so long held England in their hands. He was the first statesman since the Restoration who set the example of a purely public spirit. Keen as was his love of power, no man ever refused office so often, or accepted it with so strict a regard to the principles he professed. "I will not go to Court," he replied to an offer which was made him, "if I may not bring the Constitution with me." For the corruption about him he had nothing but disdain. He left to Newcastle the buying of seats and the purchase of members. At the outset of his career Pelham appointed him to the most lucrative office in his administration, that of Paymaster of the Forces; but its profits were of an illicit kind, and poor as he was Pitt refused to accept one farthing beyond his salary. His pride never appeared in loftier and nobler form than in his attitude towards the people at large. No leader had ever a wider popularity than "the great commoner," as Pitt was styled, but his air was always that of a man who commands popularity, not that of one who seeks it. He never bent to flatter popular prejudice. When mobs were roaring themselves hoarse for "Wilkes and liberty," he denounced Wilkes as a worthless profligate; and when all England went mad in its hatred of the Scots, Pitt haughtily declared his esteem for a people whose courage he had been the first to enlist on the side of loyalty. His noble figure, the hawk-like eye which flashed from the small thin face, his majestic voice, the fire and grandeur of his eloquence, gave him a sway over the House of Commons far greater than any other minister has possessed. He could silence an opponent with a look of scorn, or hush the whole House with a single word. But he never stooped to the arts by which men form a political party, and at the height of his power his personal following hardly numbered half a dozen members.

His real strength indeed lay not in Parliament but in the people at large. His significant title of "the great commoner" marks a political revolution. "It is the people who have sent me here," Pitt boasted with a haughty pride when the nobles of the Cabinet opposed his will. He was the first to see that the long political inactivity of the public mind had ceased, and that the progress of commerce and industry had produced a great middle class, which no longer found its representatives in the legislature. "You have taught me," said George the Sec-

and when Pitt sought to save Byng by appealing to the sentiment of Parliament, "to look for the voice of my people in other places than within the House of Commons." It was this unrepresented class which had forced him into power. During his struggle with Newcastle the greater towns backed him with the gift of their freedom and addresses of confidence. "For weeks," laughs Horace Walpole, "it rained gold boxes." London stood by him through good report and evil report, and the wealthiest of English merchants, Alderman Beckford, was proud to figure as his political lieutenant. The temper of Pitt indeed harmonized admirably with the temper of the commercial England which rallied round him, with its energy, its self-confidence, its pride, its patriotism, its honesty, its moral earnestness. The merchant and the trader were drawn by a natural attraction to the one statesman of their time whose aims were unselfish, whose hands were clean, whose life was pure and full of tender affection for wife and child. But there was a far deeper ground for their enthusiastic reverence and for the reverence which his country has borne Pitt ever since. He loved England with an intense and personal love. He believed in her power, her glory, her public virtue, till England learned to believe in herself. Her triumphs were his triumphs, her defeats his defeats. Her dangers lifted him high above all thought of self or party-spirit. "Be one people," he cried to the factions who rose to bring about his fall: "forget everything but the public! I set you the example!" His glowing patriotism was the real spell by which he held England. But even the faults which chequered his character told for him with the middle classes. The Whig statesmen who preceded him had been men whose pride expressed itself in a marked simplicity and absence of pretence. Pitt was essentially an actor, dramatic in the cabinet, in the House, in his very office. He transacted business with his clerks in full dress. His letters to his family, genuine as his love for them was, are stilted and unnatural in tone. It was easy for the wits of his day to jest at his affectation, his pompous gait, the dramatic appearance which he made on great debates with his limbs swathed in flannel and his crutch by his side. Early in life Walpole sneered at him for bringing into the House of Commons "the gestures and emotions of the stage." But the classes to whom Pitt appealed were classes not easily of-

fended by faults of taste, and saw nothing to laugh at in the statesman who was borne into the lobby amidst the tortures of the gout, or carried into the House of Lords to breathe his last in a protest against national dishonor.

Above all Pitt wielded the strength of a resistless eloquence. The power of political speech had been revealed in the stormy debates of the Long Parliament, but it was cramped in its utterance by the legal and theological pedantry of the time. Pedantry was flung off by the age of the Revolution, but in the eloquence of Somers and his rivals we see ability rather than genius, knowledge, clearness of expression, precision of thought, the lucidity of the pleader or the man of business, rather than the passion of the orator. Of this clearness of statement Pitt had little or none. He was no ready debater like Walpole, no speaker of set speeches like Chesterfield. His set speeches were always his worst, for in these his want of taste, his love of effect, his trite quotations and extravagant metaphors came at once to the front. That with defects like these he stood far above every orator of his time was due above all to his profound conviction, to the earnestness and sincerity with which he spoke. "I must sit still," he whispered once to a friend, "for when once I am up everything that is in my mind comes out." But the reality of his eloquence was transfigured by a large and poetic imagination, and by a glow of passion which not only raised him high above the men of his own day but set him in the front rank among the orators of the world. The cool reasoning, the wit, the common sense of his age made way for a splendid audacity, a sympathy with popular emotion, a sustained grandeur, a lofty vehemence, a command over the whole range of human feeling. He passed without an effort from the most solemn appeal to the gayest raillery, from the keenest sarcasm to the tenderest pathos. Every word was driven home by the grand self-consciousness of the speaker. He spoke always as one having authority. He was in fact the first English orator whose words were a power, a power not over Parliament only but over the nation at large. Parliamentary reporting was as yet unknown, and it was only in detached phrases and half-remembered outbursts that the voice of Pitt reached beyond the walls of St. Stephen's. But it was especially in these sudden outbursts of inspiration, in these brief passion-

ate appeals, that the power of his eloquence lay. The few broken words we have of him stir the same thrill in men of our day which they stirred in the men of his own. But passionate as was Pitt's eloquence, it was the eloquence of a statesman, not of a rhetorician. Time has approved almost all his greater struggles, his defense of the liberty of the subject against arbitrary imprisonment under "general warrants," of the liberty of the press against Lord Mansfield, of the rights of constituencies against the House of Commons, of the constitutional rights of America against England itself.

CABINET GOVERNMENT UNDER
GEORGE III¹

"JUNIUS"

[From *A Letter to the Duke of Grafton*,
July 8, 1769.]

Since the accession of our most gracious sovereign to the throne we have seen a system of government which may well be called a reign of experiments. Parties of all denominations have been employed and dismissed. The advice of the ablest men in this country has been repeatedly called for and rejected; and when the royal displeasure has been signified to a minister, the marks of it have usually been proportioned to his abilities and integrity. The spirit of the favorite had some apparent influence upon every administration: and every set of ministers preserved an appearance of duration, as long as they submitted to that influence. But there were certain services to be performed for the favorite's security, or to gratify his resentments, which your predecessors in office had the wisdom or the virtue not to undertake. The moment this refractory spirit was discovered their disgrace was determined. Lord Chatham, Mr. Grenville, and Lord Rockingham have successively had the honor to be dismissed for preferring their duty as servants of the public to those compliances which were expected from their station. A submissive administration was at last gradually collected from

¹Junius' eloquent attack on the Duke of Grafton, left in power by the withdrawal of the Earl of Chatham in 1767, was prompted by the subservience of the ministry to the tyrannical will of George III, who opposed the liberties of his subjects by pressing the expulsion of the popular John Wilkes from Parliament and by continuing his oppressive policy toward the American colonies.

the deserters of all parties, interests, and connections; and nothing remained but to find a leader for these gallant well-disciplined troops. Stand forth, my Lord, for thou art the man. Lord Bute found no resource of dependence or security in the proud, imposing superiority of Lord Chatham's abilities, the shrewd, inflexible judgment of Mr. Grenville, nor in the mild but determined integrity of Lord Rockingham. His views and situation required a creature void of all these properties; and he was forced to go through every division, resolution, composition, and refinement of political chemistry, before he happily arrived at the *caput mortuum* of vitriol in your Grace. Flat and insipid in your retired state, but, brought into action, you become vitriol again. Such are the extremes of alternate indolence or fury which have governed your whole administration. Your circumstances with regard to the people soon becoming desperate, like other honest servants you determined to involve the best of masters in the same difficulties with yourself. We owe it to your Grace's well-directed labors, that your sovereign has been persuaded to doubt of the affections of his subjects, and the people to suspect the virtues of their sovereign, at a time when both were unquestionable. You have degraded the royal dignity into a base, dishonorable competition with Mr. Wilkes, nor had you abilities to carry even this last contemptible triumph over a private man, without the grossest violation of the fundamental laws of the constitution and rights of the people. But these are rights, my Lord, which you can no more annihilate than you can the soil to which they are annexed. The question no longer turns upon points of national honor and security abroad, or on the degrees of expedience and propriety of measures at home. It was not inconsistent that you should abandon the cause of liberty in another country, which you had persecuted in your own; and in the common arts of domestic corruption, we miss no part of Sir Robert Walpole's system except his abilities. In this humble imitative line you might long have proceeded, safe and contemptible. You might, probably, never have risen to the dignity of being hated, and even have been despised with moderation. But it seems you meant to be distinguished, and, to a mind like yours, there was no other road to fame but by the destruction of a

noble fabric, which you thought had been too long the admiration of mankind. The use you have made of the military force introduced an alarming change in the mode of executing the laws. The arbitrary appointment of Mr. Luttrell invades the foundation of the laws themselves, as it manifestly transfers the right of legislation from those whom the people have chosen to those whom they have rejected. With a succession of such appointments we may soon see a House of Commons collected, in the choice of which the other towns and counties of England will have as little share as the devoted county of Middlesex.

AN ADDRESS TO THE KING¹

"JUNIUS"

December 19, 1769.

When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign, and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, well-intentioned prince, made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation—that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious speculation to consider if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed, that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted, that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honorable affections to his king and country, and that the great person whom he addresses has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of

forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect.

Sir,—It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth until you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonorable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, *That the king can do no wrong*, is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable, good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your Majesty's condition or that of the English nation would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favorable reception of truth by removing every painful, offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, Sir, wish for nothing but that, as they are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so you, in your turn, should distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

Taking it for granted, as I do very sincerely, that you have personally no design against the constitution, nor any views inconsistent with the good of your subjects, I think you cannot hesitate long upon the choice, which it equally concerns your interest and your honor to adopt. On one side you hazard the affections of all your English subjects—you relinquish every hope of repose to yourself, and you endanger the establishment of your family forever. All this you venture for no object whatsoever,

¹ The most daring and sensational of the public utterances of the mysterious "Junius," rivalling in boldness the inflammatory speeches of men like Patrick Henry in America.

or for such an object as it would be an affront to you to name. Men of sense will examine your conduct with suspicion, while those who are incapable of comprehending to what degree they are injured, afflict you with clamors equally insolent and unmeaning. Supposing it possible that no fatal struggle should ensue, you determine at once to be unhappy, without the hope of a compensation either from interest or ambition. If an English king be hated or despised, he must be unhappy; and this, perhaps, is the only political truth which he ought to be convinced of without experiment. But if the English people should no longer confine their resentment to a submissive representation of their wrongs—if, following the glorious example of their ancestors, they should no longer appeal to the creature of the constitution, but to that high Being who gave them the rights of humanity, whose gifts it were sacrilege to surrender—let me ask you, Sir, upon what part of your subjects would you rely for assistance?

The people of Ireland have been uniformly plundered and oppressed. In return they give you every day fresh marks of their resentment. They despise the miserable governor you have sent them, because he is the creature of Lord Bute; nor is it from any natural confusion in their ideas that they are so ready to confound the original of a king with the disgraceful representation of him.

The distance of the colonies would make it impossible for them to take an active concern in your affairs if they were as well affected to your government as they once pretended to be to your person. They were ready enough to distinguish between you and your ministers. They complained of an act of the legislature, but traced the origin of it no higher than the servants of the crown: they pleased themselves with the hope that their sovereign, if not favorable to their cause, at least was impartial. The decisive, personal part you took against them has effectually banished that first distinction from their minds. They consider you as united with your servants against America, and know how to distinguish the sovereign and a venal parliament on one side from the real sentiments of the English people on the other. Looking forward to independence, they might possibly receive you for their king; but, if you retire to

America, be assured they will give you such a covenant to digest as the presbytery of Scotland would have been ashamed to offer to Charles the Second. They left their native land in search of freedom, and found it in a desert. Divided as they are into a thousand forms of policy and religion, there is one point in which they all agree—they equally detest the pageantry of a king and the supercilious hypocrisy of a bishop.

These sentiments, Sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions; and, when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, Sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received and may be returned. The fortune which made you a king forbade you to have a friend. It is a law of nature which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favorite, and in that favorite the ruin of his affairs.

The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, Sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational; fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart, of itself, is only contemptible; armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by example; and, while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

AN IMPERIAL BRITAIN

EDMUND BURKE

[From *American Taxation*, 1774]

Let us, Sir, embrace some system or other before we end this session. Do you mean

to tax America and to draw a productive revenue from thence? If you do, speak out; name, fix, ascertain this revenue; settle its quantity; define its objects; provide for its collection; and then fight when you have something to fight for. If you murder, rob; if you kill, take possession: and do not appear in the character of madmen as well as assassins, violent, vindictive, bloody, and tyrannical, without an object. But may better counsels guide you!

Again and again revert to your own principles—seek peace and ensue it—leave America, if she has taxable matter in her, to tax herself. I am not here going into the distinctions of rights, not attempting to mark their boundaries. I do not enter into these metaphysical distinctions; I hate the very sound of them. Leave the Americans as they anciently stood, and these distinctions, born of our unhappy contest, will die along with it. They and we, and their and our ancestors, have been happy under that system. Let the memory of all actions in contradiction to that good old mode, on both sides, be extinguished for ever. Be content to bind America by laws of trade; You have always done it. Let this be your reason for binding their trade. Do not burden them by taxes; you were not used to do so from the beginning. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are the arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the schools, for there only they may be discussed with safety. But if, intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very source of government, by urging subtle deductions and consequences odious to those you govern, from the unlimited and illimitable nature of supreme sovereignty, you will teach them by these means to call that sovereignty itself in question. When you drive him hard, the boar will surely turn upon the hunters. If that sovereignty and their freedom cannot be reconciled, which will they take? They will cast your sovereignty in your face. Nobody will be argued into slavery. Sir, let the gentlemen on the other side call forth all their ability, let the best of them get up and tell me, what one character of liberty the Americans have, and what one brand of slavery they are free from, if they are bound in their property and industry by all the restraints you can imagine on commerce, and at the same time are made pack-horses of every tax you choose to impose,

without the least share in granting them. When they bear the burdens of unlimited monopoly, will you bring them to bear the burdens of unlimited revenue too? The Englishman in America will feel that this is slavery—that it is *legal* slavery will be no compensation either to his feelings or his understanding.

A noble lord, who spoke some time ago, is full of the fire of ingenuous youth; and when he has modelled the ideas of a lively imagination by further experience he will be an ornament to his country in either House. He has said that the Americans are our children, and how can they revolt against their parent? He says that if they are not free in their present state, England is not free, because Manchester and other considerable places are not represented. So then, because some towns in England are not represented, America is to have no representative at all. They are "our children"; but when children ask for bread we are not to give a stone. Is it because the natural resistance of things and the various mutations of time hinder our Government, or any scheme of government, from being any more than a sort of approximation to the right, is it therefore that the colonies are to recede from it infinitely? When this child of ours wishes to assimilate to its parent and to reflect with a true filial resemblance the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our constitution? are we to give them our weakness for their strength? our opprobrium for their glory? and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve them for their freedom?

If this be the case, ask yourselves this question, Will they be content in such a state of slavery? If not, look to the consequences. Reflect how you are to govern a people who think they ought to be free and think they are not. Your scheme yields no revenue, it yields nothing but discontent, disorder, disobedience; and such is the state of America, that after wading up to your eyes in blood, you could only end just where you begun; that is, to tax where no revenue is to be found, to—my voice fails me; my inclination indeed carries me no further—all is confusion beyond it.

Well, Sir, I have recovered a little, and before I sit down I must say something to

another point with which gentlemen urge us. What is to become of the Declaratory Act asserting the entireness of British legislative authority if we abandon the practice of taxation?

For my part I look upon the rights stated in that Act exactly in the manner in which I viewed them on its very first proposition, and which I have often taken the liberty, with great humility, to lay before you. I look, I say, on the imperial rights of Great Britain and the privileges which the colonists ought to enjoy under these rights to be just the most reconcilable things in the world. The Parliament of Great Britain sits at the head of her extensive empire in two capacities: one as the local legislature of this island, providing for all things at home, immediately, and by no other instrument than the executive power; the other and I think her nobler capacity, is what I call her *imperial character*, in which, as from the throne of heaven, she superintends all the several inferior legislatures, and guides and controls them all, without annihilating any. As all these provincial legislatures are only co-ordinate to each other, they ought all to be subordinate to her; else they can neither preserve mutual peace, nor hope for mutual justice, nor effectually afford mutual assistance. It is necessary to coerce the negligent, to restrain the violent, and to aid the weak and deficient by the overruling plentitude of her power. She is never to intrude into the place of the others, whilst they are equal to the common ends of their institution. But in order to enable Parliament to answer all these ends of provident and beneficent superintendence, her powers must be boundless. The gentlemen who think the powers of Parliament limited, may please themselves to talk of requisitions. But suppose the requisitions are not obeyed? What! Shall there be no reserved power in the empire, to supply a deficiency which may weaken, divide, and dissipate the whole? We are engaged in war—the Secretary of State calls upon the colonies to contribute—some would do it, I think most would cheerfully furnish whatever is demanded—one or two, suppose, hang back, and, easing themselves, let the stress of the draft lie on the others—surely it is proper, that some authority might legally say—“Tax yourselves for the common supply, or Parliament will do it for you.” This backwardness was, as I am told, actually the case of

Pennsylvania for some short time towards the beginning of the last war, owing to some internal dissensions in the colony. But whether the fact were so, or otherwise, the case is equally to be provided for by a competent sovereign power. But then this ought to be no ordinary power, nor ever used in the first instance. This is what I meant, when I have said at various times that I consider the power of taxing in Parliament as an instrument of empire and not as a means of supply.

Such, Sir, is my idea of the constitution of the British empire, as distinguished from the constitution of Britain; and on these grounds I think subordination and liberty may be sufficiently reconciled through the whole, whether to serve a refining speculatist or a factious demagogue, I know not, but enough surely for the ease and happiness of man.

Sir, whilst we held this happy course, we drew more from the colonies than all the important violence of despotism ever could extort from them. We did this abundantly in the last war. It has never been once denied—and what reason have we to imagine that the colonies would not have proceeded in supplying government as liberally, if you had not stepped in and hindered them from contributing, by interrupting the channel in which their liberality flowed with so strong a course, by attempting to take, instead of being satisfied to receive? Sir William Temple says that Holland has loaded itself with ten times the impositions which it revolted from Spain rather than submit to. He says true. Tyranny is a poor provider. It knows neither how to accumulate nor how to extract.

I charge therefore to this new and unfortunate system the loss not only of peace, of union, and of commerce, but even of revenue, which its friends are contending for. It is morally certain that we have lost at least a million of free grants since the peace. I think we have lost a great deal more, and that those who look for a revenue from the provinces never could have pursued, even in that light, a course more directly repugnant to their purposes.

Now, Sir, I trust I have shown, first on that narrow ground which the honorable gentleman measured, that you are likely to lose nothing by complying with the motion, except what you have lost already. I have shown afterwards, that in time of

peace you flourished in commerce, and, when war required it, had sufficient aid from the colonies while you pursued your ancient policy; that you threw everything into confusion when you made the Stamp Act; and that you restored everything to peace and order when you repealed it. I have shown that the revival of the system of taxation has produced the very worst effects, and that the partial repeal has produced, not partial good, but universal evil. Let these considerations, founded on facts not one of which can be denied, bring us back to our reason by the road of our experience.

I cannot, as I have said, answer for mixed measures; but surely this mixture of lenity would give the whole a better chance of success. When you once regain confidence, the way will be clear before you. Then you may enforce the Act of Navigation when it ought to be enforced. You will yourselves open it where it ought still further to be opened. Proceed in what you do, whatever you do, from policy and not from rancour. Let us act like men, let us act like statesmen. Let us hold some sort of consistent conduct—it is agreed that a revenue is not to be had in America. If we lose the profit, let us get rid of the odium.

On this business of America I confess I am serious even to sadness. I have had but one opinion concerning it since I sat, and before I sat, in Parliament. The noble lord¹ will, as usual, probably attribute the part taken by me and my friends in this business to a desire of getting his places. Let him enjoy this happy and original idea. If I deprived him of it, I should take away most of his wit and all his argument. But I had rather bear the brunt of all his wit, and indeed blows much heavier, than stand answerable to God for embracing a system that tends to the destruction of some of the very best and fairest of his works. But I know the map of England as well as the noble lord,¹ or as any other person, and I know that the way I take is not the road to preferment. My excellent and honorable friend under me on the floor² has trod that road with great toil for upwards of twenty years together. He is not yet arrived at the noble lord's destination. However, the tracks of my worthy friend are those I have ever wished to follow, be-

cause I know they will lead to honor. Long may we tread the same road together, whoever may accompany us, or whoever may laugh at us on our journey! I honestly and solemnly declare, I have in all seasons adhered to the systems of 1766, for no other reason than that I think it laid deep in your truest interest—and that, by limiting the exercise, it fixes on the firmest foundations a real, consistent, well-grounded authority in Parliament. Until you come back to that system there will be no peace for England.

ON CONCILIATING THE COLONIES

EDMUND BURKE

[From a Speech Delivered March 22, 1775]

The proposition is peace. Not peace through the medium of war; not peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not peace to arise out of universal discord fomented, from principle, in all parts of the Empire; not peace to depend on the juridical determination of perplexing questions, or the precise marking the shadowy boundaries of a complex government. It is simple peace; sought in its natural course, and in its ordinary haunts. It is peace sought in the spirit of peace, and laid in principles purely pacific. I propose, by removing the ground of the difference, and by restoring the former unsuspecting confidence of the Colonies in the Mother Country, to give permanent satisfaction to your people; and (far from a scheme of ruling by discord) to reconcile them to each other in the same act and by the bond of the very same interest which reconciles them to British government.

My idea is nothing more. Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion; and ever will be so, as long as the world endures. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is, let me say, of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is an healing and cementing principle. My plan, therefore, being formed upon the most simple grounds imaginable, may disappoint some people when they hear it. It has nothing to recommend it to the pruriency of curious ears. There is nothing at all new and captivating in it. It has nothing of the splendor of the project which has been lately laid upon your table by the noble lord in the blue ribbon.

¹ Lord North.

² Mr. Dowdeswell.

It does not propose to fill your lobby with squabbling Colony agents, who will require the interposition of your mace, at every instant, to keep the peace amongst them. It does not institute a magnificent auction of finance, where captivated provinces come to general ransom by bidding against each other, until you knock down the hammer, and determine a proportion of payments beyond all the powers of algebra to equalize and settle. . . .

The House has gone farther; it has declared conciliation admissible, previous to any submission on the part of America. It has even shot a good deal beyond that mark, and has admitted that the complaints of our former mode of exerting the right of taxation were not wholly unfounded. That right thus exerted is allowed to have something reprehensible in it, something unwise, or something grievous; since, in the midst of our heat and resentment, we, of ourselves, have proposed a capital alteration; and in order to get rid of what seemed so very exceptionable, have instituted a mode that is altogether new; one that is, indeed, wholly alien from all the ancient methods and forms of Parliament.

The principle of this proceeding is large enough for my purpose. The means proposed by the noble lord for carrying his ideas into execution, I think, indeed, are very indifferently suited to the end; and this I shall endeavor to show you before I sit down. But, for the present, I take my ground on the admitted principle. I mean to give peace. Peace implies reconciliation; and where there has been a material dispute, reconciliation does in a manner always imply concession on the one part or on the other. In this state of things, I make no difficulty in affirming that the proposal ought to originate from us. Great and acknowledged force is not impaired, either in effect or in opinion, by an unwillingness to exert itself. The superior power may offer peace with honor and with safety. Such an offer from such a power will be attributed to magnanimity. But the concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear. When such a one is disarmed, he is wholly at the mercy of his superior; and he loses forever that time and those chances, which, as they happen to all men, are the strength and resources of all inferior power.

The capital leading questions on which you must this day decide are these two:

First, whether you ought to concede; and secondly, what your concession ought to be. On the first of these questions we have gained, as I have just taken the liberty of observing to you, some ground. But I am sensible that a good deal more is still to be done. Indeed, Sir, to enable us to determine both on the one and the other of these great questions with a firm and precise judgment, I think it may be necessary to consider distinctly the true nature and the peculiar circumstances of the object which we have before us; because after all our struggle, whether we will or not, we must govern America according to that nature and to those circumstances, and not according to our own imaginations, nor according to abstract ideas of right—by no means according to mere general theories of government, the resort to which appears to me, in our present situation, no better than arant trifling. I shall therefore endeavor, with your leave, to lay before you some of the most material of these circumstances in as full and as clear a manner as I am able to state them. . . .

In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your Colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English Colonies probably than in any other people of the earth, and this from a great variety of powerful causes; which, to understand the true temper of their minds and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

First, the people of the Colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, Sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The Colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favorite point, which by way of eminence be-

comes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, Sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates; or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens, and most eloquent tongues, have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English Constitution to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchments and blind usages to reside in a certain body called a House of Commons. They went much farther; they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of a House of Commons as an immediate representative of the people, whether the old records had delivered this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate, as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty can subsist. The Colonies draw from you, as with their life-blood, these ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed and attached on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might be safe, or might be endangered, in twenty other particulars, without their being much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; and as they found that beat, they thought themselves sick or sound. I do not say whether they were right or wrong in applying your general arguments to their own case. It is not easy, indeed, to make a monopoly of theorems and corollaries. The fact is, that they did thus apply those general arguments; and your mode of governing them, whether through lenity or indolence, through wisdom or mistake, confirmed them in the imagination that they, as well as you, had an interest in these common principles.

They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. Their governments

are popular in an high degree; some are merely popular; in all, the popular representative is the most weighty; and this share of the people in their ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance. . . .

Then, Sir, from these six capital sources—of descent, of form of government, of religion in the Northern Provinces, of manners in the Southern, of education, of the remoteness of situation from the first mover of government—from all these causes a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up. It has grown with the growth of the people in your Colonies, and increased with the increase of their wealth; a spirit that unhappily meeting with an exercise of power in England which, however lawful, is not reconcilable to any ideas of liberty, much less with theirs, has kindled this flame that is ready to consume us.

I do not mean to commend either the spirit in this excess, or the moral causes which produce it. Perhaps a more smooth and accommodating spirit of freedom in them would be more acceptable to us. Perhaps ideas of liberty might be desired more reconcilable with an arbitrary and boundless authority. Perhaps we might wish the Colonists to be persuaded that their liberty is more secure when held in trust for them by us, as their guardians during a perpetual minority, than with any part of it in their own hands. The question is, not whether their spirit deserves praise or blame, but—what, in the name of God, shall we do with it? You have before you the object, such as it is, with all its glories, with all its imperfections on its head. You see the magnitude, the importance, the temper, the habits, the disorders. By all these considerations we are strongly urged to determine something concerning it. We are called upon to fix some rule and line for our future conduct which may give a little stability to our politics, and prevent the return of such unhappy deliberations as the present. Every such return will bring the matter before us in a still more untractable form. For, what astonishing and incredible things have we not seen already! What monsters have not been generated from this unnatural contention! Whilst every principle of authority and resistance has been pushed, upon both sides, as far as it would go, there is nothing so solid and certain, either in rea-

soning or in practice, that has not been shaken. Until very lately all authority in America seemed to be nothing but an emanation from yours. Even the popular part of the Colony Constitution derived all its activity and its first vital movement from the pleasure of the Crown. We thought, Sir, that the utmost which the discontented Colonies could do was to disturb authority; we never dreamt they could of themselves supply it—knowing in general what an operose business it is to establish a government absolutely new. But having, for our purposes in this contention, resolved that none but an obedient Assembly should sit, the humors of the people there, finding all passage through the legal channel stopped, with great violence broke out another way. Some provinces have tried their experiment, as we have tried ours; and theirs has succeeded. They have formed a government sufficient for its purposes, without the bustle of a revolution or the formality of an election. Evident necessity and tacit consent have done the business in an instant. So well they have done it, that Lord Dunmore—the account is among the fragments on your table—tells you that the new institution is infinitely better obeyed than the ancient government ever was in its most fortunate periods. Obedience is what makes government, and not the names by which it is called; not the name of Governor, as formerly, or Committee, as at present. This new government has originated directly from the people, and was not transmitted through any of the ordinary artificial media of a positive constitution. It was not a manufacture ready formed, and transmitted to them in that condition from England. The evil arising from hence is this; that the Colonists having once found the possibility of enjoying the advantages of order in the midst of a struggle for liberty, such struggles will not henceforward seem so terrible to the settled and sober part of mankind as they had appeared before the trial. . . .

If then, Sir, it seems almost desperate to think of any alterative course for changing the moral causes, and not quite easy to remove the natural, which produce prejudices irreconcilable to the late exercise of our authority—but that the spirit infallibly will continue, and, continuing, will produce such effects as now embarrass us—the second mode under consideration is to prosecute that spirit in its overt acts as criminal.

At this proposition I must pause a mo-

ment. The thing seems a great deal too big for my ideas of jurisprudence. It should seem to my way of conceiving such matters that there is a very wide difference, in reason and policy, between the mode of proceeding on the irregular conduct of scattered individuals, or even of bands of men who disturb order within the state, and the civil dissensions which may, from time to time, on great questions, agitate the several communities which compose a great empire. It looks to me to be narrow and pedantic to apply the ordinary ideas of criminal justice to this great public contest. I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people. I cannot insult and ridicule the feelings of millions of my fellow-creatures as Sir Edward Coke insulted one excellent individual (Sir Walter Raleigh) at the bar. I hope I am not ripe to pass sentence on the gravest public bodies, intrusted with magistracies of great authority and dignity, and charged with the safety of their fellow-citizens, upon the very same title that I am. I really think that, for wise men, this is not judicious; for sober men, not decent; for minds tinctured with humanity, not mild and merciful.

Perhaps, Sir, I am mistaken in my idea of an empire, as distinguished from a single state or kingdom. But my idea of it is this; that an empire is the aggregate of many states under one common head, whether this head be a monarch or a presiding republic. It does, in such constitutions, frequently happen—and nothing but the dismal, cold, dead uniformity of servitude can prevent its happening—that the subordinate parts have many local privileges and immunities. Between these privileges and the supreme common authority the line may be extremely nice. Of course disputes, often, too, very bitter disputes, and much ill blood, will arise. But though every privilege is an exemption, in the case, from the ordinary exercise of the supreme authority, it is no denial of it. The claim of a privilege seems rather, *ex vi termini*, to imply a superior power; for to talk of the privileges of a state or of a person who has no superior is hardly any better than speaking nonsense. Now, in such unfortunate quarrels among the component parts of a great political union of communities, I can scarcely conceive anything more completely imprudent than for the head of the empire to insist that, if any privilege is pleaded against his will or his acts, his whole authority is denied; instantly

to proclaim rebellion, to beat to arms, and to put the offending provinces under the ban. Will not this, Sir, very soon teach the provinces to make no distinctions on their part? Will it not teach them that the government, against which a claim of liberty is tantamount to high treason, is a government to which submission is equivalent to slavery? It may not always be quite convenient to impress dependent communities with such an idea.

We are, indeed, in all disputes with the Colonies, by the necessity of things, the judge. It is true, Sir. But I confess that the character of judge in my own cause is a thing that frightens me. Instead of filling me with pride, I am exceedingly humbled by it. I cannot proceed with a stern, assured, judicial confidence, until I find myself in something more like a judicial character. I must have these hesitations as long as I am compelled to recollect that, in my little reading upon such contests as these, the sense of mankind has at least as often decided against the superior as the subordinate power. Sir, let me add, too, that the opinion of my having some abstract right in my favor would not put me much at my ease in passing sentence, unless I could be sure that there were no rights which, in their exercise under certain circumstances, were not the most odious of all wrongs and the most vexatious of all injustice. Sir, these considerations have great weight with me when I find things so circumstanced, that I see the same party at once a civil litigant against me in point of right and a culprit before me, while I sit as a criminal judge on acts of his whose moral quality is to be decided upon the merits of that very litigation. Men are every now and then put, by the complexity of human affairs, into strange situations; but justice is the same, let the judge be in what situation he will.

There is, Sir, also a circumstance which convinces me that this mode of criminal proceeding is not, at least, in the present stage of our contest, altogether expedient; which is nothing less than the conduct of those very persons who have seemed to adopt that mode by lately declaring a rebellion in Massachusetts Bay, as they had formerly addressed to have traitors brought hither, under an Act of Henry the Eighth, for trial. For though rebellion is declared, it is not proceeded against as such, nor have any steps been taken towards the apprehension or conviction of any individual of-

fender, either on our late or our former Address; but modes of public coercion have been adopted, and such as have much more resemblance to a sort of qualified hostility towards an independent power than the punishment of rebellious subjects. All this seems rather inconsistent; but it shows how difficult it is to apply these juridical ideas to our present case.

In this situation, let us seriously and coolly ponder. What is it we have got by all our menaces, which have been many and ferocious? What advantage have we derived from the penal laws we have passed, and which, for the time, have been severe and numerous? What advances have we made towards our object by the sending of a force which, by land and sea, is no contemptible strength? Has the disorder abated? Nothing less. When I see things in this situation after such confident hopes, bold promises, and active exertions, I cannot, for my life, avoid a suspicion that the plan itself is not correctly right.

If, then, the removal of the causes of this spirit of American liberty be for the greater part, or rather entirely, impracticable; if the ideas of criminal process be inapplicable—or, if applicable, are in the highest degree inexpedient; what way yet remains? No way is open but the third and last,—to comply with the American spirit as necessary; or, if you please, to submit to it as a necessary evil.

If we adopt this mode,—if we mean to conciliate and concede,—let us see of what nature the concession ought to be. To ascertain the nature of our concession, we must look at their complaint. The Colonies complain that they have not the characteristic mark and seal of British freedom. They complain that they are taxed in a Parliament in which they are not represented. If you mean to satisfy them at all, you must satisfy them with regard to this complaint. If you mean to please any people you must give them the boon which they ask; not what you may think better for them, but of a kind totally different. Such an act may be a wise regulation, but it is no concession; whereas our present theme is the mode of giving satisfaction.

Sir, I think you must perceive that I am resolved this day to have nothing at all to do with the question of the right of taxation. Some gentlemen start—but it is true; I put it totally out of the question. It is less than nothing in my consideration. I do

not indeed wonder, nor will you, Sir, that gentlemen of profound learning are fond of displaying it on this profound subject. But my consideration is narrow, confined, and wholly limited to the policy of the question. I do not examine whether the giving away a man's money be a power excepted and reserved out of the general trust of government, and how far all mankind, in all forms of polity, are entitled to an exercise of that right by the charter of nature; or whether, on the contrary, a right of taxation is necessarily involved in the general principle of legislation, and inseparable from the ordinary supreme power. These are deep questions, where great names militate against each other, where reason is perplexed, and an appeal to authorities only thickens the confusion; for high and reverend authorities lift up their heads on both sides, and there is no sure footing in the middle. This point is the great

"Serbonian bog,

Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk."

I do not intend to be overwhelmed in that bog, though in such respectable company. The question with me is, not whether you have a right to render your people miserable, but whether it is not your interest to make them happy. It is not what a lawyer tells me I *may* do, but what humanity, reason, and justice tell me I *ought* to do. Is a politic act the worse for being a generous one? Is no concession proper but that which is made from your want of right to keep what you grant? Or does it lessen the grace or dignity of relaxing in the exercise of an odious claim because you have your evidence-room full of titles, and your magazines stuffed with arms to enforce them? What signify all those titles, and all those arms? Of what avail are they, when the reason of the thing tells me that the assertion of my title is the loss of my suit, and that I could do nothing but wound myself by the use of my own weapons?

Such is steadfastly my opinion of the absolute necessity of keeping up the concord of this Empire by an unity of spirit, though in a diversity of operations, that, if I were sure the Colonists had, at their leaving this country, sealed a regular compact of servitude; that they had solemnly abjured all the rights of citizens; that they had made a vow to renounce all ideas of liberty for them and their posterity to all generations; yet I

should hold myself obliged to conform to the temper I found universally prevalent in my own day, and to govern two million of men, impatient of servitude, on the principles of freedom. I am not determining a point of law, I am restoring tranquillity; and the general character and situation of a people must determine what sort of government is fitted for them. That point nothing else can or ought to determine.

My idea, therefore, without considering whether we yield as matter of right, or grant as matter of favor, is to admit the people of our Colonies into an interest in the Constitution; and, by recording that admission in the journals of Parliament, to give them as strong an assurance as the nature of the thing will admit, that we mean forever to adhere to that solemn declaration of systematic indulgence. . . .

For that service—for all service, whether of revenue, trade, or empire—my trust is in her interest in the British Constitution. My hold of the Colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the Colonists always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government,—they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another, that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone—the cohesion is loosened—and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere—it is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain; they may have it from Prussia. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price of which you have the monopoly. This is the true Act of Navigation which binds to you the commerce of

the Colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the Empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of the mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English Constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the Empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the Land Tax Act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the Committee of Supply which gives you your army? or that it is the Mutiny Bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our station, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our situation and ourselves, we ought to auspi-

cate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, *Sursum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the most extensive and the only honorable conquests—not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness, of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be.

In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now, *quod felix faustumque sit*, lay the first stone of the Temple of Peace; and I move you—

“That the Colonies and Plantations of Great Britain in North America, consisting of fourteen separate governments, and containing two millions and upwards of free inhabitants, have not had the liberty and privilege of electing and sending any Knights and Burgesses, or others, to represent them in the High Court of Parliament.”

ON THE AFFAIRS OF AMERICA

EDMUND BURKE

[From a letter addressed to John Farr and John Harris, sheriffs of the City of Bristol, 1777]

The Act¹ of which I speak is among the fruits of the American war; a war in my humble opinion productive of many mischiefs of a kind which distinguish it from all others. Not only our policy is deranged, and our empire distracted, but our laws and our legislative spirit appear to have been totally perverted by it. We have made war on our colonies, not by arms only, but by laws. As hostility and law are not very concordant ideas, every step we have taken in this business has been made by trampling on some maxim of justice, or some capital principle of wise government. What precedents were established, and what principles overturned (I will not say of English privilege, but of general justice), in the Boston Port, the Massachusetts Charter, the Military Bill, and all that long array of hostile Acts of Parliament by which the war with

¹ An act for the suspension of *Habeas Corpus* in the Colonies and on the high seas.

America has been begun and supported! Had the principles of any of these Acts been first exerted on English ground they would probably have expired as soon as they touched it. But by being removed from our persons they have rooted in our laws, and the latest posterity will taste the fruits of them.

Nor is it the worst effect of this unnatural contention, that our *laws* are corrupted. Whilst *manners* remain entire, they will correct the vices of law, and soften it at length to their own temper. But we have to lament that in most of the late proceedings we see very few traces of that generosity, humanity, and dignity of mind which formerly characterized this nation. War suspends the rules of moral obligation, and what is long suspended is in danger of being totally abrogated. Civil wars strike deepest of all into the manners of the people. They vitiate their politics, they corrupt their morals, they pervert even the natural taste and relish of equity and justice. By teaching us to consider our fellow-citizens in a hostile light, the whole body of our nation becomes gradually less dear to us. The very names of affection and kindred, which were the bond of charity whilst we agreed, become new incentives to hatred and rage, when the communion of our country is dissolved. We may flatter ourselves that we shall not fall into this misfortune. But we have no charter of exemption that I know of from the ordinary frailties of our nature.

What but that blindness of heart which arises from the phrensy of civil contention could have made any persons conceive the present situation of the British affairs as an object of triumph to themselves, or of congratulation to their sovereign? Nothing surely could be more lamentable to those who remember the flourishing days of this kingdom than to see the insane joy of several unhappy people, amidst the sad spectacle which our affairs and conduct exhibit to the scorn of Europe. We behold (and it seems some people rejoice in beholding) our native land, which used to sit the envied arbiter of all her neighbors, reduced to a servile dependence on their mercy, acquiescing in assurances of friendship which she does not trust, complaining of hostilities which she dares not resent, deficient to her allies, lofty to her subjects, and submissive to her enemies; whilst the liberal *Government* of this free nation is supported

by the hireling sword of German boors and vassals; and three millions of the subjects of Great Britain are seeking for protection to English privileges in the arms of France?

These circumstances appear to me more like shocking prodigies than natural changes in human affairs. Men of firmer minds may see them without staggering or astonishment. Some may think them matters of congratulation and complimentary addresses; but I trust your candor will be so indulgent to my weakness, as not to have the worse opinion of me for my declining to participate in this joy, and my rejecting all share whatsoever in such a triumph. I am too old, too stiff in my inveterate partialities, to be ready at all the fashionable evolutions of opinion. I scarcely know how to adapt my mind to the feelings with which the court gazettes mean to impress the people. It is not instantly that I can be brought to rejoice, when I hear of the slaughter and captivity of long lists of those names which have been familiar to my ears from my infancy, and to rejoice that they have fallen under the sword of strangers, whose barbarous appellations I scarcely know how to pronounce. The glory acquired at the White Plains by Colonel Raille has no charms for me; and I fairly acknowledge that I have not yet learned to delight in finding Fort Knipphausen in the heart of the British dominions.

It might be some consolation for the loss of our old regards if our reason were enlightened in proportion as our honest prejudices are removed. Wanting feelings for the honor of our country, we might then in cold blood be brought to think a little of our interests as individual citizens, and our private conscience as moral agents.

Indeed our affairs are in a bad condition. I do assure those gentlemen who have prayed for war, and have obtained the blessing they have sought, that they are at this instant in very great straits. The abused wealth of this country continues a little longer to feel its distemper. As yet they, and their German allies of twenty hireling states, have contended only with the unprepared strength of our own infant colonies. But America is not subdued. Not one unattacked village which was originally adverse throughout that vast continent has yet submitted from love or terror. You have the ground you encamp on, and you have no more. The cantonments of your troops and your dominions are ex-

actly of the same extent. You spread devastation, but you do not enlarge the sphere of authority.

The events of this war are of so much greater magnitude than those who either wished or feared it ever looked for, that this alone ought to fill every considerate mind with anxiety and diffidence. Wise men often tremble at the very things which fill the thoughtless with security. For many reasons I do not choose to expose to public view all the particulars of the state in which you stood with regard to foreign powers during the whole course of the last year. Whether you are yet wholly out of danger from them is more than I know or than your rulers can divine. But even if I were certain of my safety, I could not easily forgive those who had brought me into the most dreadful perils, because by accidents, unforeseen by them or me, I have escaped.

Believe me, gentlemen, the way still before you is intricate, dark, and full of perplexed and treacherous mazes. Those who think they have the clue may lead us out of this labyrinth. We may trust them as amply as we think proper; but as they have most certainly a call for all the reason which their stock can furnish, why should we think it proper to disturb its operation by inflaming their passions? I may be unable to lend an helping hand to those who direct the state, but I should be ashamed to make myself one of a noisy multitude to halloo and hearten them into doubtful and dangerous courses. A conscientious man would be cautious how he dealt in blood. He would feel some apprehension at being called to a tremendous account for engaging in so deep a play without any sort of knowledge of the game. It is no excuse for presumptuous ignorance that it is directed by insolent passion. The poorest being that crawls on earth, contending to save itself from injustice and oppression, is an object respectable in the eyes of God and man. But I cannot conceive any existence under heaven (which, in the depths of its wisdom, tolerates all sorts of things), that is more truly odious and disgusting than an impotent, helpless creature, without civil wisdom or military skill, without a consciousness of any other qualification for power but his servility to it, bloated with pride and arrogance, calling for battles which he is not to fight, contending for a violent dominion which he can never exercise, and satisfied to be himself mean and

miserable in order to render others contemptible and wretched.

If you and I find our talents not of the great and ruling kind, our conduct, at least, is conformable to our faculties. No man's life pays the forfeit of our rashness. No desolate widow weeps tears of blood over our ignorance. Scrupulous and sober in our well-grounded distrust of ourselves, we would keep in the port of peace and security; and perhaps, in recommending to others something of the same diffidence, we should show ourselves more charitable in their welfare than injurious to their abilities.

There are many circumstances in the zeal shown for civil war which seem to discover but little of real magnanimity. The addressers offer their own persons, and they are satisfied with hiring Germans. They promise their private fortunes, and they mortgage their country. They have all the merit of volunteers, without risk of person or charge of contribution; and when the unfeeling arm of a foreign soldiery pours out their kindred blood like water, they exult and triumph as if they themselves had performed some notable exploit. I am really ashamed of the fashionable language which has been held for some time past, which, to say the best of it, is full of levity. You know that I allude to the general cry against the cowardice of the Americans, as if we despised them for not making the king's soldiery purchase the advantage they have obtained at a dearer rate. It is not, gentlemen, it is not to respect the dispensations of Providence, nor to provide any decent retreat in the mutability of human affairs. It leaves no medium between insolent victory and infamous defeat. It tends to alienate our minds farther and farther from our natural regards, and to make an eternal rent and schism in the British nation. Those who do not wish for such a separation would not dissolve that cement of reciprocal esteem and regard which can alone bind together the parts of this great fabric. It ought to be our wish, as it is our duty, not only to forbear this style of outrage ourselves, but to make every one as sensible as we can of the impropriety and unworthiness of the tempers which give rise to it, and which designing men are laboring with such malignant industry to diffuse amongst us. It is our business to counteract them if possible; if possible to awake our natural regards, and

to revive the old partiality to the English name. Without something of this kind I do not see how it is ever practicable really to reconcile with those whose affection, after all, must be the surest hold of our government; and which is a thousand times more worth to us than the mercenary zeal of all the circles of Germany.

I can well conceive a country completely overrun, and miserably wasted, without approaching in the least to settlement. In my apprehension, as long as English government is attempted to be supported over Englishmen by the sword alone, things will thus continue. I anticipate in my mind the moment of the final triumph of foreign military force. When that hour arrives (for it may arrive), then it is that all this mass of weakness and violence will appear in its full light. If we should be expelled from America, the delusion of the partisans of military government might still continue. They might still feed their imaginations with the possible good consequences which might have attended success. Nobody could prove the contrary by facts. But in case the sword should do all that the sword can do, the success of their arms and the defeat of their policy will be one and the same thing. You will never see any revenue from America. Some increase of the means of corruption, without ease of the public burthens, is the very best that can happen. Is it for this that we are at war—and in such a war?

As to the difficulties of laying once more the foundations of that government which, for the sake of conquering what was our own, has been voluntarily and wantonly pulled down by a court faction here, I tremble to look at them. Has any of these gentlemen, who are so eager to govern all mankind, showed himself possessed of the first qualification towards government, some knowledge of the object and of the difficulties which occur in the task they have undertaken?

I assure you that, on the most prosperous issue of your arms, you will not be where you stood, when you called in war to supply the defects of your political establishment. Nor would any disorder or disobedience to government which could arise from the most abject concession on our part ever equal those which will be felt after the most triumphant violence. You have got all the intermediate evils of war into the bargain.

I think I know America. If I do not, my

ignorance is incurable, for I have spared no pains to understand it; and I do most solemnly assure those of my constituents who put any sort of confidence in my industry and integrity, that everything that has been done there has arisen from a total misconception of the object; that our means of originally holding America, that our means of reconciling with it after quarrel, of recovering it after separation, of keeping it after victory, did depend and must depend in their several stages and periods, upon a total renunciation of that unconditional submission, which has taken such possession of the minds of violent men. The whole of those maxims upon which we have made and continued this war must be abandoned. Nothing indeed (for I would not deceive you) can place us in our former situation. That hope must be laid aside. But there is a difference between bad and the worst of all. Terms relative to the cause of the war ought to be offered by the authority of Parliament. An arrangement at home promising some security for them ought to be made. By doing this, without the least impairing of our strength, we add to the credit of our moderation, which in itself is always strength more or less.

I know many have been taught to think that moderation in a case like this is a sort of treason, and that all arguments for it are sufficiently answered by railing at rebels and rebellion and by charging all the present or future miseries which we may suffer on the resistance of our brethren. But I would wish them in this grave matter, and if peace is not wholly removed from their hearts, to consider seriously, first, that to criminate and recriminate never yet was the road to reconciliation in any difference amongst men. In the next place, it would be right to reflect that the American English (whom they may abuse if they think it honorable to revile the absent) can, as things now stand, neither be provoked at our railing nor bettered by our instruction. All communication is cut off between us, but this we know with certainty that, though we cannot reclaim them, we may reform ourselves. If measures of peace are necessary, they must begin somewhere, and a conciliatory temper must precede and prepare every plan of reconciliation. Nor do I conceive that we suffer anything by thus regulating our own minds. We are not disarmed by being disencumbered of our passions. Declaiming on

rebellion never added a bayonet or a charge of powder to your military force, but I am afraid that it has been the means of taking up many muskets against you.

This outrageous language, which has been encouraged and kept alive by every art, has already done incredible mischief. For a long time, even amidst the desolations of war and the insults of hostile laws daily accumulated on one another, the American leaders seem to have had the greatest difficulty in bringing up their people to a declaration of total independence. But the court gazette accomplished what the abettors of independence had attempted in vain. When that disingenuous compilation and strange medley of railing and flattery was adduced as a proof of the united sentiments of the people of Great Britain, there was a great change throughout all America. The tide of popular affection, which had still set towards the parent country, began immediately to turn, and to flow with great rapidity in a contrary course. Far from concealing these wild declarations of enmity, the author of the celebrated pamphlet,¹ which prepared the minds of the people for independence, insists largely on the multitude and the spirit of these addresses; and he draws an argument from them which (if the fact was as he supposes) must be irresistible. For I never knew a writer on the theory of government so partial to authority as not to allow that the hostile mind of the rulers to their people did fully justify a change of government; nor can any reason whatever be given why one people should voluntarily yield any degree of pre-eminence to another but on a supposition of great affection and benevolence towards them. Unfortunately your rulers, trusting to other things, took no notice of this great principle of connection. From the beginning of this affair they have done all they could to alienate your minds from your own kindred; and if they could excite hatred enough in one of the parties towards the other, they seemed to be of opinion that they had gone half the way towards reconciling the quarrel.

I know it is said that your kindness is only alienated on account of their resistance; and therefore, if the colonies surrender at discretion, all sorts of regard and even much indulgence is meant towards them in future. But can those who are partisans for continuing a war to enforce such a sur-

render be responsible (after all that has passed) for such a future use of a power that is bound by no compacts and restrained by no terror? Will they tell us what they call indulgences? Do they not at this instant call the present war and all its horrors a lenient and merciful proceeding?

If I had not lived long enough to be little surprised at anything, I should have been in some degree astonished at the continued rage of several gentlemen who, not satisfied with carrying fire and sword into America, are animated nearly with the same fury against those neighbors of theirs whose only crime it is that they have charitably and humanely wished them to entertain more reasonable sentiments, and not always to sacrifice their interest to their passion. All this rage against unresisting dissent convinces me that at bottom they are far from satisfied they are in the right. For what is it they would have? A war? They certainly have at this moment the blessing of something that is very like one, and if the war they enjoy at present be not sufficiently hot and extensive, they may shortly have it as warm and as spreading as their hearts can desire. Is it the force of the kingdom they call for? They have it already; and if they choose to fight their battles in their own person, nobody prevents their setting sail to America in the next transports. Do they think that the service is stinted for want of liberal supplies? Indeed they complain without reason. The table of the House of Commons will glut them, let their appetite for expense be never so keen. And I assure them further that those who think with them in the House of Commons are full as easy in the control as they are liberal in the vote of these expenses. If this be not supply or confidence sufficient, let them open their own private purse-strings and give from what is left to them as largely and with as little care as they think proper.

Tolerated in their passions, let them learn not to persecute the moderation of their fellow-citizens. If all the world joined them in a full cry against rebellion, and were as hotly inflamed against the whole theory and enjoyment of freedom as those who are the most factious for servitude, it could not in my opinion answer any one end whatsoever in this contest. The leaders of this war could not hire (to gratify their friends) one German more than they do, or inspire him with less feeling for the persons or less

¹ *Paine's Common Sense.*

value for the privileges of their revolted brethren. If we all adopted their sentiments to a man, their allies, the savage Indians, could not be more ferocious than they are; they could not murder one more helpless woman or child, or with more exquisite refinements of cruelty torment to death one more of their English flesh and blood than they do already. The public money is given to purchase this alliance—and they have their bargain.

They are continually boasting of unanimity, or calling for it. But before this unanimity can be matter either of wish or congratulation we ought to be pretty sure that we are engaged in a rational pursuit. Phrensy does not become a slighter distemper on account of the number of those who may be infected with it. Delusion and weakness produce not one mischief the less because they are universal. I declare that I cannot discern the least advantage which could accrue to us if we were able to persuade our colonies that they had not a single friend in Great Britain. On the contrary, if the affections and opinions of mankind be not exploded as principles of connection, I conceive it would be happy for us if they were taught to believe that there was even a formed American party in England to whom they could always look for support! Happy would it be for us if, in all tempers, they might turn their eyes to the parent state, so that their very turbulence and sedition should find vent in no other place than this. I believe there is not a man (except those who prefer the interest of some paltry faction to the very being of their country) who would not wish that the Americans should from time to time carry many points, and even some of them not quite reasonable, by the aid of any denomination of men here rather than they should be driven to seek for protection against the fury of foreign mercenaries and the waste of savages in the arms of France.

When any community is subordinately connected with another, the great danger of the connection is the extreme pride and self-complacency of the superior, which in all matters of controversy will probably decide in its own favor. It is a powerful corrective to such a very rational cause of fear if the inferior body can be made to believe that the party inclination, or political views, of several in the principal state will induce *them in some degree* to counteract this blind

and tyrannical partiality. There is no danger that any one acquiring consideration or power in the presiding state should carry this leaning to the inferior too far. The fault of human nature is not of that sort. Power, in whatever hands, is rarely guilty of too strict limitations on itself. But one great advantage to the support of authority attends such an amicable and protecting connection, that those who have conferred favors obtain influence, and from the foresight of future events can persuade men who have received obligations sometimes to return them. Thus, by the mediation of those healing principles (call them good or evil), troublesome discussions are brought to some sort of adjustment, and every hot controversy is not a civil war.

But if the colonies (to bring the general matter home to us) could see that, in Great Britain, the mass of the people are melted into its Government, and that every dispute with the Ministry must of necessity be always a quarrel with the nation, they can stand no longer in the equal and friendly relations of fellow-citizens to the subjects of this kingdom. Humble as this relation may appear to some, when it is once broken a strong tie is dissolved. Other sort of connections will be sought. For there are very few in the world who will not prefer a useful ally to an insolent master.

Such discord has been the effect of the unanimity into which so many have of late been seduced or bullied, or into the appearance of which they have sunk through mere despair. They have been told that their dissent from violent measures is an encouragement to rebellion. Men of great presumption and little knowledge will hold a language which is contradicted by the whole course of history. *General* rebellions and revolts of a whole people never were *encouraged*, now or at any time. They are always *provoked*. But if this unheard-of doctrine of the encouragement of rebellion were true, if it were true that an assurance of the friendship of numbers in this country towards the colonies could become an encouragement to them to break off all connection with it, what is the inference? Does anybody seriously maintain that, charged with my share of the public councils, I am obliged not to resist projects which I think mischievous lest men who suffer should be encouraged to resist? The very tendency of such projects to produce rebellion is one of the chief reasons

against them. Shall that reason not be given? Is it then a rule that no man in this nation shall open his mouth in favor of the colonies, shall defend their rights, or complain of their sufferings? Or, when war finally breaks out, no man shall express his desires of peace? Has this been the law of our past, or is it to be the terms of our future connection? Even looking no further than ourselves, can it be true loyalty to any government, or true patriotism towards any country, to degrade their solemn councils into servile drawing-rooms, to flatter their pride and passions, rather than to enlighten their reason, and to prevent them from being cautioned against violence lest others should be encouraged to resistance? By such acquiescence great kings and mighty nations have been undone; and if any are at this day in a perilous situation from resisting truth and listening to flattery, it would rather become them to reform the errors under which they suffer than to reproach those who forewarned them of their danger.

But the rebels looked for assistance from this country. They did so in the beginning of this controversy most certainly; and they sought it by earnest supplications to Government, which dignity rejected, and by a suspension of commerce, which the wealth of this nation enabled you to despise. When they found that neither prayers nor menaces had any sort of weight, but that a firm resolution was taken to reduce them to unconditional obedience by a military force, they came to the last extremity. Despairing of us, they trusted in themselves. Not strong enough themselves, they sought succor in France. In proportion as all encouragement here lessened, their distance from this country increased. The encouragement is over; the alienation is complete. . . .

I have always wished that, as the dispute had its apparent origin from things done in Parliament, and as the Acts passed there had provoked the war, that the foundations of peace should be laid in Parliament also. I have been astonished to find that those whose zeal for the dignity of our body was so hot as to light up the flames of civil war should even publicly declare that these delicate points ought to be wholly left to the crown. Poorly as I may be thought affected to the authority of Parliament, I shall never admit that our constitutional rights can ever become a matter of ministerial negotiation.

I am charged with being an American. If warm affection towards those over whom I claim any share of authority be a crime, I am guilty of this charge. But I do assure you (and they who know me publicly and privately will bear witness to me), that if ever one man lived more zealous than another for the supremacy of Parliament and the rights of this imperial crown, it was myself. Many others, indeed, might be more knowing in the extent of the foundation of these rights. I do not pretend to be an antiquary, a lawyer, or qualified for the chair of professor in metaphysics. I never ventured to put your solid interests upon speculative grounds. My having constantly declined to do so has been attributed to my incapacity for such disquisitions; and I am inclined to believe it is partly the cause. I never shall be ashamed to confess that where I am ignorant I am diffident. I am indeed not very solicitous to clear myself of this imputed incapacity, because men, even less conversant than I am in this kind of subtleties, and placed in stations to which I ought not to aspire, have, by the mere force of civil discretion, often conducted the affairs of great nations with distinguished felicity and glory.

When I first came into a public trust, I found your Parliament in possession of an unlimited legislative power over the colonies. I could not open the statute book without seeing the actual exercise of it, more or less, in all cases whatsoever. This possession passed with me for a title. It does so in all human affairs. No man examines into the defects of his title to his paternal estate, or to his established Government. Indeed common sense taught me that a legislative authority, not actually limited by the express terms of its foundation, or by its own subsequent acts, cannot have its powers parceled out by argumentative distinctions, so as to enable us to say that here they can, and there they cannot, bind. Nobody was so obliging as to produce to me any record of such distinctions, by compact or otherwise, either at the successive formation of the several colonies, or during the existence of any of them. If any gentlemen were able to see how one power could be given up (merely on abstract reasoning) without giving up the rest, I can only say that they saw farther than I could; nor did I ever presume to condemn any one for being clear-sighted when I was blind. I praise the penetration and

learning, and hope that their practice has been correspondent to their theory.

I had indeed very earnest wishes to keep the whole body of this authority perfect and entire as I found it; and to keep it so, not for our advantage solely, but principally for the sake of those on whose account all just authority exists—I mean the people to be governed. For I thought I saw that many cases might well happen in which the exercise of every power comprehended in the broadest idea of legislature might become, in its time and circumstances, not a little expedient for the peace and union of the colonies amongst themselves, as well as for their perfect harmony with Great Britain. Thinking so (perhaps erroneously), but being honestly of that opinion, I was at the same time very sure that the authority, of which I was so jealous, could not under the actual circumstances of our plantations be at all preserved in any of its members but by the greatest reserve in its application, particularly in those delicate points in which the feelings of mankind are the most irritable. They who thought otherwise have found a few more difficulties in their work than, I hope, they were thoroughly aware of when they undertook the present business. I must beg leave to observe that it is not only the invidious branch of taxation that will be resisted, but that no other given part of legislative rights can be exercised without regard to the general opinion of those who are to be governed. That general opinion is the vehicle and organ of legislative omnipotence. Without this it may be a theory to entertain the mind, but it is nothing in the direction of affairs. The completeness of the legislative authority of Parliament *over this kingdom* is not questioned; and yet many things indubitably included in the abstract idea of that power, and which carry no absolute injustice in themselves, yet being contrary to the opinions and feelings of the people, can as little be exercised as if Parliament in that case had been possessed of no right at all. I see no abstract reason which can be given why the same power which made and repealed the high commission court and the star-chamber might not revive them again; and these courts, warned by their former fate, might possibly exercise their powers with some degree of justice. But the madness would be as unquestionable as the competence of that Parliament which should

attempt such things. If anything can be supposed out of the power of human legislature it is religion: I admit, however, that the established religion of this country has been three or four times altered by Act of Parliament, and therefore that a statute binds even in that case. But we may very safely affirm that, notwithstanding this apparent omnipotence, it would be now found as impossible for king and Parliament to alter the established religion of this country as it was to King James alone, when he attempted to make such an alteration without a Parliament. In effect, to follow, not to force, the public inclination, to give a direction, a form, a technical dress, and a specific sanction to the general sense of the community, is the true end of legislature.

It is so with regard to the exercise of all the powers which our constitution knows in any of its parts, and indeed to the substantial existence of any of the parts themselves. The king's negative to bills is one of the most indisputed of the royal prerogatives, and it extends to all cases whatsoever. I am far from certain that if several laws which I know had fallen under the stroke of that scepter that the public would have had a very heavy loss. But it is not the propriety of the exercise which is in question. The exercise itself is wisely forborne. Its repose may be the preservation of its existence, and its existence may be the means of saving the constitution itself, on an occasion worthy of bringing it forth. As the disputants, whose accurate and logical reasonings have brought us into our present condition, think it absurd that powers or members of any constitution should exist rarely or never to be exercised, I hope I shall be excused in mentioning another instance that is material. We know that the convocation of the clergy had formerly been called, and sat with nearly as much regularity to business as Parliament itself. It is now called for form only. It sits for the purpose of making some polite ecclesiastical compliments to the king, and, when that grace is said, retires and is heard of no more. It is, however, a part of the constitution, and may be called out into act and energy whenever there is occasion, and whenever those who conjure up that spirit will choose to abide the consequences. It is wise to permit its legal existence: it is much wiser to continue it a legal existence only. So truly has prudence (constituted as the god of this lower world)

the entire dominion over every exercise of power committed into its hands; and yet I have lived to see prudence and conformity to circumstances wholly set at nought in our late controversies, and treated as if they were the most contemptible and irrational of all things. I have heard it a hundred times very gravely alleged that, in order to keep power in mind, it was necessary, by preference, to exert it in those very points in which it was most likely to be resisted and the least likely to be productive of any advantage.

These were the considerations, gentlemen, which led me early to think that, in the comprehensive dominion which the Divine Providence had put into our hands, instead of troubling our understandings with speculations concerning the unity of empire, and the identity or distinction of legislative powers, and inflaming our passions with the heat and pride of controversy, it was our duty, in all soberness, to conform our government to the character and circumstances of the several people who composed this mighty and strangely diversified mass. I never was wild enough to conceive that one method would serve for the whole; that the natives of Hindostan and those of Virginia could be ordered in the same manner, or that the Cutchery court and the grand jury of Salem could be regulated on a similar plan. I was persuaded that government was a practical thing, made for the happiness of mankind, and not to furnish out a spectacle of uniformity to gratify the schemes of visionary politicians. Our business was to rule, not to wrangle; and it would have been a poor compensation that we had triumphed in a dispute, whilst we lost an empire.

If there be one fact in the world perfectly clear it is this: "That the disposition of the people of America is wholly averse to any other than a free government"; and this is indication enough to any honest statesman how he ought to adapt whatever power he finds in his hands to their case. If any ask me what a free government is, I answer that, for any practical purpose, it is what the people think so; and that they, and not I, are the natural, lawful, and competent judges of this matter. If they practically allow me a greater degree of authority over them than is consistent with any correct ideas of perfect freedom, I ought to thank them for so great a trust and not to endeavor to prove from thence that they have

reasoned amiss, and that, having gone so far, by analogy, they must hereafter have no enjoyment but by my pleasure.

If we had seen this done by any others, we should have concluded them far gone in madness. It is melancholy as well as ridiculous to observe the kind of reasoning with which the public has been amused, in order to divert our minds from the common sense of our American policy. There are people who have split and anatomized the doctrine of free government as if it were an abstract question concerning metaphysical liberty and necessity, and not a matter of moral prudence and natural feeling. They have disputed whether liberty be a positive or a negative idea; whether it does not consist in being governed by laws without considering what are the laws or who are the makers; whether man has any rights by nature; and whether all the property he enjoys be not the alms of his government, and his life itself their favor and indulgence. Others, corrupting religion as these have perverted philosophy, contend that Christians are redeemed into captivity, and the blood of the Saviour of mankind has been shed to make them the slaves of a few proud and insolent sinners. These shocking extremes provoking to extremes of another kind, speculations are let loose as destructive to all authority as the former are to all freedom; and every government is called tyranny and usurpation which is not formed on their fancies. In this manner the stirrers-up of this contention, not satisfied with distracting our dependencies and filling them with blood and slaughter, are corrupting our understandings; they are endeavoring to tear up, along with practical liberty, all the foundations of human society, all equity and justice, religion, and order.

Civil freedom, gentlemen, is not, as many have endeavored to persuade you, a thing that lies hid in the depth of abstruse science. It is a blessing and a benefit, not an abstract speculation; and all the just reasoning that can be upon it is of so coarse a texture as perfectly to suit the ordinary capacities of those who are to enjoy, and of those who are to defend it. Far from any resemblance to those propositions in geometry and metaphysics, which admit no medium, but must be true or false in all their latitude, social and civil freedom, like all other things in common life, are variously mixed and modified, enjoyed in very different degrees, and

shaped into an infinite diversity of forms, according to the temper and circumstances of every community. The *extreme* of liberty (which is its abstract perfection, but its real fault) obtains nowhere, nor ought to obtain anywhere. Because extremes, as we all know, in every point which relates either to our duties or satisfactions in life, are destructive both to virtue and enjoyment. Liberty too must be limited in order to be possessed. The degree of restraint it is impossible in any case to settle precisely. But it ought to be the constant aim of every wise public council to find out, by cautious experiments and rational, cool endeavors, with how little, not how much, of this restraint the community can subsist. For liberty is a good to be improved, and not an evil to be lessened. It is not only a private blessing of the first order, but the vital spring and energy of the state itself, which has just so much life and vigor as there is liberty in it. But whether liberty be advantageous or not (for I know it is a fashion to decry the very principle) none will dispute that peace is a blessing; and peace must in the course of human affairs be frequently bought by some indulgence and toleration at least to liberty. For as the Sabbath (though of Divine institution) was made for man, not man for the Sabbath, government, which can claim no higher origin or authority, in its exercise at least, ought to conform to the exigencies of the time and the temper and character of the people with whom it is concerned, and not always to attempt violently to bend the people to their theories of subjection. The bulk of mankind on their part are not excessively curious concerning any theories, whilst they are really happy; and one sure symptom of an ill-conducted state is the propensity of the people to resort to them.

But when subjects, by a long course of such ill conduct, are once thoroughly inflamed, and the state itself violently dis-tempered, the people must have some satisfaction to their feelings more solid than a sophistical speculation on law and government. Such was our situation, and such a satisfaction was necessary to prevent recourse to arms; it was necessary towards laying them down: it will be necessary to prevent the taking them up again and again. Of what nature this satisfaction ought to be I wish it had been the disposition of Parliament seriously to consider. It was cer-

tainly a deliberation that called for the exertion of all their wisdom.

I am, and ever have been, deeply sensible of the difficulty of reconciling the strong presiding power, that is so useful towards the conservation of a vast, disconnected, infinitely diversified empire, with that liberty and safety of the provinces, which they must enjoy (in opinion and practice at least) or they will not be provinces at all. I know, and have long felt, the difficulty of reconciling the unwieldy haughtiness of a great ruling nation, habituated to command, pampered by enormous wealth, and confident from a long course of prosperity and victory, to the high spirit of free dependencies, animated with the first glow and activity of juvenile heat, and assuming to themselves as their birthright some part of that very pride which oppresses them. They who perceive no difficulty in reconciling these tempers (which, however, to make peace must some way or other be reconciled), are much above my capacity or much below the magnitude of the business. Of one thing I am perfectly clear, that it is not by deciding the suit, but by compromising the difference that peace can be restored or kept. They who would put an end to such quarrels, by declaring roundly in favor of the whole demands of either party, have mistaken, in my humble opinion, the office of a mediator.

The war is now of full two years' standing; the controversy, of many more. In different periods of the dispute, different methods of reconciliation were to be pursued. I mean to trouble you with a short state of things at the most important of these periods, in order to give you a more distinct idea of our policy with regard to this most delicate of all objects. The colonies were from the beginning subject to the legislature of Great Britain, on principles which they never examined; and we permitted to them many local privileges, without asking how they agreed with that legislative authority. Modes of administration were formed in an insensible and very unsystematic manner. But they gradually adapted themselves to the varying condition of things: what was first a single kingdom, stretched into an empire; and an imperial superintendency, of some kind or other, became necessary. Parliament, from a mere representative of the people, and a guardian of popular privileges for its own immediate constituents, grew into a mighty sovereign.

Instead of being a control on the crown on its own behalf, it communicated a sort of strength to the royal authority; which was wanted for the conservation of a new object, but which could not be safely trusted to the crown alone. On the other hand, the colonies, advancing by equal steps and governed by the same necessity, had formed within themselves, either by royal instruction or royal charter, assemblies so exceedingly resembling a parliament in all their forms, functions, and powers, that it was impossible they should not imbibe some opinion of a similar authority.

At the first designation of these assemblies they were probably not intended for anything more (nor perhaps did they think themselves much higher) than the municipal corporations within this island, to which some at present love to compare them. But nothing in progression can rest on its original plan. We may as well think of rocking a grown man in the cradle of an infant. Therefore, as the colonies prospered and increased to a numerous and mighty people, spreading over a very great tract of the globe, it was natural that they should attribute to assemblies, so respectable in their formal constitution, some part of the dignity of the great nations which they represented. No longer tied to by-laws these assemblies made Acts of all sorts and in all cases whatsoever. They levied money, not for parochial purposes, but upon regular grants to the crown, following all the rules and principles of a parliament, to which they approached every day more and more nearly. Those who think themselves wiser than Providence and stronger than the course of nature may complain of all this variation on the one side or the other, as their several humors and prejudices may lead them. But things could not be otherwise, and English colonies must be had on these terms or not had at all. In the meantime neither party felt any inconvenience from this double legislature, to which they had been formed by imperceptible habits and old custom, the great support of all the governments in the world. Though these two legislatures were sometimes found perhaps performing the very same functions, they did not very grossly or systematically clash. In all likelihood this arose from mere neglect, possibly from the natural operation of things which, left to themselves, generally fall into their proper order. But

whatever was the cause, it is certain that a regular revenue, by the authority of Parliament, for the support of civil and military establishments, seems not to have been thought of until the colonies were too proud to submit, too strong to be forced, too enlightened not to see all the consequences which must arise from such a system.

If ever this scheme of taxation was to be pushed against the inclinations of the people, it was evident that discussions must arise which would let loose all the elements that composed this double constitution, would show how much each of their members had departed from its original principles, and would discover contradictions in each legislature, as well to its own first principles as to its relation to the other, very difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to be reconciled.

Therefore at the first fatal opening of this contest, the wisest course seemed to be to put an end as soon as possible to the immediate causes of the dispute, and to quiet a discussion, not easily settled upon clear principles, and arising from claims which pride would permit neither party to abandon, by resorting as nearly as possible to the old, successful course. A mere repeal of the obnoxious tax, with a declaration of the legislative authority of this kingdom, was then fully sufficient to procure peace to *both sides*. Man is a creature of habit, and the first breach being of very short continuance, the colonies fell back exactly into their ancient state. The congress has used an expression with regard to this pacification which appears to me truly significant. After the repeal of the Stamp Act, "the colonies fell," says this assembly, "into their ancient state of *unsuspecting confidence in the mother-country*." This unsuspecting confidence is the true center of gravity amongst mankind, about which all the parts are at rest. It is this *unsuspecting confidence* that removes all difficulties and reconciles all the contradictions which occur in the complexity of all ancient, puzzled, political establishments. Happy are the rulers which have the secret of preserving it! . . .

It is impossible that we should remain long in a situation which breeds such notions and dispositions without some great alteration in the national character. Those ingenuous and feeling minds who are so fortified against all other things, and so unarmed to whatever approaches in the shape

of disgrace, finding these principles, which they considered as sure means of honor, to be grown into disrepute, will retire disheartened and disgusted. Those of a more robust make, the bold, able, ambitious men who pay some of their eurt to power through the people, and substitute the voice of transient opinion in the place of true glory, will give in to the general mode; and those superior understandings which ought to correct vulgar prejudice will confirm and aggravate its errors. Many things have been long operating towards a gradual change in our principles. But this American war has done more in a very few years than all the other causes could have effected in a century. It is therefore not on its own separate account, but because of its attendant circumstances that I consider its continuance or its ending in any way but that of an honorable and liberal accommodation as the greatest evils which can befall us. For that reason I have troubled you with this long letter. For that reason I entreat you again and again neither to be persuaded, shamed, or frightened out of the principles that have hitherto led so many of you to abhor the war, its cause, and its consequences. Let us not be among the first who renounce the maxims of our forefathers.

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward
creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

LEXINGTON

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

No Berserk thirst of blood had they,
No battle-joy was theirs, who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways;
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his
praise.

No seers were they, but simple men;
Its vast results the future hid:
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as their summons came they left
The plow mid-furrow standing still,
The half-ground corn grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
They scarcely asked the reason why;
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all!

Of man for man the sacrifice,
All that was theirs to give, they gave.
The flowers that blossomed from their
grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
And shattered slavery's chain as well;
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb:
The nations listening to its sound
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come,—

The bridal time of Law and Love,
The gladness of the world's release,
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove!

The golden age of brotherhood
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good.

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The lion of our Motherland!
The eagle of our mountain-crag.

LIBERTY OR DEATH

PATRICK HENRY

[From a speech delivered at the Virginia Convention, March 28, 1775]

Mr. President, no man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as of the abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite from theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty towards the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it

will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir,

we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace!—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

WASHINGTON ANTICIPATES THE DECLARATION

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[From a letter written in February, 1776]

With respect to myself, I have never entertained an idea of an accommodation, since I heard of the measures which were adopted

in consequence of the Bunker Hill fight. The King's speech has confirmed the sentiments I entertained upon the news of that affair; and, if every man was of my mind, the ministers of Great Britain should know, in a few words, upon what issue the cause should be put. I would not be deceived by artful declarations, nor specious pretenses; nor would I be amused by the unmeaning propositions; but in open, undisguised, and manly terms proclaim our wrongs, and our resolution to be redressed. I would tell them, that we had borne much, that we had long and ardently sought for reconciliation upon honorable terms, that it had been denied us, that all our attempts after peace had proved abortive, and had been grossly misrepresented, that we had done everything which could be expected from the best of subjects, that the spirit of freedom rises too high in us to submit to slavery, and that, if nothing else would satisfy a tyrant and his diabolical ministry, we are determined to shake off all connections with a state so unjust and unnatural. This I would tell them, not under covert, but in words as clear as the sun in its meridian brightness.

FROM THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE¹

THOMAS JEFFERSON

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate

¹The Declaration of Independence was prepared by a committee of which Thomas Jefferson was chairman, and the actual composition was done by Jefferson. It was reported to Congress on the second of July and on the fourth was adopted after a debate in which some portions of the original draft were cut out. John Adams, writing to his wife about it, used these words:

"Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states. The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost us to maintain this declaration and support and defend these states. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory."

and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

[Here is given a list of the wrongs suffered by the colonies at the hands of the British Government.]

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection

between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS

THOMAS PAINE

[From *The Crisis*, 1776]

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (not only to tax) but to "bind us in all cases whatsoever," and if being bound in that manner is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious, for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has been, and still is that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent.

I once felt all that kind of anger, which a man ought to feel, against the mean principles that are held by the Tories: a noted one, who kept a tavern at Amboy, was standing at his door, with as pretty a child in his hand, about eight or nine years old, as I ever saw, and after speaking his mind as freely as he thought was prudent, finished with this unfatherly expression, "Well! give me peace in my day." Not a man lives

on the continent but fully believes that a separation must some time or other finally take place, and a generous parent should have said, "If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace"; and his single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty. Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man can distinguish in himself between temper and principle, and I am as confident, as I am that God governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period arrives, and the continent must in the end be conqueror; for though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal can never expire.

The heart that feels not now, is dead; the blood of his children will curse his cowardice, who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made them happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light. Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I believe, could have induced me to support an offensive war, for I think it murder; but if a thief breaks into my house, burns and destroys my property, and kills or threatens to kill me, or those that are in it, and to "bind me in all cases whatsoever" to his absolute will, am I to suffer it? What signifies it to me, whether he who does it is a king or a common man; my countryman or not my countryman; whether it be done by an individual villain, or an army of them? If we reason to the root of things we shall find no difference; neither can any just cause be assigned why we should punish in the one case and pardon in the other.

ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

WILLIAM COWPER

[A letter to the Rev. John Newton, Nov. 27, 1781]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—First Mr. Wilson, then Mr. Teedon, and lastly Mr. Whit-

ford, each with a cloud of melancholy on his brow, and with a mouth wide open, have just announced to us this unwelcome intelligence from America.¹ We are sorry to hear it, and should be more cast down than we are if we did not know that this catastrophe was ordained beforehand, and that, therefore, neither conduct, nor courage, nor any means that can possibly be mentioned, could have prevented it. If the King and his ministry can be contented to close the business here, and, taking poor Dean Tucker's advice, resign the Americans into the hands of their new masters, it may be well for Old England. But if they will still persevere, they will find it, I doubt, a hopeless contest to the last. Domestic murmurs will grow louder, and the hands of faction, being strengthened by this late miscarriage, will find it easy to set fire to the pile of combustibles they have been so long employed in building. These are my politics; and for aught I can see, you and we by our respective firesides, though neither connected with men in power, nor professing to possess any share of that sagacity which thinks itself qualified to wield the affairs of kingdoms, can make as probable conjectures, and look forward into futurity with as clear a sight as the greatest man in the cabinet.

THE DESTINY OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

[From *A History of the English People*, 1877]

Whatever might be the importance of American independence in the history of England, it was of unequalled moment in the history of the world. If it crippled for a while the supremacy of the English nation, it founded the supremacy of the English race. From the hour of American Independence the life of the English People has flowed not in one current, but in two; and while the older has shown little signs of lessening, the younger has fast risen to a greatness which has changed the face of the world. In 1783 America was a nation of three millions of inhabitants, scattered thinly along the coast of the Atlantic Ocean. It is now a nation of forty millions, stretching over the whole continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In wealth and material energy, as in numbers, it far surpasses the mother-country from which it sprang.

¹ The "unwelcome intelligence" was the news of Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown.

It is already the main branch of the English People; and in the days that are at hand the main current of that people's history must run along the channel not of the Thames or the Mersey, but of the Hudson and the Mississippi. But distinct as these currents are, every year proves more clearly that in spirit the English People is one. The distance that parted England from America lessens every day. The ties that unite them grow every day stronger. The social and political differences that threatened a hundred years ago to form an impassable barrier between them grow every day less. Against this silent and inevitable drift of things the spirit of narrow isolation on either side the Atlantic struggles in vain. It is possible that the two branches of the English people will remain forever separate political existences. It is likely enough that the older of them may again break in twain, and that the English People in the Pacific may assert as distinct a national life as the two English Peoples on either side the Atlantic. But the spirit, the influence, of all these branches will remain one. And in thus remaining one, before half a century is over it will change the face of the world. As two hundred millions of Englishmen fill the valley of the Mississippi, as fifty millions of Englishmen assert their lordship over Australasia, this vast power will tell through Britain on the old world of Europe, whose nations will have shrunk into insignificance before it. What the issues of such a world-wide change may be, not even the wildest dreamer would dare to dream. But

one issue is inevitable. In the centuries that lie before us, the primacy of the world will lie with the English People. English institutions, English speech, English thought, will become the main features of the political, the social, and the intellectual life of mankind.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782

ALFRED TENNYSON

O Thou, that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrench'd their rights from thee!

What wonder, if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought—
Who sprang from English blood!

But Thou rejoice with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine—the single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

(1872)

3. THE UPHEAVAL IN FRANCE

STORM AND VICTORY¹

THOMAS CARLYLE

[From *The French Revolution*, 1837]

But, to the living and the struggling, a new Fourteenth morning dawns. Under all roofs of the distracted City is the nodus of a drama, not untragic, crowding towards solution. The bustlings and preparations, the tremors and menaces; the tears that fell from old eyes! This day, my sons, ye shall quit you like men. By the memory of your fathers' wrongs, by the hope of your children's rights! Tyranny impends

¹ The Taking of the Bastille, July 14, 1789.

in red wrath: help for you is none, if not in your own right hands. This day you must do or die.

From earliest light, a sleepless Permanent Committee has heard the old cry, now waxing almost frantic, mutinous: Arms! Arms! Provost Flesselles, or what traitors there are among you, may think of those Charleville Boxes. A hundred-and-fifty-thousand of us; and but the third man furnished with so much as a pike! Arms are the one thing needful: with arms we are an unconquerable man-defying National Guard; without arms, a rabble to be whiffed with grapeshot.

Happily the word has arisen, for no one secret can be kept,—that there lie muskets

at the *Hôtel-des-Invalides*. Thither will we: King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny, and whatsoever of authority a Permanent Committee can lend, shall go with us. Besenval's Camp is there; perhaps he will not fire on us; if he kill us, we shall but die.

Alas, poor Besenval, with his troops melting away in that manner, has not the smallest humor to fire! At five o'clock this morning, as he lay dreaming, oblivious, in the *Ecole Militaire*, a "figure" stood suddenly at his bedside; "with face rather handsome; eyes inflamed, speech rapid and curt, air audacious": such a figure drew Priam's curtains! The message and monition of the figure was, that resistance would be hopeless; that if blood flowed, woe to him who shed it. Thus spoke the figure: and vanished. "Withal there was a kind of eloquence that struck one." Besenval admits that he should have arrested him but did not. Who this figure with inflamed eyes, with speech rapid and curt, might be? Besenval knows, but mentions not. Camille Desmoulins? Pythagorean Marquis Valadi, inflamed with "violent motions all night at the Palais Royal"? Fame names him "Yöung M. Meillar"; then shuts her lips about him forever.

In any case, behold about nine in the morning, our National Volunteers rolling in long white flood, south-westward to the *Hôtel-des-Invalides*; in search of the one thing needful. King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny and officials are there; the Curé of Saint-Etienne du Mont marches unpacific at the head of his militant Parish; the clerks of the Basoche in red coats we see marching, now Volunteers of the Basoche; the volunteers of the Palais Royal:—National Volunteers, numerable by tens of thousands; of one heart and mind. The King's muskets are the Nation's; think, old M. de Sombreuil, how, in this extremity, thou wilt refuse them! Old M. de Sombreuil would fain hold parley, send couriers; but it skills not: the walls are scaled, no Invalide firing a shot; the gates must be flung open. Patriotism rushes in, tumultuous, from grunsel up to ridge-tile, through all rooms and passages; rummaging distractedly for arms. What cellar, or what cranny can escape it? The arms found; all safe there; lying packed in straw,—apparently with a view to being burnt! More ravenous than famishing lions over dead prey, the multitude, with clangor and vociferation, pounces on them; struggling,

dashing, clutching:—to the jamming-up, to the pressure, fracture, and probable extinction of the weaker Patriot. And so, with such protracted crash of deafening, most discordant Orchestra-music, the scene is changed; and eight-and-twenty thousand sufficient firelocks are on the shoulders of as many National Guards, lifted thereby out of darkness into fiery light.

Let Besenval look at the glitter of these muskets, as they flash by! Gardes Françaises, it is said, have cannon levelled on him; ready to open, if need were, from the other side of the River. Motionless sits he; "astonished," one may flatter one's self, "at the proud bearing (*fière contenance*) of the Parisians."—And now, to the Bastille, ye intrepid Parisians! There grapeshot still threatens: thither all men's thoughts and steps are now tending.

Old De Launay, as we hinted, withdrew "into his interior" soon after midnight of Sunday. He remains there ever since, hampered, as all military gentlemen are now, in the saddest conflict of uncertainties. The *Hôtel-de-Ville* invites him to admit National Soldiers, which is a soft name for surrendering. On the other hand, His Majesty's orders were precise. His garrison is but eighty-two old Invalides, reinforced by thirty-two young Swiss; his walls indeed are nine feet thick, he has cannon and powder; but, alas, only one day's provision of victuals. The city too is French, the poor garrison mostly French. Rigorous old De Launay, think what thou wilt do.

All morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere: To the Bastille! Repeated "deputations of citizens" have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through port-holes. Toward noon, Elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender; nay disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving-stones, old iron, and missiles lie piled: cannon all duly levelled; in every embrasure a cannon,—only drawn back a little! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street: tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale*: the Suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly, as one man! Such vision (spectral yet real) thou, O Thuriot, as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment: prophetic of what other Phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering

Spectral Realities, which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt! "*Que voulez-vous?*" said De Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace. "Monsieur," said Thuriot, rising into the moral-sublime, "what mean you? Consider if I could not precipitate *both* of us from this height,"—say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon De Launay fell silent. Thuriot shows himself from some pinnacle, to comfort the multitude becoming suspicious, fremescent: then descends; departs with protests; with warning addressed also to the Invalides,—on whom, however, it produces but a mixed indistinct impression. The old heads are none of the clearest; besides, it is said, De Launay has been profuse of beverages (*prodigue de buissons*). They think, they will not fire,—if not fired on, if they can help it; but must, on the whole, be ruled considerably by circumstances.

Woe to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, *rule* circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve; hard grapeshot is questionable; but hovering between the two is unquestionable. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder, into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry,—which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The Outer Drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; a new *deputation of citizens* (it is the third, and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the Outer Court; soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his Drawbridge. A slight sputter;—which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos; made it a roaring fire—chaos! Bursts forth Insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration;—and over head, from the Fortress, let one great gun, with its grapeshot, go booming, to show what we could do. The Bastille is besieged!

On then, all Frenchmen, that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty; stir spasmodically whatever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old-soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné; smite at that Outer Drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or

felloe, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus; let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up forever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall, Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge Drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious: and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The eight grim Towers, with their Invalid musketry, their paving stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact;—Ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner Drawbridge with its *back* towards us: the Bastille is still to take.

To describe this Siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in History) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open Esplanade, at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine; there are such Forecourts, *Cour Avancé*, *Cour de l'Orme*, arched Gateway (where Louis Tournay now fights); then new drawbridges, dormant-bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim Eight Towers: a labyrinthic Mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty;—beleaguered, in this its last hour, as we said, by mere Chaos come again! Ordinance of all calibers; throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every man his own engineer: seldom since the war of Pygmies and Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals; no one would heed him in colored clothes: Half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Françaises in the Place de Grève. Frantic Patriots pick up the grapeshots; bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hôtel-de-Ville.—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flesselles is pale to the very lips, for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled, all ways, by panic madness. At every street-barricade there whirls simmering a minor whirlpool strengthening the barricade—since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire-Mahlstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat the wine merchant has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the Marine

Service, fresh from Brest, ply the King of Siam's cannon. Singular (if we were not used to the like): Georget lay, last night, taking his ease at his inn; the King of Siam's cannon also lay, knowing nothing of him, for a hundred years. Yet, now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music. For, hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Brest Diligence, and ran. Gardes Françaises also will be here, with real artillery: were not the walls so thick!—Upwards from the Esplanade, horizontally from all the neighboring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry, without effect. The Invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone; hardly through portholes, show the tip of a nose. We fall, shot; and make no impression.

Let conflagration rage; of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides mess-rooms. A distracted "Peruke-maker with two fiery torches" is for burning the "saltpetres of the Arsenal";—had not a woman run screaming; had not a Patriot, with some tincture of Natural Philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels and stayed the devouring element. A young beautiful lady, seized escaping in these Outer Courts, and thought falsely to be De Launay's daughter, shall be burnt in De Launay's sight; she lies swooned on a pailasse: but again a Patriot, it is brave Aubin Bonnemère the old soldier, dashes in, and rescues her. Straw is burnt; three cartloads of it, hauled thither, go up in white smoke: almost to the choking of Patriotism itself; so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart; and Réole the "gigantic haberdasher" another. Smoke as of Tophet; confusion as of Babel; noise as of the Crack of Doom!

Blood flows; the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into the houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed Stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick. Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel-de-Ville; Abbé Fauchet (who was of one) can say with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their Town-flag in the arched Gateway; and stand, rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such Crack of Doom, De Launay cannot hear them, dare

not believe them: they return, with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. What to do? The Firemen are here, squirting with their fire-pumps on the Invalides cannon, to wet the touchholes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high; but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *cata-pults*. Santerre, the sonorous Brewer of the Suburb Saint-Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired, by a "mixture of phosphorus and oil-of-turpentine spouted up through forcing pumps": O Spinola-Santerre, hast thou the mixture *ready*? Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates not: even women are firing, and Turks; at least one woman (with her sweetheart), and one Turk; Gardes Françaises have come; real cannon; real cannoneers. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay Elie, half-pay Hulin rage in the midst of the thousands.

How the great Bastille Clock ticks (inaudible) in its Inner Court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled One when the firing began; and is now pointing towards Five, and still the firing slakes not.—Far down, in their vaults, the seven prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their Turnkeys answer vaguely.

Woe to thee, De Launay, with the poor hundred Invalides! Broglie is distant, and his ears heavy: Besenval hears, but can send no help. One poor troop of the Hussars has crept, reconnoitering, cautiously along the Quais, as far as the Pont Neuf. "We are come to join you," said the Captain; for the crowd seems shoreless. A large-headed dwarfish individual, of smoke-bleared aspect, shambles forward, opening his blue lips, for there is sense in him; and croaks: "Alight then, and give up your arms!" The Hussar-Captain is too happy to be escorted to the Barriers, and dismissed on parole. Who the squat individual was? Men answer, It is M. Marat, author of the excellent pacific *Avis au Peuple*! Great truly, O thou remarkable Dogleech, is this thy day of emergence and new-birth: and yet this same day come four years!—But let the curtains of the future hang.

What shall De Launay do? One thing only De Launay could have done: what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's-length of the Powder-Magazine, motionless,

like old Roman Senator, or Bronze Lamp-holder; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was:—Harmless he sat there, while unharmed; but the King's Fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would or should, in nowise be surrendered, save to the King's Messenger: one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honor; but think, ye brawling *canaille*, how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward!—In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies De Launay might have left Thuriot, the red Clerks of the Basoche, Curé of Saint Stephen and all the tagrag-and-bob-tail of the world, to work their will.

And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men; hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Gluck confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage, in one of his noblest Operas, was the voice of the Populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Kaiser: Bread! Bread! Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance of their *instincts* which are truer than their *thoughts*: It is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows which make up this World of Time. He who can resist that, has his footing somewhere *beyond* Time. De Launay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two; hopes in the middle of despair; surrenders not his Fortress; declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it up. Unhappy old De Launay, it is the death-agony of the Bastille and thee! Jail, Jailering, and Jailer, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared: call it the World-Chimæra, blowing fire! The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets: they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire-deluge; a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone Ditch; plank

resting on Parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots,—he hovers perilous: such a Dove towards such an Ark! Deftly, thou shifty Usher: one man already fell; and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not: deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through the porthole; the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted?—“*Foi d'officier*, on the word of an officer,” answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it,—“they are!” Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge: the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!* . . .

Why dwell on what follows? Hulin's *foi d'officier* should have been kept, but could not. The Swiss stand drawn up, disguised in white canvas smocks; the Invalides without disguise; their arms all piled against the wall. The first rush of victors, in ecstasy that the death-peril is passed, “leaps joyfully on their necks;” but new victors rush, and ever new, also in ecstasy not wholly of joy. As we said, it was a living deluge plunging headlong: had not the Gardes Françaises, in their cool military way, “wheeled round with arms levelled,” it would have plunged suicidally, by the hundred or the thousand, into the Bastille-ditch.

And so it goes plunging through court and corridor; billowing uncontrollable, firing from windows—on itself; in hot frenzy of triumph, of grief and vengeance for its slain. The poor Invalides will fare ill; one Swiss, running off in his white smock, is driven back with a death-thrust. Let all Prisoners be marched to the Townhall to be judged!—Alas, already one poor Invalid has his right hand slashed off; his maimed body dragged to the Place de Greve, and hanged there. This same right hand, it is said, turned back De Launay from the Powder-Magazine, and saved Paris. . . .

In the Court all is mystery, not without whisperings of terror; though ye dream of lemonade and epaulettes, ye foolish women! His Majesty, kept in happy ignorance, perhaps dreams of double-barrels and the Woods of Meudon. Late at night, the Duke de Liancourt, having official right of entrance, gains access to the Royal Apartments; unfolds with earnest clearness, in his

constitutional way, the Job's news. "*Mais*," said Poor Louis, "*c'est une révolte*," Why, that is a revolt!—"Sire," answered Liancourt, "it is not a revolt,—it is a revolution."

THE DEATH-BIRTH OF A WORLD

THOMAS CARLYLE

[From *The French Revolution*]

Here perhaps is the place to fix, a little more precisely, what these two words, *French Revolution*, shall mean; for, strictly considered, they may have as many meanings as there are speakers of them. All things are in revolution; in change from moment to moment, which becomes sensible from epoch to epoch; in this Time-World of ours there is properly nothing else but revolution and mutation, and even nothing else conceivable. Revolution, you answer, means speedier change. Whereupon one has still to ask: How speedily? At what degree of speed; in what particular points of this variable course, which varies in velocity, but can never stop till Time itself stops, does Revolution begin and end; cease to be ordinary mutation, and again become such? It is a thing that will depend on definition more or less arbitrary.

For ourselves, we answer that French Revolution means here the open violent Rebellion, and Victory, of disemprisoned Anarchy against corrupt worn-out Authority: how Anarchy breaks prison; bursts up from the infinite Deep, and rages uncontrollable, immeasurable, enveloping a world; in phasis after phasis of fever-frenzy;—till the frenzy burning itself out, and what elements of new Order it held (since all Force holds such—developing themselves), the Uncontrollable be got, if not reimprisoned, yet harnessed, and its mad forces made to work toward their object as sane regulated ones. For as Hierarchies and Dynasties of all kinds, Theocracies, Autocracies, Strumpetocracies, have ruled over the world; so it was appointed, in the decrees of Providence, that this same Victorious Anarchy, Jacobinism, Sansculottism, French Revolution, Horrors of French Revolution, or what else mortals name it, should have its turn. The "destructive wrath" of Sansculottism: this is what we speak, having unhappily no voice for singing.

Surely a great Phenomenon: nay it is a *transcendental* one, overstepping all rules

and experience; the crowning Phenomenon of our Modern Time. For here again, most unexpectedly, comes antique Fanaticism in new and newest vesture; miraculous, as all Fanaticism is. Call it the Fanaticism of "making away with formulas, *de humer les formules*." The world of formulas, the *formed*, regulated world, which all habitable world is,—must needs hate such Fanaticism like death; and be at deadly variance with it. The world of formulas must conquer it; or, failing that, must die execrating it, anathematizing it;—can nevertheless in no wise prevent its being and its having been. The Anathemas are there, and the miraculous thing is there.

Whence it cometh? Whither it goeth? These are questions! When the age of Miracles lay faded into the distance as an incredible tradition, and even the age of Conventionalities was now old; and Man's Existence had for long generations rested on mere formulas which were grown hollow by course of time; and it seemed as if no Reality any longer existed, but only Phantasms of realities, and God's Universe were the work of the Tailor and Upholsterer mainly, and men were buckram masks that went about beeking and grimacing there,—on a sudden, the Earth yawns asunder, and amid Tartarean smoke, and glare of fierce brightness, rises SANSULOTTISM, many-headed, fire-breathing, and asks: What think ye of *me*? Well may the buckram masks start together, terror-struck; "into expressive well concerted groups!" It is indeed, Friends, a most singular, most fatal thing. Let whosoever is but buckram and a phantasm look to it: ill verily may it fare with him; here methinks he cannot much longer be. Woe also to many a one who is not altogether buckram, but partly real and human! The age of Miracles has come back! "Behold the World-Phoenix, in fire-consummation and fire-creation: wide are her fanning wings; loud is her death-melody, of battle-thunders and falling towns; skyward lashes the funeral flame, enveloping all things: it is the Death-Birth of a World!"

THE STORM

MATTHEW ARNOLD

[From *Obermann Once More*, 1867]

But slow that tide of common thought,
Which bathed our life, retired;

Slow, slow the old world wore to nought,
And pulse by pulse expired.

Its frame yet stood without a breach
When blood and warmth were fled;
And still it spake its wonted speech—
But every word was dead.

And oh, we cried, that on this corse
Might fall a freshening storm!
Rive its dry bones, and with new force
A new-sprung world inform!

—Down came the storm! O'er France it
pass'd

In sheets of scathing fire;
All Europe felt that fiery blast,
And shook as it rush'd by her.

Down came the storm! In ruins fell
The worn-out world we knew.
—It pass'd, that elemental swell!
Again appear'd the blue;

The sun shone in the new-wash'd sky,
And what from heaven saw he?
Blocks of the past, like icebergs high,
Float on a rolling sea!

4. THE THEORY OF POLITICAL JUSTICE

BURKE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[From *The Prelude*, 1850]

Genius of Burke! forgive the pen se-
duced
By specious wonders, and too slow to tell
Of what the ingenuous, what bewildered
men,
Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides,
And wise men, willing to grow wiser, caught,
Rapt auditors! from thy most eloquent
tongue—

Now mute, for ever mute in the cold grave.
I see him,—old, but vigorous in age,—
Stand like an oak whose stag-horn branches
start

Out of its leafy brow, the more to awe
The younger brethren of the grove. But
some—

While he forewarns, denounces, launches
forth,

Against all systems built on abstract rights,
Keen ridicule; the majesty proclaims
Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time;
Declares the vital power of social ties
Endeared by Custom; and with high dis-
dain,

Exploding upstart Theory, insists
Upon the allegiance to which men are born—
Some—say at once a froward multitude—
Murmur (for truth is hated, where not
loved)

As the winds fret within the Æolian cave,
Galled by their monarch's chain. The times
were big

With ominous change, which, night by night,
provoked

Keen struggles, and black clouds of passion
raised;

But memorable moments intervened,
When Wisdom, like the Goddess from Jove's
brain,

Broke forth in armor of resplendent words,
Startling the Synod. Could a youth, and
one

In ancient story versed, whose breast had
heaved

Under the weight of classic eloquence,
Sit, see, and hear, unthankful, uninspired?

THE CHARACTER OF BURKE

JOHN MORLEY

In every man there is a certain inevitable connection of opinion. We hold our views by sets and series. If we espouse one, we have unconsciously let in along with this a little, or it may be a long, train of others. A man comes to a certain conclusion upon some greatly controverted point of science. His eye has possibly never turned aside from the straitened bounds of scientific matter, and yet his single conclusion here leads him insensibly to a whole parcel of conclusions in religious matter or in ethical matter. We ought to remember this in the case of Burke. Few men's opinions hang together so closely and compactly as his did. The fiery glow of his nature fused all his ideas into a tenacious and homogeneous mass. What in more commonplace minds is effected by a process of bad logic, or by what seems to be hazard and caprice, in him was wrought by an inborn ardor of character. His passionate enthusiasm for Order

—and this is not a jot more strong in the "Reflections," in 1790 than it was in the "Thoughts on the Present Discontents" twenty years before—subjugated him as profoundly in one field as in another, in theology as in philosophy, in speculation as in practical politics. In that restlessness to which the world is so deeply indebted in some respects, by which it has been so much injured in others, Burke could recognize but scanty merit, wherever it was exhibited. Himself the most industrious, the most active-minded of men, he was ever sober in fixing the limits, in cutting the channels of his activity, and he would fain have had others equally moderate. Abstract illimitable speculation had no attraction for him in any of its departments. Perceiving that plain and righteous conduct is the end of life in this world, he prayed men not to be over-curious in searching for, and handling, and again handling, the theoretic base on which the prerogatives of virtue repose. Perceiving that the happiness of a people is the end of its government he abhorred equally the royal clique who took the end of government to be the gratification of the royal will, the old Whig clique who took it to be the enrichment of old Whigs, and the revolutionists, who, as Burke thought, supposed that the happiness of a people could never be secure save where there is no government, but only anarchy. Perceiving that the belief in a future life with changed conditions adds dignity to mortals in their hours of happiness, and brings comfort in their hours of anguish, and that the belief in a divine mediator may be in the same way a source of elevation and solace, he burned with a holy rage against men who seemed to him as thieves wantonly robbing humanity of its most precious treasures. Provided that there was peace, that is to say, general happiness and content, Burke felt that a too great inquisitiveness as to its foundations was not only idle, but mischievous and cruel.

We have already seen how he considered the comparative strength of the claims upon us of truth and peace to be an open question. "As we have scarcely ever the same certainty in the one as we have in the other, I would, unless the truth were evident indeed, hold fast to peace." In another place, he exclaims in precisely the same spirit, "The *bulk of mankind*, on their part, are not ex-

ceedingly curious concerning any theories, whilst they are really happy; and one sure symptom of an ill-conducted state is the propensity of the people to resort to them." And Burke thought the bulk of mankind in the right. Even in a state of things which the most eager of optimists would have hesitated to look on as a state of peace, Burke was always careful to approach the ailing organ, whether ecclesiastical or political, with that awe and reverence, as he expressed it, with which a young physician approaches to the cure of the disorders of his aged parent. Every institution or idea under which any mass of men found shelter or comfort, he regarded with this filial awe and affectionate reverence. I feel an insuperable reluctance, he said in one place, in giving my hand to destroy any established institution of Government upon a theory, however plausible it may be. Rightly conceiving that a stable equilibrium in society, or peace, as he always called it, is the aim and standard of all things, he was willing to believe in some mysterious finality of Nature, whom he supposed to have established once for all in 1688 the entire conditions of our national health. He habitually confounded existing usage and traditions, to be gently modified and tenderly repaired, if unfortunate occasion should require, with a moral and just equilibrium. The philosophic partisan of Order, who entreats men to be sure they get the best out of the systems under which the time constrains them to live, before casting recklessly about for new things, commonly receives something less than justice from the anxious and ardent partisans of Progress. And this has perhaps been Burke's lot. Men constitutionally, or by habit, unable to realize the pleasures conferred by a reverent love of political, social, and moral order, have dealt little sympathy to one who threw himself so consistently and vehemently as Burke did athwart the revolutionary or critical movement of his time. But those of us who are not estopped by vain shibboleths from protesting that living, after all, must be the end of life, and that stable peace must be the end of society, may see that Burke's horror of the critical spirit in all its various manifestations, was the intelligible pain of one in the ghastly presence of dissolution, not knowing that the angel of a new life is already at his side. . . .

He was always a lover of order in his

most enlarged and liberal moods. He was never more than a lover of order when his deference to the wishes of the people was at its lowest. The institutions to which he was attached during the eight-and-twenty years of his life in the House of Commons, passed through two phases of peril. First, they were oppressed and undermined by the acts of the court, and the resurrection of prerogative in the guise of privilege. Then they were menaced by the democratic flood which overtook England after the furious rising of the popular tide in France. We at this distance of time may see that in neither case was the danger so serious and so real as it appeared in the eyes of contemporaries. But in both cases Burke was filled with an alarm that may serve as a measure of the depth and sincerity of his reverence for the fabric whose overthrow, as he thought, was gravely threatened. In both cases he set his face resolutely against innovation; in both cases he defied the enemies who came up from two different quarters to assail the English constitution, and to destroy a system under which three generations of Englishmen had been happy and prosperous. He changed his front, but he never changed his ground. "I flatter myself," he said, with justice, "that I love a manly, moral, regulated liberty." And again: "The liberty, the only liberty I mean, is a liberty connected with order." The court tried to regulate liberty too severely. It found in him an inflexible opponent. Demagogues tried to remove the regulations of liberty. They encountered in him the bitterest and most unceasing of all remonstrants. The arbitrary majority in the House of Commons forgot for whose benefit they held power, from whom they derived their authority, and in what description of government it was that they had a place. Burke was the most valiant and strenuous champion in the ranks of the independent minority. He withstood to the face the King and the King's friends. He withstood to the face Charles Fox and the friends of the people. He may have been wrong in both, or in either, but let us not be told that he turned back in his course; that he was a revolutionist in 1770 and a reactionist in 1790; that he was in his sane mind when he opposed the supremacy of the Court, but that his reason was tottering before he opposed the supremacy of the rabble.

"A LIBERTY CONNECTED WITH ORDER"

EDMUND BURKE

[Selections from *Reflections on the French Revolution*, 1790]

1. Of the Nature of Liberty

I flatter myself that I love a manly, moral, regulated liberty as well as any gentleman of that society, be he who he will; and perhaps I have given as good proofs of my attachment to that cause, in the whole course of my public conduct. I think I envy liberty as little as they do, to any other nation. But I cannot stand forward, and give praise or blame to any thing which relates to human actions, and human concerns, on a simple view of the object as it stands stripped of every relation, in all the nakedness and solitude of metaphysical abstraction. Circumstances (which with some gentlemen pass for nothing) give in reality to every political principle its distinguishing color, and discriminating effect. The circumstances are what render every civil and political scheme beneficial or noxious to mankind. Abstractedly speaking, government, as well as liberty, is good; yet could I, in common sense, ten years ago, have felicitated France on her enjoyment of a government (for she then had a government) without enquiry what the nature of that government was, or how it was administered? Can I now congratulate the same nation upon its freedom? Is it because liberty in the abstract may be classed amongst the blessings of mankind, that I am seriously to felicitate a madman, who has escaped from the protecting restraint and wholesome darkness of his cell, on his restoration to the enjoyment of light and liberty? Am I to congratulate an highwayman and murderer, who has broke prison, upon the recovery of his natural rights? This would be to act over again the scene of the criminals condemned to the galleys, and their heroic deliverer, the metaphysic Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance.

When I see the spirit of liberty in action, I see a strong principle at work; and this, for a while, is all I can possibly know of it. The wild *gas*, the fixed air, is plainly broke loose: but we ought to suspend our judgment until the first effervescence is a little subsided, till the liquor is cleared, and until we see something deeper than the agita-

tion of a troubled and frothy surface. I must be tolerably sure, before I venture publicly to congratulate men upon a blessing, that they have really received one. Flattery corrupts both the receiver and the giver; and adulation is not of more service to the people than to kings. I should therefore suspend my congratulations on the new liberty of France, until I was informed how it had been combined with government; with public force; with the discipline and obedience of armies; with the collection of an effective and well-distributed revenue; with morality and religion; with the solidity of property; with peace and order; with civil and social manners. All these (in their way) are good things too; and, without them, liberty is not a benefit whilst it lasts, and is not likely to continue long. The effect of liberty to individuals is, that they may do what they please: we ought to see what it will please them to do, before we risk congratulations, which may be soon turned into complaints. Prudence would dictate this in the case of separate insulated private men; but liberty, when men act in bodies, is *power*. Considerate people, before they declare themselves, will observe the use which is made of *power*; and particularly of so trying a thing as *new power* in *new persons*, of whose principles, tempers, and dispositions they have little or no experience, and in situations where those who appear the most stirring in the scene may possibly not be the real movers.

All these considerations, however, were below the transcendental dignity of the Revolution Society. Whilst I continued in the country, from whence I had the honor of writing to you, I had but an imperfect idea of their transactions. On my coming to town, I sent for an account of their proceedings, which had been published by their authority, containing a sermon of Dr. Price, with the Duke de Rochefoucault's and the Archbishop of Aix's letter, and several other documents annexed. The whole of that publication, with the manifest design of connecting the affairs of France with those of England, by drawing us into an imitation of the conduct of the National Assembly, gave me a considerable degree of uneasiness. The effect of that conduct upon the power, credit, prosperity, and tranquillity of France, became every day more evident. The form of constitution to be settled, for its future *polity*, became more clear. We are now in a

condition to discern, with tolerable exactness, the true nature of the object held up to our imitation. If the prudence of reserve and decorum dictates silence in some circumstances, in others prudence of an higher order may justify us in speaking our thoughts. The beginnings of confusion with us in England are at present feeble enough; but with you, we have seen an infancy still more feeble, growing by moments into a strength to heap mountains upon mountains, and to wage war with Heaven itself. Whenever our neighbor's house is on fire, it cannot be amiss for the engines to play a little on our own. Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions, than ruined by too confident a security.

Solicitous chiefly for the peace of my own country, but by no means unconcerned for yours, I wish to communicate more largely, what was at first intended only for your private satisfaction. I shall still keep your affairs in my eye, and continue to address myself to you. Indulging myself in the freedom of epistolary intercourse, I beg leave to throw out my thoughts, and express my feelings, just as they arise in my mind, with very little attention to formal method. I set out with the proceedings of the Revolution Society; but I shall not confine myself to them. Is it possible I should? It looks to me as if I were in a great crisis, not of the affairs of France alone, but of all Europe, perhaps of more than Europe. All circumstances taken together, the French revolution is the most astonishing that has hitherto happened in the world. The most wonderful things are brought about in many instances by means the most absurd and ridiculous; in the most ridiculous modes; and apparently, by the most contemptible instruments. Everything seems out of nature in this strange chaos of levity and ferocity, and of all sorts of crimes jumbled together with all sorts of follies. In viewing this monstrous tragi-comic scene, the most opposite passions necessarily succeed, and sometimes mix with each other in the mind: alternate laughter and tears; alternate scorn and horror.

This political Divine dogmatically asserts, that by the principles of the Revolution the people of England have acquired three fundamental rights, all which, with him, compose one system, and lie together in one short sentence; namely, that we have an acquired right

1. "To choose our own governors."
2. "To cashier them for misconduct."
3. "To frame a government for ourselves."

This new, and hitherto unheard-of bill of rights, though made in the name of the whole people, belongs to those gentlemen and their faction only. The body of the people of England have no share in it. They utterly disclaim it. They will resist the practical assertion of it with their lives and fortunes. They are bound to do so by the laws of their country, made at the time of that very Revolution, which is appealed to in favor of the fictitious rights claimed by the society which abuses its name. . . .

2. The Nature of the British Constitution

It is true that, aided with the powers derived from force and opportunity, the nation was at that time,¹ in some sense, free to take what course it pleased for filling the throne; but only free to do so upon the same grounds on which they might have wholly abolished their monarchy, and every other part of their constitution. However, they did not think such bold changes within their commission. It is indeed difficult, perhaps impossible, to give limits to the mere *abstract* competence of the supreme power, such as was exercised by parliament at that time; but the limits of a *moral* competence, subjecting, even in powers more indisputably sovereign, occasional will to permanent reason, and to the steady maxims of faith, justice, and fixed fundamental policy, are perfectly intelligible, and perfectly binding upon those who exercise any authority, under any name, or under any title, in the state. The house of lords, for instance, is not morally competent to dissolve the house of commons; no, nor even to dissolve itself, nor to abdicate, if it would, its portion in the legislature of the kingdom. Though a king may abdicate for his own person, he cannot abdicate for the monarchy. By as strong, or by a stronger reason, the house of commons cannot renounce its share of authority. The engagement and pact of society, which generally goes by the name of the constitution, forbids such invasion and such surrender. The constituent parts of a state are obliged to hold their public faith with each other, and with all those who derive any serious interest under their

¹ i. e., the time of the Revolution.

engagements, as much as the whole state is bound to keep its faith with separate communities. Otherwise competence and power would soon be confounded, and no law be left but the will of a prevailing force. On this principle the succession of the crown has always been what it now is, an hereditary succession by law: in the old line it was a succession by the common law; in the new, by the statute law, operating on the principles of the common law, not changing the substance, but regulating the mode, and describing the persons. Both these descriptions of law are of the same force, and are derived from an equal authority, emanating from the common agreement and original compact of the state *communi sponsione reipublica*, and as such are equally binding on king, and people too, as long as the terms are observed, and they continue the same body politic.

It is far from impossible to reconcile, if we do not suffer ourselves to be entangled in the mazes of metaphysic sophistry, the use both of a fixed rule and an occasional deviation; the sacredness of an hereditary principle of succession in our government, with a power of change in its application in cases of extreme emergency. Even in that extremity (if we take the measure of our rights by our exercise of them at the Revolution) the change is to be confined to the peccant part only: to the part which produced the necessary deviation; and even then it is to be effected without a decomposition of the whole civil and political mass, for the purpose of originating a new civil order out of the first elements of society.

A state without the means of some change is without the means of its conservation. Without such means it might even risk the loss of that part of the constitution which it wished the most religiously to preserve. The two principles of conservation and correction operated strongly at the two critical periods of the Restoration and Revolution, when England found itself without a king. At both those periods the nation had lost the bond of union in their ancient edifice; they did not, however, dissolve the whole fabric. On the contrary, in both cases they regenerated the deficient part of the old constitution through the parts which were not impaired. They kept these old parts exactly as they were, that the part recovered might be suited to them. They acted by the ancient organized states in the shape

of their old organization, and not by the organic *molecule* of a disbanded people. At no time, perhaps, did the sovereign legislature manifest a more tender regard to their fundamental principle of British constitutional policy, than at the time of the Revolution, when it deviated from the direct line of hereditary succession. The crown was carried somewhat out of the line in which it had before moved; but the new line was derived from the same stock. It was still a line of hereditary descent; still an hereditary descent in the same blood, though an hereditary descent qualified with protestantism. When the legislature altered the direction, but kept the principle, they showed that they held it inviolable. . . .

You will observe, that from Magna Charta to the Declaration of Right, it has been the uniform policy of our constitution to claim and assert our liberties, as an *entailed inheritance* derived to us from our forefathers, and to be transmitted to our posterity; as an estate specially belonging to the people of this kingdom without any reference whatever to any other more general or prior right. By this means our constitution preserves an unity in so great a diversity of its parts. We have an inheritable crown; an inheritable peerage; and an house of commons and a people inheriting privileges, franchises, and liberties, from a long line of ancestors.

This policy appears to me to be the result of profound reflection; or rather the happy effect of following nature, which is wisdom without reflection, and above it. A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors. Besides, the people of England well know that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation, and a sure principle of transmission; without at all excluding a principle of improvement. It leaves acquisition free; but it secures what it acquires. Whatever advantages are obtained by a state proceeding on these maxims, are locked fast as in a sort of family settlement; grasped as in a kind of mortmain forever. By a constitutional policy, working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The *institutions* of policy, the goods of fortune.

the gifts of Providence, are handed down, to us and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve, we are never wholly new; in what we retain we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner and on those principles to our forefathers, we are guided not by the superstition of antiquarians, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood; binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchers, and our altars.

Through the same plan of a conformity to nature in our artificial institutions, and by calling in the aid of her unerring and powerful instincts, to fortify the fallible and feeble contrivances of our reason, we have derived several other, and those no small benefits, from considering our liberties in the light of an inheritance. Always acting as if in the presence of canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. This idea of a liberal descent inspires us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that upstart insolence almost inevitably adhering to and disgracing those who are the first acquirers of any distinction. By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree and illustrating ancestors. It has its bearings and its ensigns armorial. It has its gallery of portraits; its monumental inscriptions; its records, evidences, and titles. We procure reverence to our civil institutions on the principle upon which nature teaches us to revere individual men;

on account of their age; and on account of those from whom they are descended. All your sophisters cannot produce anything better adapted to preserve a rational and manly freedom than the course that we have pursued, who have chosen our nature rather than our speculations, our breasts rather than our inventions, for the great conservatories and magazines of our rights and privileges. . . .

3. *Of the Rights of Men*

It is no wonder that with these ideas of every thing in their constitution and government at home, either in church or state, as illegitimate and usurped, or, at best as a vain mockery, they look abroad with an eager and passionate enthusiasm. Whilst they are possessed by these notions, it is vain to talk to them of the practice of their ancestors, the fundamental laws of their country, the fixed form of a constitution, whose merits are confirmed by the solid test of long experience, and an increasing public strength and national prosperity. They despise experience as the wisdom of unlettered men; and as for the rest, they have wrought underground a mine that will blow up at one grand explosion all examples of antiquity, all precedents, charters, and acts of parliament. They have "the rights of men." Against these there can be no prescription; against these no agreement is binding: these admit no temperament, and no compromise: any thing withheld from their full demand is so much of fraud and injustice. Against these their rights of men let no government look for security in the length of its continuance, or in the justice and lenity of its administration. The objections of these speculatists, if its forms do not quadrate with their theories, are as valid against such an old and beneficent government as against the most violent tyranny, or the greenest usurpation. They are always at issue with governments, not on a question of abuse, but a question of competency, and a question of title. I have nothing to say to the clumsy subtlety of their political metaphysics. Let them be their amusement in the schools.—"*Illu se jactet in aula—Æolus, et clauso ventorum carcere regnet.*"—But let them not break prison to burst like a Levanter, to sweep the earth with their hurricane, and to break up the fountains of the great deep to overwhelm us.

Far am I from denying in theory; full as

far is my heart from withholding in practice (if I were of power to give or to withhold), the *real* rights of men. In denying their false claims of right, I do not mean to injure those which are real, and are such as their pretended rights would totally destroy. If civil society be made for the advantage of man, all the advantages for which it is made become his right. It is an institution of beneficence; and law itself is only beneficence acting by a rule. Men have a right to live by that rule; they have a right to justice as between their fellows, whether their fellows are in politic function or in ordinary occupation. They have a right to the fruits of their industry; and to the means of making their industry fruitful. They have a right to the acquisitions of their parents; to the nourishment and improvement of their offspring; to instruction in life, and to consolation in death. Whatever each man can separately do, without trespassing upon others, he has a right to do for himself; and he has a right to a fair portion of all which society, with all its combinations of skill and force, can do in his favor. In this partnership all men have equal rights; but not to equal things. He that has but five shillings in the partnership has as good a right to it as he that has five hundred pound has to his larger proportion. But he has not a right to an equal dividend in the product of the joint stock; and as to the share of power, authority, and direction which each individual ought to have in the management of the state, that I must deny to be amongst the direct original rights of man in civil society; for I have in my contemplation the civil social man, and no other. It is a thing to be settled by convention.

If civil society be the offspring of convention, that convention must be its law. That convention must limit and modify all the descriptions of constitution which are formed under it. Every sort of legislative, judicial, or executory power are its creatures. They can have no being in any other state of things; and how can any man claim, under the conventions of civil society, rights which do not so much as suppose its existence? Rights which are absolutely repugnant to it? One of the first motives to civil society, and which becomes one of its fundamental rules, is, *that no man should be judge in his own cause*. By this each person has at once divested himself of the first fundamental right of uncovenanted man, *that*

js, to judge for himself, and to assert his own cause. He abdicates all right to be his own governor. He inclusively, in a great measure, abandons the right of self-defence, the first law of nature. Men cannot enjoy the rights of an uncivil and of a civil state together. That he may obtain justice he gives up his right of determining what it is in points the most essential to him. That he may secure some liberty, he makes a surrender in trust of the whole of it.

Government is not made in virtue of natural rights, which may and do exist in total independence of it; and exist in much greater clearness, and in a much greater degree of abstract perfection: but their abstract perfection is their practical defect. By having a right to every thing, they want every thing. Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom. Among these wants is to be reckoned the want, out of civil society, of a sufficient restraint upon their passions. Society requires not only that the passions of individuals should be subjected, but that even in the mass and body as well as in the individuals, the inclinations of men should frequently be thwarted, their will controlled, and their passions brought into subjection. This can only be done *by a power out of themselves*; and not, in the exercise of its function, subject to that will and to those passions which it is its office to bridle and subdue. In this sense the restraints on men, as well as their liberties, are to be reckoned among their rights. But as the liberties and the restrictions vary with times and circumstances, and admit of infinite modifications, they cannot be settled upon any abstract rule; and nothing is so foolish as to discuss them upon that principle.

The moment you abate any thing from the full rights of men, each to govern himself, and suffer any artificial positive limitation upon those rights, from that moment the whole organization of government becomes a consideration of convenience. This it is which makes the constitution of a state, and the due distribution of its powers, a matter of the most delicate and complicated skill. It requires a deep knowledge of human nature and human necessities, and of the things which facilitate or obstruct the various ends which are to be pursued by the mechanism of civil institutions. The state is to have recruits to its strength, and

remedies to its distempers. What is the use of discussing a man's abstract right to food or to medicine? The question is upon the method of procuring and administering them. In that deliberation I shall always advise to call in the aid of the farmer and the physician, rather than the professor of metaphysics.

The science of constructing a commonwealth, or renovating it, or reforming it, is, like every other experimental science, not to be taught *a priori*. Nor is it a short experience that can instruct us in that practical science; because the real effects of moral causes are not always immediate; but that which in the first instance is prejudicial may be excellent in its remoter operation; and its excellence may arise even from the ill effects it produces in the beginning. The reverse also happens; and very plausible schemes, with very pleasing commencements, have often shameful and lamentable conclusions. In states there are often some obscure and almost latent causes, things which appear at first view of little moment, on which a very great part of its prosperity or adversity may most essentially depend. The science of government being therefore so practical in itself, and intended for such practical purposes, a matter which requires experience, and even more experience than any person can gain in his whole life, however sagacious and observing he may be, it is with infinite caution that any man ought to venture upon pulling down an edifice which has answered in any tolerable degree for ages the common purposes of society, or on building it up again, without having models and patterns of approved utility before his eyes.

These metaphysic rights entering into common life, like rays of light which pierce into a dense medium, are, by the laws of nature, refracted from their straight line. Indeed in the gross and complicated mass of human passions and concerns, the primitive rights of men undergo such a variety of refractions and reflections that it becomes absurd to talk of them as if they continued in the simplicity of their original direction. The nature of man is intricate; the objects of society are of the greatest possible complexity; and therefore no simple disposition or direction of power can be suitable either to man's nature, or to the quality of his affairs. When I hear the simplicity of contrivance aimed at and boasted of in any new political constitutions, I am at no loss

to decide that the artificers are grossly ignorant of their trade, or totally negligent of their duty. The simple governments are fundamentally defective, to say no worse of them. If you were to contemplate society in but one point of view, all these simple modes of polity are infinitely captivating. In effect each would answer its single end much more perfectly than the more complex is able to attain all its complex purposes. But it is better that the whole should be imperfectly and anomalously answered, than that while some parts are provided for with great exactness, others might be totally neglected, or perhaps materially injured, by the overcare of a favorite member.

The pretended rights of these theorists are all extremes; and in proportion as they are metaphysically true, they are morally and politically false. The rights of men are in a sort of *middle*, incapable of definition, but not impossible to be discerned. The rights of men in governments are their advantages; and these are often in balances between differences of good; in compromises sometimes between good and evil, and sometimes, between evil and evil. Political reason is a computing principle; adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, morally and not metaphysically or mathematically, true moral denominations.

By these theorists the right of the people is almost always sophistically confounded with their power. The body of the community, whenever it can come to act, can meet with no effectual resistance; but till power and right are the same, the whole body of them has no right inconsistent with virtue, and the first of all virtues, prudence. Men have no right to what is not reasonable, and to what is not for their benefit. . . .

4. Of Chivalry

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what an heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that

she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss I fear will be great. It is this which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force, or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a domination, vanquisher of laws, to be subdued by manners.

But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions, which made power gentle, and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a

blind assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the super-added ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns, and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

On this scheme of things, a king is but a man; a queen is but a woman; a woman is but an animal; and an animal not of the highest order. All homage paid to the sex in general as such, and without distinct views, is to be regarded as romance and folly. Regicide, and parricide, and sacrilege, are but fictions of superstition, corrupting jurisprudence by destroying its simplicity. The murder of a king, or a queen, or a bishop, or a father, are only common homicide; and if the people are by any chance, or in any way gainers by it, a sort of homicide much the most pardonable, and into which we ought not to make too severe a scrutiny.

On the scheme of this barbarous philosophy, which is the offspring of cold hearts and muddy understandings, and which is as void of solid wisdom as it is destitute of all taste and elegance, laws are to be supported only by their own terrors, and by the concern which each individual may find in them from his own private speculations, or can spare to them from his own private interests. In the groves of *their* academy, at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows. Nothing is left which engages the affections on the part of the commonwealth. On the principles of this mechanic philosophy, our institutions can never be embodied, if I may use the expression, in persons; so as to create in us love, veneration, admiration, or attachment. But that sort of reason which banishes the affections is incapable of filling their place. These public affections, combined with manners, are required sometimes as supplements, sometimes as correctives, always as aids to law. The precept given by a wise man, as well as a great critic, for the construction of poems, is equally true as to states. *Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt.* There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to rel-

ish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely.

But power, of some kind or other, will survive the shock in which manners and opinions perish; and it will find other and worse means for its support. The usurpation which, in order to subvert ancient institutions, has destroyed ancient principles, will hold power by arts similar to those by which it has acquired it. When the old feudal and chivalrous spirit of *Fealty*, which, by freeing kings from fear, freed both kings and subjects from the precautions of tyranny, shall be extinct in the minds of men, plots and assassinations will be anticipated by preventive murder and preventive confiscation, and that long roll of grim and bloody maxims, which form the political code of all power, not standing on its own honor, and the honor of those who are to obey it. Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are rebels from principle.

When ancient opinions and rules of life are taken away, the loss cannot possibly be estimated. From that moment we have no compass to govern us; nor can we know distinctly to what port we steer. Europe undoubtedly, taken in a mass, was in a flourishing condition the day on which your Revolution was completed. How much of that prosperous state was owing to the spirit of our old manners and opinions is not easy to say; but as such causes cannot be indifferent in their operation, we must presume, that, on the whole, their operation was beneficial.

We are but too apt to consider things in the state in which we find them, without sufficiently adverting to the causes by which they have been produced, and possibly may be upheld. Nothing is more certain than that our manners, our civilization, and all the good things which are connected with manners, and with civilization, have, in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles; and were indeed the result of both combined; I mean the spirit of a gentleman, and the spirit of religion. The nobility and the clergy, the one by profession, the other by patronage, kept learning in existence, even in the midst of arms and confusions, and whilst governments were rather in their causes than formed. Learning paid back what it received to nobility and to priesthood; and paid it with usury, by enlarging their ideas, and by furnishing their minds. Happy if they had all con-

tinued to know their indissoluble union, and their proper place! Happy if learning, not debauched by ambition, had been satisfied to continue the instructor, and not aspired to be the master! Along with its natural protectors and guardians, learning will be cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.

If, as I suspect, modern letters owe more than they are always willing to own to ancient manners, so do other interests which we value full as much as they are worth. Even commerce, and trade, and manufacture, the gods of our economical politicians, are themselves perhaps but creatures; are themselves but effects, which, as first causes, we choose to worship. They certainly grew under the same shade in which learning flourished. They too may decay with their natural protecting principles. With you, for the present at least, they all threaten to disappear together. Where trade and manufactures are wanting to a people, and the spirit of nobility and religion remains, sentiment supplies, and not always ill supplies, their place; but if commerce and the arts should be lost in an experiment to try how well a state may stand without these old fundamental principles, what sort of a thing must be a nation of gross, stupid, ferocious, and at the same time, poor and sordid barbarians, destitute of religion, honor, or manly pride, possessing nothing at present, and hoping for nothing hereafter?

I wish you may not be going fast, and by the shortest cut, to that horrible and disgusting situation. Already there appears a poverty of conception, a coarseness and vulgarity in all the proceedings of the assembly and of all their instructors. Their liberty is not liberal. Their science is presumptuous ignorance. Their humanity is savage and brutal.

It is not clear whether in England we learned those grand and decorous principles, and manners, of which considerable traces yet remain, from you, or whether you took them from us. But to you, I think, we trace them best. You seem to me to be "*gentis incunabula nostræ*." France has always more or less influenced manners in England; and when your fountain is choked up and polluted, the stream will not run long, or not run clear with us, or perhaps with any nation. This gives all Europe, in my opinion, but too close and connected a concern in what is done in France. Excuse me, therefore,

if I have dwelt too long on the atrocious spectacle of the sixth of October, 1789, or have given too much scope to the reflections which have arisen in my mind on occasion of the most important of all revolutions, which may be dated from that day, I mean a revolution in sentiments, manners, and moral opinions. As things now stand, with everything respectable destroyed without us, and an attempt to destroy within us every principle of respect, one is almost forced to apologize for harboring the common feelings of men.

Why do I feel so differently from the Reverend Dr. Price, and those of his lay flock, who will choose to adopt the sentiments of his discourse? For this plain reason—because it is *natural* I should; because we are so made as to be affected at such spectacles with melancholy sentiments upon the unstable condition of moral prosperity, and the tremendous uncertainty of human greatness; because in those natural feelings we learn great lessons; because in events like these our passions instruct our reason; because when kings are hurled from their thrones by the Supreme Director of this great drama, and become the objects of insult to the base, and of pity to the good, we behold such disasters in the moral, as we should behold a miracle in the physical order of things. We are alarmed into reflection; our minds (as it has long since been observed) are purified by terror and pity; our weak, unthinking pride is humbled, under the dispensations of a mysterious wisdom. Some tears might be drawn from me, if such a spectacle were exhibited on the stage. I should be truly ashamed of finding in myself that superficial, theatric sense of painted distress, whilst I could exult over it in real life. With such a perverted mind, I could never venture to show my face at a tragedy. People would think the tears that Garrick formerly, or that Siddons not long since, have extorted from me, were the tears of hypocrisy; I should know them to be the tears of folly.

Indeed the theater is a better school of moral sentiments than churches, where the feelings of humanity are thus outraged. Poets who have to deal with an audience not yet graduated in the school of the rights of men, and who must apply themselves to the moral constitution of the heart, would not dare to produce such a triumph as a matter of exultation. There, where men follow their

natural impulses, they would not bear the odious maxims of a Machiavellian policy, whether applied to the attainment of monarchial or democratic tyranny. They would reject them on the modern, as they once did on the ancient stage; where they could not bear even the hypothetical proposition of such wickedness in the mouth of a personated tyrant, though suitable to the character he sustained. No theatric audience in Athens would bear what has been borne, in the midst of the real tragedy of this triumphal day; a principal actor weighing, as it were in scales hung in a shop of horrors, so much actual crime against so much contingent advantage, and after putting in and out weights, declaring that the balance was on the side of the advantages. They would not bear to see the crimes of new democracy posted as in a ledger against the crimes of old despotism, and the bookkeepers of politics finding democracy still in debt, but by no means unable or unwilling to pay the balance. In the theater, the first intuitive glance, without any elaborate process of reasoning, would show that this method of political computation would justify every extent of crime. They would see that on these principles, even where the very worst acts were not perpetrated, it was owing rather to the fortune of the conspirators than to their parsimony in the expenditure of treachery and blood. They would soon see that criminal means once tolerated are soon preferred. They present a shorter cut to the object than through the highway of the moral virtues. Justifying perfidy and murder for public benefit, public benefit would soon become the pretext, and perfidy and murder the end; until rapacity, malice, revenge, and fear more dreadful than revenge, could satiate their insatiable appetites. Such must be the consequences of losing in the splendor of these triumphs of the rights of men, all natural sense of wrong and right. . . .

5. *Of Free Government*

Society is indeed a contract. Subordinate contracts, for objects of mere occasional interest, may be dissolved at pleasure; but the state ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken *up for a little temporary interest*, and to be

dissolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence; because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primeval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible world, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place. This law is not subject to the will of those, who by an obligation above them, and infinitely superior, are bound to submit their will to that law. The municipal corporations of that universal kingdom are not morally at liberty at their pleasure, and on their speculations of a contingent improvement, wholly to separate and tear asunder the bands of their subordinate community, and to dissolve it into an unsocial, uncivil, unconnected chaos of elementary principles. It is the first and supreme necessity only, a necessity that is not chosen but chooses, a necessity paramount to deliberation, that admits no discussion, and demands no evidence, which alone can justify a resort to anarchy. This necessity is no exception to the rule; because this necessity itself is a part too of that moral and physical disposition of things to which man must be obedient by consent or force. But if that which is only submission to necessity should be made the object of choice, the law is broken; nature is disobeyed; and the rebellious are outlawed, cast forth, and exiled, from this world of reason, and order, and peace, and virtue, and fruitful penitence, into the antagonist world of madness, discord, vice, confusion, and unavailing sorrow. . . .

At once to preserve and to reform is quite another thing. When the useful parts of an old establishment are kept, and what is superadded is to be fitted to what is retained, a vigorous mind, steady, persevering attention, various powers of comparison and combination, and the resources of an un-

derstanding fruitful in expedients are to be exercised; they are to be exercised in a continued conflict with the combined force of opposite vices; with the obstinacy that rejects all improvement, and the levity that is fatigued and disgusted with everything of which it is in possession. But you may object—"A process of this kind is slow. It is not fit for an assembly, which glories in performing in a few months the work of ages. Such a mode of reforming possibly might take up many years." Without question it might; and it ought. It is one of the excellencies of a method in which time is amongst the assistants, that its operation is slow, and in some cases almost imperceptible. If circumspection and caution are a part of wisdom, when we work only upon inanimate matter, surely they become a part of duty, too, when the subject of our demolition and construction is not brick and timber, but sentient beings, by the sudden alteration of whose state, condition, and habits, multitudes may be rendered miserable. But it seems as if it were the prevalent opinion in Paris that an unfeeling heart, and an undoubting confidence, are the sole qualifications for a perfect legislator. Far different are my ideas of that high office. The true lawgiver ought to have an heart full of sensibility. He ought to love and respect his kind and to fear himself. It may be allowed to his temperament to catch his ultimate object with an intuitive glance; but his movements towards it ought to be deliberate. Political arrangement, as it is a work for social ends, is to be only wrought by social means. There mind must conspire with mind. Time is required to produce that union of minds which alone can produce all the good we aim at. Our patience will achieve more than our force. If I might venture to appeal to what is so much out of fashion in Paris, I mean, to experience, I should tell you, that in my course I have known, and, according to my measure, have co-operated with great men; and I have never yet seen any plan which has not been mended by the observations of those who were much inferior in understanding to the person who took the lead in the business. By a slow but well-sustained progress, the effect of each step is watched; the good or ill success of the first, gives light to us in the second; and so, from light to light, we are conducted with safety through the whole series. We see that the parts of the system do not

clash. The evils latent in the most promising contrivances are provided for as they arise. One advantage is as little as possible sacrificed to another. We compensate, we reconcile, we balance. We are enabled to unite into a consistent whole the various anomalies and contending principles that are found in the minds and affairs of men. From hence arises, not an excellence in simplicity, but one far superior, an excellence in composition. Where the great interests of mankind are concerned through a long succession of generations, that succession ought to be admitted into some share in the councils which are so deeply to affect them. If justice requires this, the work itself requires the aid of more minds than one age can furnish. It is from this view of things that the best legislators have been often satisfied with the establishment of some sure, solid, and ruling principle in government; a power like that which some of the philosophers have called a plastic nature; and having fixed the principle, they have left it afterwards to its own operation. . . .

The effects of the incapacity shown by the popular leaders in all the great members of the commonwealth are to be covered with the "all-atoning name" of liberty. In some people I see great liberty indeed; in many, if not in the most, an oppressive, degrading servitude. But what is liberty without wisdom, and without virtue? It is the greatest of all possible evils; for it is folly, vice, and madness, without tuition or restraint. Those who know what virtuous liberty is, cannot bear to see it disgraced by incapable heads, on account of their having high-sounding words in their mouths. Grand, swelling sentiments of liberty, I am sure I do not despise. They warm the heart; they enlarge and liberalize our minds; they animate our courage in a time of conflict. Old as I am, I read the fine raptures of Lucan and Corneille with pleasure. Neither do I wholly condemn the little arts and devices of popularity. They facilitate the carrying of many points of moment; they keep the people together; they refresh the mind in its exertions; and they diffuse occasional gaiety over the severe brow of moral freedom. Every politician ought to sacrifice to the graces; and to join compliance with reason. But in such an undertaking as that in France, all these subsidiary sentiments and artifices are of little avail. To make a government requires no great prudence. Settle the seat

of power; teach obedience; and the work is done. To give freedom is still more easy. It is not necessary to guide; it only requires to let go the rein. But to form a *free government*; that is, to temper together these opposite elements of liberty and restraint in one consistent work, requires much thought; deep reflection; a sagacious, powerful, and combining mind. This I do not find in those who take the lead in the National Assembly. Perhaps they are not so miserably deficient as they appear. I rather believe it. It would put them below the common level of human understanding. But when the leaders choose to make themselves bidders at an auction of popularity, their talents, in the construction of the state, will be of no service. They will become flatterers instead of legislators; the instruments, not the guides of the people. If any of them should happen to propose a scheme of liberty, soberly limited, and defined with proper qualifications, he will be immediately outbid by his competitors, who will produce something more splendidly popular. Suspicions will be raised of his fidelity to his cause. Moderation will be stigmatized as the virtue of cowards, and compromise as the prudence of traitors; until, in hopes of preserving the credit which may enable him to temper and moderate on some occasions, the popular leader is obliged to become active in propagating doctrines, and establishing powers, that will afterwards defeat any sober purpose at which he ultimately might have aimed.

But am I so unreasonable as to see nothing at all that deserves commendation in the indefatigable labors of this assembly? I do not deny that among an infinite number of acts of violence and folly, some good may have been done. They who destroy everything certainly will remove some grievance. They who make everything new, have a chance that they may establish something beneficial. To give them credit for what they have done in virtue of the authority they have usurped, or which can excuse them in the crimes by which that authority has been acquired, it must appear that the same things could not have been accomplished without producing such a revolution. Most assuredly they might; because almost every one of the regulations made by them, which is not very equivocal, was either in the cession of the king, voluntarily made at the meeting of the states, or in the con-

current instructions to the orders. Some usages have been abolished on just grounds; but they were such that if they had stood as they were to all eternity, they would little detract from the happiness and prosperity of any state. The improvements of the National Assembly are superficial; their errors fundamental.

Whatever they are, I wish my countrymen rather to recommend to our neighbors the example of the British constitution, than to take models from them for the improvement of our own. In the former they have got an invaluable treasure. They are not, I think, without some causes of apprehension and complaint; but these they do not owe to their constitution, but to their own conduct. I think our happy situation owing to our constitution; but owing to the whole of it, and not to any part singly; owing in a great measure to what we have left standing in our several reviews and reformations, as well as to what we have altered or superadded. Our people will find employment enough for a truly patriotic, free, and independent spirit, in guarding what they possess from violation. I would not exclude alteration neither; but even when I changed, it should be to preserve. I should be led to my remedy by a great grievance. In what I did, I should follow the example of our ancestors. I would make the reparation as nearly as possible in the style of the building. A politic caution, a guarded circumspection, a moral rather than a complexional timidity, were among the ruling principles of our forefathers in their most decided conduct. Not being illuminated with the light of which the gentlemen of France tell us they have got so abundant a share, they acted under a strong impression of the ignorance and fallibility of mankind. He that had made them thus fallible, rewarded them for having in their conduct attended to their nature. Let us imitate their caution, if we wish to deserve their fortune, or to retain their bequests. Let us add, if we please; but let us preserve what they have left; and, standing on the firm ground of the British constitution, let us be satisfied to admire rather than attempt to follow in their desperate flights the *aéronauts* of France.

I have told you candidly my sentiments. I think they are not likely to alter yours. I do not know that they ought. You are young; you cannot guide, but must follow the fortune of your country. But hereafter

they may be of some use to you, in some future form which your commonwealth may take. In the present it can hardly remain; but before its final settlement it may be obliged to pass, as one of our poets says, "through great varieties of untried being," and in all its transmigrations to be purified by fire and blood.

I have little to recommend my opinions but long observation and much impartiality. They come from one who has been no tool of power, no flatterer of greatness; and who in his last acts does not wish to belie the tenor of his life. They come from one, almost the whole of whose public exertion has been a struggle for the liberty of others; from one in whose breast no anger durable or vehement has ever been kindled but by what he considered as tyranny; and who snatches from his share in the endeavors which are used by good men to discredit opulent oppression, the hours he has employed on your affairs; and who in so doing persuades himself he has not departed from his usual office. They come from one who desires honors, distinctions, and emoluments but little, and who expects them not at all; who has no contempt for fame, and no fear of obloquy; who shuns contention, though he will hazard an opinion: from one who wishes to preserve consistency; but who would preserve consistency by varying his means to secure the unity of his end; and, when the equipoise of the vessel in which he sails may be endangered by overloading it upon one side, is desirous of carrying the small weight of his reasons to that which may preserve its equipoise.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN

THOMAS PAINE

[From *Paine's Reply to Burke*, 1791]

1. *Government Is for the Living*

The English Parliament of 1688 did a certain thing, which, for themselves and their constituents, they had a right to do, and which it appeared right should be done. But, in addition to this right, which they possessed by delegation, *they set up another right by assumption*, that of binding and controlling posterity to the end of time. The case, therefore, divides itself into two parts; the right which they possessed by delegation, and the right which they set up by as-

sumption. The first is admitted; but with respect to the second, I reply—

There never did, there never will, and there never can, exist a Parliament, or any description of men, or any generation of men, in any country, possessed of the right or the power of binding and controlling posterity to the "*end of time*," or of commanding forever how the world shall be governed, or who shall govern it; and therefore all such clauses, acts, or declarations by which the makers of them attempt to do what they have neither the right nor the power to do, nor the power to execute, are in themselves null and void. Every age and generation must be as free to act for itself *in all cases* as the age and generations which preceded it. The vanity and presumption of governing beyond the grave is the most ridiculous and insolent of all tyrannies. Man has no property in man; neither has any generation a property in the generations which are to follow. The Parliament or the people of 1688, or of any other period, had no more right to dispose of the people of the present day, or to bind or to control them *in any shape whatever*, than the parliament or the people of the present day have to dispose of, bind, or control those who are to live a hundred or a thousand years hence. Every generation is, and must be, competent to all the purposes which its occasions require. It is the living, and not the dead, that are to be accommodated. When man ceases to be, his power and his wants cease with him; and having no longer any participation in the concerns of this world, he has no longer any authority in directing who shall be its governors, or how its government shall be organized, or how administered.

I am not contending for nor against any form of government, nor for nor against any party, here or elsewhere. That which a whole nation chooses to do it has a right to do. Mr. Burke says, No. Where, then, does the right exist? I am contending for the rights of the *living*, and against their being willed away and controlled and contracted for by the manuscript assumed authority of the dead, and Mr. Burke is contending for the authority of the dead over the rights and freedom of the living. There was a time when kings disposed of their crowns by will upon their death-beds, and consigned the people, like beasts of the field, to whatever successor they appointed. This is now so exploded as scarcely to be

remembered, and so monstrous as hardly to be believed. But the Parliamentary clauses upon which Mr. Burke builds his political church are of the same nature.

The laws of every country must be analogous to some common principle. In England no parent or master, nor all the authority of Parliament, omnipotent as it has called itself, can bind or control the personal freedom even of an individual beyond the age of twenty-one years. On what ground of right, then, could the Parliament of 1688, or any other Parliament, bind all posterity forever?

Those who have quitted the world, and those who have not yet arrived at it, are as remote from each other as the utmost stretch of mortal imagination can conceive. What possible obligation, then, can exist between them—what rule or principle can be laid down that of two nonentities, the one out of existence and the other not in, and who never can meet in this world, the one should control the other to the end of time?

In England it is said that money cannot be taken out of the pockets of the people without their consent. But who authorized, or who could authorize, the Parliament of 1688 to control and take away the freedom of posterity (who were not in existence to give or to withhold their consent), and limit and confine their right of acting in certain cases forever?

A greater absurdity cannot present itself to the understanding of man than what Mr. Burke offers to his readers. He tells them, and he tells the world to come, that a certain body of men who existed a hundred years ago made a law, and that there does not now exist in the nation, nor ever will, nor ever can, a power to alter it. Under how many subtleties or absurdities has the divine right to govern been imposed on the credulity of mankind? Mr. Burke has discovered a new one, and he has shortened his journey to Rome by appealing to the power of this infallible Parliament of former days, and he produces what it has done as of divine authority, for that power must certainly be more than human which no human power to the end of time can alter.

But Mr. Burke has done some service—not to his cause, but to his country—by bringing those clauses into public view. They serve to demonstrate how necessary it is at all times to watch against the attempted encroachment of power, and to prevent its running to excess. It is somewhat

extraordinary that the offence for which James II. was expelled, that of setting up power by *assumption*, should be re-acted, under another shape and form, by the Parliament that expelled him. It shows that the Rights of Man were but imperfectly understood at the Revolution, for certain it is that the right which that Parliament set up by *assumption* (for by delegation it had not, and could not have it, because none could give it) over the persons and freedom of posterity forever was of the same tyrannical unfounded kind which James attempted to set up over the Parliament and the nation, and for which he was expelled. The only difference is (for in principle they differ not) that the one was an usurper over the living, and the other over the unborn; and as the one has no better authority to stand upon than the other, both of them must be equally null and void, and of no effect.

From what, or from whence, does Mr. Burke prove the right of any human power to bind posterity forever? He has produced his clauses, but he must produce also his proofs that such a right existed, and show how it existed. If it ever existed it must now exist, for whatever appertains to the nature of man cannot be annihilated by man. It is the nature of man to die, and he will continue to die as long as he continues to be born. But Mr. Burke has set up a sort of political Adam, in whom all posterity are bound forever. He must, therefore, prove that his Adam possessed such a power, or such a right.

The weaker any cord is, the less will it bear to be stretched, and the worse is the policy to stretch it, unless it is intended to break it. Had anyone proposed the overthrow of Mr. Burke's positions, he would have proceeded as Mr. Burke has done. He would have magnified the authorities, on purpose to have called the *right* of them into question; and the instant the question of right was started, the authorities must have been given up.

It requires but a very small glance of thought to perceive that although laws made in one generation often continue in force through succeeding generations, yet they continue to derive their force from the consent of the living. A law not repealed continues in force, not because it *cannot* be repealed, but because it is *not* repealed; and the non-repealing passes for consent.

But Mr. Burke's clauses have not even

this qualification in their favor. They become null, by attempting to become immortal. The nature of them precludes consent. They destroy the right which they *might* have, by grounding it on a right which they *cannot* have. Immortal power is not a human right, and therefore cannot be a right of Parliament. The Parliament of 1688 might as well have passed an act to have authorized themselves to live forever, as to make their authority live forever. All, therefore, that can be said of those clauses is that they are a formality of words, of as much import as if those who used them had addressed a congratulation to themselves, and in the oriental style of antiquity had said: O Parliament, live forever!

The circumstances of the world are continually changing, and the opinions of men change also; and as government is for the living, and not for the dead, it is the living only that has any right in it. That which may be thought right and found convenient in one age may be thought wrong and found inconvenient in another. In such cases, who is to decide, the living or the dead?

As almost one hundred pages of Mr. Burke's book are employed upon these clauses, it will consequently follow that if the clauses themselves, so far as they set up an *assumed usurped* dominion over posterity forever, are unauthoritative, and in their nature null and void; that all his voluminous inferences, and declamation drawn therefrom, or founded thereon, are null and void also; and on this ground I rest the matter.

We now come more particularly to the affairs of France. Mr. Burke's book has the appearance of being written as instruction to the French nation; but if I may permit myself the use of an extravagant metaphor, suited to the extravagance of the case, it is darkness attempting to illuminate light.

While I am writing this there are accidentally before me some proposals for a declaration of rights by the Marquis de la Fayette (I ask his pardon for using his former address, and do it only for distinction's sake) to the National Assembly, on the 11th of July, 1789, three days before the taking of the Bastille, and I cannot but remark with astonishment how opposite the sources are from which that gentleman and Mr. Burke draw their principles. Instead of referring to musty records and mouldy parchments to prove that the rights of the living are lost, "renounced and abdicated forever," by those who are now no more, as

Mr. Burke has done, M. de la Fayette applies to the living world, and emphatically says: "Call to mind the sentiments which nature has engraved on the heart of every citizen, and which take a new force when they are solemnly recognized by all:—For a nation to love liberty, it is sufficient that she knows it; and to be free, it is sufficient that she wills it." How dry, barren, and obscure is the source from which Mr. Burke labors! and how ineffectual, though gay with flowers, are all his declamation and his arguments compared with these clear, concise, and soul-animating sentiments! Few and short as they are, they lead on to a vast field of generous and manly thinking, and do not finish, like Mr. Burke's periods, with music in the ear, and nothing in the heart.

As I have introduced M. de la Fayette, I will take the liberty of adding an anecdote respecting his farewell address to the Congress of America in 1783, and which occurred fresh to my mind, when I saw Mr. Burke's thundering attack on the French Revolution. M. de la Fayette went to America at the early period of the war, and continued a volunteer in her service to the end. His conduct through the whole of that enterprise is one of the most extraordinary that is to be found in the history of a young man, scarcely then twenty years of age. Situated in a country that was like the lap of sensual pleasure, and with the means of enjoying it, how few are there to be found who would exchange such a scene for the woods and wildernesses of America, and pass the flowery years of youth in unprofitable danger and hardship! but such is the fact. When the war ended, and he was on the point of taking his final departure, he presented himself to Congress, and contemplating in his affectionate farewell the Revolution he had seen, expressed himself in these words: "May this great monument raised to liberty serve as a lesson to the oppressor, and an example to the oppressed!"

2. Of "Chivalry"

As to the tragic paintings by which Mr. Burke has outraged his own imagination, and seeks to work upon that of his readers, they are very well calculated for theatrical representation, where facts are manufactured for the sake of show, and accommodated to produce, through the weakness of sympathy, a weeping effect. But Mr. Burke should recollect that he is writing history,

and not *plays*, and that his readers will expect truth, and not the spouting rant of high-toned exclamation.

When we see a man dramatically lamenting in a publication intended to be believed that *The age of chivalry is gone!* that *The glory of Europe is extinguished forever!* that *The unbought grace of life* (if anyone knows what it is), *the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone!* and all this because the Quixot age of chivalry nonsense is gone, what opinion can we form of his judgment, or what regard can we pay to his facts? In the rhapsody of his imagination he has discovered a world of wind mills, and his sorrows are that there are no Quixots to attack them. But if the age of aristocracy, like that of chivalry, should fall (and they had originally some connection) Mr. Burke, the trumpeter of the Order, may continue his parody to the end, and finish with exclaiming: *Othello's occupation's gone!*

Notwithstanding Mr. Burke's horrid paintings, when the French Revolution is compared with the Revolutions of other countries, the astonishment will be that it is marked with so few sacrifices; but this astonishment will cease when we reflect that *principles*, and not *persons*, were the meditated objects of destruction. The mind of the nation was acted upon by a higher stimulus than what the consideration of persons could inspire, and sought a higher conquest than could be produced by the downfall of an enemy. Among the few who fell there do not appear to be any that were intentionally singled out. They all of them had their fate in the circumstances of the moment, and were not pursued with that long, cold-blooded unabated revenge which pursued the unfortunate Scotch in the affair of 1745.

Through the whole of Mr. Burke's book I do not observe that the Bastille is mentioned more than once, and that with a kind of implication as if he were sorry it was pulled down, and wished it were built up again. "We have rebuilt Newgate," says he, "and tenanted the mansion; and we have prisons almost as strong as the Bastille for those who dare to libel the queens of France." As to what a madman like the person called Lord G[eorge] G[ordon] might say, and to whom Newgate is rather a bedlam than a prison, it is unworthy a rational consideration. It was a madman that libelled, and that is sufficient apology; and

it afforded an opportunity for confining him, which was the thing that was wished for. But certain it is that Mr. Burke, who does not call himself a madman (whatever other people may do), has libelled in the most unprovoked manner, and in the grossest style of the most vulgar abuse, the whole representative authority of France, and yet Mr. Burke takes his seat in the British House of Commons! From his violence and his grief, his silence on some points and his excess on others, it is difficult not to believe that Mr. Burke is sorry, extremely sorry, that arbitrary power, the power of the Pope and the Bastille, are pulled down.

Not one glance of compassion, not one commiserating reflection that I can find throughout his book, has he bestowed on those who lingered out the most wretched of lives, a life without hope in the most miserable of prisons. It is painful to behold a man employing his talents to corrupt himself. Nature has been kinder to Mr. Burke than he is to her. He is not affected by the reality of distress touching his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking his imagination. He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird. Accustomed to kiss the aristocratical hand that hath purloined him from himself, he degenerates into a composition of art, and the genuine soul of nature forsakes him. His hero or his heroine must be a tragedy-victim expiring in show, and not the real prisoner of misery, sliding into death in the silence of a dungeon.

As Mr. Burke has passed over the whole transaction of the Bastille (and his silence is nothing in his favor), and has entertained his readers with reflections on supposed facts distorted into real falsehoods, I will give, since he has not, some account of the circumstances which preceded that transaction. They will serve to show that less mischief could scarcely have accompanied such an event when considered with the treacherous and hostile aggravations of the enemies of the Revolution.

The mind can hardly picture to itself a more tremendous scene than what the city of Paris exhibited at the time of taking the Bastille, and for two days before and after, nor perceive the possibility of its quieting so soon. At a distance this transaction has appeared only as an act of heroism standing on itself, and the close political connection it had with the Revolution is lost in the brilliancy of the achievement. But we are

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to consider it as the strength of the parties brought man to man, and contending for the issue. The Bastille was to be either the prize or the prison of the assailants. The downfall of it included the idea of the downfall of despotism, and this compounded image was become as figuratively united as Bunyan's Doubting Castle and Giant Despair.

The National Assembly, before and at the time of taking the Bastille, was sitting at Versailles, twelve miles distant from Paris. About a week before the rising of the Parisians, and their taking the Bastille, it was discovered that a plot was forming, at the head of which was the Count d'Artois, the king's youngest brother, for demolishing the National Assembly, seizing its members, and thereby crushing, by a *coup de main*, all hopes and prospects of forming a free government. For the sake of humanity, as well as freedom, it is well this plan did not succeed. Examples are not wanting to show how dreadfully vindictive and cruel are all old governments, when they are successful against what they call a revolt.

This plan must have been some time in contemplation; because, in order to carry it into execution, it was necessary to collect a large military force around Paris, and cut off the communication between that city and the National Assembly at Versailles. The troops destined for this service were chiefly the foreign troops in the pay of France, and who, for this particular purpose, were drawn from the distant provinces where they were then stationed. When they were collected to the amount of between twenty-five and thirty thousand, it was judged time to put the plan into execution. The ministry who were then in office, and who were friendly to the Revolution, were instantly dismissed and a new ministry formed of those who had concerted the project, among whom was Count de Broglio, and to his share was given the command of those troops. The character of this man as described to me in a letter which I communicated to Mr. Burke before he began to write his book, and from an authority which Mr. Burke well knows was good, was that of "a high-flying aristocrat, cool, and capable of every mischief."

While these matters were agitating, the National Assembly stood in the most perilous and critical situation that a body of men can be supposed to act in. They were the devoted victims, and they knew it. They

had the hearts and wishes of their country on their side, but military authority they had none. The guards of Broglio surrounded the hall where the Assembly sat, ready, at the word of command, to seize their persons, as had been done the year before to the Parliament of Paris. Had the National Assembly deserted their trust, or had they exhibited signs of weakness or fear, their enemies had been encouraged and their country depressed. When the situation they stood in, the cause they were engaged in, and the crisis then ready to burst, which should determine their personal and political fate and that of their country, and probably of Europe, are taken into one view, none but a heart callous with prejudice or corrupted by dependence can avoid interesting itself in their success.

The Archbishop of Vienne was at this time President of the National Assembly—a person too old to undergo the scene that a few days or a few hours might bring forth. A man of more activity and bolder fortitude was necessary, and the National Assembly chose (under the form of a Vice-President, for the Presidency still resided in the Archbishop) M. de la Fayette; and this is the only instance of a Vice-President being chosen. It was at the moment that this storm was pending (July 11th) that a declaration of rights was brought forward by M. de la Fayette, and is the same which is alluded to in p. [311]. It was hastily drawn up, and makes only a part of the more extensive declaration of rights agreed upon and adopted afterwards by the National Assembly. The particular reason for bringing it forward at this moment (M. de la Fayette has since informed me) was that, if the National Assembly should fall in the threatened destruction that then surrounded it, some trace of its principles might have the chance of surviving the wreck.

Everything now was drawing to a crisis. The event was freedom or slavery. On one side, an army of nearly thirty thousand men; on the other, an unarmed body of citizens—for the citizens of Paris, on whom the National Assembly must then immediately depend, were as unarmed and as undisciplined as the citizens of London are now. The French guards had given strong symptoms of their being attached to the national cause; but their numbers were small, not a tenth part of the force that Broglio commanded, and their officers were in the interest of Broglio.

Matters being now ripe for execution, the new ministry made their appearance in office. The reader will carry in his mind that the Bastille was taken the 14th July; the point of time I am now speaking of is the 12th. Immediately on the news of the change of ministry reaching Paris, in the afternoon, all the playhouses and places of entertainment, shops and houses, were shut up. The change of ministry was considered as the prelude of hostilities, and the opinion was rightly founded.

The foreign troops began to advance towards the city. The Prince de Lambesc, who commanded a body of German cavalry, approached by the Place of Lewis XV, which connects itself with some of the streets. In his march, he insulted and struck an old man with a sword. The French are remarkable for their respect to old age; and the insolence with which it appeared to be done, uniting with the general fermentation they were in, produced a powerful effect, and a cry of "To arms! to arms!" spread itself in a moment over the city.

Arms they had none, nor scarcely anyone who knew the use of them; but desperate resolution, when every hope is at stake, supplies, for a while, the want of arms. Near where the Prince de Lambesc was drawn up, were large piles of stones collected for building the new bridge, and with these the people attacked the cavalry. A party of French guards, upon hearing the firing, rushed from their quarters and joined the people; and night coming on, the cavalry retreated.

The streets of Paris, being narrow, are favorable for defense, and the loftiness of the houses, consisting of many stories, from which great annoyance might be given, secured them against nocturnal enterprises; and the night was spent in providing themselves with every sort of weapon they could make or procure: guns, swords, blacksmiths' hammers, carpenters' axes, iron crows, pikes, halberts, pitchforks, spits, clubs, etc., etc. The incredible numbers in which they assembled the next morning, and the still more incredible resolution they exhibited, embarrassed and astonished their enemies. Little did the new ministry expect such a salute. Accustomed to slavery themselves, they had no idea that liberty was capable of such inspiration, or that a body of unarmed citizens would dare to face the military force of thirty thousand men. Every moment of this day was employed in collecting

arms, concerting plans, and arranging themselves into the best order which such an instantaneous movement could afford. Broglio continued lying round the city, but made no further advances this day, and the succeeding night passed with as much tranquillity as such a scene could possibly produce.

But defence only was not the object of the citizens. They had a cause at stake, on which depended their freedom or their slavery. They every moment expected an attack, or to hear of one made on the National Assembly; and in such a situation, the most prompt measures are sometimes the best. The object that now presented itself was the Bastille; and the *éclat* of carrying such a fortress in the face of such an army, could not fail to strike terror into the new ministry, who had scarcely yet had time to meet. By some intercepted correspondence this morning, it was discovered that the Mayor of Paris, M. de Flesselles, who appeared to be in the interest of the citizens, was betraying them; and from this discovery, there remained no doubt that Broglio would reinforce the Bastille the ensuing evening. It was therefore necessary to attack it that day; but before this could be done, it was first necessary to procure a better supply of arms than they were then possessed of.

There was, adjoining to the city, a large magazine of arms deposited at the Hospital of the Invalids, which the citizens summoned to surrender; and as the place was neither defensible, nor attempted much defence, they soon succeeded. Thus supplied, they marched to attack the Bastille; a vast mixed multitude of all ages, and of all degrees, armed with all sorts of weapons. Imagination would fail in describing to itself the appearance of such a procession, and of the anxiety of the events which a few hours or a few minutes might produce. What plans the ministry were forming, were as unknown to the people within the city, as what the citizens were doing was unknown to the ministry; and what movements Broglio might make for the support or relief of the place, were to the citizens equally as unknown. All was mystery and hazard.

That the Bastille was attacked with an enthusiasm of heroism, such only as the highest animation of liberty could inspire, and carried in the space of a few hours, is an event which the world is fully possessed of. I am not undertaking the detail of the attack, but bringing into view the conspiracy against the nation which provoked it,

and which fell with the Bastille. The prison to which the new ministry were dooming the National Assembly, in addition to its being the high altar and castle of despotism, became the proper object to begin with. This enterprise broke up the new ministry, who began now to fly from the ruin they had prepared for others. The troops of Broglie dispersed, and himself fled also.

3. What Are the "Rights of Man"?

Before anything can be reasoned upon to a conclusion, certain facts, principles, or data, to reason from, must be established, admitted, or denied. Mr. Burke, with his usual outrage, abused the *Declaration of the Rights of Man*, published by the National Assembly of France, as the basis on which the constitution of France is built. This he calls "paltry and blurred sheets of paper about the rights of man." Does Mr. Burke mean to deny that *man* has any rights? If he does, then he must mean that there are no such things as rights anywhere, and that he has none himself; for who is there in the world but man? But if Mr. Burke means to admit that man has rights, the question then will be: What are those rights, and how man came by them originally?

The error of those who reason by precedents drawn from antiquity, respecting the rights of man, is that they do not go far enough into antiquity. They do not go the whole way. They stop in some of the intermediate stages of an hundred or a thousand years, and produce what was then done, as a rule for the present day. This is no authority at all. If we travel still farther into antiquity, we shall find a direct contrary opinion and practice prevailing; and if antiquity is to be authority, a thousand such authorities may be produced, successively contradicting each other; but if we proceed on, we shall at last come out right; we shall come to the time when man came from the hand of his Maker. What was he then? Man. Man was his high and only title, and a higher cannot be given him. But of titles I shall speak hereafter.

We are now got at the origin of man, and at the origin of his rights. As to the manner in which the world has been governed from that day to this, it is no farther any concern of ours than to make a proper use of the errors or the improvements which the history of it presents. Those who lived a

hundred or a thousand years ago, were then moderns, as we are now. They had *their* ancients, and those ancients had others, and we also shall be ancients in our turn. If the mere name of antiquity is to govern in the affairs of life, the people who are to live an hundred or a thousand years hence, may as well take us for a precedent, as we make a precedent of those who lived an hundred or a thousand years ago. The fact is, that portions of antiquity, by proving everything, establish nothing. It is authority against authority all the way, till we come to the divine origin of the rights of man at the creation. Here our inquiries find a resting-place, and our reason finds a home. If a dispute about the rights of man had arisen at the distance of an hundred years from the creation, it is to this source of authority they must have referred, and it is to this same source of authority that we must now refer.

Though I mean not to touch upon any sectarian principle of religion, yet it may be worth observing, that the genealogy of Christ is traced to Adam. Why then not trace the rights of man to the creation of man? I will answer the question. Because there have been upstart governments, thrusting themselves between, and presumptuously working to *un-make* man.

If any generation of men ever possessed the right of dictating the mode by which the world should be governed forever, it was the first generation that existed; and if that generation did it not, no succeeding generation can show any authority for doing it, nor can set any up. The illuminating and divine principle of the equal rights of man (for it has its origin from the Maker of man) relates, not only to the living individuals, but to generations of men succeeding each other. Every generation is equal in rights to generations which preceded it, by the same rule that every individual is born equal in rights with his contemporary.

Every history of the creation, and every traditionary account, whether from the lettered or unlettered world, however they may vary in their opinion or belief of certain particulars, all agree in establishing one point, *the unity of man*; by which I mean that men are all of *one degree*, and consequently that all men are born equal, and with equal natural right, in the same manner as if posterity had been continued by *creation* instead of *generation*, the latter being the only mode by which the former is

carried forward; and consequently every child born into the world must be considered as deriving its existence from God. The world is as new to him as it was to the first man that existed, and his natural right in it is of the same kind.

The Mosaic account of the creation, whether taken as divine authority or merely historical, is full to this point, *the unity or equality of man*. The expression admits of no controversy. "And God said, Let us make man in our own image. In the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." The distinction of sexes is pointed out, but no other distinction is even implied. If this be not divine authority, it is at least historical authority, and shows that the equality of man, so far from being a modern doctrine, is the oldest upon record.

It is also to be observed that all the religions known in the world are founded, so far as they relate to man, on the *unity of man*, as being all of one degree. Whether in heaven or in hell, or in whatever state man may be supposed to exist hereafter, the good and the bad are the only distinctions. Nay, even the laws of governments are obliged to slide into this principle, by making degrees to consist in crimes and not in persons.

It is one of the greatest of all truths, and of the highest advantage to cultivate. By considering man in this light, and by instructing him to consider himself in this light, it places him in a close connection with all his duties, whether to his Creator or to the creation, of which he is a part; and it is only when he forgets his origin, or, to use a more fashionable phrase, his *birth and family*, that he becomes dissolute. It is not among the least of the evils of the present existing governments in all parts of Europe that man, considered as man, is thrown back to a vast distance from his Maker, and the artificial chasm filled up with a succession of barriers, or sort of turnpike gates, through which he has to pass. I will quote Mr. Burke's catalogue of barriers that he has set up between man and his Maker. Putting himself in the character of a herald, he says: "We fear God—we look with awe to kings—with affection to Parliaments—with duty to magistrates—with reverence to priests, and with respect to nobility." Mr. Burke has forgotten to put in "*chivalry*." He has also forgotten to put in *Peter*.

The duty of man is not a wilderness of turnpike gates, through which he is to pass by tickets from one to the other. It is plain and simple, and consists but of two points. His duty to God, which every man must feel; and with respect to his neighbor, to do as he would be done by. If those to whom power is delegated do well, they will be respected: if not, they will be despised; and with regard to those to whom no power is delegated, but who assume it, the rational world can know nothing of them.

Hitherto we have spoken only (and that but in part) of the natural rights of man. We have now to consider the civil rights of man, and to show how the one originates from the other. Man did not enter into society to become *worse* than he was before, nor to have fewer rights than he had before, but to have those rights better secured. His natural rights are the foundation of all his civil rights. But in order to pursue this distinction with more precision, it will be necessary to mark the different qualities of natural and civil rights.

A few words will explain this. Natural rights are those which appertain to man in right of his existence. Of this kind are all the intellectual rights, or rights of the mind, and also all those rights of acting as an individual for his own comfort and happiness, which are not injurious to the natural rights of others. Civil rights are those which appertain to man in right of his being a member of society. Every civil right has for its foundation some natural right pre-existing in the individual, but to the enjoyment of which his individual power is not, in all cases, sufficiently competent. Of this kind are all those which relate to security and protection.

From this short review it will be easy to distinguish between that class of natural rights which man retains after entering into society and those which he throws into the common stock as a member of society.

The natural rights which he retains are all those in which the *power* to execute is as perfect in the individual as the right itself. Among this class, as is before mentioned, are all the intellectual rights, or rights of the mind; consequently religion is one of those rights. The natural rights which are not retained, are all those in which, though the right is perfect in the individual, the power to execute them is defective. They answer not his purpose. A man, by natural right, has a right to judge in his own

cause; and so far as the right of the mind is concerned, he never surrenders it. But what availeth it him to judge, if he has not power to redress? He therefore deposits this right in the common stock of society, and takes the arm of society, of which he is a part, in preference and in addition to his own. Society *grants* him nothing. Every man is a proprietor in society, and draws on the capital as a matter of right.

From these premises two or three certain conclusions will follow:

First, That every civil right grows out of a natural right; or, in other words, is a natural right exchanged.

Secondly, That civil power properly considered as such is made up of the aggregate of that class of the natural rights of man, which becomes defective in the individual in point of power, and answers not his purpose, but when collected to a focus becomes competent to the purpose of every one.

Thirdly, That the power produced from the aggregate of natural rights, imperfect in power in the individual, cannot be applied to invade the natural rights which are retained in the individual, and in which the power to execute is as perfect as the right itself.

We have now, in a few words, traced man from a natural individual to a member of society, and shown, or endeavored to show, the quality of the natural rights retained, and of those which are exchanged for civil rights. Let us now apply these principles to governments.

In casting our eyes over the world, it is extremely easy to distinguish the governments which have arisen out of society, or out of the social compact, from those which have not; but to place this in a clearer light than what a single glance may afford, it will be proper to take a review of the several sources from which governments have arisen and on which they have been founded.

They may be all comprehended under three heads. First, Superstition. Secondly, Power. Thirdly, the common interest of society and the common rights of man.

The first was a government of priestcraft, the second of conquerors, and the third of reason.

When a set of artful men pretended, through the medium of oracles, to hold intercourse with the Deity, as familiarly as they now march up the back-stairs in European courts, the world was completely under the government of superstition. The

oracles were consulted, and whatever they were made to say became the law; and this sort of government lasted as long as this sort of superstition lasted.

After these a race of conquerors arose, whose government, like that of William the Conqueror, was founded in power, and the sword assumed the name of a scepter. Governments thus established last as long as the power to support them lasts; but that they might avail themselves of every engine in their favor, they united fraud to force, and set up an idol which they called *Divine Right*, and which, in imitation of the Pope, who affects to be spiritual and temporal, and in contradiction to the Founder of the Christian religion, twisted itself afterwards into an idol of another shape, called *Church and State*. The key of St. Peter and the key of the Treasury became quartered on one another, and the wondering cheated multitude worshiped the invention.

When I contemplate the natural dignity of man, when I feel (for Nature has not been kind enough to me to blunt my feelings) for the honor and happiness of its character, I become irritated at the attempt to govern mankind by force and fraud, as if they were all knaves and fools, and can scarcely avoid disgust at those who are thus imposed upon.

We have now to review the governments which arise out of society, in contradistinction to those which arose out of superstition and conquest.

It has been thought a considerable advance towards establishing the principles of Freedom to say that Government is a compact between those who govern and those who are governed; but this cannot be true, because it is putting the effect before the cause; for as man must have existed before governments existed, there necessarily was a time when governments did not exist, and consequently there could originally exist no governors to form such a compact with.

The fact therefore must be that the *individuals themselves*, each in his own personal and sovereign right, *entered into a compact with each other* to produce a government: and this is the only mode in which governments have a right to arise, and the only principle on which they have a right to exist.

4. Of an Ambitious Norman, and of Titles

Before I proceed to consider other parts of the French Constitution, and by way of

relieving the fatigue of argument, I will introduce an anecdote which I had from Dr. Franklin.

While the Doctor resided in France as Minister from America, during the war, he had numerous proposals made to him by projectors of every country and of every kind, who wished to go to the land that floweth with milk and honey, America; and among the rest, there was one who offered himself to be king. He introduced his proposal to the Doctor by letter, which is now in the hands of M. Beaumarchais, of Paris—stating, first, that as the Americans had dismissed or sent away their King, that they would want another. Secondly, that himself was a Norman. Thirdly, that he was of a more ancient family than the Dukes of Normandy, and of a more honorable descent, his line having never been bastardized. Fourthly, that there was already a precedent in England of kings coming out of Normandy, and on these grounds he rested his offer, *enjoining* that the Doctor would forward it to America. But as the Doctor neither did this, nor yet sent him an answer, the projector wrote a second letter, in which he did not, it is true, threaten to go over and conquer America, but only with great dignity proposed that if his offer was not accepted, an acknowledgment of about £30,000 might be made to him for his generosity! Now, as all arguments respecting succession must necessarily connect that succession with some beginning, Mr. Burke's arguments on this subject go to show that there is no English origin of kings, and that they are descendants of the Norman line in right of the Conquest. It may, therefore, be of service to his doctrine to make this story known, and to inform him, that in case of that natural extinction to which all mortality is subject, Kings may again be had from Normandy, on more reasonable terms than William the Conqueror; and consequently, that the good people of England, at the revolution of 1688, *might have done much better*, had such a generous Norman as *this* known *their* wants, and they had known *his*. The chivalric character which Mr. Burke so much admires, is certainly much easier to make a bargain with than a *hard dealing Dutchman*. But to return to the matters of the constitution—

The French Constitution says, *There shall be no titles*; and, of consequence, all that class of equivocal generation which in some countries is called "*aristocracy*" and in

others "*nobility*," is done away, and the *peer* is exalted into the MAN.

Titles are but nick-names, and every nick-name is a title. The thing is perfectly harmless in itself, but it marks a sort of foppery in the human character, which degrades it. It reduces man into the diminutive of man in things which are great, and the counterfeit of women in things which are little. It talks about its fine *blue ribbon* like a girl, and shows its new *garter* like a child. A certain writer, of some antiquity, says: "When I was a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

It is, properly, from the elevated mind of France that the folly of titles has fallen. It has outgrown the baby clothes of *Count* and *Duke*, and breeched itself in manhood. France has not levelled, it has exalted. It has put down the dwarf, to set up the man. The punyism of a senseless word like *Duke*, *Count*, or *Earl* has ceased to please. Even those who possessed them have disowned the gibberish, and as they outgrew the rickets, have despised the rattle. The genuine mind of man, thirsting for its native home, society, contemns the gewgaws that separate him from it. Titles are like circles drawn by the magician's wand, to contract the sphere of man's felicity. He lives immured within the Bastille of a word, and surveys at a distance the envied life of man.

Is it, then, any wonder that titles should fall in France? Is it not a greater wonder that they should be kept up anywhere? What are they? What is their worth, and "what is their amount"? When we think or speak of a *Judge* or a *General*, we associate with it the ideas of office and character; we think of gravity in one and bravery in the other; but when we use the word *merely as a title*, no ideas associate with it. Through all the vocabulary of Adam there is not such an animal as a *Duke* or a *Count*: neither can we connect any certain ideas with the words. Whether they mean strength or weakness, wisdom or folly, a child or a man, or the rider or the horse, is all equivocal. What respect then can be paid to that which describes nothing, and which means nothing? Imagination has given figure and character to centaurs, satyrs, and down to all the fairy tribe; but titles baffle even the powers of fancy, and are a chimerical nondescript.

But this is not all. If a whole country is disposed to hold them in contempt, all their

value is gone, and none will own them. It is common opinion only that makes them anything, or nothing, or worse than nothing. There is no occasion to take titles away, for they take themselves away when society concurs to ridicule them. This species of imaginary consequence has visibly declined in every part of Europe, and it hastens to its exit as the world of reason continues to rise. There was a time when the lowest class of what are called nobility was more thought of than the highest is now, and when a man in armor riding throughout Christendom in quest of adventures was more stared at than a modern Duke. The world has seen this folly fall, and it has fallen by being laughed at, and the farce of titles will follow its fate. The patriots of France have discovered in good time that rank and dignity in society must take a new ground. The old one has fallen through. It must now take the substantial ground of character, instead of the chimerical ground of titles; and they have brought their titles to the altar, and made of them a burnt-offering to Reason.

5. *America and the French Revolution*

As Mr. Burke has not written on constitutions so neither has he written on the French Revolution. He gives no account of its commencement or its progress. He only expresses his wonder. "It looks," says he, "to me, as if I were in a great crisis, not of the affairs of France alone, but of all Europe, perhaps of more than Europe. All circumstances taken together, the French Revolution is the most astonishing that has hitherto happened in the world."

As wise men are astonished at foolish things, and other people at wise ones, I know not on which ground to account for Mr. Burke's astonishment; but certain it is, that he does not understand the French Revolution. It has apparently burst forth like a creation from a chaos, but it is no more than the consequence of a mental revolution priorly existing in France. The mind of the nation had changed beforehand, and the new order of things has naturally followed the new order of thoughts. I will here, as concisely as I can, trace out the growth of the French Revolution, and mark the circumstances that have contributed to produce it.

The despotism of Louis XIV, united with the gaiety of his Court, and the gaudy os-

tentation of his character, had so humbled, and at the same time so fascinated the mind of France, that the people appeared to have lost all sense of their own dignity, in contemplating that of their Grand Monarch; and the whole reign of Louis XV, remarkable only for weakness and effeminacy, made no other alteration than that of spreading a sort of lethargy over the nation, from which it showed no disposition to rise.

The only signs which appeared of the spirit of Liberty during those periods, are to be found in the writings of the French philosophers. Montesquieu, President of the Parliament of Bordeaux, went as far as a writer under a despotic government could well proceed; and being obliged to divide himself between principle and prudence, his mind often appears under a veil, and we ought to give him credit for more than he has expressed.

Voltaire, who was both the flatterer and the satirist of despotism, took another line. His forte lay in exposing and ridiculing the superstitions which priest-craft, united with state-craft, had interwoven with governments. It was not from the purity of his principles, or his love of mankind (for satire and philanthropy are not naturally concordant), but from his strong capacity of seeing folly in its true shape, and his irresistible propensity to expose it, that he made those attacks. They were, however, as formidable as if the motive had been virtuous; and he merits the thanks rather than the esteem of mankind.

On the contrary, we find in the writings of Rousseau, and the Abbé Raynal, a loveliness of sentiment in favor of liberty, that excites respect, and elevates the human faculties; but having raised this animation, they do not direct its operation, and leave the mind in love with an object, without describing the means of possessing it.

The writings of Quesnay, Turgot, and the friends of those authors, are of the serious kind; but they labored under the same disadvantage with Montesquieu; their writings abound with moral maxims of government, but are rather directed to economize and reform the administration of the government, than the government itself.

But all those writings and many others had their weight; and by the different manner in which they treated the subject of government, Montesquieu by his judgment and knowledge of laws, Voltaire by his

wit, Rousseau and Raynal by their animation, and Quesnay and Turgot by their moral maxims and systems of economy, readers of every class met with something to their taste, and a spirit of political inquiry began to diffuse itself through the nation at the time the dispute between England and the then colonies of America broke out.

In the war which France afterwards engaged in, it is very well known that the nation appeared to be before-hand with the French ministry. Each of them had its view; but those views were directed to different objects; the one sought liberty, and the other retaliation on England. The French officers and soldiers who after this went to America, were eventually placed in the school of Freedom, and learned the practice as well as the principles of it by heart.

As it was impossible to separate the military events which took place in America from the principles of the American Revolution, the publication of those events in France necessarily connected themselves with the principles which produced them. Many of the facts were in themselves principles; such as the declaration of American Independence, and the treaty of alliance between France and America, which recognized the natural rights of man, and justified resistance to oppression.

The then Minister of France, Count Vergennes, was not the friend of America; and it is both justice and gratitude to say, that it was the Queen of France who gave the cause of America a fashion at the French Court. Count Vergennes was the personal and social friend of Dr. Franklin; and the Doctor had obtained, by his sensible gracefulness, a sort of influence over him; but with respect to principles Count Vergennes was a despot.

The situation of Dr. Franklin, as Minister from America to France, should be taken into the chain of circumstances. The diplomatic character is of itself the narrowest sphere of society that man can act in. It forbids intercourse by the reciprocity of suspicion; and a diplomatic is a sort of unconnected atom, continually repelling and repelled. But this was not the case with Dr. Franklin. He was not the diplomatic of a Court, but of MAN. His character as a philosopher had been long established, and his circle of society in France was universal.

Count Vergennes resisted for a considerable time the publication in France of American constitutions, translated into the French language: but even in this he was obliged to give way to public opinion, and a sort of propriety in admitting to appear what he had undertaken to defend. The American constitutions were to liberty what a grammar is to language: they define its parts of speech, and practically construct them into syntax.

The peculiar situation of the then Marquis de la Fayette is another link in the great chain. He served in America as an American officer under a commission of Congress, and by the universality of his acquaintance was in close friendship with the civil government of America, as well as with the military line. He spoke the language of the country, entered into the discussions on the principles of government, and was always a welcome friend at any election.

When the war closed, a vast reinforcement to the cause of Liberty spread itself over France, by the return of the French officers and soldiers. A knowledge of the practice was then joined to the theory; and all that was wanting to give it real existence was opportunity. Man cannot, properly speaking, make circumstances for his purpose, but he always has it in his power to improve them when they occur, and this was the case in France.

6. "Made in Germany"

Mr. Burke is laboring in vain to stop the progress of knowledge; and it comes with the worse grace from him, as there is a certain transaction known in the city which renders him suspected of being a pensioner in a fictitious name. This may account for some strange doctrine he has advanced in his book, which though he points it at the Revolution Society, is effectually directed against the whole nation.

"The King of England," says he, "holds his crown (for it does not belong to the Nation, according to Mr. Burke) in *contempt* of the choice of the Revolution Society, who have not a single vote for a king among them either *individually* or *collectively*; and his Majesty's heirs each in their time and order, will come to the Crown *with the same contempt* of their choice, with which his Majesty has succeeded to that which he now wears."

As to who is King in England, or elsewhere, or whether there is any King at all, or whether the people choose a Cherokee chief, or a Hessian hussar for a King, it is not a matter that I trouble myself about—be that to themselves; but with respect to the doctrine, so far as it relates to the Rights of Men and Nations, it is as abominable as anything ever uttered in the most enslaved country under heaven. Whether it sounds worse to my ear, by not being accustomed to hear such despotism, than what it does to the ear of another person, I am not so well a judge of; but of its abominable principle I am at no loss to judge.

It is not the Revolution Society that Mr. Burke means; it is the Nation, as well in its *original* as in its *representative* character; and he has taken care to make himself understood, by saying that they have not a vote either *collectively* or *individually*. The Revolution Society is composed of citizens of all denominations, and of members of both the Houses of Parliament; and consequently, if there is not a right to a vote in any of the characters, there can be no right to any either in the nation or in its Parliament. This ought to be a caution to every country how it imports foreign families to be kings. It is somewhat curious to observe, that although the people of England had been in the habit of talking about kings, it is always a Foreign House of Kings; hating Foreigners yet governed by them.—It is now the House of Brunswick, one of the petty tribes of Germany.

It has hitherto been the practice of the English Parliaments to regulate what was called the succession (taking it for granted that the Nation then continued to accord to the form of annexing a monarchical branch of its government; for without this the Parliament could not have had authority to have sent either to Holland or to Hanover, or to impose a king upon the nation against its will). And this must be the utmost limit to which Parliament can go upon this case; but the right of the Nation goes to the *whole* case, because it has the right of changing its *whole* form of government. The right of a Parliament is only a right in trust, a right by delegation, and that but from a very small part of the Nation; and one of its Houses has not even this. But the right of the Nation is an original right, as universal as taxation. The nation is the paymaster of everything, and

everything must conform to its general will.

I remember taking notice of a speech in what is called the English House of Peers, by the then Earl of Shelburne, and I think it was at the time he was Minister, which is applicable to this case. I do not directly charge my memory with every particular; but the words and the purport, as nearly as I remember, were these: "That the form of a Government was a matter wholly at the will of the Nation at all times, that if it chose a monarchical form, it had a right to have it so; and if it afterwards chose to be a Republic, it had a right to be a Republic, and to say to a King, 'We have no longer any occasion for you.'"

When Mr. Burke says that "His Majesty's heirs and successors, each in their time and order, will come to the crown with the *same* contempt of their choice with which His Majesty had succeeded to that he wears," it is saying too much even to the humblest individual in the country; part of whose daily labor goes towards making up the million sterling a-year, which the country gives the person it styles a king. Government with insolence is despotism; but when contempt is added it becomes worse; and to pay for contempt is the excess of slavery. This species of government comes from Germany; and reminds me of what one of the Brunswick soldiers told me, who was taken prisoner by the Americans in the late war: "Ah!" said he, "America is a fine free country, it is worth the people's fighting for; I know the difference by knowing my own: in my country, if the prince says eat straw, we eat straw." God help that country, thought I, be it England or elsewhere, whose liberties are to be protected by German principles of government, and Princes of Brunswick!

7. A League of Nations

From the Revolutions of America and France, and the symptoms that have appeared in other countries, it is evident that the opinion of the world is changing with respect to systems of Government, and that revolutions are not within the compass of political calculations. The progress of time and circumstances, which men assign to the accomplishment of great changes, is too mechanical to measure the force of the mind, and the rapidity of reflection, by which

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ated. All the old governments have received a shock from those wars, and which were once the basis of the old world, and are a greater subject for a general revolution in the world.

When we survey the wretched condition of man, under the monarchical and hereditary systems of Government, dragged from his home by one power, or driven by another, and impoverished by taxes more than by enemies, it becomes evident that those systems are bad, and that a general revolution in the principle and construction of Governments is necessary.

What is government more than the management of the affairs of a Nation? It is not, and from its nature cannot be, the property of any particular man or family, but of the whole community, at whose expense it is supported; and though by force and contrivance it has been usurped into an inheritance, the usurpation cannot alter the right of things. Sovereignty, as a matter of right, appertains to the Nation only, and not to any individual; and a Nation has at all times an inherent indefeasible right to abolish any form of Government it finds inconvenient, and to establish such as accords with its interest, disposition, and happiness. The romantic and barbarous distinction of men into Kings and subjects, though it may suit the condition of courtiers, cannot that of citizens; and is exploded by the principle upon which Governments are now founded. Every citizen is a member of the Sovereignty, and, as such, can acknowledge no personal subjection; and his obedience can be only to the laws.

When men think of what Government is, they must necessarily suppose it to possess a knowledge of all the objects and matters upon which its authority is to be exercised. In this view of Government, the republican system, as established by America and France, operates to embrace the whole of a Nation; and the knowledge necessary to the interest of all the parts, is to be found in the center, which the parts by representation form. But the old Governments are on a construction that excludes knowledge as well as happiness; Government by Monks, who knew nothing of the world beyond the walls of a Convent, is as consistent as government by Kings.

What were formerly called Revolutions, were little more than a change of persons,

or an alteration of local circumstances. They rose and fell like things of course, and had nothing in their existence or their fate that could influence beyond the spot that produced them. But what we now see in the world, from the Revolutions of America and France, are a renovation of the natural order of things, a system of principles as universal as truth and the existence of man, and combining moral with political happiness and national prosperity.

"I. *Men are born, and always continue, free and equal in respect of their rights. Civil distinctions, therefore, can be founded only on public utility.*

"II. *The end of all political associations is the preservation of the natural and imprescriptible rights of man; and these rights are liberty, property, security, and resistance of oppression.*

"III. *The nation is essentially the source of all sovereignty; nor can any INDIVIDUAL, or ANY BODY OF MEN, be entitled to any authority which is not expressly derived from it.*"

In these principles, there is nothing to throw a Nation into confusion by inflaming ambition. They are calculated to call forth wisdom and abilities, and to exercise them for the public good, and not for the emolument or aggrandizement of particular descriptions of men or families. Monarchical sovereignty, the enemy of mankind, and the source of misery, is abolished; and the sovereignty itself is restored to its natural and original place, the Nation. Were this the case throughout Europe, the cause of wars would be taken away.

It is attributed to Henry the Fourth of France, a man of enlarged and benevolent heart, that he proposed, about the year 1610, a plan for abolishing war in Europe. The plan consisted in constituting an European Congress, or as the French authors style it, a Pacific Republic; by appointing delegates from the several Nations who were to act as a Court of arbitration in any disputes that might arise between nation and nation.

Had such a plan been adopted at the time it was proposed, the taxes of England and France, as two of the parties, would have been at least ten million sterling annually to each Nation less than they were at the commencement of the French Revolution.

To conceive a cause why such a plan has

not been adopted (and that instead of a Congress for the purpose of *preventing* war, it has been called only to *terminate* a war, after a fruitless expense of several years) it will be necessary to consider the interest of Governments as a distinct interest to that of Nations.

Whatever is the cause of taxes to a Nation, becomes also the means of revenue to Government. Every war terminates with an addition of taxes, and consequently with an addition of revenue; and in any event of war, in the manner they are now commenced and concluded, the power and interest of Governments are increased. War, therefore, from its productiveness, as it easily furnishes the pretense of necessity for taxes and appointments to places and offices, becomes a principal part of the system of old Governments; and to establish any mode to abolish war, however advantageous it might be to Nations, would be to take from such Government the most lucrative of its branches. The frivolous matters upon which war is made, show the disposition and avidity of Governments to uphold the system of war, and betray the motives upon which they act.

Why are not Republics plunged into war, but because the nature of their Government does not admit of an interest distinct from that of the Nation? Even Holland, though an ill-constructed Republic, and with a commerce extending over the world, existed nearly a century without war: and the instant the form of Government was changed in France, the republican principles of peace and domestic prosperity and economy arose with the new Government; and the same consequences would follow the cause in other Nations.

As war is the system of Government on the old construction, the animosity which Nations reciprocally entertain, is nothing more than what the policy of their Governments excites to keep up the spirit of the system. Each Government accuses the other of perfidy, intrigue, and ambition, as a means of heating the imagination of their respective Nations, and incensing them to hostilities. Man is not the enemy of man, but through the medium of a false system of Government. Instead, therefore, of exclaiming against the ambition of Kings, the exclamation should be directed against the principle of such Governments; and instead of seeking to reform the individual, the

wisdom of a Nation should apply itself to reform the system.

Whether the forms and maxims of Governments which are still in practice, were adapted to the condition of the world at the period they were established, is not in this case the question. The older they are, the less correspondence can they have with the present state of things. Time, and change of circumstances and opinions, have the same progressive effect in rendering modes of Government obsolete as they have upon customs and manners.—Agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and the tranquil arts, by which the prosperity of Nations is best promoted, require a different system of Government, and a different species of knowledge to direct its operations, than what might have been required in the former condition of the world.

As it is not difficult to perceive, from the enlightened state of mankind, that hereditary Governments are verging to their decline, and that Revolutions on the broad basis of national sovereignty and Government by representation, are making their way in Europe, it would be an act of wisdom to anticipate their approach, and produce Revolutions by reason and accommodation, rather than commit them to the issue of convulsions.

From what we now see, nothing of reform in the political world ought to be held improbable. It is an age of Revolutions, in which everything may be looked for. The intrigue of Courts, by which the system of war is kept up, may provoke a confederation of Nations to abolish it: and an European Congress to patronize the progress of free Government, and promote the civilization of Nations with each other, is an event nearer in probability, than once were the revolutions and alliance of France and America.

POLITICAL JUSTICE

WILLIAM GODWIN

[From *An Inquiry Concerning Political Justice*, 1793]

1. *Wealth and Poverty*

First then it is to be observed, that, in the most refined states of Europe, the inequality of property has arisen to an alarming height. Vast numbers of their inhab-

itants are deprived of almost every accommodation that can render life tolerable or secure. Their utmost industry scarcely suffices for their support. The women and children lean with an insupportable weight upon the efforts of the man, so that a large family has in the lower orders of life become a proverbial expression for an uncommon degree of poverty and wretchedness. If sickness or some of those casualties which are perpetually incident to an active and laborious life, be added to these burdens, the distress is greater.

It seems to be agreed that in England there is less wretchedness and distress than in most of the kingdoms of the continent. In England the poor rates amount to the sum of two millions sterling per annum. It has been calculated that one person in seven of the inhabitants of this country derives at some period of his life assistance from this fund. If to this we add the persons who, from pride, a spirit of independence, or the want of a legal settlement, though in equal distress, receive no such assistance, the proportion will be considerably increased.

I lay no stress upon the accuracy of this calculation; the general fact is sufficient to give us an idea of the greatness of the abuse. The consequences that result are placed beyond the reach of contradiction. A perpetual struggle with the evils of poverty, if frequently ineffectual, must necessarily render many of the sufferers desperate. A painful feeling of their oppressed situation will itself deprive them of the power of surmounting it. The superiority of the rich, being thus unmercifully exercised, must inevitably expose them to reprisals; and the poor man will be induced to regard the state of society as a state of war, an unjust combination, not for protecting every man in his rights and securing to him the means of existence, but for engrossing all its advantages to a few favored individuals, and reserving for the portion of the rest, want, dependence, and misery.

A second source of those destructive passions by which the peace of society is interrupted, is to be found in the luxury, the pageantry, and magnificence with which enormous wealth is usually accompanied. Human beings are capable of encountering with cheerfulness considerable hardships, when those hardships are impartially shared with the rest of society, and they are not insulted with the spectacle of indolence and *ease in others, no way deserving of greater*

advantages than themselves. But it is a bigger aggravation of their own calamity, to have the privileges of others forced on their observation, and, while they are perpetually and vainly endeavoring to secure for themselves and their families the poorest conveniences, to find others reveling in the fruits of their labors. This aggravation is assiduously administered to them under most of the political establishments at present in existence. There is a numerous class of individuals who, though rich, have neither brilliant talents nor sublime virtues; and however highly they may prize their education, their affability, their superior polish, and the elegance of their manners, have a secret consciousness that they possess nothing by which they can so securely assert their preëminence and keep their inferiors at a distance, as the splendor of their equipage, the magnificence of their retinue, and the sumptuousness of their entertainments. The poor man is struck with this exhibition; he feels his own miseries; he knows how unwearied are his efforts to obtain a slender pittance of this prodigal waste; and he mistakes opulence for felicity. He cannot persuade himself that an embroidered garment may frequently cover an aching heart.

2. Of Perfectibility

Lastly, man is perfectible. This proposition needs some explanation.

By perfectible it is not meant that he is capable of being brought to perfection. But the word seems sufficiently adapted to express the faculty of being continually made better and receiving perpetual improvements; and in this sense it is here to be understood. This term, perfectible, thus explained, not only does not imply the capacity of being brought to perfection, but stands in express opposition to it. If we could arrive at perfection, there would be an end of our improvement. There is however one thing of great importance that it does imply: every perfection or excellence that human beings are competent to conceive, human beings, unless in cases that are palpably and unequivocally excluded by the structure of their frame, are competent to attain. . . .

An opinion has been extensively entertained, "that the differences of the human species in different ages and countries, particularly so far as relates to moral princi-

ples of conduct, are extremely insignificant and trifling; that we are deceived in this respect by distance and confounded by glare; but that in reality the virtues and vices of men, collectively taken, always have remained, and of consequence, it is said, "always will remain, nearly at the same point."

The erroneousness of this opinion will perhaps be more completely exposed by a summary recollection of the actual history of our species, than by the closest deduction of abstract reason. We will in this place simply remind the reader of the great changes which man has undergone as an intellectual being, entitling us to infer the probability of improvements not less essential to be realized in future. The conclusion to be deduced from this delineation, that his moral improvements will in some degree keep pace with his intellectual, and his actions correspond with his opinions, must depend for its force upon the train of reasoning which has already been brought forward under that head.

Such was man in his original state, and such is man as we at present behold him. Is it possible for us to contemplate what he has already done, without being impressed with a strong presentiment of the improvements he has yet to accomplish? There is no science that is not capable of additions; there is no art that may not be carried to still higher perfection. If this be true of all other sciences, why not morals? If this be true of all other arts, why not social institution? The very conception of this as possible, is in the highest degree encouraging. If we can still further demonstrate it to be a part of the natural and regular progress of mind, our confidence and our hopes will then be complete. This is the temper with which we ought to engage in the study of political truth. Let us look back, that we may profit by the experience of mankind; but let us not look back as if the wisdom of our ancestors was such as to leave no room for future improvement.

3. *The Moral Effects of Aristocracy*

Of all the principles of justice, there is none so material to the moral rectitude of mankind as this, that no man can be distinguished but by his personal merit. Why not endeavor to reduce to practice so simple and sublime a lesson? When a man has proved himself a benefactor to the public, when he has already by laudable preference

cultivated in himself talents which need only encouragement and public favor to bring them to maturity, let that man be honored. In a state of society where fictitious distinctions are unknown, it is possible he should not be honored. But that a man should be looked up to with servility and awe because the king has bestowed on him a spurious name, or decorated him with a ribbon, that another should wallow in luxury because his ancestor three centuries ago bled in the quarrel of Lancaster or York; do we imagine that these iniquities can be practiced without injury? Let those who entertain this opinion converse a little with the lower order of mankind. They will perceive that the unfortunate wretch, who with unremitted labor finds himself incapable adequately to feed and clothe the family, has a sense of injustice rankling at his heart:

One whom distress has spited with the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch
upon

To do such deeds, as make the prosperous
men

Lift up their hands and wonder who could
do them.

—*Tragedy of Douglas.*

Such is the education of the human species. Such is the fabric of political society.

But let us suppose that their sense of injustice were less acute than it is here described, what favorable inference can be drawn from that? Is not the injustice real? If the minds of men be so withered and stupefied by the constancy with which it is practiced, that they do not feel the rigor that grinds them into nothing, how does that improve the picture?

Let us for a moment give the reins to reflection and endeavor accurately to conceive the state of mankind where justice should form the public and general principle. In that case our moral feelings would assume a firm and wholesome tone, for they would not be perpetually counteracted by examples that weaken their energy and confound their clearness. Men would be fearless because they would know that there were no legal snares lying in wait for their lives. They would be courageous because no man would be pressed to the earth that another might enjoy immoderate luxury, because every one would be secured of the just reward of his industry and prize of his exertions. Jealousy and hatred would cease, for they are the offspring of injustice. Every man would speak truth with his neighbor, there

would be no temptation to falsehood and deceit. Mind would find its level, for there would be every thing to encourage and to animate. Science would be unspeakably improved, for understanding would convert it into a real power, no longer an *ignis fatuus*, shining and expiring by turns, and leading us into sloughs of sophistry, false science, and specious mistake. All men would be disposed to avow dispositions and actions; none would endeavor to suppress the just eulogium of his neighbor, for, so long as there were tongues to record, the suppression would be impossible; none fear to detect the misconduct of his neighbor, for there would be no laws converting the sincere expression of our convictions into a libel.

Let us fairly consider for a moment what is the amount of justice included in the institution of aristocracy. I am born, suppose, a Polish prince with an income of \$300,000 per annum. You are born a manorial serf or a Creolian negro, attached to the soil, and transferable by barter or otherwise to twenty successive lords. In vain shall be your most generous efforts and your unwearied industry to free yourself from the intolerable yoke. Doomed by the law of your birth to wait at the gates of the palace you must never enter, to sleep under a ruined weather-beaten roof, while your master sleeps under canopies of state, to feed on putrefied offals while the world is ransacked for delicacies for his table, to labor without moderation or limit under a parching sun while he basks in perpetual sloth, and to be rewarded at last with contempt, reprimand, stripes, and mutilation.

In fact the case is worse than this. I could endure all that injustice or caprice could inflict, provided I possessed in the resource of a firm mind the power of looking down with pity on my tyrant, and of knowing that I had that within, that sacred character of truth, virtue, and fortitude, which all his injustice could not reach. But a slave and a serf are condemned to stupidity and vice, as well as to calamity.

Is all this nothing? Is all this necessary for the maintenance of civil order? Let it be recollected that for this distinction there is not the smallest foundation in the nature of things; that, as we have already said, there is no particular mould for the construction of lords; and that they are born neither better nor worse than the poorest of their dependents. It is this structure of aristocracy in all its sanctuaries and fragments against which reason and philosophy have declared war. It is alike unjust, whether we consider it in the castes of India, the villainage of the feudal system, or the despotism of the patricians of ancient Rome dragging their debtors into personal servitude to expiate loans they could not repay. Mankind will never be in an eminent degree virtuous and happy till each man shall possess that portion of distinction and no more, to which he is entitled by his personal merits. The dissolution of aristocracy is equally the interest of the oppressor and the oppressed. The one will be delivered from the listlessness of tyranny, and the other from the brutalizing operation of servitude. How long shall we be told in vain, "that mediocrity of fortune is the true rampart of personal happiness"?

5. ENGLAND AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

WILLIAM COWPER

[Extracts from Letters, 1790-1793]

I

The French, who like all lively folks are extreme in every thing, are such in their zeal for freedom; and if it were possible to make so noble a cause ridiculous, their manner of promoting it could not fail to do so. Princes and peers reduced to plain gentlemanship, and gentles reduced to a level

with their own lackeys, are excesses of which they will repent hereafter. Differences of rank and subordination are, I believe, of God's appointment, and consequently essential to the well-being of society: but what we mean by fanaticism in religion is exactly that which animated their politics; and unless time should sober them, they will, after all, be an unhappy people. Perhaps it deserves not much to be wondered at, that at their first escape from tyrannic shackles they should act extravagantly and treat their kings as they sometimes treated their idols. To these, however, they are recon-

ciled in due time again, but their respect for monarchy is at an end. They want nothing now but a little English sobriety, and that they want extremely; I heartily wish them some wit in their anger, for it were great pity that so many millions should be miserable for want of it.

II

You can hardly have sent me intelligence that would have gratified me more than that of my two dear friends, Sir John and Lady Throckmorton, having departed from Paris two days before the terrible 10th of August. I have had many anxious thoughts on their account; and am truly happy to learn they have sought a more peaceful region, while it was yet permitted them to do so. They will not, I trust, revisit those scenes of tumult and horror while they shall continue to merit that description. We are here all of one mind respecting the cause in which the Parisians are engaged; wish them a free people, and as happy as they can wish themselves. But their conduct has not always pleased us: we are shocked at their sanguinary proceedings, and begin to fear, myself in particular, that they will prove themselves unworthy, because incapable of enjoying it, of the inestimable blessings of liberty. My daily toast is, Sobriety and Freedom to the French; for they seem as destitute of the former as they are eager to secure the latter.

III

This has been a time in which I have heard no news but of the shocking kind, and the public news is as shocking as any. War I perceive—war in procinet—and I cannot but consider it as a prelude to war at home. The national burden is already nearly intolerable, and the expenses of the war will make it quite so. We have many spirits in the country eager to revolt, and to act a French tragedy on the stage of England. Alas! poor Louis! I will tell you what the French have done. They have made me weep for a King of France, which I never thought to do, and they have made me sick of the very name of liberty, which I never thought to be. Oh, how I detest them! Coxcombs, as they are, on this occasion as they ever are on all. Apes of the Spartan and the Roman character, with neither the virtue nor the good sense that belonged to it.

Is this treason at Eartham? I hope not. If it is, I must be a traitor.

EXPERIENCES OF AN ENGLISH IDEALIST

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[From *The Prelude*, Books IX-XI; written 1799-1805; published 1850]

1. *First View of the Revolution*¹

Through Paris lay my readiest course,
and there
Sojourning a few days, I visited
In haste, each spot of old or recent fame,
The latter chiefly; from the field of Mars
Down to the suburbs of St. Antony,
And from Mont Martre southward to the
Dome
Of Geneviève. In both her clamorous Halls,
The National Synod and the Jacobins,
I saw the Revolutionary Power
Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms;
The Arcades I traversed, in the Palace huge
Of Orleans; coasted round and round the
line
Of Tavern, Brothel, Gaming-house, and
Shop,
Great rendezvous of worst and best, the walk
Of all who had a purpose, or had not;
I stared and listened, with a stranger's ears,
To Hawkers and Haranguers, hubbub wild!
And hissing Factionists with ardent eyes,
In knots, or pairs, or single. Not a look
Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is forced to
wear,
But seemed there present; and I scanned
them all,
Watched every gesture uncontrollable,
Of anger, and vexation, and despite,
All side by side, and struggling face to face,
With gaiety and dissolute idleness.

Where silent zephyrs sported with the
dust
Of the Bastille, I sate in the open sun,
And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,
And pocketed the relic, in the guise
Of an enthusiast; yet, in honest truth,
I looked for something that I could not find,
Affecting more emotion than I felt;
For 'tis most certain, that these various
sights,
However potent their first shock, with me

¹ Wordsworth visited France in November, 1791, and remained until December, 1792, an eye witness of some of the most stirring scenes of the Revolution.

Appeared to recompense the traveler's pains
Less than the painted Magdalene of Le
Brun,

A beauty exquisitely wrought, with hair
Disheveled, gleaming eyes, and rueful cheek
Pale and bedropped with everflowing tears.

[Book IX, lines 42-80.]

2. *An Idealist of the Revolution*

Meantime, day by day, the roads
Were crowded with the bravest youth of
France,

And all the promptest of her spirits, linked
In gallant soldiery, and posting on
To meet the war upon her frontier bounds.
Yet at this very moment do tears start
Into mine eyes: I do not say I weep—
I wept not then,—but tears have dimmed my
sight,

In memory of the farewells of that time,
Domestic severings, female fortitude
At dearest separation, patriot love
And self-devotion, and terrestrial hope,
Encouraged with a martyr's confidence;
Even files of strangers merely seen but once,
And for a moment, men from far with sound
Of music, martial tunes, and banners spread,
Entering the city, here and there a face,
Or person singled out among the rest,
Yet still a stranger and beloved as such;
Even by these passing spectacles my heart
Was oftentimes uplifted, and they seemed
Arguments sent from Heaven to prove the
cause

Good, pure, which no one could stand up
against,

Who was not lost, abandoned, selfish, proud,
Mean, miserable, wilfully depraved,
Hater perverse of equity and truth.

Among that band of Officers was one,
Already hinted at,¹ of other mould—
A patriot, thence rejected by the rest,
And with an oriental loathing spurned,
As of a different caste. A meeker man
Than this lived never, nor a more benign,
Meek though enthusiastic. Injuries
Made *him* more gracious, and his nature
then

Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly,
As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,
When foot hath crushed them. He through
the events

Of that great change wandered in perfect
faith,

¹ Michael Beaupuy, one of the true knights
errant of the Revolution, met by Wordsworth dur-
ing his sojourn in Blois.

As through a book, an old romance, or tale
Of Fairy, or some dream of actions wrought
Behind the summer clouds. By birth he
ranked

With the most noble, but unto the poor
Among mankind he was in service bound,
As by some tie invisible, oaths professed
To a religious order. Man he loved
As man; and, to the mean and the obscure,
And all the homely in their homely works
Transferred a courtesy which had no air
Of condescension; but did rather seem
A passion and a gallantry, like that
Which he, a soldier, in his idler day
Had paid to woman: somewhat vain he was,
Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy
Diffused around him, while he was intent
On works of love or freedom, or revolved
Complacently the progress of a cause,
Whereof he was a part: yet this was meek
And placid, and took nothing from the man
That was delightful. Oft in solitude
With him did I discourse about the end
Of civil government, and its wisest forms;
Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,
Custom and habit, novelty and change;
Of self-respect, and virtue in the few
For patrimonial honor set apart,
And ignorance in the laboring multitude.
For he, to all intolerance indisposed,
Balanced these contemplations in his mind;
And I, who at that time was scarcely dipped
Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment
Than later days allowed; carried about me,
With less alloy to its integrity,
The experience of past ages, as, through
help

Of books and common life, it makes sure
way

To youthful minds, by objects over near
Not pressed upon, nor dazzled or misled
By struggling with the crowd for present
ends.

But though not deaf, nor obstinate to find
Error without excuse upon the side
Of them who strove against us, more delight
We took, and let this freely be confessed,
In painting to ourselves the miseries
Of royal courts, and that voluptuous life
Unfeeling, where the man who is of soul
The meanest thrives the most; where dig-
nity,

True personal dignity, abideth not;
A light, a cruel, and vain world cut off
From the natural inlets of just sentiment.
From lowly sympathy and chastening truth;

Where good and evil interchange their names,
And thirst for bloody spoils abroad is paired
With vice at home. We added dearest themes—

Man and his noble nature, as it is
The gift which God has placed within his power,

His blind desires and steady faculties
Capable of clear truth, the one to break
Bondage, the other to build liberty
On firm foundations, making social life,
Through knowledge spreading and imperishable,

As just in regulation, and as pure
As individual in the wise and good.

We summoned up the honorable deeds
Of ancient Story, thought of each bright spot,

That would be found in all recorded time,
Of truth preserved and error passed away;
Of single spirits that catch the flame from Heaven,

And how the multitudes of men will feed
And fan each other; thought of sects, how keen

They are to put the appropriate nature on,
Triumphant over every obstacle
Of custom, language, country, love, or hate,
And what they do and suffer for their creed;
How far they travel, and how long endure;
How quickly mighty Nations have been formed,

From least beginnings; how, together locked
By new opinions, scattered tribes have made
One body, spreading wide as clouds in heaven.

To aspirations then of our own minds
Did we appeal; and, finally, beheld
A living confirmation of the whole
Before us, in a people from the depth
Of shameful imbecility uprisen,
Fresh as the morning star. Elate we looked
Upon their virtues; saw, in rudest men,
Self-sacrifice the firmest; generous love,
And continence of mind, and sense of right,
Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife.

Oh, sweet it is, in academic groves,
Or such retirement, Friend! as we have known

In the green dales beside our Rotha's stream,
Greta, or Derwent, or some nameless rill,
To ruminate, with interchange of talk,
On rational liberty, and hope in man,
Justice and peace. But far more sweet such toil—

Toil, say I, for it leads to thoughts abstruse—

If nature then be standing on the brink
Of some great trial, and we hear the voice
Of one devoted,—one whom circumstance
Hath called upon to embody his deep sense
In action, give it outwardly a shape,
And that of benediction, to the world.
Then doubt is not, and truth is more than truth,—

A hope it is, and a desire; a creed
Of zeal, by an authority Divine
Sanctioned, of danger, difficulty, or death.
Such conversation, under Attic shades,
Did Dion hold with Plato; ripened thus
For a deliverer's glorious task,—and such
He, on that ministry already bound,
Held with Eudemus and Timonides,
Surrounded by adventurers in arms,
When those two vessels with their daring freight,

For the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow,
Sailed from Zacynthus,—philosophic war,
Led by Philosophers. With harder fate,
Though like ambition, such was he, O Friend!

Of whom I speak. So BEAUPUY (let the name

Stand near the worthiest of Antiquity)
Fashioned his life; and many a long discourse,

With like persuasion honored, we maintained:

He, on his part, accoutered for the worst,
He perished fighting, in supreme command,
Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire,
For liberty, against deluded men,
His fellow country-men; and yet most blessed

In this, that he the fate of later times
Lived not to see, nor what we now behold,
Who have as ardent hearts as he had then.

Along that very Loire, with festal mirth
Resounding at all hours, and innocent yet
Of civil slaughter, was our frequent walk;
Or in wide forests of continuous shade,
Lofty and over-arched, with open space
Beneath the trees, clear footing many a mile—

A solemn region. Oft amid those haunts,
From earnest dialogues I slipped in thought,
And let remembrance steal to other times,
When o'er those interwoven roots, moss-clad,

And smooth as marble or a waveless sea,
Some Hermit, from his cell forth-strayed,
might pace

In sylvan meditation undisturbed;
 As on the pavement of a Gothic church
 Walks a lone Monk, when service hath expired,
 In peace and silence. But if e'er was heard,—

Heard, though unseen,—a devious traveler,
 Retiring or approaching from afar
 With speed and echoes loud of trampling
 hoofs

From the hard floor reverberated, then
 It was Angelica thundering through the
 woods

Upon her palfrey, or that gentle maid
 Erminia, fugitive as fair as she.
 Sometimes methought I saw a pair of
 knights

Joust underneath the trees, that as in storm
 Rocked high above their heads; anon, the
 din

Of boisterous merriment, and music's roar,
 In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt
 Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with
 dance

Rejoicing o'er a female in the midst,
 A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall.
 The width of those huge forests, unto me
 A novel scene, did often in this way
 Master my fancy while I wandered on
 With that revered companion. And some-
 times—

When to a convent in a meadow green,
 By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,
 And not by reverential touch of Time
 Dismantled, but by violence abrupt—
 In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,
 In spite of real fervor, and of that
 Less genuine and wrought up within my-
 self—

I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,
 And for the Matin-bell to sound no more
 Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the
 cross

High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign
 (How welcome to the weary traveler's
 eyes!)

Of hospitality and peaceful rest.
 And when the partner of those varied walks
 Pointed upon occasion to the site
 Of Romorentin, home of ancient kings,
 To the imperial edifice of Blois,
 Or to that rural castle, name now slipped
 From my remembrance, where a lady lodged,
 By the first Francis wooed, and bound to
 him

In chains of mutual passion, from the tower,
 As a tradition of the country tells,
Practiced to commune with her royal knight

By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse
 'Twixt her high-seated residence and his
 Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath;
 Even here, though less than, with the peace-
 ful house

Religious, 'mid those frequent monuments
 Of Kings, their vices and their better deeds,
 Imagination, potent to inflame
 At times with virtuous wrath and noble
 scorn,

Did also often mitigate the force
 Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,
 So call it, of a youthful patriot's mind;
 And on these spots with many gleams I
 looked

Of chivalrous delight. Yet not the less,
 Hatred of absolute rule, where will of one
 Is law for all, and of that barren pride
 In them who, by immunities unjust,
 Between the sovereign and the people stand,
 His helper and not theirs, laid stronger hold
 Daily upon me, mixed with pity too
 And love; for where hope is, there love will
 be

For the abject multitude. And when we
 chanced

One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,
 Who crept along fitting her languid gait
 Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord
 Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the
 lane

Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid
 hands

Was busy knitting in a heartless mood
 Of solitude, and at the sight my friend
 In agitation said, "'Tis against *that*
 That we are fighting," I with him believed
 That a benignant spirit was abroad
 Which might not be withstood, that poverty
 Abject as this would in a little time
 Be found no more, that we should see the
 earth

Unthwarted in her wish to recompense
 The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil,
 All institutes forever blotted out
 That legalized exclusion, empty pomp
 Abolished, sensual state and cruel power,
 Whether by edict of the one or few;
 And finally, as sum and crown of all,
 Should see the people having a strong hand
 In framing their own laws; whence better
 days

To all mankind. But, ~~these~~ things set apart,
 Was not this single confidence enough
 To animate the mind that ever turned
 A thought to human welfare,—that, hence-
 forth

Captivity by mandate without law

Should cease; and open accusation lead
To sentence in the hearing of the world,
And open punishment, if not the air
Be free to breathe in, and the heart of man
Dread nothing? From this height I shall
not stoop

To humbler matter that detained us oft
In thought or conversation, public acts,
And public persons, and emotions wrought
Within the breast, as ever-varying winds
Of record or report swept over us;
But I might here, instead, repeat a tale
Told by my Patriot friend, of sad events,
That prove to what low depth had struck
the roots,

How widely spread the boughs, of that old
tree

Which, as a deadly mischief, and a foul
And black dishonor, France was weary of.
[Book IX, lines 262-552.]

3. *Disappointment and Restoration*

I

In this frame of mind,
Dragged by a chain of harsh necessity,
So seemed it,—now I thankfully acknowl-
ledge,

Forced by the gracious providence of
Heaven,—

To England I returned, else (though as-
sured

That I both was and must be of small
weight,

No better than a landsman on the deck
Of a ship struggling with a hideous storm)
Doubtless, I should have then made com-
mon cause

With some who perished; haply perished
too,

A poor mistaken and bewildered offering,—
Should to the breast of Nature have gone
back,

With all my resolutions, all my hopes,
A Poet only to myself, to men
Useless, and even, beloved Friend! a soul
To thee unknown!

Twice had the trees let fall
Their leaves, as often Winter had put on
His hoary crown, since I had seen the surge
Beat against Albion's shore, since ear of
mine

Had caught the accents of my native speech
Upon our native country's sacred ground.
A patriot of the world, how could I glide
Into communion with her sylvan shades,
Erewhile my tuneful haunt? It pleased me
more

To abide in the great City, where I found
The general air still busy with the stir
Of that first memorable onset made
By a strong levy of humanity
Upon the traffickers in Negro blood;
Effort which, though defeated, had recalled
To notice old forgotten principles,
And through the nation spread a novel heat
Of virtuous feeling. For myself, I own
That this particular strife had wanted power
To rivet my affections; nor did now
Its unsuccessful issue much excite
My sorrow; for I brought with me the faith
That, if France prospered, good men would
not long

Pay fruitless worship to humanity,
And this most rotten branch of human
shame,

Object, so seemed it, of superfluous pains,
Would fall together with its parent tree.
What, then, were my emotions, when in
arms

Britain put forth her freeborn strength in
league,

Oh, pity and shame! with those confederate
Powers!

Not in my single self alone I found,
But in the minds of all ingenuous youth,
Change and subversion from that hour. No
shock

Given to my moral nature had I known
Down to that very moment; neither lapse
Nor turn of sentiment that might be named
A revolution, save at this one time;

All else was progress on the self-same path
On which, with a diversity of pace,
I had been traveling: this a stride at once
Into another region. As a light

And pliant harebell, swinging in the breeze
On some gray rock—its birthplace—so had I
Wantoned, fast rooted on the ancient tower
Of my beloved country, wishing not

A happier fortune than to wither there:
Now was I from that pleasant station torn
And tossed about in whirlwind. I rejoiced,
Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to
record!—

Exulted, in the triumph of my soul,
When Englishmen by thousands were
o'erthrown,

Left without glory on the field, or driven,
Brave hearts! to shameful flight. It was
a grief,—

Grief call it not, 'twas anything but that,—
A conflict of sensations without name,
Of which *he* only, who may love the sight
Of a village steeple, as I do, can judge,

When, in the congregation bending all
To their great Father, prayers were
offered up,
Or praises for our country's victories;
And, 'mid the simple worshipers, perchance
I only, like an uninvited guest
Whom no one owned, sate silent, shall I
add,
Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.

Oh! much have they to account for, who
could tear,
By violence, at one decisive rent,
From the best youth in England their dear
pride,
Their joy, in England; this, too, at a time
In which worst losses easily might wear
The best of names, when patriotic love
Did of itself in modesty give way,
Like the Precursor when the Deity
Is come Whose harbinger he was; a time
In which apostasy from ancient faith
Seemed but conversion to a higher creed;
Withal a season dangerous and wild,
A time when sage Experience would have
snatched
Flowers out of any hedge-row to compose
A chaplet in contempt of his gray locks.

When the proud fleet that bears the red-
cross flag
In that unworthy service was prepared
To mingle, I beheld the vessels lie,
A brood of gallant creatures, on the deep;
I saw them in their rest, a sojourner
Through a whole month of calm and glassy
days
In that delightful island which protects
Their place of convocation—there I heard,
Each evening, pacing by the still seashore,
A monitory sound that never failed,—
The sunset cannon. While the orb went
down
In the tranquillity of nature, came
That voice, ill requiem! seldom heard by me
Without a spirit overcast by dark
Imaginations, sense of woes to come,
Sorrow for human kind, and pain of heart.

In France, the men, who, for their desper-
ate ends,
Had plucked up mercy by the roots, were
glad
Of this new enemy. Tyrants, strong before
In wicked pleas, were strong as demons
now;
And thus, on every side beset with foes,

The goaded land waxed mad; the crimes of
few

Spread into madness of the many; blasts
From hell came sanctified like airs from
heaven.

The sternness of the just, the faith of those
Who doubted not that Providence had times
Of vengeful retribution, theirs who throned
The human Understanding paramount
And made of that their God, the hopes of
men

Who were content to barter short-lived
pangs

For a paradise of ages, the blind rage
Of insolent tempers, the light vanity
Of intermeddlers, steady purposes
Of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet,
And all the accidents of life—were pressed
Into one service, busy with one work.
The Senate stood aghast, her prudence
quenched,
Her wisdom stifled, and her justice scared,
Her frenzy only active to extol
Past outrages, and shape the way for new,
Which no one dared to oppose or mitigate.

Domestic carnage now filled the whole
year

With feast-days; old men from the chim-
ney-nook,

The maiden from the bosom of her love,
The mother from the cradle of her babe,
The warrior from the field—all perished,
all—

Friends, enemies, of all parties, ages, ranks,
Head after head, and never heads enough
For those that bade them fall. They found
their joy,

They made it proudly, eager as a child,
(If like desires of innocent little ones
May with such heinous appetites be com-
pared),

Pleased in some open field to exercise
A toy that mimics with revolving wings
The motion of a wind-mill; though the air
Do of itself blow fresh, and make the vanes
Spin in his eyesight, *that* contents him not,
But, with the plaything at arm's length,
he sets

His front against the blast, and runs amain,
That it may whirl the faster.

Amid the depth
Of those enormities, even thinking minds
Forgot, at seasons, whence they had their
being;

Forgot that such a sound was ever heard
As Liberty upon earth: yet all beneath

Her innocent authority was wrought,
Nor could have been, without her blessed
name.

The illustrious wife of Roland, in the hour
Of her composure, felt that agony,
And gave it vent in her last words.¹ O
Friend!

It was a lamentable time for man,
Whether a hope had e'er been his or not;
A woeful time for them whose hopes sur-
vived

The shock; most woeful for those few who
still

Were flattered, and had trust in human
kind:

They had the deepest feeling of the grief.
Meanwhile the Invaders fared as they de-
served:

The Herculean Commonwealth had put
forth her arms,
And throttled with an infant godhead's
might

The snakes about her cradle; that was
well,

And as it should be; yet no cure for them
Whose souls were sick with pain of what
would be

Hereafter brought in charge against man-
kind.

Most melancholy at that time, O Friend!
Were my day-thoughts,—my nights were
miserable;

Through months, through years, long after
the last beat

Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep
To me came rarely charged with natural
gifts,

Such ghastly visions had I of despair
And tyranny, and implements of death;
And innocent victims sinking under fear,
And momentary hope, and worn-out prayer,
Each in his separate cell, or penned in
crowds

For sacrifice, and struggling with fond
mirth

And levity in dungeons, where the dust
Was laid with tears. Then suddenly the
scene

Changed, and the unbroken dream entan-
gled me

In long orations, which I strove to plead
Before unjust tribunals,—with a voice
Laboring, a brain confounded, and a sense,
Death-like, of treacherous desertion, felt
In the last place of refuge—my own soul.

¹ "Oh, Liberty, what things are done in thy
name." Madame Roland was guillotined, Novem-
ber 8, 1793.

When I began in youth's delightful prime
To yield myself to Nature, when that strong
And holy passion overcame me first,
Nor day nor night, evening or morn, was
free

From its oppression. But, O Power Su-
preme!

Without Whose call this world would cease
to breathe,

Who from the Fountain of Thy grace dost
fill

The veins that branch through every frame
of life,

Making man what he is, creature divine,

In single or in social eminence,

Above the rest raised infinite ascents

When reason that enables him to be

Is not sequestered—what a change is here!

How different ritual for this after-worship,
What countenance to promote this second

love!

The first was service paid to things which lie
Guarded within the bosom of Thy will.

Therefore to serve was high beatitude;

Tumult was therefore gladness, and the
fear

Ennobling, venerable; sleep secure,

And waking thoughts more rich than hap-
piest dreams.

But as the ancient Prophets, borne aloft
In vision, yet constrained by natural laws
With them to take a troubled human heart,
Wanted not consolations, nor a creed

Of reconciliation, then when they de-
nounced,

On towns and cities, wallowing in the abyss
Of their offences, punishment to come;

Or saw, like other men, with bodily eyes,

Before them, in some desolated place,

The wrath consummate and the threat ful-
filled;

So, with devout humility be it said,

So, did a portion of that spirit fall

On me uplifted from the vantage-ground

Of pity and sorrow to a state of being

That through the time's exceeding fierceness
saw

Glimpses of retribution, terrible,

And in the order of sublime behests:

But, even if that were not, amid the awe

Of unintelligible chastisement,

Not only acquiescences of faith

Survived, but daring sympathies with
power,

Motions not treacherous or profane, else
why

Within the folds of no ungentle breast

Their dread vibration to this hour prolonged?
 Wild blasts of music thus could find their way
 Into the midst of turbulent events;
 So that worst tempests might be listened to.
 Then was the truth received into my heart,
 That, under heaviest sorrow earth can bring,
 If from the affliction somewhere do not grow
 Honor which could not else have been, a faith,
 An elevation, and a sanctity,
 If new strength be not given nor old restored,
 The blame is ours, not Nature's. When a taunt
 Was taken up by scoffers in their pride,
 Saying, "Behold the harvest that we reap
 From popular government and equality,"
 I clearly saw that neither these nor aught
 Of wild belief engrafted on their names
 By false philosophy had caused the woe,
 But a terrific reservoir of guilt
 And ignorance filled up from age to age,
 That could no longer hold its loathsome charge,
 But burst and spread in deluge through the land.

And as the desert hath green spots, the sea
 Small islands scattered amid stormy waves,
 So *that* disastrous period did not want
 Bright sprinklings of all human excellence,
 To which the silver wands of saints in Heaven,
 Might point with rapturous joy. Yet not the less,
 For those examples, in no age surpassed,
 Of fortitude and energy and love,
 And human nature faithful to herself
 Under worst trials, was I driven to think
 Of the glad times when first I traversed France
 A youthful pilgrim; above all reviewed
 That eventide, when under windows bright
 With happy faces and with garlands hung,
 And through a rainbow-arch that spanned the street,
 Triumphal pomp for liberty confirmed,
 I paced, a dear companion at my side,
 The town of Arras, whence with promise high
 Issued, on delegation to sustain
 Humanity and right, *that* Robespierre,
 He who thereafter, and in how short time!
 Wielded the scepter of the Atheist crew.

When the calamity spread far and wide—
 And this same city, that did then appear
 To outrun the rest in exultation, groaned
 Under the vengeance of her cruel son,
 As Lear reproached the winds—I could almost
 Have quarreled with that blameless spectacle
 For lingering yet an image in my mind
 To mock me under such a strange reverse.

O Friend! few happier moments have been mine
 Than that which told the downfall of this Tribe
 So dreaded, so abhorred. The day deserves
 A separate record. Over the smooth sands
 Of Leven's ample estuary lay
 My journey, and beneath a genial sun,
 With distant prospect among gleams of sky
 And clouds, and intermingling mountain-tops,
 In one inseparable glory clad,
 Creatures of one ethereal substance met
 In consistory, like a diadem
 Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit
 In the empyrean. Underneath that pomp
 Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vales
 Among whose happy fields I had grown up
 From childhood. On the fulgent spectacle,
 That neither passed away nor changed, I gazed
 Enrapt; but brightest things are wont to draw
 Sad opposites out of the inner heart,
 As even their pensive influence drew from mine.
 How could it otherwise? for not in vain
 That very morning had I turned aside
 To seek the ground where, 'mid a throng of graves,
 An honored teacher of my youth was laid,
 And on the stone were graven by his *désire*
 Lines from the churchyard elegy of Gray.
 This faithful guide, speaking from his death-bed,
 Added no farewell to his parting counsel.
 But said to me, "My head will soon lie low";
 And when I saw the turf that covered him,
 After the lapse of full eight years, those words,
 With sound of voice and countenance of the Man,
 Came back upon me, so that some few tears
 Fell from me in my own despite. But now
 I thought, still traversing that widespread plain,
 With tender pleasure of the verses graven
 Upon his tombstone, whispering to myself:

He loved the Poets, and, if now alive,
Would have loved me, as one not destitute
Of promise, nor belying the kind hope
That he had formed, when I, at his command,
Began to spin, with toil, my earliest songs.

As I advanced, all that I saw or felt
Was gentleness and peace. Upon a small
And rocky island near, a fragment stood
(Itself like a sea rock) the low remains
(With shells encrusted, dark with briny
weeds)

Of a dilapidated structure, once
A Romish chapel, where the vested priest
Said matins at the hour that suited those
Who crossed the sands with ebb of morning
tide.

Not far from that still ruin all the plain
Lay spotted with a variegated crowd
Of vehicles and travelers, horse and foot,
Wading beneath the conduct of their guide
In loose procession through the shallow
stream

Of inland waters; the great sea meanwhile
Heaved at safe distance, far retired. I
paused,

Longing for skill to paint a scene so bright
And cheerful, but the foremost of the band
As he approached, no salutation given
In the familiar language of the day,
Cried, "Robespierre is dead!"—nor was a
doubt,

After strict question, left within my mind
That he and his supporters all were fallen.¹

Great was my transport, deep my grati-
tude
To everlasting Justice, by this fiat
Made manifest. "Come now, ye golden
times,"

Said I, forth-pouring on those open sands
A hymn of triumph: "as the morning comes
From out the bosom of the night, come ye:
Thus far our trust is verified; behold!
They who with clumsy desperation brought
A river of Blood, and preached that nothing
else

Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the
might

Of their own helper have been swept away;
Their madness stands declared and visible;
Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and
earth

March firmly towards righteousness and
peace."—

¹ Robespierre was guillotined, July 10, 1794.

Then schemes I framed more calmly, when
and how

The madding factions might be tranquil-
lized,

And how through hardships manifold and
long

The glorious renovation would proceed.

Thus interrupted by uneasy burst

Of exultation, I pursued my way

Along that very shore which I had skimmed

In former days, when—spurring from the
Vale

Of Nightshade, and St. Mary's moldering
fane,

And the stone abbot, after circuit made

In wantonness of heart, a joyous band

Of schoolboys hastening to their distant
home

Along the margin of the moonlight sea—

We beat with thundering hoofs the level
sand.

II

From that time forth, Authority in France
Put on a milder face; Terror had ceased,
Yet everything was wanting that might give
Courage to them who looked for good by
light

Of rational Experience, for the shoots
And hopeful blossoms of a second spring:
Yet, in me, confidence was unimpaired;
The Senate's language, and the public acts
And measures of the Government, though
both

Weak, and of heartless omen, had not power
To daunt me; in the People was my trust,
And in the virtues which mine eyes had
seen.

I knew that wound external could not take
Life from the young Republic; that new
foes

Would only follow, in the path of shame,
Their brethren, and her triumphs be in the
end

Great, universal, irresistible.

This intuition led me to confound

One victory with another, higher far,—

Triumphs of unambitious peace at home,

And noiseless fortitude. Beholding still
Resistance strong as heretofore, I thought
That what was in degree the same was like-
wise

The same in quality,—that, as the worse

Of the two spirits then at strife remained

Untired, the better, surely, would preserve

The heart that first had roused him. Youth
maintains,

In all conditions of society,

Communion more direct and intimate

With Nature,—hence, oftentimes, with reason
too—

Than age or manhood, even. To Nature,
then,

Power had reverted: habit, custom, law,
Had left an interregnum's open space
For *her* to move about in, uncontrolled.
Hence could I see how Babel-like their task,
Who, by the recent deluge stupefied,
With their whole souls went culling from
the day

Its petty promises, to build a tower
For their own safety; laughed with my
compeers

At gravest heads, by enmity to France
Distempered, till they found, in every blast
Forced from the street-disturbing news-
man's horn,

For her great cause record or prophecy
Of utter ruin. How might we believe
That wisdom could, in any shape, come near
Men clinging to delusions so insane?

And thus, experience proving that no few
Of our opinions had been just, we took
Like credit to ourselves where less was due,
And thought that other notions were as
sound,

Yea, could not but be right, because we saw
That foolish men opposed them.

To a strain
More animated I might here give way,
And tell, since juvenile errors are my theme,
What in those days through Britain was
performed

To turn *all* judgments out of their right
course;

But this is passion over-near ourselves,
Reality too close and too intense,
And intermixed with something, in my mind,
Of scorn and condemnation personal,
That would profane the sanctity of verse.

Our Shepherds, this say merely, at that time
Acted, or seemed at least to act, like men
Thirsting to make the guardian crook of law
A tool of murder; they who ruled the
State,—

Though with such awful proof before their
eyes

That he, who would sow death, reaps death,
or worse,

And can reap nothing better,—child-like
longed

To imitate, not wise enough to avoid;
Or left (by mere timidity betrayed)
The plain straight road, for one no better
chosen

Than if their wish had been to undermine
Justice, and make an end of Liberty.

But from these bitter truths I must return
To my own history. It hath been told
That I was led to take an eager part
In arguments of civil polity,
Abruptly, and indeed before my time:
I had approached, like other youths, the
shield

Of human nature from the golden side,
And would have fought, even to the death,
to attest

The quality of the metal which I saw.
What there is best in individual man,
Of wise in passion, and sublime in power,
Benevolent in small societies,
And great in large ones, I had oft revolved,
Felt deeply, but not thoroughly understood
By reason: nay, far from it; they were yet.
As cause was given me afterwards to learn,
Not proof against the injuries of the day;
Lodged only at the sanctuary's door,
Not safe within its bosom. Thus prepared,
And with such general insight into evil,
And of the bounds which sever it from good,
As books and common intercourse with life
Must needs have given—to the inexperi-
enced mind,

When the world travels in a beaten road,
Guide faithful as is needed—I began
To meditate with ardor on the rule
And management of nations; what it is
And ought to be; and strove to learn how
far

Their power or weakness, wealth or poverty,
Their happiness or misery, depends
Upon their laws, and fashion of the State.

O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
For mighty were the auxiliars which then
stood

Upon our side, us who were strong in love!
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven! O
times,

In which the meager, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!

When Reason seemed the most to assert her
rights

When most intent on making of herself
A prime enchantress—to assist the work,
Which then was going forward in her name!
Not favored spots alone, but the whole
Earth,

The beauty wore of promise—that which
sets

(As at some moments might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of Paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full blown.

What temper at the prospect did not wake
To happiness unthought of? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!
They who had fed their childhood upon
dreams,

The play-fellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and
strength
Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had
stirred

Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found there
As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it;—they, too, who of gentle mood
Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers
more mild,

And in the region of their peaceful selves;—
Now was it that *both* found, the meek and
lofty

Did both find, helpers to their hearts' desire,
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could
wish,—

Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,—
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows
where!

But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where, in the end,
We find our happiness, or not at all!

Why should I not confess that Earth was
then

To me, what an inheritance, new-fallen,
Seems, when the first time visited, to one
Who thither comes to find in it his home?
He walks about and looks upon the spot
With cordial transport, molds it and remolds,
And is half pleased with things that are
amiss,

'Twill be such joy to see them disappear.

An active partisan, I thus convoked
From every object pleasant circumstance
To suit my ends; I moved among mankind
With genial feelings still predominant;
When erring, erring on the better part,
And in the kinder spirit; placable,
Indulgent, as not uninformed that men
See as they have been taught—Antiquity
Gives rights to error; and aware, no less,
That throwing off oppression must be work
As well of License as of Liberty;
And above all—for this was more than all—
Not caring if the wind did now and then
Blow keen upon an eminence that gave
Prospect so large into futurity;

In brief, a child of Nature, as at first,
Diffusing only those affections wider
That from the cradle had grown up with me,
And losing, in no other way than light
Is lost in light, the weak in the more strong.

In the main outline, such it might be said
Was my condition, till with open war
Britain opposed the liberties of France.
This threw me first out of the pale of love;
Soured and corrupted, upwards to the
source,

My sentiments; was not, as hitherto,
A swallowing up of lesser things in great,
But change of them into their contraries;
And thus a way was opened for mistakes
And false conclusions, in degree as gross,
In kind more dangerous. What had been
a pride,

Was now a shame; my likings and my loves
Ran in new channels, leaving old ones dry;
And hence a blow that, in maturer age,
Would but have touched the judgment,
struck more deep

Into sensations near the heart: meantime,
As from the first, wild theories were afloat,
To whose pretensions, sedulously urged,
I had but lent a careless ear, assured
That time was ready to set all things right,
And that the multitude, so long oppressed,
Would be oppressed no more.

But when events
Brought less encouragement, and unto these
The immediate proof of principles no more
Could be entrusted, while the events them-
selves,

Worn out in greatness, stripped of novelty,
Less occupied the mind, and sentiments
Could through my understanding's natural
growth

No longer keep their ground, by faith main-
tained

Of inward consciousness, and hope that laid
Her hand upon her object—evidence
Safer, of universal application, such
As could not be impeached, was sought else-
where.

But now, become oppressors in their turn,
Frenchmen had changed a war of self-
defense

For one of conquest, losing sight of all
Which they had struggled for: up mounted
now,

Openly in the eye of earth and heaven,
The scale of liberty. I read her doom,
With anger vexed, with disappointment sore,

But not dismayed, nor taking to the shame
Of a false prophet. While resentment rose
Striving to hide, what nought could heal,
the wounds

Of mortified presumption, I adhered
More firmly to old tenets, and, to prove
Their temper, strained them more; and
thus, in heat

Of contest, did opinions every day
Grow into consequence, till round my mind
They clung, as if they were its life, nay
more,

The very being of the immortal soul.

This was the time, when, all things tend-
ing fast

To depravation, speculative schemes—
That promised to abstract the hopes of Man
Out of his feelings, to be fixed thenceforth
Forever in a purer element—

Found ready welcome. Tempting region
that

For Zeal to enter and refresh herself,
Where passions had the privilege to work,
And never hear the sound of their own
names.

But, speaking more in charity, the dream
Flattered the young, pleased with extremes,
nor least

With that which makes our Reason's naked
self

The object of its fervor. What delight!
How glorious! in self-knowledge and self-
rule,

To look through all the frailties of the
world,

And, with a resolute mastery shaking off
Infirmities of nature, time, and place,
Build social upon personal Liberty,
Which, to the blind restraints of general
laws

Superior, magisterially adopts
One guide, the light of circumstances,
flashed

Upon an independent intellect.

Thus expectation rose again; thus hope,
From her first ground expelled, grew proud
once more.

Oft, as my thoughts were turned to human
kind,

I scorned indifference; but, inflamed with
thirst

Of a secure intelligence, and sick
Of other longing, I pursued what seemed
A more exalted nature; wished that Man
Should start out of his earthy, worm-like
state,

And spread abroad the wings of Liberty,
Lord of himself, in undisturbed delight—

A noble aspiration! *yet* I feel
(Sustained by worthier as by wiser
thoughts)

The aspiration, nor shall ever cease
To feel it;—but return we to our course.

Enough, 'tis true—could such a plea
excuse

Those aberrations—had the clamorous
friends

Of ancient Institutions said and done
To bring disgrace upon their very names;
Disgrace, of which, custom and written law,
And sundry moral sentiments as props
Or emanations of those institutes,

Too justly bore a part. A veil had been
Uplifted; why deceive ourselves? in sooth,
'Twas even so; and sorrow for the man

Who either had not eyes wherewith to see,
Or, seeing, had forgotten! A strong shock
Was given to old opinions; all men's minds
Had felt its power, and mine was both let
loose,

Let loose and goaded. After what hath
been

Already said of patriotic love,
Suffice it here to add, that, somewhat stern
In temperament, withal a happy man,
And therefore bold to look on painful
things,

Free likewise of the world, and thence more
bold,

I summoned my best skill, and toiled, intent
To anatomize the frame of social life;

Yea, the whole body of society
Searched to its heart. Share with me,
Friend! the wish

That some dramatic tale, endued with shapes
Livelier, and flinging out less guarded words
Than suit the work we fashion, might set
forth

What then I learned, or think I learned, of
truth,

And the errors into which I fell, betrayed
By present objects, and by reasonings false
From their beginnings, inasmuch as drawn
Out of a heart that had been turned aside
From Nature's way by outward accidents,
And which was thus confounded, more and
more

Misguided, and misguiding. So I fared,
Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims,
creeds,

Like culprits to the bar; calling the mind,
Suspiciously, to establish in plain day

Her titles and her honors; now believing,
Now disbelieving; endlessly perplexed
With impulse, motive, right and wrong, the
ground
Of obligation, what the rule and whence
The sanction; till, demanding formal *proof*,
And seeking it in everything, I lost
All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,
Sick, wearied out with contrarities,
Yielded up moral questions in despair.

This was the crisis of that strong disease,
This the soul's last and lowest ebb; I
drooped,
Deeming our blessed reason of least use
Where wanted most: "The lordly attributes
Of will and choice," I bitterly exclaimed,
"What are they but a mockery of a Being
Who hath in no concerns of his a test
Of good and evil; knows not what to fear
Or hope for, what to covet or to shun;
And who, if those could be discerned, would
yet
Be little profited, would see, and ask
Where is the obligation to enforce?
And, to acknowledged law rebellious, still,
As selfish passion urged, would act amiss;
The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime."

Depressed, bewildered thus, I did not walk
With scoffers, seeking light and gay revenge
From indiscriminate laughter, nor sate
down

In reconciliation with an utter waste
Of intellect; such sloth I could not brook,
(Too well I loved, in that my spring of life,
Painstaking thoughts, and truth, their dear
reward)

But turned to abstract science, and there
sought

Work for the reasoning faculty enthroned
Where the disturbances of space and time—
Whether in matters various, properties
Inherent, or from human will and power
Derived—find no admission. Then it was—
Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all
good!—

That the belovèd Sister in whose sight
Those days were passed, now speaking in a
voice

Of sudden admonition—like a brook
That did but *cross* a lonely road, and now
Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every
turn,

Companion never lost through many a
league—

Maintained for me a saving intercourse

With my true self; for, though bedimmed
and changed

Much, as it seemed, I was no further
changed

Than as a clouded and a waning moon:
She whispered still that brightness would
return,

She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,
And that alone, my office upon earth;
And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown,
If willing audience fail not, Nature's self,
By all varieties of human love
Assisted, led me back through opening day
To those sweet counsels between head and
heart

Whence grew that genuine knowledge,
fraught with peace,
Which, through the later sinkings of this
cause,

Hath still upheld me, and upholds me now
In the catastrophe (for so they dream,
And nothing less), when, finally to close
And seal up all the gains of France, a Pope
Is summoned in to crown an Emperor—
This last opprobrium, when we see a people,
That once looked up in faith, as if to Heaven
For manna, take a lesson from the dog
Returning to his vomit; when the sun
That rose in splendor, was alive, and moved
In exultation with a living pomp
Of clouds—his glory's natural retinue—
Hath dropped all functions by the gods
bestowed,

And, turned into a gewgaw, a machine,
Sets like an Opera phantom.

Thus, O Friend!¹

Through times of honor and through times
of shame

Descending, have I faithfully retraced
The perturbations of a youthful mind
Under a long-lived storm of great events—
A story destined for thy ear, who now,
Among the fallen of nations, dost abide
Where Etna, over hill and valley, casts
His shadow stretching towards Syracuse,
The city of Timoleon! Righteous Heaven!
How are the mighty prostrated! They first,
They first of all that breathe should have
awaked

When the great voice was heard from out
the tombs

Of ancient heroes. If I suffered grief
For ill-required France, by many deemed
A trifle only in her proudest day;

¹ Coleridge, to whom the poem is addressed.

Have been distressed to think of what she
once
Promised, now is; a far more sober cause
Thine eyes must see of sorrow in a land,
To the reanimating influence lost
Of memory, to virtue lost and hope,
Though with the wreck of loftier years
bestrewn.

But indignation works where hope is not,
And thou, O Friend! wilt be refreshed.
There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble Living and the noble Dead.
[Books X, 221-602; XI, 1-395.]

FRANCE: AN ODE¹

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

I

Ye Clouds! that far above me float and
pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may con-
trol!
Ye Ocean Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-bird's
singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope
reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches
swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I
wound,
Inspired beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquera-
ble sound!
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!
And O ye Clouds that far above me
soared!

¹ Written in February, 1798, and entitled *The Recantation; an Ode*. Observe that there is neither in Coleridge nor in Wordsworth any recantation of their allegiance to the principle of liberty. His disappointment in France has, however, led Coleridge to the conviction "that those feelings and that grand ideal of Freedom which the mind attains by its contemplation of its individual nature, and of the sublime surrounding objects (see first stanza), do not belong to men as a society, nor can possibly be either gratified or realized under any form of human government, but belong to the individual man, so far as he is pure, and inflamed with the adoration of God in Nature." This attitude, the refuge of political idealists in despair, looks forward to the point of view of Shelley and Byron.

Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still
adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II

When France in wrath her giant-limbs up-
reared,
And with that oath which smote air,
earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she
would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and
feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The Monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain join'd the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful
loves
Had swoln the patriot emotion
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills
and groves;
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling
lance,
And shame too long delay'd and vain
retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy
flame;
But blessed the pæans of delivered France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's
name.

III

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's
loud scream
With that sweet music of deliverance
strove!
Though all the fierce and drunken pas-
sions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's
dream!
Ye storms, that round the dawning east
assembled,
The Sun was rising, though ye hid his
light!"
And when to soothe my soul, that hoped
and trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm
and bright;

When France her front deep-scarr'd and
gory
Concealed with clustering wreaths of
glory;
When insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's
ramp;
While timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crushed beneath her
fatal stamp,
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproached my fears that would
not flee;
"And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach
her lore
In the low huts of them that toil and groan;
And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be
free,
Till Love and Joy look round, and call the
earth their own."

IV

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those
dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament.
From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained
streams!
Heroes, that for your peaceful country
perished,
And ye, that fleeing, spot your mountain
snows
With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that
I cherished
One thought that ever blessed your cruel
foes!
To scatter rage and traitorous guilt
Where Peace her jealous home had built;
A patriot-race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the
mountaineer—

O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous,
blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils!
Are these thy boasts, Champion of human
kind?
To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous
prey;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to
betray!

V

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad
game
They burst their manacles and wear the
name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
O Liberty! with profitless endeavor
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain
nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human
power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays
thee)
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate
of the waves!
And then I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's
verge,
Whose pines, scarce traveled by the breeze
above,
Had made one murmur with the distant
surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples
bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and
air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

II. THE CONFLICT WITH NAPOLEON

1. THE ISSUE

THE WAR OF LIBERTY¹

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[From *The Convention of Cintra*, 1809]

1. The Cause

If I were speaking of things however weighty, that were long past and dwindled in the memory, I should scarcely venture to use this language; but the feelings are of yesterday—they are of today; the flower, a melancholy flower it is! is still to blow, nor will, I trust, its leaves be shed through months that are to come: for I repeat that the heart of the nation is in this struggle. This just and necessary war, as we have been accustomed to hear it styled from the beginning of the contest in the year 1793, had, some time before the Treaty of Amiens, viz., after the subjugation of Switzerland, and not till then, begun to be regarded by the body of the people, as indeed both just and necessary; and this justice and necessity were by none more clearly perceived, or more feelingly bewailed, than by those who had most eagerly opposed the war in its commencement, and who continued most bitterly to regret that this nation had ever borne a part in it. Their conduct was herein consistent: they proved that they kept their eyes steadily fixed upon principles; for, though there was a shifting or transfer of hostility in their minds as far as regarded persons, they only combated the same enemy opposed to them under a different shape;

¹ Napoleon's aggressions in the Spanish Peninsula had roused the national spirit in the peoples of Spain and Portugal, who in 1808 rose against him as one man. The news was hailed with joy in England as the first instance on the continent of a genuinely patriotic opposition to the tyrant. An English army under Sir Arthur Wellesley drove the French from the field of Vimiera and forced a surrender on the 30th of August. By the terms drawn up in the Convention of Cintra, the French army was allowed to evacuate Portugal with its arms and baggage. Against the weakness implied in this loss of the fruits of victory Wordsworth and many others protested vehemently. His *Tract on the Convention of Cintra*, like all his political utterances from 1802 to 1815, was prompted by the realization that the war against Napoleon's military tyranny must be carried to an uncompromising conclusion. For a full account of the significance of Wordsworth's views, particularly his belief in the principle of the autonomy of all peoples, see A. V. Dicey, *The Statesmanship of Wordsworth*.

and that enemy was the spirit of selfish tyranny and lawless ambition. This spirit, the class of persons of whom I have been speaking (and I would now be understood, as associating them with an immense majority of the people of Great Britain, whose affections, notwithstanding all the delusions which had been practiced upon them, were, in the former part of the contest, for a long time on the side of their nominal enemies), this spirit, when it became undeniably embodied in the French government, they wished, in spite of all dangers, should be opposed by war; because peace was not to be procured without submission, which could not but be followed by a communion, of which the word of greeting would be, on the one part, insult,—and, on the other, degradation. The people now wished for war, as their rulers had done before, because open war between nations is a defined and effectual partition, and the sword, in the hands of the good and the virtuous, is the most intelligible symbol of abhorrence. It was in order to be preserved from spirit-breaking submissions—from the guilt of seeming to approve that which they had not the power to prevent, and out of a consciousness of the danger that such guilt would otherwise actually steal upon them, and that thus, by evil communications and participations, would be weakened and finally destroyed, those moral sensibilities and energies, by virtue of which alone, their liberties, and even their lives, could be preserved,—that the people of Great Britain determined to encounter all perils which could follow in the train of open resistance. There were some, and those deservedly of high character in the country, who exerted their utmost influence to counteract this resolution; nor did they give to it so gentle a name as want of prudence, but they boldly termed it blindness and obstinacy. Let them be judged with charity! But there are promptings of wisdom from the penetralia of human nature, which a people can hear, though the wisest of their practical Statesmen be deaf towards them. This authentic voice, the people of England had heard and obeyed: and, in opposition to French tyranny, growing daily more insatiate and im-

placable, they ranged themselves zealously under their Government; though they neither forgot nor forgave its transgressions, in having first involved them in a war with a people then struggling for its own liberties under a twofold affliction—confounded by inbred faction, and beleaguered by a cruel and imperious external foe. But these remembrances did not vent themselves in reproaches, nor hinder us from being reconciled to our Rulers, when a change or rather a revolution in circumstances had imposed new duties: and, in defiance of local and personal clamor, it may be safely said that the nation united heart and hand with the Government in its resolve to meet the worst, rather than stoop its head to receive that which, it felt, would not be the garland but the yoke of peace. Yet it was an afflicting alternative; and it is not to be denied that the effort if it had the determination, wanted the cheerfulness of duty. Our condition savored too much of a grinding constraint—too much of the vassalage of necessity;—it had too much of fear, and therefore of selfishness, not to be contemplated in the main with rueful emotion. We desponded though we did not despair. In fact, a deliberate and preparatory fortitude—a sedate and stern melancholy, which had no sunshine and was exhilarated only by the lightnings of indignation—this was the highest and best state of moral feeling to which the most noble-minded among us could attain.

But, from the moment of the rising of the people of the Pyrenean peninsula, there was a mighty change; we were instantaneously animated; and, from that moment, the contest assumed the dignity which it is not in the power of any thing but hope to bestow: and, if I may dare to transfer language, prompted by a revelation of the state of being that admits not of decay or change, to the concerns and interests of our transitory planet, from that moment “this corruptible put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality.” This sudden elevation was on no account more welcome—was by nothing more endeared than by the returning sense which accompanied it of inward liberty and choice, which gratified our moral yearnings, inasmuch as it would give henceforward to our actions as a people, an origination and direction unquestionably moral—as it was free—as it was manifestly in sympathy with the species—as it admitted therefore of fluctuations of gen-

erous feeling—of approbation and of complacency. We were intellectualized also in proportion; we looked backward upon the records of the human race with pride, and, instead of being afraid, we delighted to look forward into futurity. It was imagined that this new-born spirit of resistance, rising from the most sacred feelings of the human heart, would diffuse itself through many countries; and not merely for the distant future, but for the present, hopes were entertained as bold as they were disinterested and generous.

Never, indeed, was the fellowship of our sentient nature more intimately felt—never was the irresistible power of justice more gloriously displayed than when the British and Spanish Nations, with an impulse like that of two ancient heroes throwing down their weapons and reconciled in the field, cast off at once their aversions and enmities, and mutually embraced each other—to solemnize this conversion of love, not by the festivities of peace, but by combating side by side through danger and under affliction in the devotedness of perfect brotherhood. This was a conjunction which excited hope as fervent as it was rational. On the one side was a nation which brought with it sanction and authority, inasmuch as it had tried and approved the blessings for which the other had risen to contend: the one was a people which, by the help of the surrounding ocean and its own virtues, had preserved to itself through ages its liberty, pure and inviolated by a foreign invader; the other a high-minded nation, which a tyrant, presuming on its decrepitude, had, through the real decrepitude of its Government, perfidiously enslaved. What could be more delightful than to think of an intercourse beginning in this manner? On the part of the Spaniards their love towards us was enthusiasm and adoration; the faults of our national character were hidden from them by a veil of splendor; they saw nothing around us but glory and light; and, on our side, we estimated their character with partial and indulgent fondness;—thinking on their past greatness, not as the undermined foundation of a magnificent building, but as the root of a majestic tree recovered from a long disease, and beginning again to flourish with promise of wider branches and a deeper shade than it had boasted in the fulness of its strength. If in the sensations with which the Spaniards prostrated themselves before the religion of their coun-

try we did not keep pace with them—if even their loyalty was such as, from our mixed constitution of Government and from other causes, we could not thoroughly sympathize with,—and if lastly, their devotion to the person of their Sovereign appeared to us to have too much of the alloy of delusion,—in all these things we judged them gently; and, taught by the reverses of the French revolution, we looked upon these dispositions as more human—more social—and therefore as wiser, and of better omen, than if they had stood forth the zealots of abstract principles, out of the laboratory of unfeeling philosophers. Finally, in this reverence for the past and present, we found an earnest that they were prepared to contend to the death for as much liberty as their habits and their knowledge enabled them to receive. To assist them and their neighbors the Portuguese in the attainment of this end, we sent to them in love and in friendship a powerful army to aid—to invigorate—and to chastise:—they landed; and the first proof they afforded of their being worthy to be sent on such a service—the first pledge of amity given by them—was the victory of Vimiera; the second pledge (and this was from the hand of their Generals) was the Convention of Cintra.

2. *The Relation of National Happiness to National Independence*

Allowing that the “regni novitas” should either compel or tempt the usurper to do away some ancient abuses, and to accord certain insignificant privileges to the people upon the purlieus of the forest of freedom (for assuredly he will never suffer them to enter the body of it); allowing this, and much more; that the mass of the population would be placed in a condition outwardly more thriving—would be better off (as the phrase in conversation is); it is still true that—in the act and consciousness of submission to an imposed lord and master, to a will not growing out of themselves, to the edicts of another people their triumphant enemy—there would be the loss of a sensation within for which nothing external, even though it should come close to the garden and the field—to the door and the fireside, can make amends. The artisan and the merchant (men of classes perhaps least attached to their native soil) would not be insensible to this loss; and the mariner, in his thoughtful mood, would sadden under it upon the

wide ocean. The central or cardinal feeling of these thoughts may, at a future time, furnish fit matter for the genius of some patriotic Spaniard to express in his noble language—as an inscription for the sword of Francis the First; if that sword, which was so ingloriously and perfidiously surrendered, should ever, by the energies of liberty, be recovered, and deposited in its ancient habitation in the Escorial. The patriot will recollect that—if the memorial, then given up by the hand of the Government, had also been abandoned by the heart of the people, and that indignity patiently subscribed to,—his country would have been lost forever.

There are multitudes by whom, I know, these sentiments will not be languidly received at this day; and sure I am that, a hundred and fifty years ago, they would have been ardently welcomed by all. But, in many parts of Europe (and especially in our own country) men have been pressing forward, for some time, in a path which has betrayed by its fruitfulness; furnishing them constant employment for picking up things about their feet, when thoughts were perishing in their minds. While mechanic arts, manufactures, agriculture, commerce, and all those products of knowledge which are confined to gross—definite—and tangible objects, have, with the aid of experimental philosophy, been every day putting on more brilliant colors; the splendor of the imagination has been fading: sensibility, which was formerly a generous nursling of rude nature, has been chased from its ancient range in the wide domain of patriotism and religion with the weapons of derision by a shadow calling itself good sense: calculations of presumptuous expediency—groping its way among partial and temporary consequences—have been substituted for the dictates of paramount and infallible conscience, the supreme embracer of consequences: lifeless and circumspect decencies have banished the graceful negligence and unsuspecting dignity of virtue.

The progress of these arts also, by furnishing such attractive stores of outward accommodation, has misled the higher orders of society in their more disinterested exertions for the service of the lower. Animal comforts have been rejoiced over, as if they were the end of being. A neater and more fertile garden; a greener field; implements and utensils more apt; a dwelling more commodious and better furnished;—let these

be attained, say the actively benevolent, and we are sure not only of being in the right road, but of having successfully terminated our journey. Now a country may advance, for some time, in this course with apparent profit: these accommodations, by zealous encouragement, may be attained: and still the peasant or artisan, their master, be a slave in mind; a slave rendered even more abject by the very tenure under which these possessions are held: and—if they veil from us this fact, or reconcile us to it—they are worse than worthless. The springs of emotion may be relaxed or destroyed within him; he may have little thought of the past, and less interest in the future.—The great end and difficulty of life for men of all classes, and especially difficult for those who live by manual labor, is a union of peace with innocent and laudable animation. Not by bread alone is the life of man sustained; not by raiment alone is he warmed;—but by the genial and vernal inmate of the breast, which at once pushes forth and cherishes; by self-support and self-sufficing endeavors; by anticipations, apprehensions, and active remembrances; by elasticity under insult, and firm resistance to injury; by joy, and by love; by pride which his imagination gathers in from afar; by patience, because life wants not promises; by admiration; by gratitude which—debasement him not when his fellow-being is its object—habitually expands itself, for his elevation, in complacency towards his Creator.

Now, to the existence of these blessings, national independence is indispensable; and many of them it will itself produce and maintain. For it is some consolation to those who look back upon the history of the world to know—that, even without civil liberty society may possess—diffused through its inner recesses in the minds even of its humblest members—something of dignified enjoyment. But, without national independence, this is impossible. The difference between inbred oppression and that which is from without, is essential; inasmuch as the former does not exclude, from the minds of a people, the feeling of being self-governed; does not imply (as the latter does, when patiently submitted to) an abandonment of the first duty imposed by the faculty of reason. In reality, where this feeling has no place, a people are not a society, but a herd; man being indeed distinguished among them from the brute; but only to his disgrace. I am aware that there are too many who

think that, to the bulk of the community, this independence is of no value; that it is a refinement with which they feel they have no concern; inasmuch as under the best frame of government, there is an inevitable dependence of the poor upon the rich—of the many upon the few—so unrelenting and imperious as to reduce this other, by comparison, into a force which has small influence, and is entitled to no regard. Superadd civil liberty to national independence; and this position is overthrown at once: for there is no more certain mark of a sound frame of polity than this; that, in all individual instances (and it is upon these generalized that this position is laid down), the dependence is in reality far more strict on the side of the wealthy; and the laboring man leans less upon others than any man in the community—but the case before us is of a country not internally free, yet supposed capable of repelling an external enemy who attempts its subjugation. If a country have put on chains of its own forging, in the name of virtue, let it be conscious that to itself it is accountable: let it not have cause to look beyond its own limits for reproof: and,—in the name of humanity,—if it be self-depressed, let it have its pride and some hope within itself. The poorest peasant, in an unsubdued land, feels this pride. I do not appeal to the example of Britain or of Switzerland, for the one is free, and the other lately was free (and, I trust, will ere long be so again): but talk with the Swede; and you will see the joy he finds in these sensations. With him animal courage (the substitute for many and the friend of all the manly virtues) has space to move in; and is at once elevated by his imagination, and softened by his affections: it is invigorated also; for the whole courage of his country is in his breast.

In fact, the peasant, and he who lives by the fair reward of his manual labor, has ordinarily a larger proportion of his gratification dependent upon these thoughts—than, for the most part, men in other classes have. For he is in his person attached, by stronger roots, to the soil of which he is the growth: his intellectual notices are generally confined within narrower bounds: in him no partial or antipatriotic interests counteract the force of those nobler sympathies and antipathies which he has in right of his country; and lastly the belt or girdle of his mind has never been stretched to utter relaxation by false philosophy, under a com-

ceit of making it sit more easily and gracefully. These sensations are a social inheritance to him: more important, as he is precluded from luxurious—and those which are usually called refined—enjoyments.

Love and admiration must push themselves out toward some quarter: otherwise the moral man is killed. Collaterally they advance with great vigor to a certain extent—and they are checked: in that direction, limits hard to pass are perpetually encountered: they meet with glad some help and no obstacles; the tract is interminable.—Perdition to the tyrant who would wantonly cut off an independent nation from its inheritance in past ages; turning the tombs and burial-places of the forefathers into dreaded objects of sorrow, or of shame and reproach, for the children!

3. *The Grounds of Hope*

Here then they, with whom I *hope*, take their stand. There is a spiritual community binding together the living and the dead; the good, the brave, and the wise, of all ages. We would not be rejected from this community: and therefore do we hope. We look forward with erect mind, thinking and feeling: it is an obligation of duty: take away the sense of it, and the moral being would die within us. Among the most illustrious of that fraternity, whose encouragement we participate, is an Englishman who sacrificed his life in devotion to a cause bearing a stronger likeness to this than any recorded in history. It is the elder Sidney—a deliverer and defender, whose name I have before uttered with reverence; who, treating of the war of the Netherlands against Philip the Second, thus writes: "If her Majesty," says he, "were the fountain, I would fear, considering what I daily find, that we should wax dry. But she is but a means whom God useth. And I know not whether I am deceived; but I am fully persuaded, that, if she should herself fail, other springs would rise to help this action. For, methinks, I see the great work indeed in hand against the abusers of the world; wherein it is not greater fault to have confidence in man's power, than it is too hastily to despair of God's work."

The pen which I am guiding has stopped in my hand, and I have scarcely power to proceed. I will lay down one principle; and then shall contentedly withdraw from the *sanctuary*.

When wickedness acknowledges no limit but the extent of her power, and advances with aggravated impatience like a devouring fire, the only worthy or adequate opposition is that of virtue submitting to no circumscription of her endeavors save that of her rights, and aspiring from the impulse of her own ethereal zeal. The Christian exhortation for the individual is here the precept for nations—"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father, which is in Heaven, is perfect."

SONNETS ON THE CRISIS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(1802-1811)

"*Fair Star of Evening*"

Fair Star of evening, Splendor of the west,
Star of my Country!—on the horizon's
brink

Thou hangest, stooping as might seem, to
sink

On England's bosom; yet well pleased to
rest,

Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Shouldst be my Country's emblem; and
should'st wink,

Bright Star! with laughter on her banners,
drest

In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, that is England; there she
lies.

Blessings be on you both! one hope, one
lot,

One life, one glory! I, with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger
here.

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic

Once did she hold the gorgeous east in fee;
And was the safeguard of the west: the
worth

Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.

She was a maiden city, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;

And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid

When her long life hath reached its final
day:

Men are we, and must grieve when even
the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed
away.

*Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of
Switzerland*

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly
striven:

Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art
driven,

Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is
left;

For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would
it be

That mountain floods should thunder as be-
fore,

And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee.

September, 1802, Near Dover

Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was
clear,

The coast of France — the coast of France
how near!

Drawn almost into frightful neighborhood.
I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood

Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters; yet what power is there!

What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be

Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters
roll,

Strength to the brave, and Power, and
Deity;

Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to them, and said that by the
soul

Only, the nations shall be great and free.

Written in London, September, 1802¹

O Friend! I know not which way I must
look

For comfort, being, as I am, oppress,

¹ Written just after Wordsworth's return from France, this sonnet expresses the poet's sense of the contrast between the desolation produced by the Revolution in France and the unwholesome peace of England.

To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handiwork of craftsman,
cook,

Or groom! — we must run glittering like a
brook

In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best;
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more;
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

*"Milton! Thou Shouldst Be Living at
This Hour"*

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this
hour:

England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and
bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,
power.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like
the sea;

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

"It Is Not to Be Thought of"

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters unwith-
stood,"

Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and
sands

Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost forever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the
tongue

That Shakespeare spake: the faith and
morals hold

Which Milton held. In everything we are
sprung

Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

"When I Have Borne in Memory"

When I have borne in memory what has
 tamed
 Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts de-
 part
 When men change swords for ledgers and
 desert
 The student's bower for gold, some fears
 unnamed
 I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
 Now when I think of thee, and what thou
 art,
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
 For dearly must we prize thee; we who
 find
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
 And I by my affection was beguiled.
 What wonder if a Poet now and then,
 Among the many movements of his mind,
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

*"There Is a Bondage Worse, Far Worse,
to Bear"*

There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear
 Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor,
 and wall,
 Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall:
 'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
 One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear
 Their fetters in their souls. For who could
 be,
 Who, even the best, in such condition, free
 From self-reproach, reproach that he must
 share
 With Human-nature? Never be it ours
 To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
 And know that noble feelings, manly
 powers,
 Instead of gathering strength, must droop
 and pine;
 And earth with all her pleasant fruits and
 flowers
 Fade, and participate in man's decline.

*"These Times Strike Monied Worldlings
with Dismay"*

These times strike monied worldlings with
 dismay:
 Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
 With words of apprehension and despair:
 While tens of thousands, thinking on the
 affray,
 Men unto whom sufficient for the day
 And minds not stinted or untilled are given,

Sound, healthy, children of the God of
 heaven,
 Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
 What do we gather hence but firmer faith
 That every gift of noble origin
 Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual
 breath;
 That virtue and the faculties within
 Are vital,—and that riches are akin
 To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death?

"England! the Time Is Come"

England! the time is come when thou
 should'st wean
 Thy heart from its emasculating food;
 The truth should now be better understood;
 Old things have been unsettled; we have
 seen
 Fair seed-time, better harvest might have
 been
 But for thy trespasses; and, at this day,
 If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
 Aught good were destined, thou would'st
 step between.
 England! all nations in this charge agree;
 But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,
 Far—far more abject, is thine Enemy:
 Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the
 freight
 Of thy offences be a heavy weight:
 Oh grief that Earth's best hopes rest all
 with thee!

*"Here Pause: The Poet Claims at Least
This Praise"*

Here pause: the poet claims at least this
 praise,
 That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
 Of his pure song, which did not shrink from
 hope
 In the worst moment of these evil days;
 From hope, the paramount duty that
 Heaven lays,
 For its own honor, on man's suffering heart.
 Never may from our souls one truth de-
 part—
 That an accursed thing it is to gaze
 On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye;
 Nor—touched with due abhorrence of their
 guilt
 For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is
 spilt,
 And justice labors in extremity—
 Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
 O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!

"Vanguard of Liberty"

Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
 Ye children of a soil that doth advance
 Her haughty brow against the coast of
 France,
 Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
 To France be words of invitation sent!
 They from their fields can see the counte-
 nance
 Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering
 lance
 And hear you shouting forth your brave
 intent.
 Left single, in bold parley, ye of yore,
 Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath;
 Confirmed the charters that were yours be-
 fore;—
 No parleying now! In Britain is one
 breath;
 We all are with you now from shore to
 shore:
 Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death!

*"Come Ye—Who, If (Which Heaven
 Avert!)"*¹

Come ye—who, if (which Heaven avert!)
 the Land
 Were with herself at strife, would take your
 stand,
 Like gallant Falkland, by the Monarch's
 side,
 And, like Montrose, make Loyalty your
 pride—
 Come ye—who, not less zealous, might dis-
 play
 Banners at enmity with regal sway,
 And, like the Pym and Miltons of that day,
 Think that a State would live in sounder
 health

If Kingship bowed its head to Common-
 wealth—
 Ye too—whom no discreditable fear
 Would keep, perhaps with many a fruitless
 tear,
 Uncertain what to choose and how to steer—
 And ye—who might mistake for sober
 sense
 And wise reserve, the plea of indolence—
 Come ye—whate'er your creed—O waken
 all,
 Whate'er your temper, at your Country's
 call;
 Resolving (this a free-born Nation can)
 To have one Soul, and perish to a man,
 Or save this honored Land from every Lord
 But British reason and the British sword.

*"Another Year!"*¹

Another year!—another deadly blow!
 Another mighty Empire overthrown!
 And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
 The last that dare to struggle with the
 Foe.
 'Tis well! from this day forward we shall
 know
 That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
 That by our own right hands it must be
 wrought;
 That we must stand unpropped, or be laid
 low.
 O dastard whom such foretaste doth not
 cheer!
 We shall exult, if they who rule the land
 Be men who hold its many blessings dear.
 Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
 Who are to judge of danger which they
 fear,
 And honor which they do not understand.

2. THE DOWNFALL OF TYRANNY

SONNETS ON NAPOLEON

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

October, 1803

When, looking on the present face of things,
 I see one man, of men the meanest too!
 Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,
 With mighty Nations for his underlings,
 The great events with which old story rings
 Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing great:

¹ Written in 1803 "On the Expected Invasion."

Nothing is left which I can venerate;
 So that a doubt almost within me springs
 Of Providence, such emptiness at length
 Seems at the heart of all things. But, great
 God!
 I measure back the steps which I have trod!
 And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the
 strength
 Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts
 sublime
 I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

¹ Written after the overthrow of Prussia in the
 battle of Jena, October 14, 1806.

Anticipation. October, 1803

Shout, for a mighty Victory is won!
On British ground the Invaders are laid
low;
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like
snow,
And left them lying in the silent sun,
Never to rise again!—the work is done.
Come forth, ye old men, now in peaceful
show
And greet your sons! drums beat and trum-
pets blow!
Make merry, wives! ye little children, stun
Your grandame's ears with pleasure of your
noise!
Clap, infants, clap your hands! Divine
must be
That triumph, when the very worst, the
pain,
And even the prospect of our brethren slain,
Hath something in it which the heart en-
joys:—
In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.

NELSON AT TRAFALGAR

ROBERT SOUTHEY

[From *The Life of Nelson*, 1813]

On the 9th¹ Nelson sent Collingwood what he called, in his diary, the Nelson-touch. "I send you," said he, "my plan of attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in: but it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll, have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you; and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend Nelson and Bronté." The order of sailing was to be the order of battle: the fleet in two lines, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing two-deckers. The second in command, having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy, about the twelfth ship from their rear: he would lead through the center, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four ahead of the center. This plan was to be adapted to the strength of the enemy, so that they should always be one-fourth su-

¹ October, 1805.

perior to those whom they cut off. Nelson said, "That his admirals and captains, knowing his precise object to be that of a close and decisive action, would supply any deficiency of signals, and act accordingly. In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong, if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy." One of the last orders of this admirable man was, that the name and family of every officer, seaman, and marine, who might be killed or wounded in action, should be, as soon as possible, returned to him, in order to be transmitted to the chairman of the Patriotic Fund, that the case might be taken into consideration, for the benefit of the sufferer or his family.

About half-past nine in the morning of the 19th, the *Mars*, being the nearest to the fleet of the ships which formed the line of communication with the frigates in shore, repeated the signal that the enemy were coming out of port. The wind was at this time very light, with partial breezes, mostly from the S. S. W. Nelson ordered the signal to be made for a chase in the south-east quarter. About two, the repeating ships announced that the enemy were at sea. All night the British fleet continued under all sail, steering to the south-east. At daybreak they were in the entrance of the Straits, but the enemy were not in sight. About seven, one of the frigates made signal that the enemy were bearing north. Upon this the *Victory* hove to; and shortly afterwards Nelson made sail again to the northward. In the afternoon the wind blew fresh from the south-west, and the English began to fear that the foe might be forced to return to port. A little before sunset, however, Blackwood, in the *Euryalus*, telegraphed that they appeared determined to go to the westward,—“And that,” said the admiral in his diary, “they shall not do, if it is in the power of Nelson and Bronté to prevent them.” Nelson had signified to Blackwood, that he depended upon him to keep sight of the enemy. They were observed so well, that all their motions were made known to him; and, as they wore twice, he inferred that they were aiming to keep the port of Cadiz open, and would retreat there as soon as they saw the British fleet: for this reason he was very careful not to approach near enough to be seen by them during the night. At daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of

battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size, and weight of metal, than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little did the Tyrolese, and little did the Spaniards, at that day, imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant whom they served was preparing for their country!

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family; because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line of battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west,—light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee-line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather-line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote this prayer:—

"May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavors for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen." . . .

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen; he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and

formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done: and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skillful seaman; worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defense was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory, of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal:—"England expects every man to do his duty!" It was received throughout the fleet, with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy, were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would en-

treat him to change his dress, or cover the stars: but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honor I gained them," he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honor I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure, from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England as well as the life of Nelson was concerned, but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood, and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Téméraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged; for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz: our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the southwest. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy; and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendor of the spectacle; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other, what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

The French admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing, Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line; and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed, that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson

perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates; and, on their way, to tell all the captains of the line of battleships that he depended on their exertions; and that, if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying, he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied: "God bless you, Blackwood! I shall never see you again."

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz: the lee-line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right for the center of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side: "see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain, and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was? and was told, in reply, that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson;—"good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham; led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying, "Look, yonder are the enemy!" bade them "shake hands like Englishmen."

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-topgallant-sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colors till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having

them to strike. For this reason, the *Santisima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell: he was killed by a cannon-shot, while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavored to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them: upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other, each supposing the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun: fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-topmast, with all her studding sails and their booms, shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships: Hardy informed him of this, and asked which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much." The master was then ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then instantly let down her lower-deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely

because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer and a commander, now and then, be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the *Temeraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the *Temeraire*: so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through, and injure the *Temeraire*. And because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santisima Trinidad*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder,—about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my backbone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove im-

mediately:—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.—Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood which he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful: "For," he said, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed; and at every hurra a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance, of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"—An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"—"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."—"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast:—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to

me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under-tone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly—but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy!" said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed: "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard"; and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton.—Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek: and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson: and being informed, he replied, "God bless

you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—forever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner"; and, after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton, and my daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he had repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound. . . .

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer; doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation—that joy—that triumph, was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive; and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired. The ships which were thus flying were four of the enemy's van, all French, under Rear-Admiral Dumanoir. They had borne no part in the action; and now, when they were seeking safety in flight, they fired not only into the *Victory* and *Royal Sovereign* as they passed, but poured their broadsides into the Spanish captured ships; and they were seen to back their topsails, for the purpose of firing with more precision. The indignation of the Spaniards at this detestable cruelty from their allies, for whom they had fought so bravely and so profusely bled, may well be conceived. It was such, that when, two days after the action, seven of the ships which had escaped into Cadiz came out, in hopes of retaking some of the disabled prizes, the prisoners in the *Argonauta*, in a body, offered their services to the British prize-master, to man the guns against any of the French ships: saying, that if a Spanish ship came alongside, they would quietly go below; but they requested that they might be allowed to fight the French, in resentment for the murderous usage which they had suffered at their hands. Such was their earnestness, and such the implicit confidence which could be placed in Spanish honor,

that the offer was accepted, and they were actually stationed at the lower-deck guns. Dumanoir and his squadron were not more fortunate than the fleet from whose destruction they fled,—they fell in with Sir Richard Strachan, who was cruising for the Rochefort squadron, and were all taken. In the better days of France, if such a crime could then have been committed, it would have received an exemplary punishment from the French Government; under Buonaparte, it was sure of impunity, and, perhaps, might be thought deserving of reward. But, if the Spanish court had been independent, it would have become us to have delivered Dumanoir and his captains up to Spain, that they might have been brought to trial, and hanged in sight of the remains of the Spanish fleet.

The total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to 1,587. Twenty of the enemy struck,—unhappily the fleet did not anchor, as Nelson, almost with his dying breath, had enjoined,—a gale came on from the south-west; some of the prizes went down, some went on shore; one effected its escape into Cadiz; others were destroyed; four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions. The wounded Spaniards were sent ashore, an assurance being given that they should not serve till regularly exchanged; and the Spaniards, with a generous feeling, which would not, perhaps, have been found in any other people, offered the use of their hospitals for our wounded, pledging the honor of Spain that they should be carefully attended there. When the storm after the action drove some of the prizes upon the coast, they declared that the English, who were thus thrown into their hands, should not be considered as prisoners of war; and the Spanish soldiers gave up their own beds to their shipwrecked enemies. The Spanish vice-admiral, Alava, died of his wounds. Villeneuve was sent to England, and permitted to return to France. The French Government say that he destroyed himself on the way to Paris, dreading the consequences of a court-martial; but there is every reason to believe that the tyrant, who never acknowledged the loss of the battle of Trafalgar, added Villeneuve to the numerous victims of his murderous policy.

It is almost superfluous to add that all the honors which a grateful country could bestow were heaped upon the memory of Nelson. His brother was made an earl, with

a grant of £6,000 per year; £10,000 were voted to each of his sisters; and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument. Statues and monuments also were voted by most of our principal cities. The leaden coffin, in which he was brought home, was cut in pieces, which were distributed as relics of Saint Nelson,—so the gunner of the *Victory* called them,—and when, at his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, the sailors who assisted at the ceremony, with one accord rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end; the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would alike have delighted to honor; whom every tongue would have blessed: whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and “old men from the chimney corner,” to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson’s surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal

victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose from the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honors, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson’s translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring hundreds of the youth of England: a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

WATERLOO

LORD BYRON

[From *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*, 1817.]

1

Stop!—For thy tread is on an Empire’s dust!
 An Earthquake’s spoil is sepulchered below!
 Is the spot mark’d with no colossal bust?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
 None; but the moral’s truth tells simpler so,
 As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
 And is this all the world has gain’d by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

2

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Water-
loo;
How in an hour the power which gave annals
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
In "pride of place" here last the eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
Ambition's life and labors all were vain;
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain.

3

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
And foam in fetters;—but is Earth more free?
Did nations combat to make *One* submit;
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
What! shall reviving Thralldom again be
The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?
Shall we, who struck the Lion down,
shall we
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze
And servile knees to thrones? No: *prove*
before ye praise!

4

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain, years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
Of roused-up millions: all that most endears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreaths a sword
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

5

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then

Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

6

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat:
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

7

Within a window's niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

8

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;

And there were sudden partings, such
as press
The life from out young hearts, and
choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who
could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual
eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn
could rise?

9

And there was mounting in hot haste:
the steed
The mustering squadron, and the clat-
tering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous
speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning
star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror
dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe!
They come! they come!"

10

And wild and high the "Cameron's gath-
ering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's
hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her
Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch
thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath
which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the moun-
taineers
With the fierce native daring which in-
stills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each
clansman's ears!

11

And Ardennes waves above them her
green leaves
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they
pass
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave.—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass

Which now beneath them, but above shall
grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder
cold and low.

12

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of
strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the
day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which
when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other
clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd
and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red
burial blent!

13

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps
than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud
throng,
Partly because they blend me with his
line,
And partly that I did his sire some
wrong,
And partly that bright names will hal-
low song;
And his was of the bravest, and when
shower'd
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files
along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest
lower'd,
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine,
young, gallant Howard!

14

There have been tears and breaking hearts
for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to
give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh
green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease
to live,
And saw around me the wide field re-
vive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the
Spring

Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turn'd from all she brought to those she
could not bring.

15

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom
each
And one as all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to
teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;
The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must
awake
Those whom they thirst for; though the
squad of Fame
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honor'd but assumes a stronger, bitterer
claim.

16

They mourn, but smile at length; and,
smiling, mourn:
The tree will wither long before it fall;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail
be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the
hall
In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements
are gone;
The bars survive the captive they enthrall;
The day drags through tho' storms keep
out the sun;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly
live on.

17

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies; and makes
A thousand images of one that was,
The same, and still the more, the more it
breaks;
And thus the heart will do which not
forsakes,
Living in shatter'd guise, and still, and
cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow
aches,
Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things are
untold.

18

There is a very life in our despair,
Vitality of poison,—a quick root
Which feeds these deadly branches; for it
were
As nothing did we die; but Life will suit
Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's
shore,
All ashes to the taste: Did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would
he name threescore?

19

The Psalmist number'd out the years of
man:
They are enough; and if thy tale be *true*,
Thou, who didst grudge him even that
fleeting span,
More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!
Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
Their children's lips shall echo them, and
say—
"Here, where the sword united nations
drew,
Our countrymen were warring on that
day!"
And this is much, and all which will not
pass away.

20

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of
men,
Whose spirit antithetically mixt
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt,
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been
betwixt,
Thy throne had still been thine, or never
been;
For daring made thy rise as fall: thou
seek'st
Even now to reassume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the Thunderer
of the scene!

21

Conqueror and captive of the earth art
thou!
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild
name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds
than now

That thou art nothing, save the jest of
Fame,
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and be-
came
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou
wert
A god unto thyself; nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou
didst assert.

22

Oh, more or less than man—in high or
low,
Battling with nations, flying from the
field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy foot-
stool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to
yield;
An empire thou couldst crush, command,
rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
Look through thine own, nor curb the
lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the
loftiest star.

23

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turn-
ing tide,
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep
pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard
by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou
hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favor-
ite child,
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon
him piled.

24

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn which could con-
temn
Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to
feel, not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to
use,

Till they were turn'd unto thine over-
throw:
'Tis but a worthless world to win or
lose;
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot
who choose.

25

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall
alone,
Such scorn of man had help'd to brave
the shock;
But men's thoughts were the steps which
paved thy throne.
Their admiration thy best weapon shone;
The part of Philip's son was thine, not
them
(Unless aside thy purple had* been
thrown)
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;
For scepter'd cynics earth were far too wide
a den!

26

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a
fire
And motion of the soul which will not
dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless ever-
more
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

27

This makes the madmen who have made
men mad
By their contagion; Conquerors and
Kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom
add
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet
things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret
springs,
And are themselves the fools to those
they fool;
Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
Are theirs! One breast laid open were a
school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to
shine or rule;

28

Their breath is agitation, and their life
 A storm whereon they ride, to sink at
 last,
 And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
 That should their days, surviving perils
 past,
 Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
 With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
 Even as a flame unfed, which runs to
 waste
 With its own flickering, or a sword laid
 by,
 Which eats into itself, and rusts inglori-
 ously.

29

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall
 find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds
 and snow;
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those be-
 low.
 Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
 And far *beneath* the earth and ocean
 spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toils which to those
 summits led.

WATERLOO

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

[From *Vanity Fair*, 1847-48]

"Thank Heaven that is over," George thought, bounding down the stair, his sword under his arm, as he ran swiftly to the alarm ground, where the regiment was mustered, and whither trooped men and officers hurrying from their billets; his pulse was throbbing and his cheeks flushed: the great game of war was going to be played, and he one of the players. What a fierce excitement of doubt, hope, and pleasure! What tremendous hazards of loss or gain! What were all the games of chance he had ever played compared to this one? Into all contests requiring athletic skill and courage, the young man, from his boyhood upwards, had flung himself with all his might. The champion of his school and his regiment, the bravos of his companions had

followed him everywhere; from the boys' cricket match to the garrison races, he had won a hundred of triumphs; and wherever he went, women and men had admired and envied him. What qualities are there for which a man gets so speedy a return of applause, as those of bodily superiority, activity, and valor? Time out of mind strength and courage have been the theme of bards and romances; and from the story of Troy down to today, poetry has always chosen a soldier for a hero. I wonder is it because men are cowards in heart that they admire bravery so much, and place military valor so far beyond every other quality for reward and worship?

So, at the sound of that stirring call to battle, George jumped away from the gentle arms in which he had been dallying; not without a feeling of shame (although his wife's hold on him had been but feeble), that he should have been detained there so long. The same feeling of eagerness and excitement was amongst all those friends of his of whom we have had occasional glimpses, from the stout senior Major, who led the regiment into action, to little Stubble, the Ensign, who was to bear its colors on that day.

The sun was just rising as the march began—it was a gallant sight—the band led the column, playing the regimental march—then came the Major in command, riding upon Pyramus, his stout charger—then marched the grenadiers, their captain at their head: in the center were the colors, borne by the senior and junior Ensigns—then George came marching at the head of his company. He looked up, and smiled at Amelia, and passed on; and even the sound of the music died away.

We of peaceful London City have never beheld—and please God never shall witness—such a scene of hurry and alarm, as that which Brussels presented. Crowds rushed to the Namur gate, from which direction the noise proceeded, and many rode along the level *chaussée*, to be in advance of any intelligence from the army. Each man asked his neighbor for news; and even great English lords and ladies condescended to speak to persons whom they did not know. The friends of the French went abroad, wild with excitement, and prophesying the triumph of their Emperor. The merchants closed their shops, and came out to swell the general chorus of alarm and

clamor. Women rushed to the churches, and crowded the chapels, and knelt and prayed on the flags and steps. The dull sound of the cannon went on rolling, rolling. Presently carriages with travelers began to leave the town, galloping away by the Ghent barrier. The prophecies of the French partisans began to pass for facts. "He has cut the armies in two," it was said. "He is marching straight on Brussels. He will overpower the English, and be here tonight." "He will overpower the English," shrieked Isidor to his master, "and will be here tonight." The man bounded in and out from the lodgings to the street, always returning with some fresh particulars of disaster. Jos's face grew paler and paler. Alarm began to take entire possession of the stout civilian. All the champagne he drank brought no courage to him. Before sunset he was worked up to such a pitch of nervousness as gratified his friend Isidor to behold, who now counted surely upon the spoils of the owner of the laced coat.

The women were away all this time. After hearing the firing for a moment, the stout Major's wife bethought her of her friend in the next chamber, and ran in to watch, and if possible to console Amelia. The idea that she had that helpless and gentle creature to protect, gave additional strength to the natural courage of the honest Irish-woman. She passed five hours by her friend's side, sometimes in remonstrance, sometimes talking cheerfully, oftener in silence, and terrified mental supplication. "I never let go her hand once," said the stout lady afterwards, "until after sunset, when the firing was over." Pauline, the *bonne*, was on her knees at church hard by, praying for *son homme à elle*.

When the noise of the cannonading was over, Mrs. O'Dowd issued out of Amelia's room into the parlor adjoining, where Jos sate with two emptied flasks, and courage entirely gone. Once or twice he had ventured into his sister's bedroom, looking very much alarmed, and as if he would say something. But the Major's wife kept her place, and he went away without disburthening himself of his speech. He was ashamed to tell her that he wanted to fly. But when she made her appearance in the dining-room, where he sate in the twilight in the cheerless company of his empty champagne bottles, he began to open his mind to her.

"Mrs. O'Dowd," he said, "hadn't you better get Amelia ready?"

"Are you going to take her out for a walk?" said the Major's lady; "sure she's too weak to stir."

"I—I've ordered the carriage," he said, "and—and post-horses; Isidor is gone for them," Jos continued.

"What do you want with driving tonight!" answered the lady. "Isn't she better on her bed? I've just got her to lie down."

"Get her up," said Jos; "she must get up, I say": and he stamped his foot energetically. "I say the horses are ordered—yes, the horses are ordered. It's all over, and"—

"And what?" asked Mrs. O'Dowd.

"I'm off for Ghent," Jos answered. "Everybody is going; there's a place for you! We shall start in half-an-hour."

The Major's wife looked at him with infinite scorn. "I don't move till O'Dowd gives me the route," said she. "You may go if you like, Mr. Sedley; but faith, Amelia and I stop here."

"She shall go," said Jos, with another stamp of his foot. Mrs. O'Dowd put herself with arms akimbo before the bedroom door.

"It is her mother you're going to take her to?" she said; "or do you want to go to Mamma, yourself, Mr. Sedley? Good marning—a pleasant journey to ye, sir. *Bon voyage*, as they say, and take my counsel, and shave off them mustachios, or they'll bring you into mischief."

"D—n!" yelled out Jos, wild with fear, rage, and mortification; and Isidor came in at this juncture, swearing in his turn. "*Pas de chevaux, sacrebleu!*" hissed out the furious domestic. All the horses were gone. Jos was not the only man in Brussels seized with panic that day.

But Jos's fears, great and cruel as they were already, were destined to increase to an almost frantic pitch before the night was over. It has been mentioned how Pauline, the *bonne*, had *son homme à elle* also in the ranks of the army that had gone out to meet the Emperor Napoleon. This lover was a native of Brussels, and a Belgian hussar. The troops of his nation signalized themselves in this war for anything but courage, and young Van Cutsum, Pauline's admirer, was too good a soldier to disobey his Colonel's orders to run away. Whilst in garrison at Brussels young Regulus (he had been born in the revolutionary times)

found his great comfort, and passed almost all his leisure moments, in Pauline's kitchen; and it was with pockets and holsters crammed full of good things from her larder, that he had taken leave of his weeping sweetheart, to proceed upon the campaign a few days before.

As far as his regiment was concerned, this campaign was over now. They had formed a part of the division under the command of his sovereign apparent, the Prince of Orange, and as respected length of swords and mustachios, and the richness of uniform and equipments, Regulus and his comrades looked to be as gallant a body of men as ever trumpet sounded for.

When Ney dashed upon the advance of the allied troops, carrying one position after the other, until the arrival of the great body of the British army from Brussels changed the aspect of the combat of Quatre Bras, the squadrons among which Regulus rode showed the greatest activity in retreating before the French, and were dislodged from one post after another which they occupied with perfect alacrity on their part. Their movements were only checked by the advance of the British in their rear. Thus forced to halt, the enemy's cavalry (whose bloodthirsty obstinacy cannot be too severely reprehended) had at length an opportunity of coming to close quarters with the brave Belgians before them; who preferred to encounter the British rather than the French, and at once turning tail rode through the English regiments that were behind them, and scattered in all directions. The regiment in fact did not exist any more. It was nowhere. It had no headquarters. Regulus found himself galloping many miles from the field of action, entirely alone; and whither should he fly for refuge so naturally as to that kitchen and those faithful arms in which Pauline had so often welcomed him!

At some ten o'clock the clinking of a saber might have been heard up the stair of the house where the Osbornes occupied a story in the Continental fashion. A knock might have been heard at the kitchen door; and poor Pauline, come back from church, fainted almost with terror as she opened it and saw before her her haggard hussar. He looked as pale as the midnight dragoon who came to disturb Leonora. Pauline would have screamed, but that her cry would have called her masters, and dis-

covered her friend. She stifled her scream, then, and leading her hero into the kitchen, gave him beer, and the choice bits from the dinner, which Jos had not had the heart to taste. The hussar showed he was no ghost by the prodigious quantity of flesh and beer which he devoured—and during the mouthfuls he told his tale of disaster.

His regiment had performed prodigies of courage, and had withstood for a while the onset of the whole French army. But they were overwhelmed at last, as was the whole British army by this time. Ney destroyed each regiment as it came up. The Belgians in vain interposed to prevent the butchery of the English. The Brunswickers were routed and had fled—their Duke was killed. It was a general *débâcle*. He sought to drown his sorrow for the defeat in floods of beer.

Isidor, who had come into the kitchen, heard the conversation, and rushed out to inform his master. "It is all over," he shrieked to Jos. "Milor Duke is a prisoner; the Duke of Brunswick is killed; the British army is in full flight; there is only one man escaped, and he is in the kitchen now—come and hear him." So Jos tottered into that apartment, where Regulus still sat on the kitchen table, and clung fast to his flagon of beer. In the best French which he could muster, and which was in sooth of a very ungrammatical sort, Jos besought the hussar to tell his tale. The disasters deepened as Regulus spoke. He was the only man of his regiment not slain on the field. He had seen the Duke of Brunswick fall, the black hussars fly, the Ecossais pounded down by the cannon.

"And the—th?" gasped Jos.

"Cut in pieces," said the hussar—upon which Pauline cried out, "O my mistress, *ma bonne petite dame*," went off fairly into hysterics, and filled the house with her screams.

Wild with terror, Mr. Sedley knew not how or where to seek for safety. He rushed from the kitchen back to the sitting-room, and cast an appealing look at Amelia's door, which Mrs. O'Dowd had closed and locked in his face; but he remembered how scornfully the latter had received him, and after pausing and listening for a brief space at the door, he left it, and resolved to go into the street, for the first time that day. So, seizing a candle, he looked about for his gold-laced cap, and found it lying in

its usual place, on a console-table, in the anteroom, placed before a mirror at which Jos used to coquet, always giving his side-locks a twirl, and his cap the proper cock over his eye, before he went forth to make appearance in public. Such is the force of habit, that even in the midst of his terror he began mechanically to twiddle with his hair, and arrange the cock of his hat. Then he looked amazed at the pale face in the glass before him, and especially at his mustachios, which had attained a rich growth in the course of near seven weeks, since they had come into the world. They *will* mistake me for a military man, thought he, remembering Isidor's warning, as to the massacre with which all the defeated British army was threatened; and staggering back to his bed-chamber, he began wildly pulling the bell which summoned his valet.

Isidor answered that summons. Jos had sunk in a chair—he had torn off his neck-cloths, and turned down his collars, and was sitting with both his hands lifted to his throat.

"*Coupez-moi, Isidor,*" shouted he: "*vite! Coupez-moi!*"

Isidor thought for a moment he had gone mad, and that he wished his valet to cut his throat.

"*Les moustaches,*" gasped Jos; "*les moustaches—coupy, rasy, vite!*"—his French was of this sort—voluble, as we have said, but not remarkable for grammar.

Isidor swept off the mustachios in no time with the razor, and heard with inexpressible delight his master's orders that he should fetch a hat and a plain coat. "*Ne porty ploo—habit militair—bonny—bonny a voo, prennny dehors*"—were Jos's words,—the coat and cap were at last his property.

This gift being made, Jos selected a plain black coat and waistcoat from his stock, and put on a large white neckcloth, and a plain beaver. If he could have got a shovel-hat he would have worn it. As it was, you would have fancied he was a flourishing, large parson of the Church of England.

"*Venny maintenong,*" he continued, "*sweevy—ally—party—dong la roo.*" And so having said, he plunged swiftly down the stairs of the house, and passed into the street.

Although Regulus had vowed that he was the only man of his regiment, or of the allied army, almost, who had escaped being *cut to pieces* by Ney, it appeared that

his statement was incorrect, and that a good number more of the supposed victims had survived the massacre. Many scores of Regulus's comrades had found their way back to Brussels, and—all agreeing that they had run away—filled the whole town with an idea of the defeat of the allies. The arrival of the French was expected hourly; the panic continued, and preparations for flight went on everywhere. No horses! thought Jos, in terror. He made Isidor inquire of scores of persons, whether they had any to lend or sell, and his heart sank within him, at the negative answers returned everywhere. Should he take the journey on foot? Even fear could not render that ponderous body so active.

Almost all the hotels occupied by the English in Brussels face the Parc, and Jos wandered irresolutely about in this quarter, with crowds of other people, oppressed as he was by fear and curiosity. Some families he saw more happy than himself, having discovered a team of horses, and rattling through the streets in retreat; others again there were whose case was like his own, and who could not for any bribes or entreaties procure the necessary means of flight. Amongst these would-be fugitives, Jos remarked the Lady Bareacres and her daughter, who sat in their carriage in the *portecochère* of their hotel, all their imperials packed, and the only drawback to whose flight was the same want of motive power which kept Jos stationary.

Rebecca Crawley occupied apartments in this hotel; and had before this period had sundry hostile meetings with the ladies of the Bareacres family. My Lady Bareacres cut Mrs. Crawley on the stairs when they met by chance; and in all places where the latter's name was mentioned, spoke perseveringly ill of her neighbor. The Countess was shocked at the familiarity of General Tufto with the aide-de-camp's wife. The Lady Blanche avoided her as if she had been an infectious disease. Only the Earl himself kept up a sly occasional acquaintance with her, when out of the jurisdiction of his ladies.

Rebecca had her revenge now upon these insolent enemies. It became known in the hotel that Captain Crawley's horses had been left behind, and when the panic began, Lady Bareacres condescended to send her maid to the Captain's wife her Ladyship's compliments, and a desire to know

the price of Mrs. Crawley's horses. Mrs. Crawley returned a note with her compliments, and an intimation that it was not her custom to transact bargains with the ladies' maids.

This curt reply brought the Earl in person to Becky's apartment; but he could get no more success than the first ambassador. "Send a lady's maid to me!" Mrs. Crawley cried in great anger; "why didn't my Lady Bareacres tell me to go and saddle the horses! Is it her Ladyship that wants to escape, or her Ladyship's *femme de chambre*?" And this was all the answer that the Earl bore back to his Countess.

What will not necessity do? The Countess herself actually came to wait upon Mrs. Crawley on the failure of her second envoy. She entreated her to name her own price; she even offered to invite Becky to Bareacres House, if the latter would but give her the means of returning to that residence. Mrs. Crawley sneered at her.

"I don't want to be waited on by bailiffs in livery," she said; "you will never get back though most probably—at least not you and your diamonds together. The French will have those. They will be here in two hours, and I shall be half-way to Ghent by that time. I would not sell you my horses, no, not for the two largest diamonds that your Ladyship wore at the ball." Lady Bareacres trembled with rage and terror. The diamonds were sewed into her habit, and secreted in my Lord's padding and boots. "Woman, the diamonds are at the banker's, and I *will* have the horses," she said. Rebecca laughed in her face. The infuriate Countess went below, and sate in her carriage; her maid, her courier, and her husband, were sent once more through the town, each to look for cattle; and woe betide those who came last! Her ladyship was resolved on departing the very instant the horses arrived from any quarter—with her husband or without him.

Rebecca had the pleasure of seeing her Ladyship in the horseless carriage, and keeping her eyes fixed upon her, and bewailing, in the loudest tone of voice, the Countess's perplexities. "Not to be able to get horses!" she said, "and to have all those diamonds sewed into the carriage cushions! What a prize it will be for the French when they come!—the carriage and the diamonds, I mean; not the lady!" She gave this information to the landlord, to

the servants, to the guests, and the innumerable stragglers about the courtyard. Lady Bareacres could have shot her from the carriage window. It was while enjoying the humiliation of her enemy that Rebecca caught sight of Jos, who made towards her directly he perceived her.

That altered, frightened, fat face, told his secret well enough. He too wanted to fly, and was on the look-out for the means of escape. "*He* shall buy my horses," thought Rebecca, "and I'll ride the mare."

Jos walked up to his friend, and put the question for the hundredth time during the past hour, "Did she know where horses were to be had?"

"What, *you* fly?" said Rebecca, with a laugh. "I thought you were the champion of all the ladies, Mr. Sedley."

"I—I'm not a military man," gasped he.

"And Amelia?—Who is to protect that poor little sister of yours?" asked Rebecca. "You surely would not desert her?"

"What good can I do her, suppose—suppose the enemy arrive?" Jos answered. "They'll spare the women; but my man tells me that they have taken an oath to give no quarter to the men—the dastardly cowards."

"Horrid!" cried Rebecca, enjoying his perplexity.

"Besides, I don't want to desert her," cried the brother. "She *shan't* be deserted. There is a seat for her in my carriage, and one for you, dear Mrs. Crawley, if you will come; and if we can get horses"—sighed he—

"I have two to sell," the lady said. Jos could have flung himself into her arms at the news. "Get the carriage, Isidor," he cried; "we've found them—we have found them!"

"My horses never were in harness," added the lady. "Bullfinch would kick the carriage to pieces, if you put him in the traces."

"But he is quiet to ride?" asked the civilian.

"As quiet as a lamb, and as fast as a hare," answered Rebecca.

"Do you think he is up to my weight?" Jos said. He was already on his back, in imagination, without ever so much as a thought for poor Amelia. What person who loved a horse-speculation could resist such a temptation?

In reply, Rebecca asked him to come into her room, whither he followed her quite

breathless to conclude the bargain. Jos seldom spent a half-hour in his life which cost him so much money. Rebecca, measuring the value of the goods which she had for sale by Jos's eagerness to purchase as well as by the scarcity of the article, put upon her horses a price so prodigious as to make even the civilian draw back. "She would sell both or neither," she said resolutely. Rawdon had ordered her not to part with them for a price less than that which she specified. Lord Bareacres below would give her the same money—and with all her love and regard for the Sedley family, her dear Mr. Joseph must conceive that poor people must live—nobody, in a word, could be more affectionate, but more firm about the matter of business.

Jos ended by agreeing, as might be supposed of him. The sum he had to give her was so large that he was obliged to ask for time: so large as to be a little fortune to Rebecca, who rapidly calculated that with this sum and the sale of the residue of Rawdon's effects, and her pension as a widow should he fall, she would now be absolutely independent of the world, and might look her weeds steadily in the face.

Once or twice in the day she certainly had herself thought about flying. But her reason gave her better counsel. "Suppose the French do come," thought Becky, "what can they do to a poor officer's widow? Bah! The times of sacks and sieges are over. We shall be let to go home quietly, or I may live pleasantly abroad with a snug little income."

Meanwhile Jos and Isidor went off to the stables to inspect the newly purchased cattle. Jos bade his man saddle the horses at once. He would ride away that very night, that very hour. And he left the valet busy in getting the horses ready, and went homewards himself to prepare for his departure. It must be secret. He would go to his chamber by the back entrance. He did not care to face Mrs. O'Dowd and Amelia and own to them that he was about to run.

By the time Jos's bargain with Rebecca was completed, and his horses had been visited and examined, it was almost morning once more. But though midnight was long past, there was no rest for the city: the people were up, the lights in the houses flamed, crowds were still about the doors, and the streets were busy. Rumors of vari-

ous natures went still from mouth to mouth: one report averred that the Prussians had been utterly defeated; another that it was the English who had been attacked and conquered; a third that the latter had held their ground. This last rumor gradually got strength. No Frenchmen had made their appearance. Stragglers had come in from the army bringing reports more and more favorable: at last an aide-de-camp actually reached Brussels with dispatches for the Commandant of the place, who placarded presently through the town an official announcement of the success of the allies at Quatre Bras, and the entire repulse of the French under Ney after a six hours' battle. The aide-de-camp must have arrived some time while Jos and Rebecca were making their bargain together, or the latter was inspecting his purchase. When he reached his own hotel, he found a score of its numerous inhabitants on the threshold discoursing of the news; there was no doubt as to its truth. And he went up to communicate it to the ladies under his charge. He did not think it was necessary to tell them how he had intended to take leave of them, how he had bought horses, and what a price he had paid for them.

But success or defeat was a minor matter to them, who had only thought for the safety of those they loved. Amelia, at the news of the victory, became still more agitated even than before. She was for going that moment to the army. She besought her brother with tears to conduct her thither. Her doubts and terrors had reached their paroxysm; and the poor girl, who for many hours had been plunged into stupor, raved and ran hither and thither in hysteric insanity—a piteous sight. No man writhing in pain on the hard-fought field fifteen miles off, where lay, after their struggles, so many of the brave—no man suffered more keenly than this poor harmless victim of the war. Jos could not bear the sight of her pain. He left his sister in the charge of her stouter female companion, and descended once more to the threshold of the hotel, where everybody still lingered, and talked, and waited for more news.

It grew to be broad daylight as they stood here, and fresh news began to arrive from the war, brought by men who had been actors in the scene. Wagons and long country carts laden with wounded came rolling into the town; ghastly groans

came from within them, and haggard faces looked up sadly from out of the straw. Jos Sedley was looking at one of these carriages with a painful curiosity—the moans of the people within were frightful—the wearied horses could hardly pull the cart. “Stop! Stop!” a feeble voice cried from the straw, and the carriage stopped opposite Mr. Sedley’s hotel.

“It is George, I know it is!” cried Amelia, rushing in a moment to the balcony, with a pallid face and loose flowing hair. It was not George, however, but it was the next best thing: it was news of him. It was poor Tom Stubble, who had marched out of Brussels so gallantly twenty-four hours before, bearing the colors of the regiment, which he had defended very gallantly upon the field. A French lancer had speared the young Ensign in the leg, who fell, still bravely holding to his flag. At the conclusion of the engagement, a place had been found for the poor boy in a cart, and he had been brought back to Brussels.

“Mr. Sedley, Mr. Sedley!” cried the boy faintly, and Jos came up almost frightened at the appeal. He had not at first distinguished who it was that called him.

Little Tom Stubble held out his hot and feeble hand. “I’m to be taken in here,” he said. “Osborne—and—and Dobbin said I was; and you are to give the man two Napoleons: my mother will pay you.” This young fellow’s thoughts during the long feverish hours passed in the cart, had been wandering to his father’s parsonage, which he had quitted only a few months before, and he had sometimes forgotten his pain in that delirium.

The hotel was large, and the people kind, and all the inmates of the cart were taken in and placed on various couches. The young Ensign was conveyed upstairs to Osborne’s quarters. Amelia and the Major’s wife had rushed down to him, when the latter had recognized him from the balcony. You may fancy the feelings of these women when they were told that the day was over, and both their husbands were safe; in what mute rapture Amelia fell on her good friend’s neck, and embraced her; in what grateful passion of prayer she fell on her knees, and thanked the Power which had saved her husband.

Our young lady, in her fevered and nervous condition, could have had no more salutary medicine prescribed for her by any

physician than that which chance put in her way. She and Mrs. O’Dowd watched incessantly by the wounded lad, whose pains were very severe, and in the duty thus forced upon her, Amelia had not time to brood over her personal anxieties, or to give herself up to her own fears and forebodings after her wont. The young patient told in his simple fashion the events of the day, and the actions of our friends of the gallant —th. They had suffered severely. They had lost very many officers and men. The Major’s horse had been shot under him as the regiment charged, and they all thought that O’Dowd was gone, and that Dobbin had got his majority, until on their return from the charge to their old ground, the Major was discovered seated on Pyramus’s carcase, refreshing himself from a case-bottle. It was Captain Osborne that cut down the French lancer who had speared the Ensign. Amelia turned so pale at the notion, that Mrs. O’Dowd stopped the young Ensign in his story. And it was Captain Dobbin who at the end of the day, though wounded himself, took up the lad in his arms and carried him to the surgeon, and thence to the cart which was to bring him back to Brussels. And it was he who promised the driver two louis if he would make his way to Mr. Sedley’s hotel in the city; and tell Mrs. Captain Osborne that the action was over, and that her husband was unhurt and well.

“Indeed, but he has a good heart that William Dobbin,” Mrs. O’Dowd said, “though he is always laughing at me.”

Young Stubble vowed there was not such another officer in the army, and never ceased his praises of the senior captain, his modesty, his kindness, and his admirable coolness in the field. To these parts of the conversation, Amelia lent a very distracted attention: it was only when George was spoken of that she listened, and when he was not mentioned, she thought about him.

In tending her patient, and in thinking of the wonderful escapes of the day before, her second day passed away not too slowly with Amelia. There was only one man in the army for her: and as long as he was well, it must be owned that its movements interested her little. All the reports which Jos brought from the streets fell very vaguely on her ears; though they were sufficient to give that timorous gentleman, and many other people then in Brussels, every disquiet. The French had been repulsed certainly, but

it was after a severe and doubtful struggle, and with only a division of the French army. The Emperor, with the main body, was away at Ligny, where he had utterly annihilated the Prussians, and was now free to bring his whole force to bear upon the allies. The Duke of Wellington was retreating upon the capital, and a great battle must be fought under its walls probably, of which the chances were more than doubtful. The Duke of Wellington had but twenty thousand British troops on whom he could rely, for the Germans were raw militia, the Belgians disaffected; and with this handful his Grace had to resist a hundred and fifty thousand men that had broken into Belgium under Napoleon. Under Napoleon! What warrior was there, however famous and skillful, that could fight at odds with him?

Jos thought of all these things, and trembled. So did all the rest of Brussels—where people felt that the fight of the day before was but the prelude to the greater combat which was imminent. One of the armies opposed to the Emperor was scattered to the winds already. The few English that could be brought to resist him would perish at their posts, and the conqueror would pass over their bodies into the city. Woe be to those whom he found there! Addresses were prepared, public functionaries assembled and debated secretly, apartments were got ready, and tricolored banners and triumphal emblems manufactured, to welcome the arrival of His Majesty the Emperor and King.

The emigration still continued, and wherever families could find means of departure, they fled. When Jos, on the afternoon of the 17th of June, went to Rebecca's hotel, he found that the great Bareacres carriage had at length rolled away from the *porte-cochère*. The Earl had procured a pair of horses somehow, in spite of Mrs. Crawley, and was rolling on the road to Ghent. Louis the Desired was getting ready his portmanteau in that city too. It seemed as if Misfortune was never tired of worrying into motion that unwieldy exile.

Jos felt that the delay of yesterday had been only a respite, and that his dearly bought horses must of a surety be put into requisition. His agonies were very severe all this day. As long as there was an English army between Brussels and Napoleon, there was no need of immediate flight; but he had his horses brought from their distant

stables, to the stables in the court-yard of the hotel where he lived; so that they might be under his own eyes, and beyond the risk of violent abduction. Isidor watched the stable-door constantly, and had the horses saddled, to be ready for the start. He longed intensely for that event.

After the reception of the previous day, Rebecca did not care to come near her dear Amelia. She clipped the bouquet which George had brought her, and gave fresh water to the flowers, and read over the letter which he had sent her. "Poor wretch," she said, twirling round the little bit of paper in her fingers, "how I could crush her with this!—And it is for a thing like this that she must break her heart, forsooth—for a man who is stupid—a coxcomb—and who does not care for her. My poor good Rawdon is worth ten of this creature." And then she fell to thinking what she should do if—if anything happened to poor good Rawdon, and what a great piece of luck it was that he had left his horses behind.

In the course of this day too, Mrs. Crawley, who saw not without anger the Bareacres party drive off, bethought her of the precaution which the Countess had taken, and did a little needlework for her own advantage; she stitched away the major part of her trinkets, bills, and banknotes about her person, and so prepared, was ready for any event—to fly if she thought fit, or to stay and welcome the conqueror, were he Englishman or Frenchman. And I am not sure that she did not dream that night of becoming a duchess and Madame la Maréchale, while Rawdon, wrapped in his cloak, and making his bivouac under the rain at Mount Saint John, was thinking, with all the force of his heart, about the little wife whom he had left behind him.

The next day was a Sunday. And Mrs. Major O'Dowd had the satisfaction of seeing both her patients refreshed in health and spirits by some rest which they had taken during the night. She herself had slept on a great chair in Amelia's room, ready to wait upon her poor friend or the Ensign, should either need her nursing. When morning came, this robust woman went back to the house where she and her Major had their billet; and here performed an elaborate and splendid toilet, befitting the day. And it is very possible that whilst alone in that chamber, which her husband had inhabited, and where his cap still lay on

the pillow, and his cane stood in the corner, one prayer at least was sent up to Heaven for the welfare of the brave soldier, Michael O'Dowd.

When she returned she brought her prayer-book with her, and her uncle the Dean's famous book of sermons, out of which she never failed to read every Sabbath; not understanding all, haply, not pronouncing many of the words aright, which were long and abstruse—for the Dean was a learned man, and loved long Latin words—but with great gravity, vast emphasis, and with tolerable correctness in the main. How often has my Mick listened to these sermons, she thought, and me reading in the cabin of a calm! She proposed to resume this exercise on the present day, with Amelia and the wounded Ensign for a congregation. The same service was read on that day in twenty thousand churches at the same hour; and millions of British men and women, on their knees, implored protection of the Father of all.

They did not hear the noise which disturbed our little congregation at Brussels. Much louder than that which had interrupted them two days previously, as Mrs. O'Dowd was reading the service in her best voice, the cannon of Waterloo began to roar.

When Jos heard that dreadful sound, he made up his mind that he would bear this perpetual recurrence of terrors no longer, and would fly at once. He rushed into the sick man's room, where our three friends had paused in their prayers, and further interrupted them by a passionate appeal to Amelia.

"I can't stand it any more, Emmy," he said; "I won't stand it; and you must come with me. I have bought a horse for you—never mind at what price—and you must dress and come with me, and ride behind Isidor."

"God forgive me, Mr. Sedley, but you are no better than a coward," Mrs. O'Dowd said, laying down the book.

"I say come, Amelia," the civilian went on; "never mind what she says; why are we to stop here and be butchered by the Frenchmen?"

"You forget the —th, my boy," said the little Stubble, the wounded hero, from his bed—"and—and you won't leave me, will you, Mrs. O'Dowd?"

"No, my dear fellow," said she, going up and kissing the boy. "No harm shall come

to you while I stand by. I don't budge till I get the word from Mick. A pretty figure I'd be, wouldn't I, stuck behind that chap on a pillion?"

This image caused the young patient to burst out laughing in his bed, and even made Amelia smile. "I don't ask her," Jos shouted out—"I don't ask that—that Irish-woman, but you, Amelia; once for all, will you come?"

"Without my husband, Joseph?" Amelia said, with a look of wonder, and gave her hand to the Major's wife. Jos's patience was exhausted.

"Good-bye, then," he said, shaking his fist in a rage, and slamming the door by which he retreated. - And this time he really gave his order for march: and mounted in the courtyard. Mrs. O'Dowd heard the clattering hoofs of the horses as they issued from the gate; and looking on, made many scornful remarks on poor Joseph as he rode down the street with Isidor after him in the laced cap. The horses, which had not been exercised for some days, were lively, and sprang about the street. Jos, a clumsy and timid horseman, did not look to advantage in the saddle. "Look at him, Amelia dear, driving into the parlor window. Such a bull in a china-shop I never saw." And presently the pair of riders disappeared at a canter down the street leading in the direction of the Ghent road, Mrs. O'Dowd pursuing them with a fire of sarcasm so long as they were in sight.

All that day, from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth: and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we French-

men and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the Devil's code of honor.

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were plowing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening, the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last: the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and spite of all: unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line—the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

WATERLOO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I

The Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning day,

Yet trained to judgments righteously severe,
Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,
As recognizing one Almighty sway:

He—whose experienced eye can pierce the array

Of past events; to whom, in vision clear,
The aspiring heads of future things appear.
Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away—

Assoiled from all encumbrance of our time,
He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
Shall comprehend this victory sublime;
Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,

The triumph hail, which from their peaceful clime

Angels might welcome with a choral shout!
[1816]

II

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

(The last six lines intended for an Inscription.)

Intrepid sons of Albion! not by you
Is life despised; ah no, the spacious earth
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,
So many objects to which love is due:
Ye slight not life—to God and Nature true;
But death, becoming death, is dearer far,
When duty bids you bleed in open war:
Hence hath your prowess quelled that
impious crew.

Heroes!—for instant sacrifice prepared;
Yet filled with ardor and on triumph bent
'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident—
To you who fell, and you whom slaughter
spared

To guard the fallen, and consummate the
event,

Your Country rears this sacred Monument!
[1816]

MOSCOW

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
Of dreadful sacrifice; by Russian blood
Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood;
The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise
To rob our Human-nature of just praise
For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure
Of a deliverance absolute and pure
She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten
ways

Of Providence. But now did the Most High
Exalt his still small voice;—to quell that
Host

Gathered his power, a manifest ally;
He, whose heaped waves confounded the
proud boast

Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and
Frost,

"Finish the strife by deadliest victory!"
[1822]

POLITICAL GREATNESS

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
 Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms
 or arts,
 Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes
 tame;
 Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts,
 History is but the shadow of their shame,
 Art veils her glass, or from the pageant
 starts
 As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
 Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery
 Of their own likeness. What are numbers
 knit
 By force or custom? Man who man would be,
 Must rule the empire of himself; in it
 Must be supreme, establishing his throne
 On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
 Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.
 [1821]

OZYMANDIAS

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I met a traveler from an antique land
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of
 stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose
 frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold com-
 mand,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions
 read
 Which yet survive (stamped on these life-
 less things),
 The hand that mocked them and the heart
 that fed:
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.
 [1819]

III. THE FAILURE OF REVOLUTION: SOLUTIONS OF THE SPIRITUAL PROBLEMS

1. THE RETURN TO NATURE

THE POET

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
 Then, to the measure of that heaven-born
 light,
 Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content:—
 The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,
 And they that from the zenith dart their
 beams,
 (Visible though they be to half the earth,
 Though half a sphere be conscious of their
 brightness)
 Are yet of no diviner origin,
 No purer essence, than the one that burns,
 Like an untended watch-fire, on the ridge
 Of some dark mountain: or than those
 which seem
 Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter
 lamps,
 Among the branches of the leafless trees:
 All are the undying offspring of one Sire:

Then, to the measure of the light vouch-
 safed,
 Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.

II

A POET!—He hath put his heart to school,
 Nor dares to move unpropped upon the
 staff
 Which Art hath lodged within his hand—
 must laugh
 By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
 Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
 And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
 In fear that else, when Critics grave and
 cool
 Have killed him, Scorn should write his
 epitaph.
 How does the Meadow-flower its bloom un-
 fold?
 Because the lovely little flower is free
 Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
 And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
 Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
 But from its own divine vitality.

THE POET'S MISSION

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[From *The Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*,
1798, 1815]

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, let me ask what is meant by the word "poet"? What is a poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added, a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves; whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But, whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt but that the language which it will suggest to him must often, in liveliness and truth, fall far short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a poet, it is obvious, that, while he describes and imitates passions, his employment is in some mechanical, compared with the free-

dom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle of selection which has been already insisted upon. He will depend upon this for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature: and, the more industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which his fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who does not scruple to substitute excellencies of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavors occasionally to surpass his original in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a *taste* for poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing, or Frontinac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, has said that poetry is the most philosophic of all writing; it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general, and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives competence and confidence to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidel-

ity of the biographer and historian and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the poet who comprehends the dignity of his art. The poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the poet and the image of things; between this, and the biographer and historian there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere, because not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathize with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The man of science, the chemist and mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and reacting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which from habit acquire the quality of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations,

and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of nature. And thus the poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affections akin to those, which, through labor and length of time, the man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the poet and the man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and inalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor: he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. Emphatically may it be said of the poet, as Shakspeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence of human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all

knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labors of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.—It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavor to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

THE DIVINE LIFE IN MAN AND NATURE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

"Why, William, on that old gray stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?"

"Where are your books?—that light be-
queathed
To Beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

"You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I know not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply:

"The eye—it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?"

"—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old gray stone,
And dream my time away."

Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey

Five years have past; five summers, with
the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-
springs

With a soft, inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,⁵
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and con-
nect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view¹⁰
These plots of cottage-ground, these or-
chard tufts,

Which at this season, with their unripe
fruits,

Are clad in one green hue, and lose them-
selves

'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little¹⁵
lines

Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral
farms,

Green to the very door; and wreaths of
smoke

Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless²⁰
woods,

Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been
to me

As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din²⁵
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too³⁰
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,³⁵
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight⁴⁰
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep⁴⁵
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—⁵⁰
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,⁵⁵
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the
woods,

How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extin-
guished thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,⁶⁰
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing
thoughts

That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,⁶⁵
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was
when first

I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man⁷⁰

Flying from something that he dreads, than
one

Who sought the thing he loved. For nature
then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone
by)

To me was all in all.—I cannot paint⁷⁵
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
wood,

Their colors, and their forms, were then to
me

An appetite; a feeling and a love,⁸⁰
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is
past,

And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this⁸⁵
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other
gifts

Have followed; for such loss, I would be-
lieve,

Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-
times⁹⁰

The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample
power

To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime,⁹⁵
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels¹⁰⁰
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,

And rolls through all things. Therefore am
I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty
world¹⁰⁵

Of eye, and ear,—both what they half cre-
ate,

And what perceive; well pleased to recog-
nize

In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the
nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and
soul

I hear the echoes through the mountains
throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of
sleep,

And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts.
thou happy shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your ju-
bilee:

My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it
all.

Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's
arm:—

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is
gone:

The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it
flows,

He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her
own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's
mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the Child among his new-born
blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he
lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's
eyes!

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human
life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:

Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous
stage"

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal
 deep,
 Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
 Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by;
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's
 height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou
 provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly
 freight
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!
 The thought of our past years in me doth
 breed
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest—
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
 breast:—
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a Creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts before which our mortal na-
 ture
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
 To perish never;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad en-
 deavor,
 Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!
 Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-
 more.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous
 song!
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound!
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts today
 Feel the gladness of the May!
 What though the radiance which was once
 so bright
 Be now forever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the
 flower;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind;
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and
 Groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the Brooks which down their chan-
 nels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as
 they;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
 Is lovely yet;
 The Clouds that gather round the setting
 sun
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
 Another race hath been, and other palms
 are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we
 live,

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plow
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth,
and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle, in a Storm, Painted by Sir George Beaumont

I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged Pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:

I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there;

It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no sleep;

No mood, which season takes away, or brings:

I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's hand,

To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,

The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile
Amid a world how different from this!

Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine

Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such Picture would I at that time have made:

And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;

I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanized my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the Friend,

If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work!—yet wise and well,
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That Hulk which labors in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and tramping waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

ODE TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail
humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth;
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms dread Power!
around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,

Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to
their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoothe walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly,
if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through
Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let
me live!

THE MOUNTAIN ECHO

Yes, it was the mountain Echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to the shouting Cuckoo,
Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply
To a babbling wanderer sent;
Like her ordinary cry,
Like—but oh, how different!

Hears not also mortal Life?
Hear not we, unthinking Creatures!

Slaves of folly, love, or strife—
Voices of two different natures?

Have not *we* too?—yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognized intelligence!

Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God,—of God they are.

TO A SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares
abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and
eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music
still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a
flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and
Home!

LAODAMIA

"With sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope in-
spired;
And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades
forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I re-
quired:
Celestial pity I again implore;—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, re-
store!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts
her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens—and her eye ex-
pands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature
grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!

What doth she look on?—whom doth she
behold?

Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy? ¹⁵
His vital presence? his corporeal mold?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis He!
And a God leads him, wingèd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with
his wand
That calms all fear: "Such grace hath
crowned thy prayer, ²⁰
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours'
space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her
Lord to clasp; ²⁵
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
And reassume his place before her sight. ³⁰

"Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will
rejoice.
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed ³⁵
This precious boon; and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect:—Specter though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity. ⁴⁰
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan
strand
Should die; but me the threat could not
withhold: ⁴⁵

A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more, ⁵⁰
Which then, when tens of thousands were
deprest

By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here
thou art—

A nobler counselor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed, 55
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath
decreed
Thou shouldst elude the malice of the grave:
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian
air. 60

"No Specter greets me,—no vain Shadow
this;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my
side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial
kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious
Parcæ threw 65
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if
the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys 70
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul; 75
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

"Ah wherefore?—Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the
tomb 80
Alcestitis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal
bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful
peers.

"The Gods to us are merciful—and they 85
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the
sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble
woman's breast. 90

"But if thou goest, I follow—" "Peace!"
he said,—
She looked upon him and was calmed and
cheered;

The ghastly color from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, ap-
peared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace, 95
Brought from a pensive though a happy
place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood 101
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air, 106
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the bright-
est day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath
earned
That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry 112
Could draw, when we had parted, vain
delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and
night;

"And while my youthful peers before my
eyes 115
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were de-
tained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

"The wished-for wind was given:—I then
revolved 121
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the
strand,— 125
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan
sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these foun-
tains, flowers; 131

My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die?'
In soul I swept the indignity away: 136
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty
thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And Thou, though strong in love, art all
too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow; 140
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sym-
pathized;
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that
end; 147
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled: her bondage
prove
The fetters of a dream opposed to love."

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reap-
pears! 151
Round the dear Shade she would have clung
—'tis vain:
The hours are past—too brief had they been
years;
And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift, toward the realms that know not
earthly day, 155
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she
lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reprov'd,
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime.
By the just gods whom no weak pity
moved, 160
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time.
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather
flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man
alone, 166
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)

A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she
died; 170
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their
view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and
blight!

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish
thought: 5

Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always
bright:

Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent
to learn;

Abides by this resolve, and stops not there, 10
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power 15
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, be-
reaves,

Of their bad influence, and their good re-
ceives;

By objects, which might force the soul to
abate

Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise 21

So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skillful in self-knowledge, even more
pure,

As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress; 25
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted
still

To evil for a guard against worse ill, 30
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows;
Who, if he rise to station of command, 35
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;

Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim; 40
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
 For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
 Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife, 45
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
 But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind, 50
 Is happy as a Lover; and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
 And, through the heat of conflict keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed, 55
 Come when it will, is equal to the need:
 He who, though thus endued as with a sense
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes; 60
 Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
 Are at his heart; and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve;
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
 'T is, finally, the Man, who, lifted high 65
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one 70
 Where what he most doth value must be won:
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last. 75
 From well to better, daily self-surpass:
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
 And leave a dead unprofitable name. 80
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering,
 draws

His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:

This is the happy Warrior; this is He
 That every Man in arms should wish to be. 85

ON UNIVERSAL EDUCATION

[From *The Excursion*, Book IX, 1815]

"O for the coming of that glorious time
 When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth

And best protection, this imperial Realm,
 While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
 An obligation, on her part, to teach 5

Them who are born to serve her and obey;
 Binding herself by statute to secure
 For all the children whom her soil maintains
 The rudiments of letters, and inform
 The mind with moral and religious truth, 10
 Both understood and practiced,—so that none,

However destitute, be left to droop
 By timely culture unsustained; or run
 Into a wild disorder; or be forced
 To drudge through a weary life without the help 15

Of intellectual implements and tools;
 A savage horde among the civilized,
 A servile band among the lordly free!
 This sacred right, the lisping babe proclaims
 To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will, 20
 For the protection of his innocence;
 And the rude boy—who, having overpast
 The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,
 Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
 And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent, 25
 Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
 To impious use—by process indirect
 Declares his due, while he makes known his need.

—This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
 This universal plea in vain addressed, 30
 To eyes and ears of parents who themselves
 Did, in the time of their necessity,
 Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer
 That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven, 34

It mounts to reach the State's parental ear;
 Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,
 And be not most unfeelingly devoid
 Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
 The unquestionable good—which, England, safe

From interference of external force, 40
 May grant at leisure; without risk incurred

That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
Others shall e'er be able to undo.

"Look! and behold, from Calpe's sunburnt
cliffs

To the flat margin of the Baltic sea, 45
Long-reverenced titles cast away as weeds;
Laws overturned; and territory split,
Like fields of ice rent by the polar wind,
And forced to join in less obnoxious shapes 49
Which, ere they gain consistence, by a gust
Of the same breath are shattered and de-
stroyed.

Meantime the sovereignty of these fair Isles
Remains entire and indivisible:

And, if that ignorance were removed, which
breeds

Within the compass of their several shores 55
Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each
Might still preserve the beautiful repose
Of heavenly bodies shining in their spheres.

—The discipline of slavery is unknown

Among us,—hence the more do we require 60
The discipline of virtue; order else

Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.

Thus, duties rising out of good possess

And prudent caution needful to avert

Impending evil, equally require 65

That the whole people should be taught and
trained.

So shall licentiousness and black resolve

Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take

Their place; and genuine piety descend,

Like an inheritance, from age to age. 70

"With such foundations laid, avault the
fear

Of numbers crowded on their native soil,
To the prevention of all healthful growth

Through mutual injury! Rather in the
law

Of increase and the mandate from above 75

Rejoice!—and ye have special cause for joy.

—For, as the element of air affords

An easy passage to the industrious bees

Fraught with their burthens; and a way as
smooth

For those ordained to take their sounding
flight 80

From the thronged hive, and settle where
they list

In fresh abodes—their labor to renew;

So the wide waters, open to the power,

The will, the instincts, and appointed needs
Of Britain, do invite her to cast off 85

Her swarms, and in succession send them
forth;

Bound to establish new communities
On every shore whose aspect favors hope
Or bold adventure; promising to skill
And perseverance their deserved reward. 90

"Yes," he continued, kindling as he spake,
"Change wide, and deep, and silently per-
formed,

This Land shall witness; and as days roll on,
Earth's universal frame shall feel the effect;
Even till the smallest habitable rock,

Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs 96

Of humanized society; and bloom

With civil arts, that shall breathe forth their
fragrance,

A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.

From culture, unexclusively bestowed 100

On Albion's noble Race in freedom born,

Expect these mighty issues: from the pains

And faithful care of unambitious schools

Instructing simple childhood's ready ear:

Thence look for these magnificent results!

—Vast the circumference of hope—and ye

Are at its center, British Lawgivers; 107

Ah! sleep not there in shame! Shall Wis-
dom's voice

From out the bosom of these troubled times

Repeat the dictates of her calmer mind, 110

And shall the venerable halls ye fill

Refuse to echo the sublime decree?

Trust not to partial care a general good;

Transfer not to futurity a work

Of urgent need.—Your Country must com-
plete 115

Her glorious destiny. Begin even now,

Now, when oppression, like the Egyptian
plague

Of darkness, stretched o'er guilty Europe,
makes

The brightness more conspicuous that in-
vests

The happy Island where ye think and act;

Now, when destruction is a prime pursuit,

Show to the wretched nations for what end

The powers of civil polity were given."

PROPAGANDA AND POETRY

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

[From *Biographia Literaria*, 1817]

Toward the close of the first year from the
time, that in an inauspicious hour I left the
friendly cloisters and the happy grove of
quiet, ever honored Jesus College, Cam-
bridge, I was persuaded by sundry philan-
thropists and Anti-polemists to set on foot a

periodical work, entitled *The Watchman*, that according to the general motto of the work, *all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free!* In order to exempt it from the stamp-tax, and likewise to contribute as little as possible to the supposed guilt of a war against freedom, it was to be published on every eighth day, thirty-two pages, large octavo, closely printed, and price only four-pence. Accordingly with a flaming prospectus,—“*Knowledge is power,*” “*To cry the state of the political atmosphere,*”—and so forth, I set off on a tour to the North from Bristol to Sheffield, for the purpose of procuring customers, preaching by the way in most of the great towns, as a hireless volunteer, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that not a rag of the woman of Babylon might be seen on me. For I was at that time and long after, though a Trinitarian (that is *ad normam Platonis*) in philosophy, yet a zealous Unitarian in religion; more accurately, I was a Psilanthropist, one of those who believe our Lord to have been the real son of Joseph, and who lay the main stress on the resurrection rather than on the crucifixion. O! never can I remember those days with either shame or regret. For I was most sincere, most disinterested. My opinions were indeed in many and most important points erroneous; but my heart was single. Wealth, rank, life itself, then seemed cheap to me, compared with the interests of what I believed to be the truth, and the will of my Maker. I cannot even accuse myself of having been actuated by vanity; for in the expansion of my enthusiasm I did not think of myself at all.

My campaign commenced at Birmingham; and my first attack was on a rigid Calvinist, a tallow-chandler by trade. He was a tall, dingy man, in whom length was so predominant over breadth, that he might almost have been borrowed for a foundry poker. O that face! a face *κατ' ἔμφασιν*! I have it before me at this moment. The lank, black, twine-like hair, pinguinatescent, cut in a straight line along the black stubble of his thin gunpowder eye-brows, that looked like a scorched aftermath from a last week's shaving. His coat collar behind in perfect unison, both of color and luster, with the coarse yet glib cordage, which I suppose he called his hair, and which with a bend inward at the nape of the neck,—the only approach to flexure in his whole figure,—slunk in behind his waistcoat; while the countenance lank, dark,

very hard, and with strong perpendicular furrows, gave me a dim notion of some one looking at me through a used gridiron, all soot, grease, and iron! But he was one of the thoroughbred, a true lover of liberty, and, as I was informed, had proved to the satisfaction of many, that Mr. Pitt was one of the horns of the second beast in *The Revelations*, that *spake as a dragon*. A person to whom one of my letters of recommendation had been addressed was my introducer. It was a new event in my life, my first stroke in the new business I had undertaken of an author, yea, and of an author trading on his own account. My companion after some imperfect sentences and a multitude of hum's and ha's abandoned the cause of his client; and I commenced an harangue of half an hour to Phileleutheros, the tallow-chandler, varying my notes, through the whole gamut of eloquence, from the ratiocinative to the declamatory, and in the latter from the pathetic to the indignant. I argued, I described, I promised, I prophesied; and beginning with the captivity of nations I ended with the near approach of the millennium, finishing the whole with some of my own verses describing that glorious state out of the Religious Musings:

Such delights

As float to earth, permitted visitants!
When in some hour of solemn jubilee
The massive gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come in fragments
wild
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odors snatched from beds of amaranth,
And they, that from the crystal river of life
Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial
gales!

My taper man of lights listened with perseverant and praiseworthy patience, though, as I was afterwards told, on complaining of certain gales that were not altogether ambrosial, it was a melting day with him. “And what, Sir,” he said, after a short pause, “might the cost be?” “Only four-pence,”—(O! how I felt the anti-climax, the abysmal bathos of that four-pence!)—“Only four-pence, Sir, each number, to be published on every eighth day.”—“That comes to a deal of money at the end of a year. And how much, did you say, there was to be for the money?”—“Thirty-two pages, Sir, large octavo, closely printed.”—“Thirty and two pages? Bless me! why except what I

does in a family way on the Sabbath, that's more than I ever reads, Sir! all the year round. I am as great a one, as any man in Brummagem, Sir! for liberty and truth and all them sort of things, but as to this,—no offense, I hope, sir,—I must beg to be excused."

So ended my first canvass: from causes that I shall presently mention, I made but one other application in person. This took place at Manchester to a stately and opulent wholesale dealer in cottons. He took my letter of introduction, and, having perused it, measured me from head to foot and again from foot to head, and then asked if I had any bill or invoice of the thing. I presented my prospectus to him. He rapidly skimmed and hummed over the first side, and still more rapidly the second and concluding page; crushed it within his fingers and the palm of his hand; then most deliberately and significantly rubbed and smoothed one part against the other; and lastly putting it into his pocket turned his back on me with an "*overrun* with these articles!" and so without another syllable retired into his counting-house. And, I can truly say, to my unspeakable amusement.

This, I have said, was my second and last attempt. On returning baffled from the first, in which I had vainly essayed to repeat the miracle of Orpheus with the Brummagem patriot, I dined with the tradesman who had introduced me to him. After dinner he importuned me to smoke a pipe with him, and two or three other *illuminati* of the same rank. I objected, both because I was engaged to spend the evening with a minister and his friends, and because I had never smoked except once or twice in my lifetime, and then it was herb tobacco mixed with Oronooko. On the assurance, however, that the tobacco was equally mild, and seeing too that it was of a yellow color;—not forgetting the lamentable difficulty I have always experienced, in saying, "No," and in abstaining from what the people about me were doing,—I took half a pipe, filling the lower half of the bowl with salt. I was soon, however, compelled to resign it, in consequence of a giddiness and distressful feeling in my eyes, which, as I had drunk but a single glass of ale, must, I knew, have been the effect of the tobacco. Soon after, deeming myself recovered, I sallied forth to my engagement; but the walk and the fresh air brought on all the symptoms again, and, I

had scarcely entered the minister's drawing-room, and opened a small packet of letters, which he had received from Bristol for me, ere I sank back on the sofa in a sort of swoon rather than sleep. Fortunately I had found just time enough to inform him of the confused state of my feelings, and of the occasion. For here and thus I lay, my face like a wall that is white-washing, deathly pale and with the cold drops of perspiration running down it from my forehead, while one after another there dropped in the different gentlemen, who had been invited to meet, and spend the evening with me, to the number of from fifteen to twenty. As the poison of tobacco acts but for a short time, I at length awoke from insensibility, and looked around on the party, my eyes dazzled by the candles which had been lighted in the interim. By way of relieving my embarrassment one of the gentlemen began the conversation, with "Have you seen a paper today, Mr. Coleridge?" "Sir," I replied, rubbing my eyes, "I am far from convinced that a Christian is permitted to read either newspapers or any other works of merely political and temporary interest." This remark, so ludicrously inapposite to, or rather, incongruous with, the purpose for which I was known to have visited Birmingham, and to assist me in which they were all then met, produced an involuntary and general burst of laughter; and seldom indeed have I passed so many delightful hours as I enjoyed in that room from the moment of that laugh till an early hour the next morning. Never, perhaps, in so mixed and numerous a party have I since heard conversation sustained with such animation, enriched with such variety of information, and enlivened with such a flow of anecdote. Both then and afterwards they all joined in dissuading me from proceeding with my scheme; assured me in the most friendly and yet most flattering expressions, that neither was the employment fit for me, nor I fit for the employment. Yet, if I determined on persevering in it, they promised to exert themselves to the utmost to procure subscribers, and insisted that I should make no more applications in person, but carry on the canvass by proxy. The same hospitable reception, the same dissuasion, and, that failing, the same kind exertions in my behalf, I met with at Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, Sheffield,—indeed, at every place in which I took up my sojourn. I often recall with

affectionate pleasure the many respectable men who interested themselves for me, a perfect stranger to them, not a few of whom I can still name among my friends. They will bear witness for me how opposite even then my principles were to those of Jacobinism or even of democracy, and can attest the strict accuracy of the statement which I have left on record in the tenth and eleventh numbers of *The Friend*.

From this rememberable tour I returned with nearly a thousand names on the subscription list of *The Watchman*; yet more than half convinced that prudence dictated the abandonment of the scheme. But for this very reason I persevered in it; for I was at that period of my life so completely haggard by the fear of being influenced by selfish motives, that to know a mode of conduct to be the dictate of prudence was a sort of presumptive proof to my feelings that the contrary was the dictate of duty. Accordingly, I commenced the work, which was announced in London by long bills in letters larger than had ever been seen before, and which, I have been informed, for I did not see them myself, eclipsed the glories even of the lottery puffs. But alas! the publication of the very first number was delayed beyond the day announced for its appearance. In the second number an essay against fast days, with a most censurable application of a text from Isaiah for its motto, lost me near five hundred of my subscribers at one blow. In the two following numbers I made enemies of all my Jacobin and democratic patrons; for, disgusted by their infidelity, and their adoption of French morals with French *philosophy*; and perhaps thinking that charity ought to begin nearest home; instead of abusing the government and the Aristocrats chiefly or entirely, as had been expected of me, I leveled my attacks at "modern patriotism," and even ventured to declare my belief that whatever the motives of ministers might have been for the sedition, or as it was then the fashion to call them, the *gagging* bills, yet the bills themselves would produce an effect to be desired by all the true friends of freedom, as far as they should contribute to deter men from openly declaiming on subjects, the principles of which they had never bottomed and from "pleading to the poor and ignorant, instead of pleading for them." At the same time I avowed my conviction that national education and a concurring spread of the Gospel

were the indispensable condition of any true political melioration. Thus by the time the seventh number was published, I had the mortification—(but why should I say this, when in truth I cared too little for anything that concerned my worldly interests to be at all mortified about it?)—of seeing the preceding numbers exposed in sundry old iron shops for a penny apiece. At the ninth number I dropped the work. But from the London publisher I could not obtain a shilling; he was a — and set me at defiance. From other places I procured but little, and after such delays as rendered that little worth nothing; and I should have been inevitably thrown into jail by my Bristol printer, who refused to wait even for a month, for a sum between eighty and ninety pounds, if the money had not been paid for me by a man by no means affluent, a dear friend, who attached himself to me from my first arrival at Bristol, who has continued my friend with a fidelity unconquered by time or even by my own apparent neglect; a friend from whom I never received an advice that was not wise, nor a remonstrance that was not gentle and affectionate.

Conscientiously an opponent of the first revolutionary war, yet with my eyes thoroughly opened to the true character and impotence of the favorers of revolutionary principles in England, principles which I held in abhorrence,—(for it was part of my political creed, that whoever ceased to act as an individual by making himself a member of any society not sanctioned by his Government, forfeited the rights of a citizen)—a vehement Anti-Ministerialist, but after the invasion of Switzerland, a more vehement Anti-Gallican, and still more intensely an Anti-Jacobin, I retired to a cottage at Stowey, and provided for my scanty maintenance by writing verses for a London morning paper. I saw plainly that literature was not a profession by which I could expect to live; for I could not disguise from myself that, whatever my talents might or might not be in other respects, yet they were not of the sort that could enable me to become a popular writer, and that whatever my opinions might be in themselves, they were almost equidistant from all the three prominent parties, the Pittites, the Foxites, and the Democrats. Of the unsaleable nature of my writings I had an amusing memento one morning from our own servant girl. For happening to rise at an earlier

hour than usual, I observed her putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate in order to light the fire, and mildly checked her for her wastefulness; "La, Sir!" (replied poor Nanny) "why, it is only Watchmen."

I now devoted myself to poetry and to the study of ethics and psychology; and so profound was my admiration at this time of Hartley's *Essay on Man*, that I gave his name to my first-born. In addition to the gentleman, my neighbor, whose garden joined on to my little orchard, and the cultivation of whose friendship had been my sole motive in choosing Stowey for my residence, I was so fortunate as to acquire, shortly after my settlement there, an invaluable blessing in the society and neighborhood of one to whom I could look up with equal reverence, whether I regarded him as a poet, a philosopher, or a man. His conversation extended to almost all subjects, except physics and politics; with the latter he never troubled himself. Yet neither my retirement nor my utter abstraction from all the disputes of the day could secure me in those jealous times from suspicion and obloquy, which did not stop at me, but extended to my excellent friend, whose perfect innocence was even adduced as a proof of his guilt. One of the many busy sycophants of that day,—(I here use the word sycophant in its original sense, as a wretch who *flatters* the prevailing party by *informing* against his neighbors, under pretence that they are exporters of prohibited *figs* or fancies,—for the moral application of the term it matters not which)—one of these sycophantic law-mongrels, discoursing on the politics of the neighborhood, uttered the following deep remark: "As to Coleridge, there is not so much harm in *him*, for he is a whirl-brain that talks whatever comes uppermost; but that —! he is the *dark* traitor. *You never hear HIM say a syllable on the subject.*" . . .

The dark guesses of some zealous *Quid-nunc* met with so congenial a soil in the grave alarm of a titled Dogberry of our neighborhood, that a spy was actually sent down from the government *pour surveillance* of myself and friend. There must have been not only abundance, but variety of those "honorable men" at the disposal of Ministers; for this proved a very honest fellow. After three weeks' truly Indian perseverance in tracking us, (for we were commonly together,) during all which time seldom were

we out of doors, but he contrived to be within hearing,—and all the while utterly unsuspected; how indeed *could* such a suspicion enter our fancies?—he not only rejected Sir Dogberry's request that he would try yet a little longer, but declared to him his belief that both my friend and myself were as good subjects, for aught he could discover to the contrary, as any in His Majesty's dominions. He had repeatedly hid himself, he said, for hours together behind a bank at the seaside, (our favorite seat,) and overheard our conversation. At first he fancied, that we were aware of our danger; for he often heard me talk of one *Spy Nozy*, which he was inclined to interpret of himself, and of a remarkable feature belonging to him; but he was speedily convinced that it was the name of a man who had made a book and lived long ago. Our talk ran most upon books, and we were perpetually desiring each other to look at *this*, and to listen to *that*; but he could not catch a word about politics. Once he had joined me on the road; (this occurred as I was returning home alone from my friend's house, which was about three miles from my own cottage,) and, passing himself off as a traveler, he had entered into conversation with me, and talked of purpose in a democrat way in order to draw me out. The result, it appears, not only convinced him that I was no friend of Jacobinism; but, (he added,) I had "plainly made it out to be such a silly as well as wicked thing, that he felt ashamed though he had only *put it on.*" I distinctly remembered the occurrence, and had mentioned it immediately on my return, repeating what the traveler with his Bar-dolph nose had said, with my own answer; and so little did I suspect the true object of my "tempter ere accuser," that I expressed with no small pleasure my hope and belief that the conversation had been of some service to the poor misled malcontent. This incident therefore prevented all doubt as to the truth of the report, which through a friendly medium came to me from the master of the village inn, who had been ordered to entertain the Government gentleman in his best manner, but above all to be silent concerning such a person being in his house. At length he received Sir Dogberry's commands to accompany his guest at the final interview; and, after the absolving suffrage of the *gentleman honored with the confidence of Ministers*, answered, as follows, to the following queries: D. Well, landlord! and what

do you know of the person in question? L. I see him often pass by with maister — my landlord, (*that is, the owner of the house,*) and sometimes with the newcomers at Holford; but I never said a word to him or he to me. D. But do you not know, that he has distributed papers and handbills of a seditious nature among the common people? L. No, your Honor! I never heard of such a thing. D. Have you not seen this Mr. Coleridge, or heard of his haranguing and talking to knots and clusters of the inhabitants? — What are you grinning at, sir? L. Beg your Honor's pardon! but I was only thinking, how they'd have stared at him. If what I have heard be true, your Honor! they would not have understood a word he said. When our Vicar was here, Dr. L., the master of the great school and Canon of Windsor, there was a great dinner party at maister —'s; and one of the farmers, that was there, told us that he and the Doctor talked real Hebrew Greek at each other for an hour together after dinner. D. Answer the question, sir! does he ever harangue the people? L. I hope your Honor ain't angry with me. I can say no more than I know. I never saw him talking with anyone but my landlord, and our curate, and the strange gentleman. D. Has he not been seen wandering on the hills towards the Channel, and along the shore, with books and papers in his hand, taking charts and maps of the country? L. Why, as to that, your Honor! I own, I have heard; I am sure, I would not wish to say ill of anybody; but it is certain, that I have heard—D. Speak out, man! don't be afraid, you are doing your duty to your King and Government. What have you heard? L. Why, folks do say, your Honor! as how that he is a *Poet*, and that he is going to put Quantock and all about here in print; and as they be so much together, I suppose that the strange gentleman has some *consarn* in the business.—So ended this formidable inquisition, the latter part of which alone requires explanation, and at the same time entitles the anecdote to a place in my literary life. I had considered it as a defect in the admirable poem of *The Task*, that the subject which gives the title to the work was not, and indeed could not be, carried on beyond the three or four first pages, and that, throughout the poem, the connections are frequently awkward, and the transitions abrupt and arbitrary. I sought for a subject that should give equal room and free-

dom for description, incident, and impassioned reflections on men, nature, and society, yet supply in itself a natural connection to the parts, and unity to the whole. Such a subject I conceived myself to have found in a stream, traced from its source in the hills among the yellow-red moss and conical glass-shaped tufts of bent, to the first break or fall, where its drops become audible, and it begins to form a channel; thence to the peat and turf barn, itself built of the same dark squares as it sheltered; to the sheepfold; to the first cultivated plot of ground; to the lonely cottage and its bleak garden won from the heath; to the hamlet, the villages, the market-town, the manufactories, and the seaport. My walks therefore were almost daily on top of Quantock, and among its sloping coombes. With my pencil and memorandum-book in my hand, I was *making studies*, as the artists call them, and often molding my thoughts into verse, with the objects and imagery immediately before my senses. Many circumstances, evil and good, intervened to prevent the completion of the poem, which was to have been entitled *The Brook*. Had I finished the work, it was my purpose in the heat of the moment to have dedicated it to our then committee of public safety as containing the charts and maps, with which I was to have supplied the French Government in aid of their plans of invasion. And these too for a tract of coast that, from Clevedon to Minehead, scarcely permits the approach of a fishing-boat!

During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbors, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colors of imagination. The sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And

real in this sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves.

In this idea originated the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads*; in which it was agreed that my endeavors should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand.

With this view I wrote the *Ancient Mariner*, and was preparing, among other poems, the *Dark Ladie*, and the *Christabel*, in which I should have more nearly realized my ideal than I had done in my first attempt. But Mr. Wordsworth's industry had proved so much more successful, and the number of his poems so much greater, that my compositions, instead of forming a balance, appeared rather an interpolation of heterogeneous matter. Mr. Wordsworth added two or three poems written in his own character, in the impassioned, lofty, and sustained diction which is characteristic of his genius.

CHRISTABEL: PART THE FIRST

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

[From *Christabel*, 1797]

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awaken'd the crowing
cock;
Tu-whit!—Tu-whoo!

And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.
Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;
From her kennel beneath the rock
She maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the
hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betroth'd knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest misletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moan'd as near, as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the
sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
 Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
 She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
 And stole to the other side of the oak.
 What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
 Drest in a silken robe of white,
 That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
 The neck that made that white robe wan,
 Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
 Her blue-vein'd feet unsandal'd were;
 And wildly glitter'd here and there
 The gems entangled in her hair.
 I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
 A lady so richly clad as she—
 Beautiful exceedingly!

"Mary mother, save me now!"
 Said Christabel, "and who art thou?"

The lady strange made answer meet,
 And her voice was faint and sweet:—
 "Have pity on my sore distress,
 I scarce can speak for weariness:
 Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!"
 Said Christabel, "How camest thou here?"
 And the lady, whose voice was faint and
 sweet

Did thus pursue her answer meet:—
 "My sire is of a noble line,
 And my name is Geraldine:
 Five warriors seized me yesternorn,
 Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
 They choked my cries with force and fright,
 And tied me on a palfrey white.
 The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
 And they rode furiously behind.
 They spurr'd amain, their steeds were white:
 And once we cross'd the shade of night.
 As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
 I have no thought what men they be;
 Nor do I know how long it is
 (For I have lain entranced, I wis)
 Since one, the tallest of the five,
 Took me from the palfrey's back,
 A weary woman, scarce alive.
 Some mutter'd words his comrades spoke:
 He placed me underneath this oak;
 He swore they would return with haste;
 Whither they went I cannot tell—
 I thought I heard, some minutes past,
 Sounds as of a castle bell.
 Stretch forth thy hand," thus ended she,
 "And help a wretched maid to flee."

Then Christabel stretch'd forth her hand,
 And comforted fair Geraldine:

"O well, bright dame, may you command
 The service of Sir Leoline;
 And gladly our stout chivalry
 Will he send forth, and friends withal,
 To guide and guard you safe and free
 Home to your noble father's hall."

She rose: and forth with steps they pass'd
 That strove to be, and were not, fast.
 Her gracious stars the lady blest,
 And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
 "All our household are at rest,
 The hall as silent as the cell;
 Sir Leoline is weak in health,
 And may not well awaken'd be,
 But we will move as if in stealth;
 And I beseech your courtesy,
 This night, to share your couch with me."

They cross'd the moat, and Christabel
 Took the key that fitted well;
 A little door she open'd straight,
 All in the middle of the gate;
 The gate that was iron'd within and with-
 out,

Where an army in battle array had march'd
 out.

The lady sank, belike through pain,
 And Christabel with might and main
 Lifted her up, a weary weight,
 Over the threshold of the gate:
 Then the lady rose again,
 And moved, as she were not in pain.

So, free from danger, free from fear,
 They cross'd the court: right glad they
 were.

And Christabel devoutly cried
 To the lady by her side:
 "Praise we the Virgin all divine,
 Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!"
 "Alas, alas!" said Geraldine,
 "I cannot speak for weariness."
 So, free from danger, free from fear,
 They cross'd the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old
 Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
 The mastiff old did not awake,
 Yet she an angry moan did make.
 And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
 Never till now she utter'd yell
 Beneath the eye of Christabel.
 Perhaps it is the owl's scritch:
 For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They pass'd the hall, that echoes still,
 Pass as lightly as you will.

The brands were flat, the brands were
dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady pass'd, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline
tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the
wall.

"O softly tread," said Christabel,
"My father seldom sleepeth well."
Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And, jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath!
And now have reach'd her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fasten'd to an angel's feet.
The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimm'd the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?"
Christabel answer'd—"Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-hair'd friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!"
"I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"

But soon, with alter'd voice, said she—
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!

I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
"Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wilder'd you!"
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'Tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor, whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countree.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
"All they, who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake,
And for the good which me befell,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "So let it be!"
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.
But through her brain, of weal and woe,
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline,
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bow'd,
And slowly roll'd her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shudder'd, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side—
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs:
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!

Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly, as one defied,
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the maiden's side!—
And in her arms the maid she took,

Ah wel-a-day!

And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:

"In the touch of this bosom there work-
eth a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest tonight, and wilt know to-
morrow,

This mark of my shame, this seal of my
sorrow;

But faintly thou warrest,

For this is alone in

Thy power to declare,

That in the dim forest

Thou heard'st a low moaning,

And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly
fair:

And didst bring her home with thee, in love
and in charity,

To shield her and shelter her from the
damp air."

DEJECTION: AN ODE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

[1802]

1

Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who
made

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens,

This night, so tranquil now, will not go
hence

Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those which mold yon cloud in lazy
flakes,

Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and
rakes

Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,

Which better far were mute;

For lo! the new-moon winter bright!

And overspread with phantom light,

(With swimming phantom light o'er-
spread

But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)

I see the old moon in her lap, foretelling

The coming-on of rain and squally blast.

And oh! that even now the gust were swell-
ing,

And the slant night-shower driving loud
and fast!

Those sounds which oft have raised me,
whilst they awed,

And sent my soul abroad,

Might now perhaps their wonted impulse
give,

Might startle this dull pain, and make it
live!

2

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and
drear,

A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,

In word, or sigh, or tear—

O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,

All this long eve, so balmy and serene,

Have I been gazing on the western sky,

And its peculiar tint of yellow green,

And still I gaze—and with how blank an
eye!

And those thin clouds above, in flakes and
bars,

That give away their motion to the stars;

Those stars, that glide behind them or be-
tween,

Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always
seen:

Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;

I see them all so excellently fair,

I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

3

My genial spirits fail;

And what can these avail

To lift the smothering weight from off my
breast?

It were a vain endeavor,

Though I should gaze for ever

On that green light that lingers in the west:

I may not hope from outward forms to
win

The passion and the life, whose fountains
are within.

4

O Lady, we receive but what we give,

And in our life alone does Nature live:

Ours is her wedding garment, ours her
shroud!

And would we aught behold, of higher
worth,

Than that inanimate cold world allowed

To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
 Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the earth—
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own
 birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

5

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
 What this strong music in the soul may be!
 What, and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous
 mist,
 This beautiful and beauty-making power.
 Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was
 given,
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
 Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and
 shower,
 Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,
 A new earth and new heaven,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
 Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous
 cloud—
 We in ourselves rejoice!
 And thence flows all that charms or ear
 or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colors a suffusion from that light.

6

There was a time when, though my path
 was rough,
 This joy within me dallied with distress,
 And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
 Whence Fancy made me dreams of happi-
 ness:
 For hope grew round me, like the twining
 vine,
 And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed
 mine.
 But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
 Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
 But oh! each visitation
 Suspends what Nature gave me at my birth,
 My shaping spirit of Imagination.
 For not to think of what I needs must feel,
 But to be still and patient, all I can;
 And haply by abstruse research to steal
 From my own nature all the natural
 man—
 This was my sole resource, my only plan:

Till that which suits a part infects the
 whole,
 And now is almost grown the habit of my
 soul.

7

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my
 mind
 Reality's dark dream!
 I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
 Which long has raved unnoticed.
 What a scream
 Of agony by torture lengthened out
 That lute sent forth! Thou wind, that
 ravest without,
 Bare crag, or mountain-tarn, or blasted
 tree,
 Or pine-grove whither woodman never
 clomb,
 Or lonely house, long held the witches'
 home,
 Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
 Mad Lutanist! who in this month of show-
 ers,
 Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping
 flowers,
 Makest Devils' Yule, with worse than win-
 try song,
 The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves
 among.
 Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
 Thou mighty Poet, even to frenzy bold!
 What tell'st thou now about?
 'Tis of the rushing of an host in rout,
 With groans of trampled men, with smart-
 ing wounds—
 At once they groan with pain, and shudder
 with the cold!
 But hush! there is a pause of deepest si-
 lence!
 And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
 With groans and tremulous shudderings—
 all is over—
 It tells another tale, with sounds less deep
 and loud!
 A tale of less affright,
 And tempered with delight,
 As Otway's self had framed the tender
 lay;
 'Tis of a little child
 Upon a lonesome wild,
 Not far from home, but she hath lost her
 way:
 And now moans low in bitter grief and
 fear,
 And now screams loud, and hopes to make
 her mother hear.

8

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I
 of sleep:
 Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
 Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of heal-
 ing,
 And may this storm be but a mountain
 birth,
 May all the stars hang bright above her
 dwelling,

Silent as though they watched the sleep-
 ing Earth!
 With light heart may she rise,
 Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
 Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice;
 To her may all things live, from pole to
 pole,
 Their life the eddying of her living soul!
 O simple spirit, guided from above,
 Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,
 Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

2. THE FREE PERSONALITY

PROMETHEUS

LORD BYRON

I

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
 The sufferings of mortality,
 Seen in their sad reality,
 Were not as things that gods despise;
 What was thy pity's recompense?
 A silent suffering, and intense;
 The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
 All that the proud can feel of pain,
 The agony they do not show,
 The suffocating sense of woe,
 Which speaks but in its loneliness,
 And then is jealous lest the sky
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh
 Until its voice is echoless.

II

TITAN! to thee the strife was given
 Between the suffering and the will,
 Which torture where they cannot kill;
 And the inexorable Heaven,
 And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
 The ruling principle of Hate,
 Which for its pleasure doth create
 The things it may annihilate,
 Refused thee even the boon to die:
 The wretched gift eternity
 Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.
 All that the Thunderer wrung from thee,
 Was but the menace which flung back
 On him the torments of thy rack;
 The fate thou didst so well foresee,
 But would not to appease him tell;
 And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
 And in his Soul a vain repentance,
 And evil dread so ill dissembled
 That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

III.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
 To render with thy precepts less
 The sum of human wretchedness,
 And strengthen man with his own mind;
 But baffled as thou wert from high,
 Still in thy patient energy,
 In the endurance, and repulse
 Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
 Which Earth and Heaven could not con-
 vulse,
 A mighty lesson we inherit:
 Thou art a symbol and a sign
 To mortals of their fate and force;
 Like thee, Man is in part divine,
 A troubled stream from a pure source;
 And Man in portions can foresee
 His own funereal destiny;
 His wretchedness, and his resistance,
 And his sad unallied existence:
 To which his Spirit may oppose
 Itself—an equal to all woes,
 And a firm will, and a deep sense,
 Which even in torture can deservy
 Its own concentr'd recompense,
 Triumphant where it dares defy,
 And making Death a Victory.

SONNET ON CHILLON

LORD BYRON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are con-
 sign'd—
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless
 gloom,

Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

SOLITUDE

LORD BYRON

[From *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto
 III, 1817]

Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,
 The mirror where the stars and mountains view
 The stillness of their aspect in each trace
 Its clear depth yields of their far height
 and hue;
 There is too much of man here, to look
 through
 With a fit mind the might which I behold;
 But soon in me shall Loneliness renew
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than
 of old,
 Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me
 in their fold.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind;
 All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
 In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
 Of our infection, till too late and long
 We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
 In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
 'Midst a contentious world, striving where
 none are strong.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our
 years
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight
 Of our own soul turn all our blood to
 tears,

And color things to come with hues of
 Night:
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
 To those that walk in darkness; on the
 sea
 The boldest steer but where their ports
 invite,
 But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd
 ne'er shall be.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
 And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
 By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
 Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
 A fair but froward infant her own care,
 Kissing its cries away as these awake;—
 Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
 Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to
 inflict or bear?

I live not in myself, but I become
 Portion of that around me: and to me,
 High mountains are a feeling, but the
 hum
 Of human cities torture; I can see
 Nothing to loathe in Nature, save to be
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
 Class'd among creatures, when the soul
 can flee,
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving
 plain
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in
 vain.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life:
 I look upon the peopled desert past,
 As on a place of agony and strife,
 Where, for some sin, to Sorrow I was
 cast,
 To act and suffer, but remount at last
 With a fresh pinion; which I feel to
 spring,
 Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the
 blast
 Which it would cope with, on delighted
 wing,
 Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round
 our being cling.

And when, at length, the mind shall be
 all free
 From what it hates in this degraded form,
 Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
 Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
 When elements to elements conform,

And dust is as it should be, shall I not
 Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more
 warm?
 The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each
 spot?
 Of which, even now, I share at times the
 immortal lot?

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies,
 a part
 Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
 Is not the love of these deep in my heart
 With a pure passion? should I not con-
 temn
 All objects, if compared with these? and
 stem
 A tide of suffering rather than forego
 Such feelings for the hard and worldly
 phlegm
 Of those whose eyes are only turn'd be-
 low,
 Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts
 which dare not glow?

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet
 clear,
 Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly
 seen,
 Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights
 appear
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from
 the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on
 the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended
 oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night
 carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
 At intervals, some bird from out the
 brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the
 hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dew
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they in-
 fuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her
 hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
 If in your bright leaves we would read
 the fate

Of men and empires,—'tis to be for-
 given,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named
 themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still—though not
 in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling
 most;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too
 deep:—
 All heaven and earth are still: from the
 high host
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-
 coast,
 All is concentr'd in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is
 lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and Defense.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
 In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
 A truth which through our being then
 doth melt,
 And purifies from self: it is a tone,
 The soul and source of music, which makes
 known
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
 Binding all things with beauty;—'twould
 disarm
 The specter Death, had he substantial power
 to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
 His altar the high places and the peak
 Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus
 take
 A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
 The Spirit, in whose honor shrines are
 weak,
 Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and
 compare
 Columns and idol dwellings, Goth or
 Greek,
 With Nature's realms of worship, earth
 and air,
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy
 prayer!

Thy sky is changed!—and such a change!
 O night,

And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the Joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

THE ONWARD MARCH OF FREEDOM

LORD BYRON

[From *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto IV, 1818]

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,
 And Freedom find no champion and no child
 Such as Columbia saw arise when she
 Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefil'd?
 Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,
 Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
 Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
 On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
 Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
 And fatal have her Saturnalia been
 To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime;
 Because the deadly days which we have seen,
 And vile Ambition, that built up between
 Man and his hopes an adamant wall,
 And the base pageant last upon the scene,
 Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
 Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—his second fall.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
 Screams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind;

Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
 The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
 Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
 Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
 But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
 Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;
 So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

THE OCEAN

LORD BYRON

[From *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto IV, 1818]

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee: the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,

Spurning him from thy bosom to the
 skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy play-
 ful spray
 And howling, to his gods, where haply
 lies
 His petty hope in some near port or
 bay,
 And dashest him again to earth:—there let
 him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the
 walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations
 quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy
 flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which
 mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of
 Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all
 save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what
 are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were
 free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores
 obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their de-
 cay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so
 thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves'
 play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure
 brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest
 now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Al-
 mighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or
 storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and
 sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each
 zone

Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fath-
 omless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a
 boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing
 fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do
 here.

THE RENEGADE POETS¹

LORD BYRON

[From *Don Juan*, 1819]

BOB SOUTHEY! You're a poet—Poet laure-
 ate,
 And representative of all the race,
 Although 'tis true that you turned out a
 Tory at
 Last,—yours has lately been a common
 case,—
 And now, my Epic Renegade! what are ye
 at?
 With all the Lakers, in and out of place?
 A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye
 Like "four and twenty Blackbirds in a pye!"
 "Which pye being open'd they began to
 sing,"
 (This old song and new simile holds
 good,)
 "A dainty dish to set before the King,"
 Or Regent, who admires such kind of
 food;—
 And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,
 But like a hawk encumber'd with his
 hood,—
 Explaining metaphysics to the nation—
 I wish he would explain his Explanation.
 You, Bob! are rather insolent, you know,
 At being disappointed in your wish
 To supersede all warblers here below,
 And be the only Blackbird in the dish;

¹ This scornful dedication was prompted by Byron's hatred of what he regarded as the apostasy of the Lake poets from the cause of freedom, also by his critical disapproval of their poetry, and finally by personal animosity toward Southey. For the judgment on Wordsworth, which was shared by Shelley and other radical poets, compare Browning's *The Lost Leader*.

And then you overstrain yourself, or so,
And tumble downward like the flying fish
Gasping on deck, because you soar too high,
Bob,
And fall for lack of moisture quite a-dry,
Bob!

And Wordsworth, in a rather long "Excursion,"

(I think the quarto holds five hundred pages,)

Has given a sample from the vasty version
Of his new system to perplex the sages;
'Tis poetry—at least by his assertion,
And may appear so when the dog-star
rages—

And he who understands it would be able
To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

You—Gentlemen! by dint of long seclusion
From better company, have kept your
own

At Keswick, and, through still continued
fusion

Of one another's minds, at last have
grown

To deem as a most logical conclusion,

That Poesy hath wreaths for you alone:
There is a narrowness in such a notion,
Which makes me wish you'd change your
lakes for ocean.

I would not imitate the petty thought,
Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,
For all the glory your conversion brought,
Since gold alone should not have been its
price.

You have your salary; was't for that you
wrought?

And Wordsworth has his place in the
Excise.

You're shabby fellows—true—but poets
still,

And duly seated on the immortal hill.

Your bays may hide the boldness of your
brows—

Perhaps some virtuous blushes;—let them
go—

To you I envy neither fruit nor boughs—
And for the fame you would engross be-
low,

The field is universal, and allows

Scope to all such as feel the inherent
glow:

Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Crabbe
will try

'Gainst you the question with posterity.

For me, who, wandering with pedestrian
Muses,

Contend not with you on the wingèd steed,
I wish your fate may yield ye, when she
chooses,

The fame you envy, and the skill you
need;

And recollect a poet nothing loses

In giving to his brethren their full meed
Of merit, and complaint of present days
Is not the certain path to future praise.

He that reserves his laurels for posterity
(Who does not often claim the bright
reversion)

Has generally no great crop to spare it, he
Being only injured by his own assertion;
And although here and there some glorious
rarity

Arise like Titan from the sea's immer-
sion,

The major part of such appellants go

To—God knows where—for no one else can
know.

If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,
Milton appeal'd to the Avenger, Time,
If Time, the Avenger, execrates his wrongs,
And makes the word "Miltonic" mean
"sublime,"

He deign'd not to belie his soul in songs,
Nor turn his very talent to a crime;
He did not loathe the Sire to laud the Son,
But closed the tyrant-hater he begun.

Think'st thou, could he—the blind Old Man
—arise

Like Samuel from the grave, to freeze
once more

The blood of monarchs with his prophecies,
Or be alive again—again all hoar

With time and trials, and those helpless
eyes,

And heartless daughters—worn—and pale
—and poor,

Would he adore a sultan? he obey

The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh?

Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid mis-
creant!

Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's
gore,

And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,

Transferr'd to gorge upon a sister shore,

The vulgarest tool that Tyranny could want,

With just enough of talent, and no more,

To lengthen fetters by another fix'd,
And offer poison long already mix'd.

An orator of such set trash of phrase
 Ineffably—legitimately vile,
 That even its grossest flatterers dare not
 praise,
 Nor foes—all nations—condescend to
 smile,—
 Not even a sprightly blunder's spark can
 blaze
 From that Ixion grindstone's ceaseless
 toil,
 That turns and turns to give the world a
 notion
 Of endless torments and perpetual motion.

A bungler even in its disgusting trade,
 And botching, patching, leaving still be-
 hind
 Something of which its masters are afraid,
 States to be curb'd, and thoughts to be
 confined,
 Conspiracy or Congress to be made—
 Cobbling at manacles for all mankind—
 A tinkering slave-maker, who mends old
 chains,
 With God and man's abhorrence for its
 gains.

If we may judge of matter by the mind,
 Emasculated to the marrow *It*
 Hath but two objects, how to serve, and
 bind,
 Deeming the chain it wears even men may
 fit,
 Eutropius of its many masters,—blind
 To worth as freedom, wisdom as to wit,
 Fearless—because *no* feeling dwells in ice,
 Its very courage stagnates to a vice.

Where shall I turn me not to *view* its bonds.
 For I will never *feel* them;—Italy!
 Thy late reviving Roman soul desponds
 Beneath the lie this State-thing breath'd
 o'er thee—
 Thy clanking chain, and Erin's yet green
 wounds
 Have voices—tongues to cry aloud for me.
 Europe has slaves—allies—kings—armies
 still,
 And Southey lives to sing them very ill.

Meantime—Sir Laureate—I proceed to dedi-
 cate
 In honest simple verse, this song to you.
 And, if in flattering strains I do not predi-
 cate,
 'Tis that I still retain my "buff and blue";
 My politics as yet are all to educate:

Apostasy's so fashionable, too,
 To keep *one* creed's a task grown quite
 Herculean;
 Is it not so, my Tory, ultra-Julian?

THE ISLES OF GREECE

LORD BYRON

[From *Don Juan*, Canto III]

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse:
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
 For, standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations;—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'T is something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!

Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords:
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet:
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine;
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT (1822)¹

LORD BYRON

I

In the first year of freedom's second dawn
Died George the Third; although no tyrant, one
Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn
Left him nor mental nor external sun:
A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,
A worse king never left a realm undone!
He died—but left his subjects still behind,
One half as mad—and t'other no less blind.

He died!—his death made no great stir on earth,
His burial made some pomp; there was profusion
Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
Of aught but tears—save those shed by collusion,
For these things may be bought at their true worth;
Of elegy there was the due infusion—
Bought also; and the torches, cloaks, and banners,
Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

Form'd a sepulchral melodrame. Of all
The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
Made the attraction, and the black the woe.
There throb'd not there a thought which pierced the pall;
And, when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold
The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

¹ This satire was written as an answer to the Poet Laureate Southey's official elegy on George III, *A Vision of Judgment*, 1821, in which is given an account of the assumption of the monarch into Heaven. The second selection is a part of a debate between Satan and the Archangel Michael concerning George III's title to salvation. Witnesses are summoned, including Junius. At the close Southey appears and begins to read his poem.

So mix his body with the dust! It might
 Return to what it *must* far sooner, were
 The natural compound left alone to fight
 Its way back into earth, and fire, and
 air;
 But the unnatural balsams merely blight
 What nature made him at his birth, as
 bare
 As the mere million's base unummied
 clay—
 Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

He's dead—and upper earth with him has
 done:
 He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,
 Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone
 For him, unless he left a German will;
 But where's the proctor who will ask his
 son?
 In whom his qualities are reigning still,
 Except that household virtue, most uncom-
 mon,
 Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
 And nodded o'er his keys; when lo! there
 came
 A wond'rous noise he had not heard of
 late—
 A rushing sound of wind, and stream,
 and flame;
 In short, a roar of things extremely great,
 Which would have made aught save a
 saint exclaim;
 But he, with first a start and then a wink,
 Said, "There's another star gone out, I
 think!"

But ere he could return to his repose,
 A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his
 eyes—
 At which Saint Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd
 his nose;
 "Saint porter," said the angel, "prithce
 rise!"
 Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as
 glows
 An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly
 dyes:
 To which the saint replied, "Well, what's
 the matter?
 Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?"
 "No," quoth the cherub, "George the Third
 is dead."
 "And who is George the Third?" replied
 the apostle:

"*What George? what Third?*" "The king
 of England," said
 The angel. "Well! he won't find kings
 to jostle
 Him on his way; but does he wear his head?
 Because the last we saw here had a tussle,
 And ne'er would have got into heaven's
 good graces,
 Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

II

"He¹ came to his scepter young; he leaves
 it old:
 Look to the state in which he found his
 realm,
 And left it; and his annals too behold,
 How to a minion first he gave the helm:
 How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,
 The beggar's vice, which can but over-
 whelm
 The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but
 glance
 Thine eye along America and France.

"'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last,
 (I have the workmen safe), but as a
 tool
 So let him be consumed. From out the past
 Of ages, since mankind have known the
 rule
 Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amass'd
 Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsars'
 school,
 Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign
 More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd
 with the slain.

"He ever warr'd with freedom and the free:
 Nations as men, home subjects, foreign
 foes,
 So that they utter'd the word 'Liberty!'
 Found George the Third their first op-
 ponent. Whose
 History was ever stain'd as his will be
 With national and individual woes?
 I grant his household abstinence; I grant
 His neutral virtues, which most monarchs
 want;

"I know he was a constant consort; own
 He was a decent sire, and middling lord.
 All this is much, and most upon a throne;
 As temperance, if at Apicius' board,
 Is more than at an anchorite's supper
 shown.

¹ George III.

I grant him all the kindest can accord;
And this was well for him, but not for
those
Millions who found him what oppression
chose.

"The New World shook him off; the Old yet
groans
Beneath what he and his prepared, if not
Completed: he leaves his heirs on many
thrones
To all his vices, without what begot
Compassion for him—his tame virtues;
drones
Who sleep, or despots who have now for-
got
A lesson which shall be re-taught them,
wake
Upon the thrones of earth; but let them
quake!"

III

He¹ ceased, and drew forth an MS; and no
Persuasion on the part of devils, or
saints,
Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so
He read the first three lines of the con-
tents;
But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
Had vanish'd, with variety of scents,
Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,
Like lightning, off from his "melodious
twang."

Those grand heroics acted as a spell:
The angels stopp'd their ears and plied
their pinion,
The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to
hell;
The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own
dominion,

¹ i. e., Southey, who had given a long defense of
his work.

(For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
And I leave every man to his own opin-
ion;)

Michael took refuge in his trump—but lo!
His teeth were set on edge, he could not
blow!

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known
For an impetuous saint, upraised his
keys,

And at the fifth line knock'd the poet down;
Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,
Into his lake, for there he did not drown,
A different web being by the Destinies
Woven for the laureat's final wreath, when-
e'er

Reform shall happen either here or there.

He first sank to the bottom—like his works,
But soon rose to the surface—like him-
self;

For all corrupted things are buoy'd, like
corks,

By their own rottenness, light as an elf,
Or wish that flits o'er a morass: he lurks,
It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
In his own den, to scrawl some "Life," or
"Vision,"

As Welborn says—"the devil turn'd pre-
cision."

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
Which kept my optics free from all de-
lusion,

And show'd me what I in my turn have
shown;

All I saw farther, in the last confusion,
Was, that King George slipp'd into
heaven for one,

And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practicing the hundredth psalm.

3. A VISION OF PERFECTION

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats though unseen amongst us,—vis-
iting

This various world with as inconstant
wing

As summer winds that creep from flower to
flower;—

Like moonbeams that behind some piny
mountain shower,

It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;

Like hues and harmonies of evening,—
Like clouds in starlight widely
spread,—

Like memory of music fled,—

Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine
 upon
 Of human thought or form,—where art
 thou gone?
 Why dost thou pass away and leave our
 state,
 This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and
 desolate?
 Ask why the sunlight not forever
 Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain
 river,
 Why aught should fail and fade that once
 is shown,
 Why fear and dream and death and
 birth
 Cast on the daylight of this earth
 Such gloom,—why man has such a scope
 For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
 To sage or poet these responses given—
 Therefore the names of Dæmon, Ghost,
 and Heaven,
 Remain the records of their vain endeavor,
 Frail spells—whose uttered charm might not
 avail to sever,
 From all we hear and all we see,
 Doubt, chance, and mutability.
 Thy light alone—like mist o'er mountains
 driven,
 Or music by the night wind sent,
 Through strings of some still instru-
 ment,
 Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
 Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds
 depart
 And come, for some uncertain moments
 lent.
 Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
 Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
 Keep with thy glorious train firm state with-
 in his heart.
 Thou messenger of sympathies,
 That wax and wane in lovers' eyes—
 Thou—that to human thought art nourish-
 ment,
 Like darkness to a dying flame!
 Depart not as thy shadow came,
 Depart not—lest the grave should be,
 Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and
 sped
 Through many a listening chamber, cave,
 and ruin,

And starlight wood, with fearful steps
 pursuing
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
 I called on poisonous names with which our
 youth is fed,
 I was not heard—I saw them not—
 When musing deeply on the lot
 Of life, at the sweet time when winds are
 wooing
 All vital things that wake to bring
 News of birds and blossoming,—
 Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;
 I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
 To thee and thine—have I not kept the
 vow?
 With beating heart and streaming eyes,
 even now
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
 Each from his voiceless grave: they have in
 visioned bowers
 Of studious zeal or love's delight
 Outstretched with me the envious
 night—
 They know that never joy illumed my brow
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst
 free
 This world from its dark slavery,
 That thou—O awful LOVELINESS,
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot
 express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
 When noon is past—there is a harmony
 In autumn, and a luster in its sky,
 Which through the summer is not heard or
 seen,
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
 Thus let thy power, which like the truth
 Of nature on my passive youth
 Descended, to my onward life supply
 Its calm—to one who worships thee,
 And every form containing thee,
 Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind
 To fear himself, and love all human kind.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I

O, wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
 being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter
 fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O, thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O, hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!
Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O, hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O, uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!

Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

ENGLAND IN 1819

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying
king,¹—
Princes,² the dregs of their dull race, who
flow
Through public scorn,—mud from a muddy
spring,—
Rulers³ who neither see, nor feel, nor know,
But leech-like to their fainting country cling,
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a
blow,—
A people starved and stabbed in the un-
tilled field,—
An army, which liberticide and prey
Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield
Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and
slay;
Religion Christless, Godless—a book sealed;
A Senate,⁴—Time's worst statute unre-
pealed,—
Are graves, from which a glorious Phantom
may
Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.

THE POWER OF MAN

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

[From *Prometheus Unbound*, 1819]

Man, oh, not men! a chain of linkèd
thought,
Of love and might to be divided not,
Compelling the elements with adamant
stress;
As the sun rules, even with a tyrant's gaze,
The unquiet republic of the maze
Of planets, struggling fierce towards heav-
en's free wilderness—

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control,
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the
sea;
Familiar acts are beautiful through love;
Labor, and pain, and grief, in life's green
grove
Sport like tame beasts, none knew how gen-
tle they could be!

His will, with all mean passions, bad
delights,

¹ George III.² The Prince of Wales.³ The Ministry, principally Castlereagh.⁴ The House of Lords.

And selfish cares, its trembling satellites,
A spirit ill to guide, but mighty to obey,
Is as a tempest-wingèd ship, whose helm
Love rules, through waves which dare not
overwhelm,
Forcing life's wildest shores to own its sov-
ereign sway.

All things confess his strength. Through
the cold mass
Of marble and of color his dreams pass;
Bright threads whence mothers weave the
robes their children wear;
Language is a perpetual Orphic song,
Which rules with Dædal harmony a throng
Of thoughts and forms, which else senseless
and shapeless were.

The lightning is his slave; heaven's utmost
deep
Gives up her stars, and like a flock of
sheep
They pass before his eye, are numbered, and
roll on!
The tempest is his steed, he strides the air;
And the abyss shouts from her depth laid
bare,
Heaven, hast thou secrets? Man unveils me;
I have none.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE¹[From *Prometheus Unbound*]

Prometheus. We feel what thou hast
heard and seen; yet speak.
Spirit of the Hour. Soon as the sound
had ceased whose thunder filled
The abysses of the sky and the wide earth,
There was a change: the impalpable thin air
And the all-circling sunlight were trans-
formed,
As if the sense of love dissolved in them
Had folded itself round the spherèd world.
My vision then grew clear, and I could see
Into the mysteries of the universe:
Dizzy as with delight I floated down;
Winnowing the lightsome air with languid
plumes,
My coursers sought their birthplace in the
sun,
Where they henceforth will live exempt from
toil
Pasturing flowers of vegetable fire;
And where my moonlike car will stand within

¹ This passage is a poetic rendering of Godwin's
Political Justice.

A temple, gazed upon by Phidian forms
Of thee, and Asia, and the Earth, and me,
And you, fair nymphs, looking the love we
feel,—

In memory of the tidings it has borne,—
Beneath a dome fretted with graven flowers,
Poised on twelve columns of resplendent
stone,

And open to the bright and liquid sky.
Yoked to it by an amphisbenic snake
The likeness of those wingèd steeds will mock
The flight from which they find repose. Alas,
Whither has wandered now my partial
tongue

When all remains untold which ye would
hear?

As I have said I floated to the earth:
It was, as it is still, the pain of bliss
To move, to breathe, to be; I wandering
went

Among the haunts and dwellings of mankind,
And first was disappointed not to see
Such mighty change as I had felt within
Expressed in outward things; but soon I
looked,

And behold, thrones were kingless, and men
walked

One with the other even as spirits do—
None fawned, none trampled; hate, disdain,
or fear,

Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows,
No more inscribed, as o'er the gate of hell,
"All hope abandon ye who enter here";
None frowned, none trembled, none with
eager fear

Gazed on another's eye of cold command,
Until the subject of the tyrant's will
Became, worse fate, the abject of his own,
Which spurred him, like an outspent horse,
to death.

None wrought his lips in truth-entangling
lines

Which smiled the lie his tongue disdained to
speak;

None, with firm sneer, trod out in his own
heart

The sparks of love and hope till there re-
mained

Those bitter ashes, a soul self-consumed,
And the wretch crept a vampire among men,
Infecting all with his own hideous ill;
None talked that common, false, cold, hollow
talk

Which makes the heart deny the *yes* it
breathes,

Yet question that unmeant hypocrisy
With such a self-mistrust as has no name.

And women, too, frank, beautiful, and kind
As the free heaven which rains fresh light
and dew

On the wide earth, passed; gentle, radiant
forms,

From custom's evil taint exempt and pure;
Speaking the wisdom once they could not
think,

Looking emotions once they feared to feel,
And changed to all which once they dared
not be,

Yet being now, made earth like heaven; nor
pride,

Nor jealousy, nor envy, nor ill shame,
The bitterest of those drops of treasured
gall,

Spoilt the sweet taste of the nepenthe, love.

Thrones, altars, judgment-seats, and prisons,
wherein,

And beside which, by wretched men were
borne

Scepters, tiaras, swords, and chains, and
tomes

Of reasoned wrong, glozed on by ignorance,
Were like those monstrous and barbaric
shapes,

The ghosts of a no-more-remembered fame,
Which, from their unworn obelisks, look
forth

In triumph o'er the palaces and tombs
Of those who were their conquerors: molder-
ing round

Those imaged to the pride of kings and
priests,

A dark yet mighty faith, a power as wide
As is the world it wasted, and are now
But an astonishment; even so the tools

And emblems of its last captivity,
Amid the dwellings of the peopled earth,

Stand, not o'erthrown, but unregarded now.
And those foul shapes, abhorred by god and
man,

Which, under many a name and many a
form,

Strange, savage, ghastly, dark, and execra-
ble,

Were Jupiter, the tyrant of the world;
And which the nations, panic-stricken, served

With blood, and hearts broken by long hope,
and love

Dragged to his altars soiled and garlandless,
And slain among men's unreclaiming tears,

Flattering the thing they feared, which fear
was hate,

Frown, moldering fast, o'er their abandoned
shrines:

The painted veil, by those who were, called
life,
Which mimicked, as with colors idly spread,
All men believed and hoped, is torn aside;
The loathsome mask has fallen, the man re-
mains

Scepterless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself; just, gentle, wise: but man
Passionless? no, yet free from guilt or pain,
Which were, for his will made or suffered
them;

Nor yet exempt, tho' ruling them like slaves,
From chance, and death, and mutability,
The clogs of that which else might oversoar
The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.

THE DAY!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

[From *Prometheus Unbound*]

This is the day, which down the void abysm
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heav-
en's despotism,

And Conquest is dragged captive through
the deep:

Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dead endurance, from the slippery,
steep,

And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endur-
ance,

These are the seals of that most firm assur-
ance

Which bars the pit over Destruction's
strength;

And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his
length;

These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or
night;

To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contem-
plates;

Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free,
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

THE WORLD'S GREAT AGE BEGINS ANEW¹

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires
gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains

From waves serener far;

A new Peneus rolls his fountains

Against the morning star.

Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep

Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,

Fraught with a later prize;

Another Orpheus sings again,

And loves, and weeps, and dies.

A new Ulysses leaves once more

Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,

If earth Death's scroll must be!

Nor mix with Laian rage the joy

Which dawns upon the free:

Although a subtler Sphinx renew

Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,

And to remoter time

Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,

The splendor of its prime;

And leave, if nought so bright may live,

All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose

Shall burst, more bright and good

Than all who fell, than One who rose,

Than many unsubdued:

Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,

But votive tears and symbol flowers.

¹ *Hellas*, the dramatic poem from which this selection is taken, is an idealized account of the revolt in Greece. The temporary failure of the rising is converted into a prophecy not only of the ultimate triumph of this cause but of the great cause of humanity of which it constitutes a part. In this lyric Shelley is influenced by the Platonic notion of the great cycle in human affairs which will in its revolution bring back the golden age of Greece, elevated to a still higher plane.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
 Cease! must men kill and die?
 Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
 Of bitter prophecy.
 The world is weary of the past,
 Oh, might it die or rest at last!

ADONAI8

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
 O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a
 head!
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all
 years
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure com-
 peers,
 And teach them thine own sorrow! Say:
 “With me
 Died Adonais; till the Future dares
 Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
 An echo and a light unto eternity.”

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when
 he lay,
 When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft
 which flies
 In darkness? where was lorn Urania
 When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
 ‘Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
 She sate, while one, with soft enamored
 breath,
 Rekindled all the fading melodies,
 With which, like flowers that mock the
 corse beneath,
 He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of
 death.

O, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
 Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and
 weep!
 Yet wherefore? Quench within their burn-
 ing bed
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart
 keep
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
 For he is gone, where all things wise and
 fair
 Descend;—oh, dream not that the amorous
 Deep
 Will yet restore him to the vital air;
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs
 at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
 Lament anew, Urania!—He died,—

Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,³⁰
 Blind, old, and lonely, when his country’s
 pride,
 The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
 Trampled and mocked with many a
 loathèd rite
 Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
 Into the gulf of death; but his clear
 Sprite
 Yet reigns o’er earth; the third among the
 sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
 Not all to that bright station dared to
 climb;
 And happier they their happiness who
 knew,
 Whose tapers yet burn through that night
 of time
 In which suns perished; others more sub-
 lime,
 Struck by the envious wrath of man or
 God,
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent
 prime;
 And some yet live, treading the thorny
 road,
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to
 Fame’s serene abode.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one has
 perished,
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden
 cherished,
 And fed with true love tears, instead of
 dew;
 Most musical of mourners, weep anew! 50
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the
 last,
 The bloom, whose petals, nipped before
 they blew,
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
 The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingly
 Death,
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
 He came; and bought, with price of purest
 breath,
 A grave among the eternal.—Come away!
 Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still 60
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
 Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!—
 Within the twilight chamber spreads
 apace, 65
 The shadow of white Death, and at the
 door
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-
 place;
 The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to
 deface 70
 So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
 Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal
 curtain draw.

O, weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,
 The passion-wingèd Ministers of thought,
 Who were his flocks, whom near the living
 streams 75
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he
 taught
 The love which was its music, wander
 not,—
 Wander no more, from kindling brain to
 brain,
 But droop there, whence they sprung; and
 mourn their lot
 Round the cold heart, where, after their
 sweet pain, 80
 They ne'er will gather strength, or find a
 home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps his
 cold head,
 And fans him with her moonlight wings,
 and cries:
 "Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not
 dead;
 See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
 Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there
 lies 86
 A tear some Dream has loosened from his
 brain."
 Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!
 She knew not 'twas her own; as with no
 stain
 She faded, like a cloud which had outwept
 its rain. 90

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
 Washed his light limbs as if embalming
 them;
 Another clipped her profuse locks, and
 threw
 The wreath upon him, like an anadem.
 Which frozen tears instead of pearls
 begem; 96

Another in her wilful grief would break
 Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
 A greater loss with one which was more
 weak;
 And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen
 cheek.

Another Splendor on his mouth alit, 100
 That mouth, whence it was wont to draw
 the breath
 Which gave it strength to pierce the
 guarded wit,
 And pass into the panting heart beneath
 With lightning and with music: the damp
 death
 Quenched its caress upon his icy lips; 105
 And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
 Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night
 clips,
 It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed
 to its eclipse.

And others came . . . Desires and
 Adorations,
 Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
 Splendors, and Glooms, and glimmering
 Incarnations 111
 Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phan-
 tasies;
 And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
 And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the
 gleam
 Of her own dying smile instead of eyes, 115
 Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp
 might seem
 Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal
 stream.

All he had loved, and molded into
 thought,
 From shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet
 sound,
 Lamented Adonais. Morning sought 120
 Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair
 unbound,
 Wet with the tears which should adorn
 the ground,
 Dimmed the aërial eyes that kindle day;
 Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
 Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay, 125
 And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in
 their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless moun-
 tains,
 And feeds her grief with his remembered
 lay,

And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
 Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray, ¹³⁰
 Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
 Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
 Than those for whose disdain she pined away
 Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
 Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear. ¹³⁵

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
 Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
 Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
 For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
 To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear ¹⁴⁰
 Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
 Thou, Adonais: wan they stand and sere
 Amid the faint companions of their youth,
 With dew all turned to tears; odor, to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale, ¹⁴⁵
 Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
 Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
 Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
 Soaring and screaming round her empty nest, ¹⁵⁰
 As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
 Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
 And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
 But grief returns with the revolving year; ¹⁵⁵
 The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
 The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
 Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier;

The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
 And build their mossy homes in field and brere; ¹⁶⁰
 And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean
 A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
 As it has ever done, with change and motion ¹⁶⁵
 From the great morning of the world when first
 God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed
 The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
 All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
 Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight ¹⁷⁰
 The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender
 Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
 Like incarnations of the stars, when splendor
 Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death ¹⁷⁵
 And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;
 Naught we know, dies. Shall that above which knows
 Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
 By sightless lightning?—th' intense glow
 A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose. ¹⁸⁰

Alas! that all we loved of him should be.
 But for our grief, as if it had not been.
 And grief itself be mortal? Woe is me!
 Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
 The actors or spectators? Great and mean ¹⁸⁵
 Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
 As long as ~~stars~~ are ~~hine~~, and fields are green,

Evening must usher night, night urge the
morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year
wake year to sorrow.

He will awake, no more, oh, never
more! 190
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless
Mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's
core,
A wound more fierce than his with tears
and sighs."
And all the Dreams that watched Urania's
eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sister's
song 196
Had held in holy silence, cried: "Arise!"
Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory
stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splen-
dor sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that
springs
Out of the East, and follows wild and
drear 200
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and
fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmos-
phere 206
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
Even to the mournful place where Adonais
lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with
stone, and steel,
And human hearts, which to her æry
tread 210
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they
fell:
And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more
sharp than they,
Rent the soft Form they never could re-
pel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears
of May, 215
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving
way.

In the death chamber for a moment
Death,

Shamed by the presence of that living
Might,
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale
light 220
Flashed through those limbs, so late her
dear delight.
"Leave me not wild and drear and com-
fortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless
night!
Leave me not!" cried Urania: her distress
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and
met her vain caress. 225

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning
brain
That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else
survive,
With food of saddest memory kept
alive, 230
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence
depart!

"Oh gentle child, beautiful as thou wert, 235
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths
of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though
mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh where was
then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn
the spear? 240
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent
sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from
thee like deer.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the
dead; 245
The vultures to the conqueror's banner
true,
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion;—how
they fled,
When like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped 250
And smiled!—the spoilers tempt no sec-
ond blow;

They fawn on the proud feet that spurn
them lying low.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles
spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn, ²⁵⁵
And the immortal stars awake again;
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven,
and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or
shared its light ²⁶⁰
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shep-
herds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles
rent;
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is ²⁶⁵
bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his
song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from
his tongue. ²⁷⁰

Midst others of less note, came one frail
Form,
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveli-
ness, ²⁷⁵
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilder-
ness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged
way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father
and their prey.

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift— ²⁸⁰
A Love in desolation masked;—a Power
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce
uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even whilst we ²⁸⁵
speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower

The killing sun smiles brightly; on a
cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the
heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies over-
blown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and
blue; ²⁹⁰
And a light spear topped with a cypress
cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses
grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday
dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of
that crew ²⁹⁵
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hun-
ter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew
that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his
own; ³⁰⁰
As, in the accents of an unknown land,
He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured:
"Who art thou?"
He answered not, but with a sudden
hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined
brow, ³⁰⁵
Which was like Cain's or Christ's—Oh! that
it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the
dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle
thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white
death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone, ³¹⁰
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honored the de-
parted one,
Let me not vex with inharmonious sighs
The silence of that heart's accepted sacri-
fice. ³¹⁵

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could
crown

Life's early cup with such a draught of
 woe?
 The nameless worm would now itself dis-
 own:
 It felt, yet could escape the magic tone ³²⁰
 Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and
 wrong,
 But what was howling in one breast
 alone,
 Silent with expectation of the song,
 Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver
 lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy
 fame! ³²⁵
 Live! fear no heavier chastisement from
 me,
 Thou noteless blot on a remembered
 name!
 But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
 And ever at thy season be thou free
 To spill the venom when thy fangs o'er-
 flow: ³³⁰
 Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to
 thee;.
 Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret
 brow,
 And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt
 —as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
 Far from these carrion kites that scream
 below; ³³⁵
 He wakes or sleeps with the enduring
 dead;
 Thou canst not soar where he is sitting
 now.—
 Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit
 shall flow
 Back to the burning fountain whence it
 came,
 A portion of the Eternal, which must
 glow ³⁴⁰
 Through time and change, unquenchably
 the same,
 Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid
 hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not
 sleep—
 He hath awakened from the dream of
 life—
 'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions,
 keep ³⁴⁵
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's
 knife

Invulnerable nothings.—*We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by
 day, ³⁵⁰
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within
 our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our
 night;
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall de-
 light,
 Can touch him not and torture not
 again; ³⁵⁵
 From the contagion of the world's slow
 stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in
 vain;
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to
 burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented
 urn. ³⁶⁰

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not
 he;
 Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young
 Dawn,
 Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from
 thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to
 moan! ³⁶⁵
 Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and
 thou Air,
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf
 hadst thrown
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it
 bare
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its
 despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is
 heard ³⁷⁰
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet
 bird;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and
 stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may
 move ³⁷⁵
 Which has withdrawn his being to its
 own;
 Which wields the world with never wea-
 ried love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it
 above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely: he doth
 bear 380
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic
 stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world,
 compelling there
 All new successions to the forms they
 wear;
 Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks
 its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may
 bear; 385
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men into the
 Heaven's light.

The splendors of the firmament of time
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguished
 not;
 Like stars to their appointed height they
 climb 390
 And death is a low mist which cannot blot
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty
 thought
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
 And love and life contend in it, for what
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live
 there 395
 And move like winds of light on dark and
 stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond
 mortal thought,
 Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
 Rose pale, his solemn agony had not 400
 Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
 And as he fell and as he lived and loved,
 Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
 Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
 Oblivion, as they rose, shrank like a thing
 reprov'd. 405

And many more, whose names on Earth
 are dark
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot
 die
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
 "Thou art become as one of us," they
 cry, 410
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere has
 long
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,
 Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song.
 Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of
 our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? oh, come
 forth, 415
 Fond wretch! and know thyself and him
 aright.
 Clasp with thy panting soul the pendu-
 lous Earth;
 As from a center, dart thy spirit's light
 Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
 Sate the void circumference: then
 shrink 420
 Even to a point within our day and night;
 And keep thy heart light, lest it make
 thee sink,
 When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee
 to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulcher,
 O, not of him, but of our joy: 't is
 naught 425
 That ages, empires, and religions there
 Lie buried in the ravage they have
 wrought;
 For such as he can lend,—they borrow
 not
 Glory from those who made the world
 their prey;
 And he is gathered to the kings of
 thought 430
 Who waged contention with their time's
 decay,
 And of the past are all that cannot pass
 away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
 The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
 And where its wrecks like shattered
 mountains rise 435
 And flowering weeds and fragrant copses
 dress
 The bones of Desolation's nakedness
 Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
 Where, like an infant's smile, over the
 dead, 440
 A light of laughing flowers along the grass
 is spread.

And gray walls molder round, on which
 dull Time
 Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
 And one keen pyramid with wedge sub-
 lime,
 Pavilioning the dust of him who
 planned 445
 This refuge for his memory, doth stand
 Like flame transformed to marble; and
 beneath,

A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their
camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce ex-
tinguished breath. 450

Here pause: these graves are all too
young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which con-
signed
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning
mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou
find 455
Thine own well full, if thou returnest
home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bit-
ter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and
pass; 460
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's
shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—
Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou
dost seek! 465
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure
sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are
weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth
to speak.

Why linger? why turn back, why shrink,
my Heart?

Thy hopes are gone before: from all
things here 470

They have departed; thou shouldst now
depart!

A light is past from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is
dear

Attracts to crush, repels to make thee
wither.

The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whis-
pers near; 475

'T is Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can
join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Uni-
verse,
That Beauty in which all things work and
move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing
Curse 480
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining
Love
Which, through the web of being blindly
wove
By man and beast and earth and air and
sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors
of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams
on me, 485
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked
in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is
driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trem-
bling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest
given; 490
The massy earth and spherèd skies are
riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar:
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of
Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal
are.

A DIRGE

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Rough wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods, whose branches strain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail, for the world's wrong!

4. THE IMMORTALITY OF BEAUTY

BEAUTY

JOHN KEATS

[From *Endymion*, 1818]

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
 breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreath-
 ing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth.
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman
 dearth

Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
 Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the
 moon,

Trees old and young, sprouting a shady
 boon

For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in; and
 clear rills

That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose
 blooms:

And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
 For one short hour; no, even as the trees
 That whisper round a temple become soon
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'er-
 cast,

They always must be with us, or we die.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

JOHN KEATS

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering?
 The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 So haggard and so woe-begone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever dew,
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.

"I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful—a fairy's child;
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild.

"I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
 She look'd at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan.

"I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long,
 For sideways would she lean, and sing
 A fairy's song.

"She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild, and manna-dew,
 And sure in language strange she said—
 'I love thee true.'

"She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,
 And there I shut her wild, wild eyes,
 With kisses four.

"And there she lulled me asleep,
 And there I dream'd—ah! woe betide!—
 The latest dream I ever dream'd
 On the cold hill's side.

"I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
 They cried—'La Belle Dame sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall!'

"I saw their starved lips in the gloom,
 With horrid warning gapèd wide;
 And I awoke, and found me here
 On the cold hill's side.

"And this is why I sojourn here,
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing."

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

JOHN KEATS

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness
pains

My sense, as though of hemlock I had
drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had
sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happi-
ness,—

That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the
trees,

In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows number-
less,

Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt
mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippo-
crene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the
brim,

And purple-stainèd mouth;

That I might drink, and leave the world
unseen,

And with thee fade away into the for-
est dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget,
What thou among the leaves hast never
known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other
groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray
hairs,

Where youth grows pale, and specter-
thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of
sorrow

And leaden-eyed despairs,

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous
eyes,

Or new Love pine at them beyond to-
morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,

Though the dull brain perplexes and re-
tards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her
throne,

Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;

But here there is no light,

Save what from heaven is with the breezes
blown

Through verdurous glooms and winding
mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the
boughs,

But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree
wild;

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglan-
tine;

Fast fading violets cover'd up in
leaves;

And mid-May's eldest child,

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on sum-
mer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time

I have been half in love with easeful
Death,

Call'd him soft names in many a musèd
rhyme,

To take into the air my quiet breath;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul
abroad

In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears
in vain—

To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal
Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was
heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a
path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when,
sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

The same that oftentimes hath

Charm'd magic casements, opening on
the foam

Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still
 stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried
 deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—Do I wake or
 sleep?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

JOHN KEATS

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our
 rhyme:
 What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy
 shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maid-
 ens loth?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to
 escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild
 ecstasy?
 Heard melodies are sweet, but those un-
 heard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play
 on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst
 not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be
 bare;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou
 kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not
 grieve;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not
 thy bliss,
 Forever wilt thou love, and she be
 fair!
 Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu:
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 Forever piping songs forever new;

More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 Forever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 Forever panting, and forever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and
 cloy'd,
 A burning forehead, and a parching
 tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands
 drest?
 What little town by river or sea shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious
 morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of
 thought
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other
 woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou
 say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is
 all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to
 know.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S
HOMER

JOHN KEATS

Much have I travel'd in the realms of
 gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms
 seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his
 demègne;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and
 bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY
 CEASE TO BE

JOHN KEATS

When I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has glean'd my teeming
 brain,
 Before high pil'd books, in charact'ry,

Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd
 grain;

When I behold, upon the night's starr'd
 face,

Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of
 chance;

And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
 That I shall never look upon thee more,

Never have relish in the fairy power
 Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
 Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

NINETEENTH CENTURY IDEALS AND PROBLEMS

1. DEMOCRACY AND NATIONALISM

1. UTILITARIAN IDEAS OF LIBERTY

ON LIBERTY¹

JOHN STUART MILL

[From *On Liberty*, 1859]

1. The Principle

The object of this Essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is, that the sole end for which

¹ I do not know whether then or at any other time so short a book ever instantly produced so wide and so important an effect on contemporary thought as did Mill's *On Liberty* in that day of intellectual and social fermentation (1859). It was like the effect of Emerson's awakening at the Phi Beta Kappa Society in New England in 1837. The thought of writing it first came into his head in 1855, as he was mounting the steps of the Capitol at Rome, the spot where the thought of the greatest of all literary histories had started into the mind of Gibbon just a hundred years before. He had been inclining towards over-government, both social and political; there was also, he says, a moment when, by reaction from a contrary excess, "I might have become a less thorough Radical and Democrat than I am." It was the composition of this book and the influence under which it grew that kept him right. Mill believed that no symmetry, no uniformity of custom and convention, but bold, free expansion in every field, was demanded by all the needs of human life, and the best instincts of the modern mind. For this reason, among others, he thought Carlyle made a great mistake in presenting Goethe as the example to the modern world of the lines on which it should shape itself. "You might as well," he said (1854), "attempt to cut down Shakespeare to a Greek drama, or a Gothic cathedral to a Greek temple." For this bold, free expansion to which Goethe's ideals were the opposite, these two hundred brief pages, without being in any sense volcanic, are a vigorous, argumentative, searching, noble, and moving appeal. The little volume belongs to the rare books that after hostile criticism has done its best are still found to have somehow added a cubit to man's stature.

—From *Recollections* by Viscount Morley.

mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinions of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him or entreating him, but not compelling him, or visiting him with any evil, in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him must be calculated to produce evil to some one else. The only part of the conduct of any one, for which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.

It is, perhaps, necessary to say that this doctrine is meant to apply only to human beings in the maturity of their faculties. We are not speaking of children, or of young persons below the age which the law may fix as that of manhood and womanhood. Those who are still in a state to require being taken care of by others, must be protected against their own actions as well as against external injury. For the same reason, we may leave out of consideration those backward states of society in which the race itself may be considered as in its nonage. The early difficulties in

the way of spontaneous progress are so great that there is seldom any choice of means for overcoming them; and a ruler full of the spirit of improvement is warranted in the use of any expedients that will attain an end, perhaps otherwise unattainable. Despotism is a legitimate mode of government in dealing with barbarians, provided the end be their improvement, and the means justified by actually effecting that end. Liberty, as a principle, has no application to any state of things anterior to the time when mankind have become capable of being improved by free and equal discussion. Until then, there is nothing for them but implicit obedience to an Akbar or a Charlemagne, if they are so fortunate as to find one. But as soon as mankind have attained the capacity of being guided to their own improvement by conviction or persuasion (a period long since reached in all nations with whom we need here concern ourselves), compulsion, either in the direct form or in that of pains and penalties for non-compliance, is no longer admissible as a means to their own good, and justifiable only for the security of others.

It is proper to state that I forego any advantage which could be derived to my argument from the idea of abstract right, as a thing independent of utility. I regard utility as the ultimate appeal on all ethical questions; but it must be utility in the largest sense, grounded on the permanent interests of man as a progressive being. Those interests, I contend, authorize the subjection of individual spontaneity to external control, only in respect to those actions of each which concern the interest of other people. If any one does an act hurtful to others, there is a *prima facie* case for punishing him, by law, or, where legal penalties are not safely applicable, by general disapprobation. There are also many positive acts for the benefit of others, which he may rightfully be compelled to perform; such as, to give evidence in a court or justice; to bear his fair share in the common defence, or in any other joint work necessary to the interest of the society of which he enjoys the protection, and to perform certain acts of individual beneficence, such as saving a fellow creature's life, or interposing to protect the defenceless against ill-usage, things which wherever it is obviously a man's duty to do, he may rightfully be made respon-

sible to society for not doing. A person may cause evil to others not only by his actions but by his inaction, and in either case he is justly accountable to them for the injury. The latter case, it is true, requires a much more cautious exercise of compulsion than the former. To make any one answerable for doing evil to others, is the rule; to make him answerable for not preventing evil, is, comparatively speaking, the exception. Yet there are many cases clear enough and grave enough to justify that exception. In all things which regard the external relations of the individual, he is *de jure* amenable to those whose interests are concerned, and if need be, to society as their protector. There are often good reasons for not holding him to the responsibility; but these reasons must arise from the special expediences of the case: either because it is a kind of case in which he is on the whole likely to act better, when left to his own discretion, than when controlled in any way in which society have it in their power to control him; or because the attempt to exercise control would produce other evils, greater than those which it would prevent. When such reasons as these preclude the enforcement of responsibility, the conscience of the agent himself should step into the vacant judgment seat, and protect those interests of others which have no external protection; judging himself all the more rigidly, because the case does not admit of his being made accountable to the judgment of his fellow creatures.

But there is a sphere of action in which society, as distinguished from the individual, has, if any, only an indirect interest; comprehending all that portion of a person's life and conduct which affects only himself, or, if it also affects others, only with their free, voluntary, and undeceived consent and participation. When I say only himself, I mean directly, and in the first instance: for whatever affects himself, may affect others through himself; and the objection which may be grounded on this contingency will receive consideration in the sequel. This, then, is the appropriate region of human liberty. It comprises, first, the inward domain of consciousness; demanding liberty of conscience, in the most comprehensive sense; liberty of thought and feeling; absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological. The liberty

of expressing and publishing opinions may seem to fall under a different principle, since it belongs to that part of the conduct of an individual which concerns other people; but, being almost of as much importance as the liberty of thought itself, and resting in great part on the same reasons, is practically inseparable from it. Secondly, the principle requires liberty of taste and pursuits; of framing the plan of our life to suit our own character; of doing as we like, subject to such consequences as may follow without impediment from our fellow-creatures, so long as what we do does not harm them even though they should think our conduct foolish, perverse, or wrong. Thirdly, from this liberty of each individual follows the liberty, within the same limits, of combination among individuals; freedom to unite for any purpose not involving harm to others: the persons combining being supposed to be of full age, and not forced or deceived.

No society in which these liberties are not, on the whole, respected is free, whatever may be its form of government; and none is completely free in which they do not exist absolute and unqualified. The only freedom which deserves the name, is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it. Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily, or mental and spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to live as seems good to themselves, than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest.

Though this doctrine is anything but new, and, to some persons, may have the air of a truism, there is no doctrine which stands more directly opposed to the general tendency of existing opinion and practice. Society has expended fully as much effort in the attempt (according to its lights) to compel people to conform to its notion of personal, as of social excellence. . . .

2. *Liberty of Thought and Discussion*

The time, it is to be hoped, is gone by when any defence would be necessary of the "liberty of the press" as one of the securities against corrupt or tyrannical government. No argument, we may suppose, can now be needed, against permitting a legislature or an executive, not identified in in-

terest with the people, to prescribe opinions to them, and determine what doctrines or what arguments they shall be allowed to hear. This aspect of the question, besides, has been so often and so triumphantly enforced by preceding writers, that it needs not be specially insisted on in this place. Though the law of England, on the subject of the press, is as servile to this day as it was in the time of the Tudors, there is little danger of its being actually put in force against political discussion, except during some temporary panic, when fear of insurrection drives ministers and judges from their propriety; and speaking generally, it is not, in constitutional countries, to be apprehended that the government, whether completely responsible to the people or not, will often attempt to control the expression of opinion, except when in doing so it makes itself the organ of the general intolerance of the public. Let us suppose, therefore, that the government is entirely at one with the people, and never thinks of exerting any power of coercion unless in agreement with what it conceives to be their voice. But I deny the right of the people to exercise such coercion, either by themselves or by their government. The power itself is illegitimate. The best government has no more title to it than the worst. It is as noxious, or more noxious, when exerted in accordance with public opinion, than when in opposition to it. If all mankind minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind. Were an opinion a personal possession of no value except to the owner; if to be obstructed in the enjoyment of it were simply a private injury, it would make some difference whether the injury was inflicted only on a few persons or on many. But the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is, that it is robbing the human race; posterity as well as the existing generation; those who dissent from the opinion, still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth: if wrong they lose, what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer preception and livelier impression of truth, produced by its collision with error. . . .

3. Trade

The principles asserted in these pages must be more generally admitted as the basis for discussion of details, before a consistent application of them to all the various departments of government and morals can be attempted with any prospect of advantage. The few observations I propose to make on questions of detail, are designed to illustrate the principles, rather than to follow them out to their consequences. I offer, not so much applications, as specimens of application; which may serve to bring into greater clearness the meaning and limits of the two maxims which together form the entire doctrine of this Essay, and to assist the judgment in holding the balance between them, in the cases where it appears doubtful which of them is applicable to the case.

The maxims are, first, that the individual is not accountable to society for his actions, in so far as these concern the interest of no person but himself. Advice, instruction, persuasion, and avoidance by other people, if thought necessary by them for their own good, are the only measures by which society can justifiably express its dislike or disapprobation of his conduct. Secondly, that for such actions as are prejudicial to the interest of others, the individual is accountable, and may be subjected either to social or to legal punishments, if society is of opinion that the one or the other is requisite for its protection.

In the first place, it must by no means be supposed, because damage or probability of damage, to the interest of others, can alone justify the interference of society, that therefore it always does justify such interference. In many cases, an individual, in pursuing a legitimate object, necessarily and therefore legitimately causes pain or loss to others, or intercepts a good which they had a reasonable hope of obtaining. Such oppositions of interest between individuals often arise from bad social institutions, but are unavoidable while those institutions last; and some would be unavoidable under any institutions. Whoever succeeds in an overcrowded profession, or in a competitive examination; whoever is preferred to another in any contest for an object which both desire, reaps benefit from the loss of others, from their wasted exertion and their disappointment. But it is, by common admission, better for the general

interest of mankind, that persons should pursue their objects undeterred by this sort of consequences. In other words, society admits no right, either legal or moral, in the disappointed competitors, to immunity from this kind of suffering; and feels called on to interfere, only when means of success have been employed which it is contrary to the general interest to permit—namely, fraud or treachery and force.

Again, trade is a social act. Whoever undertakes to sell any description of goods to the public, does what affects the interest of other persons, and of society in general; and thus his conduct, in principle, comes within the jurisdiction of society: accordingly, it was once held to be the duty of governments, in all cases which were considered of importance, to fix prices, and regulate the processes of manufacture. But it is now recognized, though not till after a long struggle, that both the cheapness and the good quality of commodities are most effectually provided for by leaving the producers and sellers perfectly free, under the sole check of equal freedom to the buyers for supplying themselves elsewhere. This is the so-called doctrine of Free Trade, which rests on grounds different from, though equally solid with, the principle of individual liberty asserted in this Essay. Restrictions on trade, or on production for purposes of trade, are indeed restraints; and all restraint, *qua* restraint, is an evil: but the restraints in question affect only that part of conduct which society is competent to restrain, and are wrong solely because they do not really produce the results which it is desired to produce by them. As the principle of individual liberty is not involved in the doctrine of Free Trade, so neither is it in most of the questions which arise respecting the limits of that doctrine: as for example, what amount of public control is admissible for the prevention of fraud by adulteration; how far sanitary precautions, or arrangements to protect work-people employed in dangerous occupations, should be enforced on employers. Such questions involve considerations of liberty, only in so far as leaving people to themselves is always better, *ceteris paribus*, than controlling them: but that they might be legitimately controlled for these ends, is in principle undeniable. On the other hand, there are questions relating to interference with trade, which are essentially questions of liberty;

such as the Maine Law,¹ already touched upon; the prohibition of the importation of opium into China; the restriction of the sale of poisons; all cases, in short, where the object of the interference is to make it possible or difficult to obtain a particular commodity. These interferences are objectionable, not as infringements on the liberty of the producer or seller, but on that of the buyer. . . .

4. *Paternalism*

I have reserved for the last place a large class of questions respecting the limits of government interference, which, though closely connected with the subject of this Essay, do not, in strictness, belong to it. These are cases in which the reasons against interference do not turn upon the principle of liberty: the question is not about restraining the actions of individuals, but about helping them: it is asked whether the government should do, or cause to be done, something for their benefit, instead of leaving it to be done by themselves, individually, or in voluntary combination.

The objections to government interference, when it is not such as to involve infringement of liberty, may be of three kinds.

The first is, when the thing to be done is likely to be better done by individuals than by the government. Speaking generally, there is no one so fit to conduct any business, or to determine how or by whom it shall be conducted, as those who are personally interested in it. This principle condemns the interferences, once so common, of the legislature, or the officers of government, with the ordinary processes of industry. But this part of the subject has been sufficiently enlarged upon by political economists, and is not particularly related to the principles of this Essay.

The second objection is more nearly allied to our subject. In many cases, though individuals may not do the particular thing so well, on the average, as the officers of government, it is nevertheless desirable that it should be done by them, rather than by the government, as a means to their mental education—a mode of strengthening their active faculties, exercising their judgment, and giving them a familiar knowledge of the subject with which they are thus left to deal.

¹ Prohibition, enforced by law in the state of Maine.

This is a principal, though not the sole, recommendation of jury trial (in cases not political); of free and popular local and municipal institutions, of the conduct of industrial and philanthropic enterprises by voluntary associations. These are not questions of liberty, and are connected with that subject only by remote tendencies; but they are questions of development. It belongs to a different occasion from the present to dwell on these things as parts of national education; as being, in truth, the peculiar training of a citizen, the practical part of the political education of a free people, taking them out of the narrow circle of personal and family selfishness, and accustoming them to the comprehension of joint interests, the management of joint concerns—habituating them to act from public or semi-public motives, and guide their conduct by aims which unite instead of isolating them from one another. Without these habits and powers, a free constitution can neither be worked nor preserved, as is exemplified by the too-often transitory nature of political freedom in countries where it does not rest upon a sufficient basis of local liberties. The management of purely local business by the localities, and of the great enterprises of industry by the union of those who voluntarily supply the pecuniary means, is further recommended by all the advantages which have been set forth in this Essay as belonging to individuality of development, and diversity of modes of action. Government operations tend to be everywhere alike. With individuals and voluntary associations, on the contrary, there are varied experiments, and endless diversity of experience. What the State can usefully do, is to make itself a central depository, and active circulator and diffuser of the experience resulting from many trials. Its business is to enable each experimentalist to benefit by the experiments of others, instead of tolerating no experiments but its own.

The third, and most cogent reason for restricting the interference of government, is the great evil of adding unnecessarily to its power. Every function superadded to those already exercised by the government, causes its influence over hopes and fears to be more widely diffused, and converts, more and more, the active and ambitious part of the public into hangers-on of the government, or of some party which aims at becoming

the government. If the roads, the railways, the banks, the insurance offices, the great joint-stock companies, the universities and the public charities, were all of them branches of the government; if in addition, the municipal corporations and local boards, with all that now devolves on them, became departments of the central administration, if the employes of all these different enterprises were appointed and paid by the government and looked to the government for every rise in life; not all the freedom of the press and popular constitution of the legislature would make this or any other country free otherwise than in name. And the evil would be greater, the more efficiently and scientifically the administrative machinery was constructed—the more skillful the arrangements for obtaining the best qualified hands and heads with which to work it. In England it has of late been proposed that all the members of the civil service of government should be selected by competitive examination, to obtain for those employments the most intelligent and instructed persons procurable; and much has been said and written for and against this proposal. One of the arguments most insisted on by its opponents is that the occupation of a permanent official servant of the State does not hold out sufficient prospects of emolument and importance to attract the highest talents, which will always be able to find a more inviting career in the professions, or in the service of companies and other public bodies. One would not have been surprised if this argument had been used by the friends of the proposition, as an answer to its principal difficulty. Coming from the opponents it is strange enough. What is urged as an objection is the safety-valve of the proposed system. If indeed all the high talents of the country could be drawn into the service of the government, a proposal tending to bring about that result might well inspire uneasiness. If every part of the business of society which requires organized concert, or large and comprehensive views, were in the hands of the government, and if government offices were universally filled by the ablest men, all the enlarged culture and practiced intelligence in the country, except the purely speculative, would be concentrated in a numerous bureaucracy, to whom alone the rest of the community would look for all things: the multitude for direction and dictation in all they

had to do; the able and aspiring for personal advancement. To be admitted into the ranks of this bureaucracy and when admitted, to rise therein, would be the sole objects of ambition. Under this regime, not only is the outside public ill-qualified, for want of practical experience, to criticize or check the mode of operation of the bureaucracy, but even if the accidents of despotic or the natural working of popular institutions occasionally raised to the summit a ruler or rulers of reforming inclinations, no reform can be effected which is contrary to the interest of the bureaucracy. Such is the melancholy condition of the Russian empire, as is shown in the accounts of those who have had sufficient opportunity of observation. The Czar himself is powerless against the bureaucratic body; he can send any one of them to Siberia, but he cannot govern without them, or against their will. On every decree of his they have a tacit veto, by merely refraining from carrying it into effect. In countries of more advanced civilization and of a more insurrectionary spirit, the public, accustomed to expect everything to be done for them by the State, or at least to do nothing for themselves without asking from the State not only leave to do it, but even how it is to be done, naturally hold the State responsible for evil which befalls them, and if the evil exceeds their amount of patience they rise against the government and make what is called a revolution; whereupon somebody else, with or without legitimate authority from the nation vaults into the seat, issues his orders to the bureaucracy, and everything goes on much as it did before; the bureaucracy being unchanged, and nobody else being capable of taking their place.

A very different spectacle is exhibited among a people accustomed to transact their own business. In France, a large part of the people having been engaged in military service, many of whom have at least the rank of noncommissioned officers, there are in every popular insurrection several persons competent to take the lead, and improvise some tolerable plan of action. What the French are in military affairs the Americans are in every kind of civil business; let them be left without a government, every body of Americans is able to improvise one, and to carry on that or any other public business with a sufficient amount of intelligence, order, and decision. This is what

every free people ought to be: and a people capable of this is certain to be free; it will never let itself be enslaved by any man or body of men because these are able to seize and pull the reins of the central administration. No bureaucracy can hope to make such a people as this do or undergo anything that they do not like. But where everything is done through the bureaucracy, nothing to which the bureaucracy is really adverse can be done at all. The constitution of such countries is an organization of the experience and practical ability of the nation into a disciplined body for the purpose of governing the rest; and the more perfect that organization is in itself, the more successful in drawing to itself and educating for itself the persons of greatest capacity from all ranks of the community, the more complete is the bondage of all, the members of the bureaucracy included. For the governors are as much the slaves of their organization and discipline, as the governed of the governors. A Chinese mandarin is as much the tool and creature of a despotism as the humblest cultivator. An individual Jesuit is to the utmost degree of abasement the slave of his order, though

the order itself exists for the collective power and importance of its members. . . .

A government cannot have too much of the kind of activity which does not impede, but aids and stimulates, individual exertion and development. The mischief begins when, instead of calling forth the activity and powers of individuals and bodies, it substitutes its own activity for theirs; when, instead of informing, advising, and, upon occasion, denouncing, it makes them work in fetters, or bids them stand aside and does their work instead of them. The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it; and a State which postpones the interests of *their* mental expansion and elevation to a little more of administrative skill, or of that semblance of it which practice gives, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes—will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished; and that the perfection of machinery to which it has sacrificed everything will in the end avail it nothing, for want of the vital power which, in order that the machine might work more smoothly, it has preferred to banish.

2. THE PRINCIPLES AND POLICIES OF BRITISH LIBERALISM

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERALISM

VISCOUNT MORLEY

[From *Recollections*, 1917]

Alike with those who adore and those who detest it, the dominating force in the living mind of Europe for a long generation after the overthrow of the French monarchy in 1830 has been that marked way of looking at things, feeling them, for which with a hundred kaleidoscopic turns, the accepted name is *Liberalism*. It is a summary term with many extensive applications; people are not always careful to sort them out, and they are by no means always bound to one another. There are as many differences in Liberalism in different ages and communities as there are in the attributes imputed to that great idol of the world which has been glorified under the name of Republic, though the system of the American Republic is one thing, and the working principles of the French Republic are another, and the

republic in the north of the American continent has little in common with either system or spirit in the republics of the south.

Respect for the dignity and worth of the individual is its root. It stands for pursuit of social good against class interest or dynastic interest. It stands for the subjection to human judgment of all claims of external authority, whether in an organized Church, or in more loosely gathered societies of believers, or in books held sacred. In law-making it does not neglect the higher characteristics of human nature, it attends to them first. In executive administration, though judge, gaoler, and perhaps the hangman will be indispensable, still mercy is counted a wise supplement to terror. General Gordon spoke a noble word for Liberalist ideas when he upheld the sovereign duty of trying to creep under men's skins—only another way of putting the Golden Rule. The whole creed is a good deal too comprehensive to be written out here, and it is far more than a formalized creed.

Treitschke, the greatest of modern absolutists, lays it down that everything new that the nineteenth century has erected is the work of Liberalism. Needless to say that we use the mighty word in its large, far-spreading, continental sense, not merely in the zone of English politics and party. It is worth noting that a strange and important liberalizing movement of thought had awakened the mind of New England with Emerson for its noble and pure-hearted preacher in 1837. The duty of mental detachment, the supreme claim of the individual conscience, spread from religious opinion to the conduct of life and its interwoven social relations. Not a reading man, Emerson said with a twinkle of good humor, but has a draft of a new community in his waistcoat-pocket. The *Blithedale Romance* and *Walden* are enough to tell us what this strange disquiet came to. In deeper, graver, more extensive shape, the like new-born ideals of simplification, release, enlarged outlook as to Labor, Property, War, Political Rule, excited like a flaming comet the reflective imagination all over Europe in 1848.

It was inevitable that this deep conflict of theory, idea, social aim, should come to a head in politics. They go to the root of government and order; and government and order are obviously in the essence of men as political beings, whether in rulers holding in their hands the direction of a nation's fate, or in that great general mass described in Burke's imposing phrase as "those whom providence has doomed to live on trust." But if government and order are of the very essence, so, too, are conscience, principle, the thinker, the teacher, the writer. To treat these elements of the social structure as strictly secondary and subordinate is the contradiction of Liberalism. Napoleon was the master type. If thinkers thought wrong, or gave an inconvenient ply to conscience, or carried a principle to lengths that were troublesome, it was like mutiny in the regiment. If the spiritual power gave itself airs before the temporal, you would lock it up at Savona or elsewhere until it came to its senses. For all this today's name is Militarism, the point-blank opposite of Liberalism in its fullest and profoundest sense, whatever the scale and whatever the disguise. Dr. Johnson, though the best of men, marked a sad divergence from the Liberalism that reigned in the century after him when he said, "I would not give half a

guinea to live under one form of government rather than another: it is of no moment to the happiness of the individual."¹ The strange, undying passion for the word Republic, and all the blood and tears that have been shed in adoration of that symbolic name, give the verdict of the world against him.

PROGRESS OF THE NATION UNDER THE LIBERAL REGIME

JOHN BRIGHT

[From an Address before the Workingmen's Club at Rochdale, January 2, 1877]

What I am here for tonight is rather to enter into counsel with you than to lecture or to preach to you, and I want to speak to you on points about which working-men are very often forgetful.

Many of them—the younger generation no doubt—are very ignorant about the change in the working-man's condition during the generation with which I have been connected, I mean during the last forty years. I venture to say that there can scarcely be anything more worthwhile a working-man's examining and comprehending than the change which has taken place in the condition of his class. When you speak of a working-man, you mean of course a man who is accustomed regularly to some useful employment or work. To be a man at all he must have food, and to be a healthy man one would say that it was necessary he should have a free market for the purchase of his food. To be a working-man he must have materials with which to work, and it would seem reasonable that he should have a free market for the purchase of materials. More than that, as far as possible, he should have a free market for the sale of his materials. A great many people in this country—I hope a diminishing number—think that because other countries do not allow us to send our goods into their market free of duty, therefore we should not allow them to send their goods to this market free of duty. They think two bad things are better than one. They remind me very much of what it would be if a man had got a sound box on one side of his head and he was to go about complaining that nobody gave him another sound box on the other side.

Now, we will go back for a moment to a

¹ Compare Pope's identical opinion in *An Essay on Man*.

period which I remember very well, and which many in this meeting must remember. We will go back to the year 1840. At that time there was great distress in the country. The duties upon goods coming into this country were almost beyond counting. I believe there were at least 1,200 articles on which, by the law of England, taxes were levied when the goods came into Liverpool, or London, or Hull, or Glasgow, or any other of the ports of the kingdom. Everything was taxed, and everything was limited and restricted. Even bread, the common food of the people, was taxed, almost more highly than anything else. Now, you may imagine—nay, you cannot imagine—but you may try to imagine in what kind of fetters all our industry was chained at that time. And you may try to imagine, but now in this day you cannot imagine, what was the amount of pauperism, suffering, and abject misery perpetually prevailing among the great body of the working-classes in the United Kingdom.

I shall only refer to two articles, and from them you may learn what was the state of things with regard to others. I shall ask your attention to two articles only, those of corn and sugar. Up to the year 1846—that is, just thirty years ago—everybody who is fifty years of age ought to remember all about it very well—up to 1846 corn was in reality prohibited from coming to this country from abroad, until our own prices had risen so high by reason of a deficient harvest that people began to complain and began to starve, and it was let in at these very high prices in order in some degree to mitigate starvation, and to make famine less unsafe.

It was in these times that Ebenezer Elliott, the Sheffield poet—the Corn-law-Rhymer—wrote his burning and scathing condemnation of this law. Many of you here are no doubt weavers employed in the cotton or woollen trade of this town, and have read the touching lines in which he is showing how the Corn Law is striking here and there almost everybody, blasting his prosperity and his hopes, and condemning him and his family to daily suffering. He turns at last to the weaver, and he says:—

Bread-taxed weaver, all may see
What that tax hath done for thee,
And thy children vilely led,

Singing hymns for shameful bread,
Till the stones of every street
Know their little naked feet.

And then looking upon the growth of crime, the conspiracies that were constantly afloat, the insurrections which were looked towards by people as a relief, he then addresses the ancient monarchy of his country. He says:—

What shall bread tax do for thee
Venerable monarchy?
Dreams of evil spare my sight;
Let that horror rest in night.

He knew, and everybody knew who comprehended the character and operation of that law, that if it should continue to afflict the people as it did through thirty years of its existence, there was no institution in this country, not even its venerable monarchy, that could stand the strain that that law would bring to bear upon it. But there was another fact shown by the figures of that time—that not only pauperism increased, and crime increased, but mortality increased. Strong men and women were stricken down by the law, but the aged and little children were its constant and most numerous victims. I recollect, in one of those fine speeches which the late Mr. Fox—I mean Mr. Fox who for many years, as you recollect, and not long ago, was one of the representatives of the neighboring town of Oldham—I recollect an observation, or a passage in a speech of Mr. Fox, spoken, I think, from the boards of Covent Garden Theater, at one of our great meetings, where he said, referring to the mortality among the people, and the death-rate rapidly increasing when the harvest failed, and when foreign food was prohibited, "The Corn Law is the harvest of Death as well as of the landowner, and Monopoly says to Corruption, 'Thou art my brother.'"

Under the Government of Sir Robert Peel, in 1846, the law was repealed, and three years afterwards—in 1849—all the duties on these articles were taken off, except a shilling per quarter, which has been more recently abolished. Since this happened there has been no fall of rents throughout the kingdom. In point of fact the prosperity of the country has been so increased that the rent of land throughout the country is now higher than it was when that Corn Law was in

existence, and the farmers, who were always complaining during the existence of that law, have scarcely ever been heard to complain in the least since it was abolished. They complained for a year or two because they had been greatly frightened, but there has never been, I will say, within the last hundred years a period when the farmers of this country have made less complaint to the public or to Parliament than they have during the last thirty years since the law for their protection was abolished. And what happened to the laborer? The wages of farm-laborers have risen on the whole much more, I believe, than fifty per cent, throughout the whole country; and in some counties and districts, I believe, the farm-laborer at this moment is receiving double the wages he was when this law was in existence. We ought to learn from this what a grand thing it is to establish our laws upon a basis of freedom and justice. It blesses him who gives and him who takes. It has blessed all our manufacturing districts with a steadiness of employment and an abundance they never knew before, and it has blessed not less the very class who in their dark error and blindness thought that they could have profited by that which was so unjust, so cruel to the bulk of their countrymen.

There is only one other point to which I shall refer as to changes in the law, and that is with regard to the extension of the borough franchise. You know what a terrible thing it was in prospect, how many people said we were going to Americanize our institutions. They did not know what that meant, but they used the phrase, and what harm has happened? They said that property would not be safe, and how everybody would overturn everybody else. And what has happened? The most conspicuous fact throughout the country is, that there is universal content in all the borough population among those to whom the franchise had been extended. At this moment there are no conspiracies. Your workmen's club is not a political club to get up some movement against the law or the monarchy. There is nothing of that kind now. In time past, even those very persons who were so much afraid of us did not hold their property and their privileges by so secure a tenure as they have held them since the passing of the law. Nay, the monarch of these realms, popular as she has been; popular as she has *always* deserved to be; still, I will undertake

to say of her, I say it without hesitation, and without fear of contradiction, that there were times within the last thirty years, and since she came to the throne, when there was a great deal less of an honest and true loyalty than is to be found in this country at the present time.

And you have not only got the franchise, but you have got the ballot to secure you from any compulsion with regard to its exercise. I recollect a peer, whose name you would know very well if I were to mention it, who went about in a state of almost mental agony, saying, "If this Ballot Bill be passed the whole influence of property will be gone." But what has happened? The influence of property, so far as it is a just influence, exists now, and is exercised now, and any exercise which it had before the ballot was conferred was an exercise that it ought not to have had, and was a tyranny over all those upon whom it was exercised.

But I want to tell the working-men of this workman's club what some of them do not—at least what some workmen do not appear altogether to appreciate or comprehend—that they are now the full citizens of a free country, and that on them a great responsibility is devolved. Is it not a grand history, that of the last forty years? Are not the changes such as all of us may be proud of, that they have been effected with so little, in fact with no disturbance? You cannot point, probably, to a revolution of violence in any country of late times where there has been so much done of permanent good, in the same period, as has been done for the people of this country by the wise changes in our law. And yet, I dare say, history will not say very much of these changes. The fact is, history busies itself with other matters. It will tell our children, I dare say, of conquests in India, of annexation, it may be in the Punjab, of Chinese wars—wars which were as discreditable to us as they have been unprofitable. It will tell your children of the destruction of Sebastopol, and perhaps it may tell them that everything for which Sebastopol was destroyed has been surrendered, or is being now surrendered, by an English minister at Constantinople. But of all these changes which have saved the nation from anarchy, and an English monarchy from ruin, history will probably say but little. Blood shines more upon her pages, and the grand and

noiseless triumphs of peace and of wise and just legislation too often find but scanty memorial from her hands.

But now there may be those who will put this question to me. Some of my critics tomorrow or the day after will say, What has this to do with working-men's clubs? Why talk politics to a meeting which is understood not to be a political meeting? I have not been talking politics. These questions which I have been discussing were politics a few years ago when the contest was raging round us whether they should be settled justly or not. Now they are not politics, they are not matters of controversy, they are matters of history, and I am treating you to a chapter of history. But then they will say, Why tell us the old story, and go back to the Corn Law and the Sugar monopoly? They will say I wanted to glorify myself before my fellow-townsmen because I had taken a humble part, with hundreds of thousands of others, in carrying these measures. No, I tell you the old story because there are many in this room who are too young to have known much about it, and it is a great and salutary lesson for the members of the workmen's club, and for workmen everywhere to have spoken and read to them. It tells them of freedom, and how freedom was won, and what freedom has done for them, and it points the way to other paths of freedom which yet lie open before them.

I conclude what I have to say with only one other point, and that is on the question of education. I believe that workmen have need to be taught, to have it pointed out to them, how much their own family comfort and the success and happiness of their children depends on this—that they should do all they can to give their children such education as is in their power. One of the American States is the State of Massachusetts, and it probably is the most educated and intellectual. It has a system of general education. Massachusetts was founded about 250 years ago. From that time to this it has had a system—a very extended system—of public schools. Eight generations of its population have had the advantage of being educated in these schools. The men who were driven from this country by the tyranny of monarch and archbishop founded this school system—the men of whom the poet I have already quoted speaks in these terms, describing them as—

The Fathers of New England who unbound
In wild Columbia Europe's double chain.

Meaning the chain of a despotic monarchy and of a despotic and persecuting Church. Suppose we had had in this country all that time schools for the education of your children, to what a position this country would have risen by this time.

I want to ask working-men to do their utmost to support the school system. Be it a school belonging to a sect, or be it a school belonging to the School Board; if it be a convenient or a possible school for your children, take care that your children go to school, so that Parliament in voting 2,500,000*l.* for the purpose of education—2,500,000*l.* to which you subscribe by the taxes—shall have the cordial and the enthusiastic support of the people in forwarding education to the greatest possible degree in their power. Depend upon it if you support the school the school will compensate you. You know, I dare say, a passage, which is one of the many striking passages which you may find in the writings of Shakespeare—where he says, speaking of children that are rebellious and troublesome—

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child.

I ask working-men, and I might ask it of every class to a certain extent, how much of the unhappiness of families, how much of the grief and gloom which often overshadow the later years of parents come from what I may call the rebellion of children against their parents' authority, and against the moral law. If you will send your children to school, encourage them in their learning, make them feel that this is a great thing for them to possess, the generation to come will be much superior to the generations that have passed, and those who come after us will see that prospering, of which we can only look forward to see the beginnings in the efforts which are now being made. And more than this, besides making your families happier, besides doing so much for the success of your children in life, you will also produce this great result, that you will do much to build up the fabric of the greatness and the glory of your country upon the sure foundation of an intelligent and a Christian people.

WHY I AM A LIBERAL

ROBERT BROWNING

"Why?" Because all I haply can and do,
 All that I am now, all I hope to be,—
 Whence comes it save from fortune setting free
 Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
 God traced for both? If fetters, not a few,
 Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,
 These shall I bid men—each in his degree
 Also God-guided—bear, and gayly too?

But little do or can the best of us:
 That little is achieved thro' Liberty.
 Who then dares hold, emancipated thus,
 His fellow shall continue bound? not I,
 Who live, love, labor freely, nor discuss
 A brother's right to freedom. That is
 "Why."

THE LOST LEADER

ROBERT BROWNING

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
 Found the one gift of which fortune
 bereft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote;
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out
 silver,
 So much was theirs who so little allowed:
 How all our copper had gone for his service!
 Rags—were they purple, his heart had
 been proud!
 We that had loved him so, followed him,
 honored him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,

Learned his great language, caught his clear
 accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die!
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch
 from their graves!
 He alone breaks from the van and the free-
 men,
 —He alone sinks to the rear and the
 slaves!
 We shall march prospering,—not through
 his presence;
 Songs may inspire us,—not from his lyre;
 Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his
 quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade
 aspire:
 Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul
 more,
 One task more declined, one more footpath
 untrod,
 One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for
 angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult
 to God!
 Life's night begins: let him never come back
 to us!
 There would be doubt, hesitation, and
 pain,
 Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of
 twilight,
 Never glad, confident morning again!
 Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike
 gallantly,
 Menace our heart ere we master his own;
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and
 wait us,
 Pardoned in heaven, the first by the
 throne!

3. FREEDOM AND THE EMPIRE

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

ROBERT BROWNING

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood
 sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard
 bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swal-
 lows!
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the
 hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's
 edge—
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song
 twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could re-
 capture
 The first fine careless rapture!

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-
 flower!

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

ROBERT BROWNING

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the
 Northwest died away;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking
 into Cadiz Bay;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face
 Trafalgar lay;
 In the dimmest Northeast distance dawned
 Gibraltar grand and gray;
 "Here and here did England help me: how
 can I help England?"—say,
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God
 to praise and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over
 Africa.

YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE

ALFRED TENNYSON

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
 Within this region I subsist,
 Whose spirits falter in the mist,
 And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
 That sober-suited Freedom chose,
 The land, where girt with friends or foes
 A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
 A land of just and old renown,
 Where Freedom slowly broadens down
 From precedent to precedent;

Where faction seldom gathers head,
 But, by degrees to fullness wrought,
 The strength of some diffusive thought
 Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
 Opinions, and induce a time
 When single thought is civil crime,
 And individual freedom mute;

Tho' power should make from land to land
 The name of Britain trebly great—

Tho' every channel of the State
 Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbor-mouth,
 Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
 And I will see before I die
 The palms and temples of the South.

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS

ALFRED TENNYSON

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
 The thunders breaking at her feet;
 Above her shook the starry lights;
 She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
 Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
 But fragments of her mighty voice
 Came rolling on the wind.

Then stepped she down thro' town and field
 To mingle with the human race,
 And part by part to men reveal'd
 The fulness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
 From her isle-altar gazing down,
 Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
 And, king-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.
 The wisdom of a thousand years
 Is in them. May perpetual youth
 Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our
 dreams,
 Turning to scorn with lips divine
 The falsehood of extremes!

LOVE THOU THY LAND

ALFRED TENNYSON

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
 From out the storied past, and used
 Within the present, but transfused
 Thro' future time by power of thought;

True love turn'd round on fix'd poles,
 Love, that endures not sordid ends,
 For English natures, freemen, friends,
 Thy brothers, and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years:
Cut Prejudice against the grain.
But gentle words are always gain;
Regard the weakness of thy peers.

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension, neither count on praise—
It grows to guerdon after-days.
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch;

Not clinging to some ancient saw,
Not master'd by some modern term,
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm;
And in its season bring the law,

That from Discussion's lip may fall
With Life that, working strongly, binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
And moist and dry, devising long,
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
To ingroove itself with that which flies,
And work, a joint of state, that plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying hard to shape in act;
For all the past of Time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Even now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
Completion in a painful school;
Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New Majesties of mighty States—

The warders of the growing hour,
But vague in vapor, hard to mark;
And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd,
Is bodied forth the second whole.
Regard gradation, lest the soul
Of Discord race the rising wind;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the head;
To shame the boast so often made,
That we are wiser than our sires.

O, yet, if Nature's evil star
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
To follow flying steps of Truth
Across the brazen bridge of war—

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armèd foes,
And this be true, till Time shall close,
That Principles are rain'd in blood;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace;

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes;
And if some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke.

Tomorrow yet would reap today,
As we bear blossom of the dead;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

ALFRED TENNYSON

I

Bury the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation;
 Let us bury the Great Duke
 To the noise of the mourning of a mighty
 nation;
 Mourning when their leaders fall,
 Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
 And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we de-
 plore?
 Here, in streaming London's central roar.
 Let the sound of those he wrought for,
 And the feet of those he fought for,
 Echo round his bones for evermore.

III

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
 As fits an universal woe,
 Let the long, long procession go,
 And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
 And let the mournful martial music blow;
 The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
 Remembering all his greatness in the past,
 No more in soldier fashion will he greet
 With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
 O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute!
 Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
 The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
 Whole in himself, a common good.
 Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
 Our greatest yet with least pretence,
 Great in council and great in war,
 Foremost captain of his time,
 Rich in saving common-sense,
 And, as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.
 O good gray head which all men knew,
 O voice from which their omens all men
 drew,
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,
 O fallen at length that tower of strength

Which stood four-square to all the winds
 that blew!

Such was he whom we deplore.
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
 The great World-victor's victor will be seen
 no more.

V

All is over and done,
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 England, for thy son.
 Let the bell be toll'd.
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 And render him to the mold.
 Under the cross of gold
 That shines over city and river,
 There he shall rest forever
 Among the wise and the bold.
 Let the bell be toll'd,
 And a reverent people behold
 The towering car, the sable steeds.
 Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
 Dark in its funeral fold.
 Let the bell be toll'd,
 And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem
 roll'd
 Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
 And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
 He knew their voices of old.
 For many a time in many a clime
 His captain's-ear has heard them boom
 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom.
 When he with those deep voices wrought,
 Guarding realms and kings from shame,
 With those deep voices our dead captain
 taught
 The tyrant, and asserts his claim
 In that dread sound to the great name
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,
 In praise and in dispraise the same,
 A man of well-attemper'd frame.
 O civic muse, to such a name,
 To such a name for ages long,
 To such a name,
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,
 And ever-echoing avenues of song!

VI

"Who is he that cometh, like an honor'd
 guest,
 With banner and with music, with soldier
 and with priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on
 my rest?"—
 Mighty Seaman, this is he

Was great by land as thou by sea.
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous
 man,
 The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 His foes were thine; he kept us free;
 O, give him welcome, this is he
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee;
 For this is England's greatest son,
 He that gain'd a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun;
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye
 Clash'd with his fiery few and won;
 And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labor'd rampart-lines,
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew,
 Beating from the wasted vines
 Back to France her banded swarms,
 Back to France with countless blows,
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
 Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
 Follow'd up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamor of men,
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
 And England pouring on her foes,
 Such a war had such a close.
 Again their ravening eagle rose
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing
 wings,
 And barking for the thrones of kings;
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
 On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler
 down;
 A day of onsets of despair!
 Dash'd on every rocky square,
 Their surging charges foam'd themselves
 away;
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
 Thro' the long-tormented air
 Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and over-
 threw.
 So great a soldier taught us there
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
 Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile.

O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at all,
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame,
 A people's voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
 Eternal honor to his name.

VII

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless
 Powers,
 Thank Him who is'd us here, and roughly
 set
 His Briton in blown seas and storming
 showers,
 We have a voice with which to pay the debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and regret
 To those great men who fought, and kept
 it ours.
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute con-
 trol!
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the
 soul
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there
 springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings!
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march of
 mind,
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns
 be just.
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
 Remember him who led your hosts;
 He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
 Your cannons molder on the seaward wall;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 For ever; and whatever tempests lour
 For ever silent; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who
 spoke;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,

Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
 Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high and
 low;
 Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life;
 Who never spoke against a foe;
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one re-
 buke
 All great self-seekers trampling on the
 right.
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred
 named;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke!
 Whatever record leap to light
 He never shall be shamed.

VIII

Lo! the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
 He, on whom from both her open hands
 Lavish Honor shower'd all her stars,
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
 Yea, let all good things await
 Him who cares not to be great
 But as he saves or serves the state.
 Not once or twice in our rough island-story
 That path of duty was the way to glory.
 He that walks it, only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes,
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purples, which out-reddden
 All voluptuous garden-roses.
 Not once or twice in our fair island-story
 The path of duty was the way to glory.
 He, that ever following her commands,
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has
 won
 His path upward, and prevail'd,
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
 Are close upon the shining table-lands
 To which our God himself is moon and sun.
 Such was he: his work is done.
 But while the races of mankind endure
 Let his great example stand
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman
 pure;
 Till in all lands and thro' all human story
 The path of duty be the way to glory.
 And let the land whose hearths he saved
 from shame
 For many and many an age proclaim

At civic revel and pomp and game,
 And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
 With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
 Eternal honor to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
 By some yet unmolded tongue
 Far on in summers that we shall not see.
 Peace, it is a day of pain
 For one about whose patriarchal knee
 Late the little children clung.
 O peace, it is a day of pain
 For one upon whose hand and heart and
 brain
 Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
 Ours the pain, be his the gain!
 More than is of man's degree
 Must be with us, watching here
 At this, our great solemnity.
 Whom we see not we revere;
 We revere, and we refrain
 From talk of battles loud and vain,
 And brawling memories all too free
 For such a wise humility
 As befits a solemn fane:
 We revere, and while we hear
 The tides of Music's golden sea
 Setting toward eternity,
 Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
 Until we doubt not that for one so true
 There must be other nobler work to do
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,
 And Victor he must ever be.
 For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
 And break the shore, and evermore
 Make and break, and work their will,
 Tho' world on world in myriad myriads
 roll
 Round us, each with different powers,
 And other forms of life than ours,
 What know we greater than the soul?
 On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
 Hush, the Dead March wails in the peo-
 ple's ears;
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs
 and tears;
 The black earth yawns; the mortal disap-
 pears;
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
 He is gone who seem'd so great.—
 Gone, but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in State,

And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 Speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him.
 God accept him, Christ receive him!

(1852)

HANDS ALL ROUND

ALFRED TENNYSON

FIRST pledge our Queen this solemn night,
 Then drink to England, every guest;
 That man's the best Cosmopolite
 Who loves his native country best.
 May freedom's oak for ever live
 With stronger life from day to day;
 That man's the true Conservative.
 Who lops the molder'd branch away.
 Hands all round!
 God the traitor's hope confound!
 To this great cause of Freedom drink, my
 friends,
 And the great name of England, round
 and round.

To all the loyal hearts who long
 To keep our English Empire whole!
 To all our noble sons, the strong
 New England of the Southern Pole!
 To England under Indian skies,
 To those dark millions of her realm!
 To Canada whom we love and prize,
 Whatever statesman hold the helm.
 Hands all round!
 God the traitor's hope confound!
 To this great name of England drink, my
 friends,
 And all her glorious empire, round and
 round.

To all our statesmen so they be
 True leaders of the land's desire!
 To both our Houses, may they see
 Beyond the borough and the shire!
 We sail'd wherever ship could sail,
 We founded many a mighty state;
 Pray God our greatness may not fail
 Thro' craven fears of being great!
 Hands all round!
 God the traitor's hope confound!
 To this great cause of Freedom drink, my
 friends,
 And the great name of England, round
 and round!

TO THE QUEEN

ALFRED TENNYSON

[Epilogue, *Idylls of the King*]

O loyal to the royal in thyself,
 And loyal to thy land, as this to thee—
 Bear witness, that rememberable day,
 When, pale as yet, and fever-worn, the
 Prince
 Who scarce had pluck'd his flickering life
 again
 From halfway down the shadow of the
 grave,
 Past with thee thro' thy people and their
 love,
 And London roll'd one tide of joy thro' all
 Her trebled millions, and loud leagues of
 man
 And welcome! witness, too, the silent cry,
 The prayer of many a race and creed, and
 clime—
 Thunderless lightnings striking under sea
 From sunset and sunrise of all thy realm,
 And that true North, whereof we lately
 heard
 A strain to shame us "keep you to your-
 selves;
 So loyal is too costly! friends—your love
 Is but a burthen: loose the bond, and go."
 Is this the tone of empire? here the faith
 That made us rulers? this, indeed, her voice
 And meaning, whom the roar of Hougou-
 mont
 Left mightiest of all peoples under heaven?
 What shock has fool'd her since, that she
 should speak
 So feebly? wealthier—wealthier—hour by
 hour!
 The voice of Britain, or a sinking land,
 Some third-rate isle half-lost among her
 seas?
 There rang her voice, when the full city
 peal'd
 Thee and thy Prince! The loyal to their
 crown
 Are loyal to their own far sons, who love
 Our ocean-empire with her boundless homes
 For ever-broadening England, and her
 throne
 In our vast Orient, and one isle, one isle,
 That knows not her own greatness: if she
 knows
 And dreads it we are fall'n.—But thou, my
 Queen,
 Not for itself, but thro' thy living love
 For one to whom I made it o'er his grave

Sacred, accept this old imperfect tale,
New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with
Soul

Rather than that gray king, whose name, a
ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from
mountain peak,
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or
him

Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's,
one

Touch'd by the adulterous finger of a time
That hover'd between war and wantonness,
And crownings and dethronements: take
withal

Thy poet's blessing, and his trust that
Heaven

Will blow the tempest in the distance back
From thine and ours: for some are scared,
who mark,

Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm,
Waverings of every vane with every wind,
And wordy trucklings to the transient hour,
And fierce or careless looseners of the faith,
And Softness breeding scorn of simple life,
Or Cowardice, the child of lust for gold,
Or Labor, with a groan and not a voice,
Or Art with poisonous honey stol'n from
France,

And that which knows, but careful for it-
self,

And that which knows not, ruling that which
knows

To its own harm: the goal of this great
world

Lies beyond sight: yet—if our slowly-grown
And crown'd Republic's crowning common-
sense,

That saved her many times, not fail—their
fears

Are morning shadows huger than the shapes
That cast them, not those gloomier which
forego

The darkness of that battle in the West,
Where all of high and holy dies away.

(1873)

A SONG IN TIME OF ORDER (1852)

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Push hard across the sand,
For the salt wind gathers breath;
Shoulder and wrist and hand,
Push hard as the push of death.

The wind is as iron that rings,
The foam-heads loosen and flee;

It swells and welters and swings,
The pulse of the tide of the sea.

And up on the yellow cliff
The long corn flickers and shakes;
Push, for the wind holds stiff,
And the gunwale dips and rakes.

Good hap to the fresh fierce weather,
The quiver and beat of the sea!
While three men hold together
The kingdoms are less by three.

Out to the sea with her there,
Out with her over the sand,
Let the kings keep the earth for their share:
We have done with the sharers of land.

They have tied the world in a tether,
They have bought over God with a fee;
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.

We have done with the kisses that sting,
The thief's mouth red from the feast,
The blood on the hands of the king,
And the lie at the lips of the priest.

Will they tie the winds in a tether,
Put a bit in the jaws of the sea?
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.

Let our flag run out straight in the wind!
The old red shall be floated again
When the ranks that are thin shall be
thinned,
When the names that were twenty are
ten;

When the devil's riddle is mastered
And the galley-bench creaks with a Pope,
We shall see Buonaparte the bastard
Kick heels with his throat in a rope.

While the shepherd sets wolves on his sheep
And the emperor halts his kine,
While Shame is a watchman asleep
And Faith is a keeper of swine.

Let the wind shake our flag like a feather,
Like the plumes of the foam of the sea!
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.

All the world has its burdens to bear,
From Cayenne to the Austrian whips;

Forth, with the rain in our hair
And the salt sweet foam in our lips:

In the teeth of the hard glad weather,
In the blown wet face of the sea;
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.

AN APPEAL

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Art thou indeed among these,
Thou of the tyrannous crew,
The kingdoms fed upon blood,
O queen from of old of the seas,
England, art thou of them too
That drink of the poisonous flood,
That hide under poisonous trees?

Nay, thy name from of old,
Mother, was pure, or we dreamed;
Purer we held thee than this,
Purer fain would we hold;
So goodly a glory it seemed,
A fame so bounteous of bliss,
So more precious than gold.

A praise so sweet in our ears,
That thou in the tempest of things
As a rock for a refuge shouldst stand,
In the blood-red river of tears
Poured forth for the triumph of kings;
A safeguard, a sheltering land,
In the thunder and torrent of years.

Strangers came gladly to thee,
Exiles, chosen of men,
Safe for thy sake in thy shade,
Sat down at thy feet and were free.
So men spake of thee then;
Now shall their speaking be stayed?
Ah, so let it not be!

Not for revenge or affright,
Pride, or a tyrannous lust,
Cast from thee the crown of thy praise.
Mercy was thine in thy might;
Strong when thou wert, thou wert just;
Now, in the wrong-doing days,
Cleave thou, thou at least, to the right.

How should one charge thee, how sway,
Save by the memories that were?
Not thy gold nor the strength of thy ships,
Nor the might of thine armies at bay,
Made thee, mother, most fair;

But a word from republican lips
Said in thy name in thy day.

Hast thou said it, and hast thou forgot?
Is thy praise in thine ears as a scoff?
Blood of men guiltless was shed,
Children, and souls without spot, -
Shed, but in places far off;
Let slaughter no more be, said
Milton; and slaughter was not.

Was it not said of thee too,
Now, but now, by thy foes,
By the slaves that had slain their France
And thee would slay as they slew—
"Down with her walls that enclose
Freemen that eye us askance.
Fugitives, men that are true!"

This was thy praise or thy blame
From bondsman or freeman—to be
Pure from pollution of slaves,
Clean of their sins, and thy name
Bloodless, innocent, free;
Now if thou be not, thy waves
Wash not from off thee thy shame.

Freeman he is not, but slave,
Whoso in fear for the State
Cries for surety of blood,
Help of gibbet and grave;
Neither is any land great
Whom, in her fear-stricken mood,
These things only can save.

Lo! how fair from afar,
Taintless of tyranny, stands
Thy mighty daughter, for years
Who trod the winepress of war,—
Shines with immaculate hands;
Slays not a foe, neither fears;
Stains not peace with a scar.

Be not as tyrant or slave,
England; be not as these,
Thou that wert other than they.
Stretch out thine hand, but to save;
Put forth thy strength, and release:
Lest there arise, if thou slay,
Thy shame as a ghost from the grave.

RECESSIONAL (1897)

RUDYARD KIPLING

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold

Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

4. INTERNATIONAL SYMPATHIES

AT THE SUNRISE IN 1848

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

God said, Let there be light! and there was
light.
Then heard we sounds as though the Earth
did sing
And the Earth's angel cried upon the wing:
We saw priests fall together and turn
white:
And covered in the dust from the sun's
sight,
A king was spied, and yet another king.
We said: "The round world keeps its bal-
ancing:
On this globe, they and we are opposite,—
If it is day with us, with them 't is night.
Still, Man, in thy just pride, remember this:
Thou hadst not made that thy sons' sons
shall ask
What the word *king* may mean in their
day's task,
But for the light that led: and if light is,
It is because God said, Let there be light."

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,

Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.
(1849)

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND

ROBERT BROWNING

That second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her blood-hounds through the country-side,
Breathed hot and instant on my trace,—
I made six days a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have
plucked
The fire-flies from the roof above,
Bright creeping through the moss they love:
—How long it seems since Charles was
lost!
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight;
And when that peril ceased at night,
The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal fires; well, there I lay

Close covered o'er in my recess,
 Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
 Thinking on Metternich our friend,
 And Charles's miserable end,
 And much beside, two days; the third,
 Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
 The peasants from the village go
 To work among the maize; you know,
 With us in Lombardy, they bring
 Provisions packed on mules, a string
 With little bells that cheer their task,
 And casks, and boughs on every cask
 To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
 These I let pass in jingling line,
 And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
 The peasants from the village, too;
 For at the very rear would troop
 Their wives and sisters in a group
 To help, I knew. When these had passed,
 I threw my glove to strike the last,
 Taking the chance: she did not start,
 Much less cry out, but stooped apart,
 One instant rapidly glanced round,
 And saw me beckon from the ground.
 A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
 She picked my glove up while she stripped
 A branch off, then rejoined the rest
 With that; my glove lay in her breast.
 Then I drew breath; they disappeared:
 It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
 Exactly where my glove was thrown.
 Meanwhile came many thoughts; on me
 Rested the hopes of Italy.
 I had devised a certain tale
 Which, when 't was told her, could not fail
 Persuade a peasant of its truth;
 I meant to call a freak of youth
 This hiding, and give hopes of pay,
 And no temptation to betray.
 But when I saw that woman's face,
 Its calm simplicity of grace,
 Our Italy's own attitude
 In which she walked thus far, and stood,
 Planting each naked foot so firm,
 To crush the snake and spare the worm—
 At first sight of her eyes, I said,
 "I am that man upon whose head
 They fix the price, because I hate
 The Austrians over us; the State
 Will give you gold—oh, gold so much—
 If you betray me to their clutch,
 And be your death, for aught I know,
 If once they find you saved their foe.
 Now, you must bring me food and drink,
 And also paper, pen, and ink,

And carry safe what I shall write
 To Padua, which you'll reach at night
 Before the duomo shuts; go in,
 And wait till Tenebræ begin;
 Walk to the third confessional,
 Between the pillar and the wall,
 And kneeling whisper, *Whence comes*
peace?

Say it a second time, then cease;
 And if the voice inside returns,
From Christ and Freedom; what concerns
The cause of Peace?—for answer, slip
 My letter where you placed your lip;
 Then come back happy we have done
 Our mother service—I, the son,
 As you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more, she took her stand
 In the same place, with the same eyes:
 I was no surer of sunrise
 Than of her coming. We conferred
 Of her own prospects, and I heard
 She had a lover—stout and tall,
 She said—then let her eyelids fall,
 "He could do much"—as if some doubt
 Entered her heart,—then, passing out,
 "She could not speak for others, who
 Had other thoughts; herself she knew;
 And so she brought me drink and food.
 After four days, the scouts pursued
 Another path; at last arrived
 The help my Paduan friends contrived
 To furnish me: she brought the news.
 For the first time I could not choose
 But kiss her hand, and lay my own
 Upon her head—"This faith was shown
 To Italy, our mother; she
 Uses my hand and blesses thee."
 She followed down to the sea-shore;
 I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought
 Concerning—much less wished for—*aught*
 Beside the good of Italy,
 For which I live and mean to die!
 I never was in love; and since
 Charles proved false, what shall now con-

vince
 My inmost heart I have a friend?
 However, if I pleased to spend
 Real wishes on myself—say, three—
 I know at least what one should be.
 I would grasp Metternich until
 I felt his red wet throat distil
 In blood through these two hands. *And*
 next

—Nor much for that am I perplexed—

Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,
 Should die slow of a broken heart
 Under his new employers. Last
 —Ah, there, what should I wish? For fast
 Do I grow old and out of strength.
 If I resolved to seek at length
 My father's house again, how scared
 They all would look, and unprepared!
 My brothers live in Austria's pay
 —Disowned me long ago, men say;
 And all my early mates who used
 To praise me so—perhaps induced
 More than one early step of mine—
 Are turning wise: while some opine
 "Freedom grows license," some suspect
 "Haste breeds delay," and recollect
 They always said, such premature
 Beginnings never could endure!
 So, with a sullen "All's for best,"
 The land seems settling to its rest.
 I think then, I should wish to stand
 This evening in that dear, lost land,
 Over the sea the thousand miles,
 And know if yet that woman smiles
 With the calm smile; some little farm
 She lives in there, no doubt; what harm
 If I sat on the door-side bench,
 And, while her spindle made a trench
 Fantastically in the dust,
 Inquired of all her fortunes—just
 Her children's ages and their names,
 And what may be the husband's aims
 For each of them. I'd talk this out,
 And sit there, for an hour about,
 Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
 Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how
 It steals the time! To business now.
 (1845)

THE PATRIOT

ROBERT BROWNING

It was roses, roses, all the way,
 With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
 The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
 The church-spires flamed, such flags they
 had,
 A year ago on this very day.
 The air broke into a mist with bells,
 The old walls rocked with the crowd and
 cries.
 Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—
 But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
 They had answered, "And afterward what
 else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
 To give it my loving friends to keep!
 Naught man could do, have I left undone:
 And you see my harvest, what I reap
 This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
 Just a palsied few at the windows set;
 For the best of the sight is, all allow,
 At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
 By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
 A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
 And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
 For they fling, whoever has a mind,
 Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
 In triumphs, people have dropped down
 dead.
 "Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
 Me?"—God might question; now instead,
 'T is God shall repay: I am safer so.
 (1855)

ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO
MAZZINI¹ AT GENOA

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Italia, mother of the souls of men,
 Mother divine
 Of all that serv'd thee best with sword or
 pen,
 All sons of thine,

Thou knowest that here the likeness of the
 best
 Before thee stands:
 The head most high, the heart found faith-
 fulest,
 The purest hands.

Above the fume and foam of time that flits,
 The soul, we know,
 Now sits on high where Alighieri sits
 With Angelo.

Not his own heavenly tongue hath heavenly
 speech
 Enough to say
 What this man was, whose praise no thought
 may reach,
 Nor words can weigh.

¹ Inspirer of the Italian revolt against Austria
 in 1848.

Since man's first mother brought to mortal
birth

Her first-born son,
Such grace befell not ever man on earth
As crowns this One.

Of God nor man was ever this thing
said:

That he could give
Life back to her who gave him, that his
dead
Mother might live.

But this man found his mother dead and
slain,

With fast-seal'd eyes,
And bade the dead rise up and live again,
And she did rise:

And all the world was bright with her
through him:

But dark with strife,
Like heaven's own sun that storming clouds
bedim,
Was all his life.

Life and the clouds are vanish'd; hate and
fear

Have had their span
Of time to hurt and are not: He is here,
The sunlike man.

City superb, that hadst Columbus first

For sovereign son,
Be prouder that thy breast hath later nursed
This mightier One.

Glory be his for ever, while his land

Lives and is free,
controlling breath and sovereign
hand

He bade her be.

Earth shows to heaven the names by thou-
sands told

That crown her fame,
But highest of all that heaven and earth
behold,
Mazzini's name.

To LOUIS KOSSUTH¹

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Light of our fathers' eyes, and in our own
Star of the unsetting sunset! for thy name,

¹ Leader of the Hungarian revolt and president of the Republic in Hungary until its overthrow by Francis Joseph and the forces of Russia. Kossuth fled to America in 1849.

That on the front of noon was as a flame
In the great year nigh twenty years ago
When all the heavens of Europe shook and
shone

With stormy wind and lightning, keeps
its fame

And bears its witness all day through the
same;

Not for past days and great deeds past
alone,

Kossuth, we praise thee as our Landor
praised,

But that now too we know thy voice up-
raised,

Thy voice, the trumpet of the truth of God,
Thine hand, the thunder-bearer's, raised to
smite

As with heaven's lightning for a sword and
rod

Men's heads abased before the Muscovite.

FRANCE 1870¹

GEORGE MEREDITH

We look for her that sunlike stood
Upon the forehead of our day,
An orb of nations, radiating food
For body and for mind alway.

Where is the Shape of glad array; 5
The nervous hands, the front of steel,
The clarion tongue? Where is the bold
proud face?

We see a vacant place;
We hear an iron heel.

O she that made the brave appeal 10
For manhood when our time was dark,
And from our fetters struck the spark
Which was as lightning to reveal
New seasons, with the swifter play

Of pulses, and benigner day; 15
She that divinely shook the dead
From living man; that stretched ahead
Her resolute forefinger straight,
And marched towards the gloomy gate

Of earth's Untried, gave note, and in 20
The good name of Humanity

Called forth the daring vision! she,
She likewise half corrupt of sin,
Angel and Wanton! Can it be? 25
Her star has foundered in eclipse,
The shriek of madness on her lips;
Shreds of her, and no more, we see.

¹ Written at the moment of France's humiliation by Germany, when Paris was in the hands of the enemy.

There is a horrible convulsion, smothered
din,
As of one that in a grave-cloth struggles to
be free.

Look not on spreading boughs 80
For the riven forest tree.
Look down where deep in blood and mire
Black thunder plants his feet and plows
The soil for ruin; that is France:
Still thrilling like a lyre, 85
Amazed to shivering discord from a fall
Sudden as that the lurid hosts recall
Who met in Heaven the irreparable mis-
chance.
O that is France!
The brilliant eyes to kindle bliss, 40
The shrewd quick lips to laugh and kiss,
Breasts that a sighing world inspire,
And laughter-dimpled countenance
Whence soul and senses caught desire!

Ever invoking fire from Heaven, the fire 45
Has seized her, unconsumable, but framed
For all the ecstasies of suffering dire.
Mother of Pride, her sanctuary shamed:
Mother of Delicacy, and made a mark
For outrage: Mother of Luxury, stripped
stark: 50
Mother of Heroes, bondsmen; through the
rains,
Across her boundaries, lo the league-long
chains!
Fond mother of her martial youth; they
pass,
They are specters in her sight, are mown as
grass!
Mother of Honor, and dishonored: Mother 55
Of Glory, she condemned to crown with
bays
Her victor, and be fountain of his praise.
Is there another curse? There is another:
Compassionate her madness: is she not
Mother of Reason? she that sees them
mown, 60
Like grass, her young ones! Yea, in the
low groan,
And under the fixed thunder of this hour
Which holds the animate world in one foul
blot
Tranced circumambient while relentless
Power
Beaks at her heart and claws her limbs
down-thrown, 65
She, with the plunging lightnings overshot,
With madness for an armor against pain,
With milkless breasts for little ones athirst,

And round her all her noblest dying in
vain,
Mother of Reason is she, trebly cursed, 70
To feel, to see, to justify the blow;
Chamber to chamber of her sequent brain
Gives answer of the cause of her great woe,
Inexorably echoing through the vaults,
"T is thus they reap in blood, in blood
who sow: 75
This is the sum of self-absolvèd faults."
Doubt not that through her grief, with sight
supreme,
Through her delirium and despair's last
dream,
Through pride, through bright illusion and
the brood
Bewildering of her various Motherhood, 80
The high strong light within her, though
she bleeds,
Traces the letters of returned misdeeds.
She sees what seed long sown, ripened of
late,
Bears, this fierce crop; and she discerns
her fate
From origin to agony, and on 85
As far as the wave washes long and wan
Off one disastrous impulse: for of waves
Our life is, and our deeds are pregnant
graves
Blown rolling to the sunset from the dawn.
Ah, what a dawn of splendor, when her
sowers 90
Went forth and bent the necks of popula-
tions,
And of their terrors and humiliations
Wove her the starry wreath that earthward
lowers
Now in the figure of a burning yoke!
Her legions traversed North and South and
East, 95
Of triumph they enjoyed the glutton's feast:
They grafted the green sprig, they lopped
the oak.
They caught by the beard the tempests, by
the scalp
The icy precipices, and clove sheer through
The heart of horror of the pinnacled
Alp, 100
Emerging not as men whom mortals knew.
They were the earthquake and the hurri-
cane,
The lightnings and the locusts, plagues of
blight,
Plagues of the revel: they were Deluge rain,
And dreaded Conflagration; lawless
 Might. 105

Death writes a reeling line along the snows,
Where under frozen mists they may be
tracked,

Who men and elements provoked to foes,
And Gods: they were of God and Beast
compact:

Abhorred of all. Yet, how they sucked
the teats 110

Of Carnage, thirsty issue of their dam,
Whose eagles, angrier than their oriflamme,
Flushed the vext earth with blood, green
earth forgets.

The gay young generations mask her grief;
Where bled her children hangs the loaded
sheaf. 115

Forgetful is green earth; the Gods alone
Remember everlastingly: they strike
Remorselessly, and ever like for like.
By their great memories the Gods are
known.

They are with her now, and in her ears,
and known. 120

'Tis they that cast her to the dust for
Strength,

Their slave, to feed on her fair body's
length,

That once the sweetest and the proudest
shone;

Scoring for hideous dismemberment
Her limbs, as were the anguish-taking
breath 125

Gone out of her in the insufferable descent
From her high chieftainship; as were she
death,

Who hears a voice of justice, feels the knife
Of torture, drinks all ignominy of life.

They are with her, and the painful Gods
might weep, 130

If ever rain of tears came out of Heaven
To flatter Weakness and bid Conscience
sleep,

Viewing the woe of this Immortal, driven
For the soul's life to drain the maddening
cup

Of her own children's blood implacably: 135
Unsparring even as they to furrow up

The yellow land to likeness of a sea:
The bountiful fair land of vine and grain,

Of wit and grace and ardor, and strong
roots,

Fruits perishable, imperishable fruits; 140
Furrowed to likeness of the dim gray main
Behind the black obliterating cyclone.

Behold, the Gods are with her, and are
known.

Whom they abandon, misery persecutes
No more: them half-eyed apathy may
loan 145

The happiness of the pitiable brutes.

Whom the just Gods abandon have no light,
No ruthless light of introspective eyes

That in the midst of misery scrutinize
The heart and its iniquities outright. 150

They rest, they smile and rest; they have
earned perchance

Of ancient service quiet for a term;
Quiet of old men dropping to the worm;

And so goes out the soul. But not of
France.

She cries for grief, and to the gods she
cries, 155

For fearfully their loosened hands chastise,
And mercilessly they watch the rod's caress

Ravage her flesh from scourges merciless,
But she, inveterate of brain, discerns

That Pity has as little place as Joy 160
Among their roll of gifts; for Strength

she yearns,
For Strength, her idol once, too long her
toy.

Lo, Strength is of the plain root-Virtues
born:

Strength shall ye gain by service, prove
in scorn,

Train by endurance, by devotion shape. 165
Strength is not won by miracle or rape.

It is the offspring of the modest years,
The gift of sire to son, through those sound

laws
Which we name Gods, which are the right-
eous cause,

The cause of man, and Manhood's minis-
ters. 170

Could France accept the fables of her
priests,

Who blest her banners in this game of
beasts,

And now bid hope that Heaven will in-
tercede

To violate its laws in her sore need,
She would find comfort in their opiates. 175

Mother of Reason! can she cheat the Fates?
Would she, the champion of the open

mind,
The Omnipotent's first gift—the gift of
growth—

Consent even for a night-time to be blind,
And sink her soul on the delusive sloth 180

For fruits ethereal and material, both,
In peril of her place among mankind?

The Mother of the many Laughters might
Call one poor shade of laughter in the light

Of her unwavering lamp to mark what
things 185

The world puts faith in, careless of the
truth:

What silly puppet-bodies danced on strings,
Attached by credence, we appear in sooth,
Demanding intercession, direct aid,
When the whole tragic tale hangs on a for-
feit blade! 190

She swung the sword for centuries; in a
day

It slipped her, like a stream cut from its
source.

She struck a feeble hand, and tried to pray,
Clamored of treachery, and had recourse
To drunken outcries in her dream that
Force 195

Needed but to hear her shouting to obey.
Was she not formed to conquer? The bright
plumes

Of crested vanity shed graceful nods:
Transcendent in her foundries, Arts and
looms,

Had France to fear the vengeance of the
Gods? 200

Her Gods were then the battle-roll of names
Sheathed in the records of old war; with
dance

And song she thrilled her warriors and her
dames,

Embracing her Dishonorer: gave him France
From head to foot, France present and to
come, 205

So she might hear the trumpet and the
drum—

Bellona and Bacchante! rushing forth
On those stout marching Schoolmen of the
North.

Inveterate of brain, well knows she why
Strength failed her, faithful to himself the
first; 210

Her dream is done, and she can read the
sky,

And she can take into her heart the worst
Calamity to drug the shameful thought
Of days that made her as the man she served,
A name of terror, but a thing unnerved; 215
Buying the trickster, by the trickster bought,
She for dominion, he to patch a throne.

Behold the Gods are with her now, and
known:

And to know them, not suffering for their
sake,

Is madness to the souls that may not
take 220

The easy way of death, being divine.
Her frenzy is not Reason's light extinct
In fumes of foul revenge and desperate
sense,

But Reason rising on the storm intense,
Three-faced, with present, past, and future
linked; 225

Informed three-fold with duty to her line.
By sacrifice of blood must she atone,
(Since thus the foe decrees it) to her own:
That she who cannot supplicate, nor cease,
Who will not utter the false word for
Peace, 230

May burn to ashes, with a heart of stone,
Whatso has made her of all lands the flower,
To spring in flame for one redeeming hour,
For one propitious hour arise from prone,
Athwart Ambition's path, and have and
wrench 235

His towering stature from the bitter trench,
Retributive, by her taskmasters shown,—
The spectral trench where bloody seed was
sown.

Henceforth of her the Gods are known,
Open to them her breast is laid. 240

Inveterate of brain, heart-valiant,
Never did fairer creature pant
Before the altar and the blade!

Swift fall the blows, and men upbraid,
And friends give echo blunt and cold, 245
The echo of the forest to the axe.
Within her are the fires that wax
For resurrection from the mold.

She snatched at Heaven's flame of old,
And kindled nations: she was weak: 250
Frail sister of her heroic prototype,
The Man; for sacrifice unripe,
She too must fill a Vulture's beak.

Once more, O earthly fortune, speak!
Has she a gleam of victory? one 255
Outshining of her old historic sun?
For a while! for an hour!
And sunlight on her banner seems
A miracle conceived in dreams,
The faint reflux of orient beams 260
Through a lifting shower.

Now is she in the vulture-grasp of Power,
And all her sins are manifest to men.
Now may they reckon with punctilious pen
Her list of misdemeanors, and her dower
Of precious gifts that gilded the rank fen
Where lay a wanton greedy to devour. 267

Now is she in the vulture-grasp of Power.
The harlot sister of the man sublime,
Prometheus, she, though vanquished will not
cower. 270

Offending Heaven, she groveled in the slime;
Offending Man, she aimed beyond her time;
Offending Earth, her Pride was like a tower.

O like the banner on the tower,
Her spirit was, and toyed and curled 275
Among its folds to lure the world—
It called to follow. But when strong men
thrust

The banner on the winds, 't was flame,
And pilgrim-generations tread its dust,
And kiss its track. Disastrously unripe, 280
Imperfect, changeful, full of blame,
Still the Gods love her, for that of high
aim

Is this good France, the bleeding thing they
stripe.

She shall rise worthier of her prototype
Through her abasement deep; the pain that
runs 285

From nerve to nerve some victory achieves.
They lie like circle-strewn soaked Autumn-
leaves

Which stain the forest scarlet, her fair sons!
And of their death her life is: of their blood
From many streams now urging to a
flood, 290

No more divided, France shall rise afresh.
Of them she learns the lesson of the flesh:—

The lesson writ in red since first Time ran
A hunter hunting down the beast in man:
That till the chasing out of its last vice, 295
The flesh was fashioned but for sacrifice.
Cast hence the slave's delights, the wan-
ton's lures,

O France! and of thy folly pay full price;
The liminary nature that immures
A spirit dulled in clay shall break, as
thrice 300

It has broken on a night of blood and
tears,

To give thy ghost free breath, and joy
thy peers.

Immortal mother of a mortal host!
Thou suffering of the wounds that will not
slay,
Wounds that bring death but take not life
away!— 305

Stand fast and hearken while thy victors
boast:

Hearken, and loathe that music evermore.
Slip loose thy garments woven of pride
and shame:

The torture lurks in them, with them the
blame

Shall pass to leave thee purer than be-
fore. 310

Undo thy jewels, thinking whence they
came,

For what, and of the abominable name
Of her who in imperial beauty wore.

O Mother of a fated fleeting host
Conceived in the past days of sin, and
born 315

Heirs of disease and arrogance and scorn,
Surrender, yield the weight of thy great
ghost,

Like wings on air, to what the Heavens
proclaim

With trumpets from the multitudinous
mounds

Where peace has filled the hearing of thy
sons: 320

Albeit a pang of dissolution rounds
Each new discernment of the undying Ones,
Stoop to these graves here scattered thick
and wide

Along thy fields, as sunless billows roll;
These ashes have the lesson for the soul. 325

"Die to thy Vanity, and to thy Pride,
And to thy Luxury: that thou may'st
live,

Die to thyself," they say, "as we have
died

From dear existence, and the foe forgive,
Nor pray for aught save in our little space
To warm good seed to greet the fair earth's
face." 331

O mother! take their counsel, and so shall
The broader world breathe in on this thy
home,

Light clear for thee the counter-changing
dome,

Fire lift thee to the heights meridional, 335
Strength give thee, like an ocean's vast ex-
panse

Off mountain cliffs, the generations all,
Not whirling in their narrow rings of foam,
But like a river forward. Soaring France!
Now is Humanity on trial in thee: 340

Now may'st thou gather humankind in fee:
Now prove that Reason is a quenchless
scroll;

Make of calamity thine aureole,
And bleeding lead us through the troubles
of the sea.

AMERICA

SIDNEY DOBELL

Men say, Columbia, we shall hear thy guns.
But in what tongue shall be thy battle-cry?
Not that our sires did love in years gone by,
When all the Pilgrim Fathers were little
sons

In merrie homes of Englaunde? Back, and
see

Thy satchel'd ancestor! Behold, he runs
To mine, and, clasp'd, they tread the equal
lea

To the same village-school, where side by
side

They spell "our Father." Hard by, the
twin-pride

Of that gray hall whose ancient oriel gleams
Thro' yon baronial pines, with looks of light
Our sister-mothers sit beneath one tree.

Meanwhile our Shakespeare wanders past
and dreams

His Helena and Hermia. Shall we fight?

Nor force nor fraud shall sunder us! O ye
Who north or south, on east or western
land,

Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,
Freedom for freedom, love for love, and
God

For God; O ye who in eternal youth
Speak with a living and creative flood
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book; live worthy of that
grand

Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,
Far, yet unsevered,—children brave and free
Of the great Mother-tongue, and ye shall be
Lords of an Empire wide as Shakespeare's
soul,

Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as
Spenser's dream. (1855)

TO WALT WHITMAN IN AMERICA

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Send but a song oversea for us,
Heart of their hearts who are free,
Heart of their singer, to be for us
More than our singing can be;
Ours, in the tempest at error,
With no light but the twilight of terror;
Send us a song oversea!

Sweet-smelling of pine leaves and grasses,
And blown as a tree through and through

With the winds of the keen mountain-
passes,

And tender as sun-smitten dew;
Sharp-tongued as the winter that shakes
The wastes of your limitless lakes,
Wide-eyed as the sea-line's blue.

O strong-winged soul with prophetic
Lips hot with the bloodbeats of song,
With tremor of heartstrings magnetic,
With thoughts as thunders in throng,
With consonant ardors of chords
That pierce men's souls as with swords
And hale them hearing along,

Make us, too, music, to be with us
As a word from a world's heart warm,
To sail the dark as a sea with us,
Full-sailed, outsinging the storm,
A song to put fire in our ears
Whose burning shall burn up tears,
Whose sign bid battle reform;

A note in the ranks of a clarion,
A word in the wind of cheer,
To consume as with lightning the carrion
That makes time foul for us here;
In the air that our dead things infest
A blast of the breath of the west,
Till east way as west way is clear.

Out of the sun beyond sunset,
From the evening whence morning shall be,
With the rollers in measureless onset,
With the van of the storming sea,
With the world-wide wind, with the breath
That breaks ships driven upon death,
With the passion of all things free,

With the sea-steeds footless and frantic,
White myriads for death to bestride
In the charge of the ruining Atlantic,
Where deaths by regiments ride,
With clouds and clamors of waters,
With a long note shriller than slaughter's
On the furrowless fields world-wide,

With terror, with ardor and wonder,
With the soul of the season that wakes
When the weight of a whole year's thunder
In the tidestream of autumn breaks,
Let the flight of the wide-winged word
Come over, come in and be heard,
Take form and fire for our sakes.

For a continent bloodless with travail
Here toils and brawls as it can,

And the web of it who shall unravel
 Of all that peer on the plan;
 Would fain grow men, but they grow not,
 And fain be free, but they know not
 One name for freedom and man.

One name, not twain for division;
 One thing, not twain, from the birth;
 Spirit and substance and vision,
 Worth more than worship is worth;
 Unbeheld, unadored, undivined,
 The cause, the center, the mind,
 The secret and sense of the earth.

Here as a weakling in irons,
 Here as a weanling in bands,
 As a prey that the stake-net environs,
 Our life that we looked for stands;
 And the man-child naked and dear,
 Democracy, turns on us here
 Eyes trembling, with tremulous hands.

It sees not what season shall bring to it
 Sweet fruit of its bitter desire;
 Few voices it hears yet sing to it,
 Few pulses of hearts reaspire:
 Foresees not time, nor forehears
 The noises of imminent years,
 Earthquake, and thunder, and fire:

When crowned and weaponed and curbless
 It shall walk without helm or shield
 The bare burnt furrows and herbless
 Of war's last flame-stricken field,
 Till godlike, equal with time,
 It stand in the sun sublime,
 In the godhead of man revealed.

Round your people and over them
 Light like raiment is drawn,
 Close as a garment to cover them
 Wrought not of mail nor of lawn:
 Here, with hope hardly to wear,
 Naked nations and bare
 Swim, sink, strike out for the dawn.

Chains are here, and a prison,
 Kings, and subjects, and shame:
 If the God upon you be arisen,
 How should our songs be the same?
 How in confusion of change,
 How shall we sing, in a strange
 Land songs praising his name?

God is buried and dead to us,
 Even the spirit of earth,
 Freedom: so have they said to us,
 Some with mocking and mirth,
 Some with heartbreak and tears:
 And a God without eyes, without ears,
 Who shall sing of him, dead in the birth?

The earth-god Freedom, the lonely
 Face lightening, the footprint unshod,
 Not as one man crucified only
 Nor scourged with but one life's rod:
 The soul that is substance of nations,
 Reincarnate with fresh generations;
 The great god Man, which is God.

But in weariest of years and obscurest
 Doth it live not at heart of all things,
 The one God and one spirit, a purest
 Life, fed from unstanchable springs?
 Within love, within hatred it is,
 And its seed in the stripe as the kiss,
 And in slaves is the germ, and in kings.

Freedom we call it, for holier
 Name of the soul's there is none;
 Surelier it labors, if slower,
 Than the meters of star or of sun;
 Slower than life unto breath,
 Surelier than time unto death,
 It moves till its labor be done.

Till the motion be done and the measure
 Circling through season and clime,
 Slumber and sorrow and pleasure,
 Vision of virtue and crime;
 Till consummate with conquering eyes,
 A soul disembodied, it rise
 From the body transfigured of time.

Till it rise and remain and take station
 With the stars of the world that rejoice;
 Till the voice of its heart's exultation
 Be as theirs an invariable voice,
 By no discord of evil estranged,
 By no pause, by no breach in it changed,
 By no clash in the chord of its choice.

It is one with the world's generations,
 With the spirit, the star, and the sod:
 With the kingless and king-stricken nations,
 With the cross, and the chain, and the rod;
 The most high, the most secret, most lonely,
 The earth-soul Freedom, that only
 Lives, and that only is God.

II. THE CRUSADE AGAINST MATERIALISM

1. THE GOSPEL OF WORK

THE INHERITANCE

THOMAS CARLYLE

[From *Past and Present*, 1843, Book II, chapter xvii]

It is all work and forgotten work, this peopled, clothed, articulate-speaking, high-towered, wide-acred World. The hands of forgotten brave men have made it a World for us;—they,—honor to them; they, in spite of the idle and the dastard. This English Land, here and now, is the summary of what was found of wise, and noble, and accordant with God's Truth, in all the generations of English Men. Our English Speech is speakable because there were Hero-Poets of our blood and lineage; speakable in proportion to the number of these. This Land of England has its conquerors, possessors, which change from epoch to epoch, from day to day; but its real conquerors, creators, and eternal proprietors are these following, and their representatives if you can find them: All the Heroic Souls that ever were in England, each in their degree; all the men that ever cut a thistle, drained a puddle out of England, contrived a wise scheme in England, did or said a true and valiant thing in England. I tell thee, they had not a hammer to begin with; and yet Wren built St. Paul's: not an articulated syllable; and yet there have come English Literatures, Elizabethan Literatures, Satanic-School, Cockney-School, and other Literatures;—once more, as in the old time of the *Leitourgia*, a most waste imbroglio, and world-wide jungle and jumble; waiting terribly to be "well-edited" and "well-burnt!" Arachne started with forefinger and thumb, and had not even a distaff; yet thou seest Manchester, and Cotton Cloth, which will shelter naked backs, at twopence an ell.

Work! The quantity of done and forgotten work that lies silent under my feet in this world, and escorts and attends me, and supports and keeps me alive, wheresoever I walk or stand, whatsoever I think or do, gives rise to reflections! Is it not enough, at any rate, to strike the thing called "Fame" into total silence for a wise man? For fools and unreflective persons, she is and will be

very noisy, this "Fame," and talks of her "immortals" and so forth: but if you will consider it, what is she? Abbot Samson was not nothing because nobody said anything of him. Or thinkest thou, the Right Honorable Sir Jabez Windbag can be made something by Parliamentary Majorities and Leading Articles? Her "immortals!" Scarcely two hundred years back can Fame recollect articulately at all; and there she but munders and mumbles. She manages to recollect a Shakespeare or so; and prates, considerably like a goose, about him;—and in the rear of that, onwards to the birth of Theuth, to Hengst's Invasion, and the bosom of Eternity, it was all blank; and the respectable Teutonic Languages, Teutonic Practices, Existences, all came of their own accord, as the grass springs, as the trees grow; no Poet, no work from the inspired heart of a Man needed there; and Fame has not an articulate word to say about it! Or ask her, What, with all conceivable appliances and mnemonics, including apotheosis and human sacrifices among the number, she carries in her head with regard to a Wodan, even a Moses, or other such? She begins to be uncertain as to what they were, whether spirits or men of mold,—gods, charlatans: begins sometimes to have a misgiving that they were mere symbols, ideas of the mind; perhaps nonentities and Letters of the Alphabet! She is the noisiest, inarticulately babbling, hissing, screaming, foolishlest, unmusicalet of fowls that fly; and needs no "trumpet," I think, but her own enormous goose-throat,—measuring several degrees of celestial latitude, so to speak. Her "wings," in these days, have grown far swifter than ever; but her goose-throat hitherto seems only larger, louder, and foolisher than ever. She is transitory, futile, a goose-goddess:—if she were not transitory, what would become of us! It is a chief comfort that she forgets us all; all, even to the very Wodans; and grows to consider us, at last, as probably nonentities and Letters of the Alphabet.

Yes, a noble Abbot Samson resigns himself to Oblivion too; feels it no hardship, but a comfort; counts it as a still resting-place, from much sick feet and fever and stupidity, which in the night-watches often

made his strong heart sigh. Your most sweet voices, making one enormous goose-voice, O Bobus and Company, how can they be a guidance for any Son of Adam? In *silence* of you and the like of you, the "small still voices" will speak to him better; in which does lie guidance.

My friend, all speech and rumor is short-lived, foolish, untrue. Genuine WORK alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and World-Builder himself. Stand thou by that; and let "Fame" and the rest of it go prating.

Heard are the Voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness:
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not.

HAPPINESS AND LABOR

THOMAS CARLYLE

[*Ibid.*, Book III, chapters iv and vi]

Truly, I think the man who goes about potherring and uproaring for his "happiness,"—potherring, and were it ballot-boxing, poem-making, or in what way soever fussing and exerting himself,—he is not the man that will help us to "get our knaves and dastards arrested!" No; he rather is on the way to increase the number,—by at least one unit and his tail! Observe, too, that this is all a modern affair; belongs not to the old heroic times, but to these dastard new times. "Happiness our being's end and aim," all that very paltry speculation is at bottom, if we will count well, not yet two centuries old in the world.

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was happiness enough to get his work done. Not "I can't eat!" but "I can't work!" that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man, That he cannot work; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over, our

life is passing swiftly over; and the night cometh, wherein no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness,—it is all abolished; vanished, clean gone; a thing that has been: "not of the slightest consequence" whether we were happy as eupeptic Curtis, as the fattest pig of Epicurus, or unhappy as Job with potsherds, as musical Byron with Giaours and sensibilities of the heart; as the unmusical Meat-jack with hard labor and rust! But our work,—behold that is not abolished, that has not vanished: our work, behold, it remains, or the want of it remains;—for endless Times and Eternities, remains; and that is now the sole question with us forevermore! Brief brawling Day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor paper-crowns tinsel-gilt, is gone; and divine everlasting Night, with her star-diadems, with her silences and her veracities, is come! What hast thou done, and how? Happiness, unhappiness: all that was but the *wages* thou hadst; thou hast spent all that, in sustaining thyself hitherward; not a coin of it remains with thee, it is all spent, eaten: and now thy work, where is thy work? Swift, out with it; let us see thy work!

Of a truth, if man were not a poor hungry dastard, and even much of a blockhead withal, he would cease criticizing his victuals to such extent; and criticize himself rather, what he does with his victuals! . . .

And now to observe with what bewildering obscurations and impediments all this as yet stands entangled, and is yet intelligible to no man! How, with our gross Atheism, we hear it not to be the Voice of God to us, but regard it merely as a Voice of earthly Profit-and-Loss. And have a Hell in England,—the Hell of not making money. And coldly see the all-conquering valiant Sons of Toil sit enchanted, by the million, in their Poor-Law Bastille, as if this were Nature's Law;—mumbling to ourselves some vague janglement of *Laissez-faire*, Supply-and-demand, Cash-payment the one nexus of man to man: Free-trade, Competition, and Devil take the hindmost, our latest Gospel yet preached!

As if, in truth, there were no God of Labor; as if godlike Labor and brutal Mammonism were convertible terms. A serious, most earnest Mammonism grown Midas-eared; an unserious Dilettantism, earnest about nothing, grinning with inarticulate, incredulous, incredible jargon about all things,

as the *enchanted* Dilettanti do by the Dead Sea! It is mournful enough, for the present hour; were there not an endless hope in it withal. Giant LABOR, truest emblem there is of God the World-Worker, Demiurgus, and Eternal Maker; noble LABOR, which is yet to be the King of this Earth, and sit on the highest throne,—staggering hitherto like a blind irrational giant, hardly allowed to have his common place on the street-pavements; idle Dilettantism, Dead-Sea Apism crying out, “Down with him; he is dangerous!”

Labor must become a seeing rational giant, with a *soul* in the body of him, and take his place on the throne of things,—leaving his Mammonism, and several other adjuncts, on the lower steps of said throne.

PLUGSON OF UNDERSHOT

THOMAS CARLYLE

[*Ibid.*, Book III, chapter x]

One thing I do know: Never, on this Earth, was the relation of man to man long carried on by Cash-payment alone. If, at any time, a philosophy of *Laissez-faire*, Competition, and Supply-and-demand, start up as the exponent of human relations, expect that it will soon end.

Such philosophies will arise: for man's philosophies are usually the “supplement of his practice”; some ornamental Logic-varnish, some outer skin of Articulate Intelligence, with which he strives to render his dumb Instinctive Doings presentable when they are done. Such philosophies will arise; be preached as Mammon-Gospels, the ultimate Evangel of the World; be believed with what is called belief, with much superficial bluster, and a kind of shallow satisfaction real in its way;—but they are ominous gospels! They are the sure and even swift, forerunner of great changes. Expect that the old System of Society is done, is dying and fallen into dotage, when it begins to rave in that fashion. Most Systems that I have watched the death of, for the last three thousand years, have gone just so. The Ideal, the True and Noble that was in them having faded out, and nothing now remaining but naked Egoism, vulturous Greediness, they cannot live; they are bound and inexorably ordained by the oldest Destinies, Mothers of the Universe, to die. Curious enough; they thereupon, as I have pretty

generally noticed, devised some light comfortable kind of “wine-and-walnuts philosophy” for themselves, this of Supply-and-demand or another; and keep saying, during hours of mastication and rumination, which they call hours of meditation: “Soul, take thy ease; it is all *well* that thou art a vulture-soul”;—and pangs of dissolution come upon them, oftenest before they are aware!

Cash-payment never was, or could except for a few years be, the union-bond of man to man. Cash never yet paid one man fully his deserts to another; nor could it, nor can it, now or henceforth to the end of the world. I invite his Grace of Castle-Rackrent to reflect on this;—does he think that a Land Aristocracy when it becomes a Land Auctioneership can have long to live? Or that Sliding-scales will increase the vital stamina of it? The indomitable Plugson too, of the respected Firm of Plugson, Hunks and Company, in St. Dolly Undershot, is invited to reflect on this; for to him also it will be new, perhaps even newer. Bookkeeping by double entry is admirable, and records several things in an exact manner. But the Mother-Destinies also keep their Tablets; in Heaven's Chancery also there goes on a recording; and things, as my Moslem friends say, are “written on the iron leaf.”

Your Grace and Plugson, it is like, go to Church occasionally: did you never in vacant moments, with perhaps a dull parson droning to you, glance into your New Testament, and the cash-account stated four times over, by a kind of quadruple entry,—in the Four Gospels there? I consider that a cash-account, and balance-statement of work done and wages paid, worth attending to. Precisely *such*, though on a smaller scale, go on at all moments under this Sun; and the statement and balance of them in the Plugson Ledgers and on the Tablets of Heaven's Chancery are discrepant exceedingly;—which ought really to teach, and to have long since taught, an indomitable common-sense Plugson of Undershot, much more an unattackable uncommon-sense Grace of Rackrent, a thing or two!—In brief, we shall have to dismiss the Cash-Gospel rigorously into its own place: we shall have to know, on the threshold, that either there is some infinitely deeper Gospel, subsidiary, explanatory, and daily and hourly corrective, to the Cash one; or else that the Cash one itself and all others are fast traveling!

For all human things do require to have

an ideal in them; to have some Soul in them, as we said, were it only to keep the Body unputrefied. And wonderful it is to see how the Ideal or Soul, place it in what ugliest Body you may, will irradiate said Body with its own nobleness; will gradually, incessantly, mold, modify, new-form or reform said ugliest Body, and make it at last beautiful, and to a certain degree divine!—Oh, if you could dethrone that Brute-god Mammon, and put a Spirit-god in his place! One way or other, he must and will have to be dethroned.

Fighting, for example, as I often say to myself, Fighting with steel murder-tools is surely a much uglier operation than Working, take it how you will. Yet even of Fighting, in religious Abbot Samson's days, see what a Feudalism there had grown,—a "glorious Chivalry," much besung down to the present day. Was not that one of the "impossiblest" things? Under the sky is no uglier spectacle than two men with clenched teeth, and hell-fire eyes, hacking one another's flesh, converting precious living bodies, and priceless living souls, into nameless masses of putrescence, useful only for turnip-manure. How did a Chivalry ever come out of that; how anything that was not hideous, scandalous, infernal? It will be a question worth considering by and by.

I remark, for the present, only two things: first, that the Fighting itself was not, as we rashly suppose it, a Fighting without cause, but more or less with cause. Man is created to fight; he is perhaps best of all definable as a born soldier; his life "a battle and a march," under the right General. It is forever indispensable for a man to fight: now with Necessity, with Barrenness, Scarcity, with Puddles, Bogs, tangled Forests, unkempt Cotton;—now also with the hallucinations of his poor fellow Men. Hallucinatory visions rise in the head of my poor fellow man; make him claim over me rights which are not his. All fighting, as we noticed long ago, is the dusty conflict of strength, each thinking itself the strongest, or, in other words, the justest;—of Might which do in the long-run, and forever will in this just Universe in the long-run, mean Rights. In conflict the perishable part of them, beaten sufficiently, flies off into dust; this process ended, appears the imperishable, the true and exact.

And now let us remark a second thing: how, in these baleful operations, a noble

devout-hearted Chevalier will comport himself, and an ignoble godless Bucanier and Chahtaw Indian. Victory is the aim of each. But deep in the heart of the noble man it lies forever legible, that as an Invisible Just God made him, so will and must God's Justice and this only, were it never so invisible, ultimately prosper in all controversies and enterprises and battles whatsoever. What an Influence; ever-present,—like a Soul in the rudest Caliban of a body; like a ray of Heaven, and illuminative creative *Fiat-Lux*, in the wasted terrestrial Chaos! Blessed divine Influence, traceable even in the horror of Battlefields and garments rolled in blood: how it ennobles even the Battlefield; and, in place of a Chahtaw Massacre, makes it a Field of Honor! A Battlefield too, is great. Considered well, it is a kind of Quintessence of Labor; Labor distilled into its utmost concentration; the significance of years of it compressed into an hour. Here too thou shalt be strong, and not in muscle only, if thou wouldst prevail. Here too thou shalt be strong of heart, noble of soul; thou shalt dread no pain or death, thou shalt not love ease or life; in rage, thou shalt remember mercy, justice;—thou shalt be a Knight and not a Chahtaw, if thou wouldst prevail! It is the rule of all battles, against hallucinating fellow Men, against unkempt Cotton, or whatsoever battles they may be, which a man in this world has to fight.

Howel Davies dyes the West-Indian Seas with blood, piles his decks with plunder; approves himself the expertest Seaman, the daringest Seafighter: but he gains no lasting victory; lasting victory is not possible for him. Not, had he fleets larger than the combined British Navy all united with him in bucaniering. He, once for all, cannot prosper in his duel. He strikes down his man: yes; but his man, or his man's representative, has no notion to lie struck down; neither, though slain ten times, will he keep so lying;—nor has the Universe any notion to keep him so lying! On the contrary, the Universe and he have, at all moments, all manner of motives to start up again, and desperately fight again. Your Napoleon is flung out, at last, to St. Helena; the latter end of him sternly compensating the beginning. The Bucanier strikes down a man, a hundred or a million men: but what profits it? He has one enemy never to be struck down; nay two enemies: Mankind and the Maker of Men. On the great scale or on the

small, in fighting of men or fighting of difficulties, I will not embark my venture with Howel Davies: it is not the Bucanier, it is the Hero only that can gain victory, that can do more than *seem* to succeed. These things will deserve meditating; for they apply to all battle and soldiership, all struggle and effort whatsoever in this Fight of Life. It is a poor Gospel, Cash-Gospel or whatever name it have, that does not, with clear tone, uncontradictable, carrying conviction to all hearts, forever keep men in mind of these things.

Unhappily, my indomitable friend Plugson of Undershot has, in a great degree, forgotten them;—as, alas, all the world has; as, alas, our very Dukes and Soul-Overseers have, whose special trade it was to remember them! Hence these tears.—Plugson, who has indomitably spun Cotton merely to gain thousands of pounds, I have to call as yet a Bucanier and Chactaw; till there come something better, still more indomitable from him. His hundred Thousand-pound Notes, if there be nothing other, are to me but as the hundred Scalps in a Chactaw wigwam. The blind Plugson: he was a Captain of Industry, born member of the Ultimate genuine Aristocracy of this Universe, could he have known it! These thousand men that span and toiled round him, they were a regiment whom he had enlisted, man by man; to make war on a very genuine enemy: Bareness of back, and disobedient Cotton-fiber, which will not, unless forced to it, consent to cover bare backs. Here is a most genuine enemy; over whom all creatures will wish him victory. He enlisted his thousand men; said to them, "Come, brothers, let us have a dash at Cotton!" They follow with cheerful shout; they gain such a victory over Cotton as the Earth has to admire and clap hands at: but, alas, it is yet only of the Bucanier or Chactaw sort,—as good as no victory! Foolish Plugson of St. Dolly Undershot: does he hope to become illustrious by hanging up the scalps in his wigwam, the hundred thousands at his banker's, and saying, Behold my scalps? Why, Plugson, even thy own host is all in mutiny: Cotton is conquered; but the "bare backs"—are worse covered than ever! Indomitable Plugson, thou must cease to be a Chactaw; thou and others; thou thyself, if no other!

Did William the Norman Bastard, or any of his Taillefers, *Ironcutters*, manage so? Ironcutter, at the end of the campaign, did

not turn-off his thousand fighters, but said to them: "Noble fighters, this is the land we have gained; be I Lord in it,—what we will call *Law-ward*, maintainer and keeper of Heaven's *Laws*: be I *Law-ward*, or in brief orthoepy *Lord* in it, and be ye Loyal Men around me in it; and we will stand by one another, as soldiers round a captain, for again we shall have need of one another!" Plugson, bucanier-like, says to them: "Noble spinners, this is the Hundred Thousand we have gained, wherein I mean to dwell and plant vineyards; the hundred thousand is mine, the three and sixpence daily was yours: adieu, noble spinners; drink my health with this groat each, which I give you over and above!" The entirely unjust Captain of Industry, say I; not Chevalier, but Bucanier! "Commercial Law" does indeed acquit him; asks, with wide eyes, What else? So too Howel Davies asks, Was it not according to the strictest Bucanier Custom? Did I depart in any jot or tittle from the Laws of the Bucaniers?

After all, money, as they say, is miraculous. Plugson wanted victory; as Chevaliers and Bucaniers, and all men alike do. He found money recognized, by the whole world with one assent, as the true symbol, exact equivalent and synonym of victory;—and here we have him, a grimbrowed, indomitable Bucanier, coming home to us with a "victory," which the whole world is *ceasing* to clap hands at! The whole world, taught somewhat impressively, is beginning to recognize that such victory is but half a victory; and that now, if it please the Powers, we must—have the other half!

Money is miraculous. What miraculous facilities has it yielded, will it yield us; but also what never-imagined confusions, obscurations has it brought in; down almost to total extinction of the moral-sense in large masses of mankind! "Protection of property," of what is "*mine*," means with most men protection of money,—the thing which, had I a thousand padlocks over it, is least of all *mine*; is, in a manner, scarcely worth calling mine! The symbol shall be held sacred, defended everywhere with tip-staves, ropes, and gibbets; the thing signified shall be composedly cast to the dogs. A human being who has worked with human beings clears all scores with them, cuts himself with triumphant completeness forever loose from them, by paying down certain shillings and pounds. Was it not the wages, I

promised you? There they are, to the last sixpence,—according to the Laws of the Bucaniers!—Yes, indeed;—and, at such times, it becomes imperatively necessary to ask all persons, bucaniers and others, Whether these same respectable Laws of the Bucaniers are written on God's eternal Heavens at all, on the inner Heart of Man at all; or on the respectable Bucanier Log-book merely, for the convenience of bucaniering merely? What a question;—whereat Westminster Hall shudders to its driest parchment; and on the dead wigs each particular horsehair stands on end!

The Laws of Laissez-faire, O Westminster, the laws of industrial Captain and industrial Soldier, how much more of idle Captain and industrial Soldier, will need to be remodeled, and modified, and rectified in a hundred and a hundred ways,—and *not* in the Sliding-scale direction, but in the totally opposite one! With two million industrial Soldiers already sitting in Bastilles, and five million pining on potatoes, methinks Westminster cannot begin too soon!—A man has other obligations laid on him, in God's Universe, than the payment of cash: these also Westminster, if it will continue to exist and have board-wages, must contrive to take some charge of:—by Westminster or by another, they must and will be taken charge of; be, with whatever difficulty, got articulated, got enforced, and to a certain approximate extent put in practice. And, as I say it, it cannot be too soon! For Mammonism, left to itself, has become Midas-eared; and with all its gold mountains, sits starving for want of bread: and Dilettantism with its partridge-nets, in this extremely earnest Universe of ours, is playing somewhat too high a game.

"A man by the very look of him promises so much": yes; and by the rent-roll of him does he promise nothing?—

Alas, what a business will this be, which our Continental friends, groping this long while somewhat absurdly about it and about it, call "Organization of Labor";—which must be taken out of the hand of absurd windy persons, and put into the hands of wise, laborious, modest, and valiant men, to begin with it straightway; to proceed with it, and succeed in it more and more, if Europe, at any rate if England, is to continue habitable much longer. Looking at the kind of most noble Corn-Law Dukes or Practical *Duces* we have, and also of right reverend Soul-Overseers, Christian Spiritual

Duces "on a minimum of four thousand five hundred," one's hopes are a little chilled. Courage, nevertheless; there are many brave men in England! My indomitable Plugson,—nay is there not even in thee some hope? Thou art hitherto a Bucanier, as it was written and prescribed for thee by an evil world: but in that grim brow, in that indomitable heart which *can* conquer Cotton, do there not perhaps lie other ten-times nobler conquests?

LABOR

THOMAS CARLYLE

[*Ibid.*, Book III, chapter xi]

For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself": long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work"; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like helldogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enameling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch,—a mere enameled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows;—draining-off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small! Labor is Life: from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, "self-knowledge" and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that: for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but

what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone."

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined Stone-heaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, red-tape Officials, idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders of the Faith; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no! Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders, to blustering red-tape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there not for Christopher's sake and his Cathedral's; they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these,—if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her,—Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not! His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, "I am here";—must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible like the gods; impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's-strength, vanquish and compel all these,—and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's Edifice; thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp "Great Man" impressed very legibly on Portland-stone there!—

Yes, all manner of help, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to

light, till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible." In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity; inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether under the wide arch of Heaven there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven: and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature:—work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's: a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king,—Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Me-seems *they* have other work than floating thee forward:—and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-skiff of thine! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them: see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad Southwester spend itself, saving thyself by dextrous science of defense, the while: valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favoring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt

sternly repress; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage: thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself;—how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep: a Silence unsoundable; known to God only. Thou shalt be a Great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the World Marine-service,—thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is; thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on,—to new Americas, or whither God wills!

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

THOMAS CARLYLE

[*Ibid.*, Book IV, chapter iv]

If I believed that Mammonism with its adjuncts was to continue henceforth the one serious principle of our existence, I should reckon it idle to solicit remedial measures from any Government, the disease being insusceptible of remedy. Government can do much, but it can in no wise do all. Government, as the most conspicuous object in Society, is called upon to give signal of what shall be done; and, in many ways, to preside over, further, and command the doing of it. But the Government cannot do, by all its signaling and commanding, what the Society is radically indisposed to do. In the long-run every Government is the exact symbol of its People, with their wisdom and unwisdom; we have to say, Like People like Government.—The main substance of this immense Problem of Organizing Labor, and first of all of Managing the Working Classes, will, it is very clear, have to be solved by those who stand practically in the middle of it; by those who themselves work and preside over work. Of all that can be enacted by any Parliament in regard to it, the germs must already lie potentially extant in those two Classes, who are to obey such enactment. A Human Chaos in which there is no light, you vainly attempt to irradiate by light shed on it: order never can arise there.

But it is my firm conviction that the "Hell of England" will *cease* to be that of "not making money"; that we shall get a

nobler Hell and a nobler Heaven! I anticipate light in the Human Chaos, glimmering, shining more and more; under manifold true signals from without That light shall shine. Our deity no longer being Mammon,—O Heavens, each man will then say to himself: "Why such deadly haste to make money? I shall not go to Hell, even if I do not make money! There is another Hell, I am told!" Competition, at railway-speed, in all branches of commerce and work will then abate:—good felt-hats for the head, in every sense, instead of seven-feet lath-and-plaster hats on wheels, will then be discoverable! Bubble-periods, with their panics and commercial crises, will again become infrequent; steady modest industry will take the place of gambling speculation. To be a noble Master, among noble Workers, will again be the first ambition with some few; to be a rich Master only the second. How the Inventive Genius of England, with the whirr of its bobbins and billy-rollers shoved somewhat into the backgrounds of the brain, will contrive and devise, not cheaper produce exclusively, but fairer distribution of the produce at its present cheapness! By degrees, we shall again have a Society with something of Heroism in it, something of Heaven's Blessing on it; we shall again have, as my German friend asserts, "instead of Mammon-Feudalism with unsold cotton-shirts and Preservation of the Game, noble, just Industrialism and Government by the Wisest!"

It is with the hope of awakening here and there a British man to know himself for a man and divine soul, that a few words of parting admonition, to all persons to whom the Heavenly Powers have lent power of any kind in this land, may now be addressed. And first to those same Master-Workers, Leaders of Industry; who stand nearest and in fact powerfulest, though not most prominent, being as yet in too many senses a Virtuality rather than an Actuality.

The Leaders of Industry, if Industry is ever to be led, are virtually the Captains of the World; if there be no nobleness in them, there will never be an Aristocracy more. But let the Captains of Industry consider: once again, are they born of other clay than the old Captains of Slaughter; doomed forever to be no Chiv-

alry, but a mere gold-plated *Doggery*,—what the French well name *Canaille*, "*Doggery*" with more or less gold carrion at its disposal? Captains of Industry are the true Fighters, henceforth recognizable as the only true ones: Fighters against Chaos, Necessity, and the Devils and Jötuns; and lead on Mankind in that great, and alone true, and universal warfare; the stars in their courses fighting for them, and all Heaven and all Earth saying audibly, Well done! Let the Captains of Industry retire into their own hearts, and ask solemnly, If there is nothing but vulturous hunger, for fine wines, valet reputation, and gilt carriages, discoverable there? Of hearts made by the Almighty God I will not believe such a thing. Deep-hidden under wretchedest God-forgetting Cants, Epicurisms, Dead-Sea Apisms; forgotten as under foulest fat Lethe mud and weeds, there is yet, in all hearts born into this God's-World, a spark of the Godlike slumbering. Awake, O nightmare sleepers; awake, arise, or be forever fallen! This is not playhouse poetry; it is sober fact. Our England, our world cannot live as it is. It will connect itself with a God again, or go down with nameless throes and fire-consummation to the Devils. Thou who feelest aught of such a Godlike stirring in thee, any faintest intimation of it as through heavy-laden dreams, follow it, I conjure thee. Arise, save thyself, be one of those that save thy country.

Bucaniers, Chactaw Indians, whose supreme aim in fighting is that they may get the scalps, the money, that they may amass scalps and money: out of such came no Chivalry, and never will! Out of such came only gore and wreck, infernal rage and misery; desperation quenched in annihilation. Behold it, I bid thee, behold there, and consider! What is it that thou have a hundred thousand-pound bills laid-up in thy strong-room, a hundred scalps hung-up in thy wig-wam? I value not them or thee. Thy scalps and thy thousand-pound bills are as yet nothing, if no nobleness from within irradiate them; if no Chivalry, in action, or in embryo ever struggling towards birth and action, be there.

Love of men cannot be bought by cash-payment; and without love men cannot endure to be together. You cannot lead a Fighting World without having it regimented, chivalried: the thing, in a day,

becomes impossible; all men in it, the highest at first, the very lowest at last, discern consciously, or by a noble instinct, this necessity. And can you any more continue to lead a Working World unregimented, anarchic? I answer, and the Heavens and Earth are now answering, No! The thing becomes not "in a day" impossible; but in some two generations it does. Yes, when fathers and mothers, in Stockport hunger-cellars, begin to eat their children, and Irish widows have to prove their relationship by dying of typhus-fever; and amid Governing "Corporations of the Best and Bravest," busy to preserve their game by "bushing," dark millions of God's human creatures start up in mad Chartisms, impracticable Sacred-Months, and Manchester Insurrections;—and there is a virtual Industrial Aristocracy as yet only half-alive, spell-bound amid money-bags and ledgers; and an actual Idle Aristocracy seemingly near dead in somnolent delusions, in trespasses and double-barrels; "sliding," as on inclined-planes, which every new year they *soap* with new Hansard's-jargon under God's sky, and so are "sliding," ever faster, towards a "scale" and balance-scale whereon is written *Thou art found wanting*:—in such days, after a generation or two, I say, it does become, even to the low and simple, very palpably impossible! No Working World, any more than a Fighting World, can be led on without a noble Chivalry of Work, and laws and fixed rules which follow out of that,—far nobler than any Chivalry of Fighting was. As an anarchic multitude on mere Supply-and-demand, it is becoming inevitable that we dwindle in horrid suicidal convulsion and self-abrasion, frightful to the imagination, into *Chactaw* Workers. With wigwams and scalps,—with palaces and thousand-pound bills; with savagery, depopulation, chaotic desolation! Good Heavens, will not one French Revolution and Reign of Terror suffice us, but must there be two? There will be two if needed; there will be twenty if needed; there will be precisely as many as are needed. The Laws of Nature will have themselves fulfilled. That is a thing certain to me.

Your gallant battle-hosts and work-hosts, as the others did, will need to be made loyally yours; they must and will be regulated, methodically secured in their just share of conquest under you;—joined with you in

veritable brotherhood, sonhood, by quite other and deeper ties than those of temporary day's wages! How would mere red-coated regiments, to say nothing of chivalries, fight for you, if you could discharge them on the evening of the battle, on payment of the stipulated shillings,—and they discharge you on the morning of it! Chelsea Hospitals, pensions, promotions, rigorous lasting covenant on the one side and on the other, are indispensable even for a hired fighter. The Feudal Baron, much more,—how could he subsist with mere temporary mercenaries round him, at six-pence a day; ready to go over to the other side, if sevenpence were offered? He could not have subsisted;—and his noble instinct saved him from the necessity of even trying! The Feudal Baron had a Man's Soul in him; to which anarchy, mutiny, and the other fruits of temporary mercenaries, were intolerable: he had never been a Baron otherwise, but had continued a *Chactaw* and *Bucanier*. He felt it precious, and at last it became habitual, and his fruitful, enlarged existence included it as a necessity, to have men round him who in heart loved him; whose life he watched over with rigor yet with love; who were prepared to give their life for him, if need came. It was beautiful; it was human! Man lives not otherwise, nor can live contented, anywhere or anywhen. Isolation is the sum-total of wretchedness to man. To be cut off, to be left solitary: to have a world alien, not your world; all a hostile camp for you; not a home at all, of hearts and faces who are yours, whose you are! It is the frightfullest enchantment; too truly a work of the Evil One. To have neither superior, nor inferior, nor equal, united manlike to you. Without father, without child, without brother. Man knows no sadder destiny. "How is each of us," exclaims Jean Paul, "so lonely in the wide bosom of the All!" Encased each as in his transparent "ice-palace"; our brother visible in his, making signals and gesticulations to us;—visible, but forever unattainable: on his bosom we shall never rest, nor he on ours. It was not a God that did this; no!

Awake, ye noble Workers, warriors in the one true war: all this must be remedied. It is you who are already half-alive, whom I will welcome into life; whom I will conjure, in God's name, to shake off your enchanted sleep, and live wholly! Cease to

count scalps, gold-purses; not in these lies your or our salvation. Even these, if you count only these, will not long be left. Let bucaniering be put far from you; alter, speedily abrogate all laws of the bucaniers, if you would gain any victory that shall endure. Let God's justice, let pity, nobleness, and manly valor, with more gold-purses or with fewer, testify themselves in this your brief Life-transit to all the Eternities, the Gods, and Silences. It is to you I call; for ye are not dead, ye are already half-alive: there is in you a sleepless, dauntless energy, the prime-matter of all nobleness in man. Honor to you in your kind. It is to you I call: ye know at least this, That the mandate of God to His creature man is: Work! The future Epic of the World rests not with those that are near dead, but with those that are alive, and those that are coming into life.

Look around you. Your world-hosts are all in mutiny, in confusion, destitution; on the eve of fiery wreck and madness! They will not march farther for you, on the sixpence a day and supply-and-demand principle: they will not; nor ought they, nor can they. Ye shall reduce them to order, begin reducing them. To order, to just subordination; noble loyalty in return for noble guidance. Their souls are driven nigh mad; let yours be sane and ever saner. Not as a bewildered, bewildering mob; but as a firm regimented mass, with real captains over them, will these men march any more. All human interests, combined human endeavors, and social growths in this world, have, at a certain stage of their development, required organizing: and Work, the grandest of human interests, does now require it.

God knows, the task will be hard: but no noble task was ever easy. This task will wear away your lives, and the lives of your

sons and grandsons: but for what purpose, if not for tasks like this, were lives given to men? Ye shall cease to count your thousand-pound scalps, the noble of you shall cease! Nay the very scalps, as I say, will not long be left if you count only these. Ye shall cease wholly to be barbarous vulturous Chactaws, and become noble European Nineteenth-Century Men. Ye shall know that Mammon, in never such gigs and flunky "respectabilities," is not the alone God; that of himself he is but a Devil, and even a Brute-god.

Difficult? Yes, it will be difficult. The short-fiber cotton; that too was difficult. The waste cotton-shrub, long useless, disobedient, as the thistle by the wayside,—have ye not conquered it: made it into beautiful bandana webs; white woven shirts for men; bright-tinted air-garments wherein flit goddesses? Ye have shivered mountains asunder, made the hard iron pliant to you as soft putty: the Forest-giants, Marsh-jötuns bear sheaves of golden-grain; Ægir the Sea-demon himself stretches his back for a sleek highway to you, and on Fire-horses and Windhorses ye career. Ye are most strong. Thor red-bearded, with his blue sun-eyes, with his cheery heart and strong thunder-hammer, he and you have prevailed. Ye are most strong, ye Sons of the icy North, of the far East,—far marching from your rugged Eastern Wildernesses, hitherward from the gray Dawn of Time! Ye are Sons of the Jötun-land; the land of Difficulties Conquered. Difficult? You must try this thing. Once try it with the understanding that it will and shall have to be done. Try it as ye try the paltrier thing, making of money! I will bet on you once more, against all Jötuns, Tailor-gods, Double-barrelled Law-wards, and Denizens of Chaos whatsoever!

2. THE POET'S COMMENT

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

THOMAS HOOD

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!

It's Oh! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save.
 If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work,
 Till the brain begins to swim;
 Work—work—work,
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh, Men, with Sisters dear!
 Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives!
 It is not linen you're wearing out
 But human creatures' lives!
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
 That Phantom of grisly bone,
 I hardly fear its terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own—
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep;
 Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
 My labor never flags;
 And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread—and rags.
 That shattered roof—this naked floor—
 A table—a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
 From weary chime to chime,
 Work—work—work,
 As prisoners work for crime!
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Band, and gusset, and band,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain be-
 numbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,
 In the dull December light,
 And work—work—work,
 When the weather is warm and bright—
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling

As if to show me their sunny backs
 And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet;
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal.

"Oh! but for one short hour!
 A respite however brief!
 No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
 But only time for Grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch.—
 Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"
 (1843)

WEST LONDON

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Crouch'd on the pavement, close by Bel-
 grave Square,
 A tramp I saw, ill, moody, and tongue-tied.
 A babe was in her arms, and at her side
 A girl; their clothes were rags, their feet
 were bare.
 Some laboring men, whose work lay some-
 where there,
 Pass'd opposite; she touch'd her girl, who
 hied
 Across, and begg'd, and came back satis-
 fied.
 The rich she had let pass with frozen stare.
 Thought I: "Above her state this spirit
 towers;
 She will not ask of aliens, but of friends,
 Of sharers in a common human fate.
 She turns from that cold succor, which at-
 tends
 The unknown little from the unknowing
 great,
 And points us to a better time than ours."
 (1867)

THE DAY IS COMING

WILLIAM MORRIS

Come hither, lads, and harken, for a tale
there is to tell,
Of the wonderful days a-coming, when all
shall be better than well.

And the tale shall be told of a country, a
land in the midst of the sea,
And folk shall call it England in the days
that are going to be.

There more than one in a thousand in the
days that are yet to come,
Shall have some hope of the morrow, some
joy of the ancient home.

For then, laugh not, but listen to this
strange tale of mine,
All folk that are in England shall be better
lodged than swine.

Then a man shall work and bethink him,
and rejoice in the deeds of his hand,
Nor yet come home in the even too faint
and weary to stand.

Men in that time a-coming shall work and
have no fear
For tomorrow's lack of earning and the
hunger-wolf anear.

I tell you this for a wonder, that no man
then shall be glad
Of his fellow's fall and mishap to snatch
at the work he had.

For that which the worker winneth shall
then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing by him
that sowed no seed.

O strange new wonderful justice! But for
whom shall we gather the gain?
For ourselves and for each of our fellows,
and no hand shall labor in vain.

Then all Mine and all Thine shall be Ours,
and no more shall any man crave
For riches that serve for nothing but to
fetter a friend for a slave.

And what wealth then shall be left us when
none shall gather gold
To buy his friend in the market, and pinch
and pine the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city, and the lit-
tle house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty,
and the happy fields we till;

And the homes of ancient stories, the tombs
of the mighty dead;
And the wise men seeking out marvels, and
the poet's teeming head;

And the painter's hand of wonder; and
the marvelous fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music: all those
that do and know.

For all these shall be ours and all men's;
nor shall any lack a share
Of the toil and the gain of living in the
days when the world grows fair.

Ah! such are the days that shall be! But
what are the deeds of today,
In the days of the years we dwell in, that
wear our lives away?

Why, then, and for what are we waiting?
There are three words to speak;
WE WILL IT, and what is the foeman but
the dream-strong wakened and weak?

O why and for what are we waiting? while
our brothers droop and die,
And on every wind of the heavens a wasted
life goes by.

How long shall they reproach us where
crowd on crowd they dwell,
Poor ghosts of the wicked city, the gold-
crushed, hungry hell?

Through squalid life they labored, in sordid
grief they died,
Those sons of a mighty mother, those props
of England's pride.

They are gone; there is none can undo it,
nor save our souls from the curse;
But many a million cometh, and shall they
be better or worse?

It is we must answer and hasten, and open
wide the door
For the rich man's hurrying terror, and
the slow-foot hope of the poor.

Yea, the voiceless wrath of the wretched,
and their unlearned discontent,

We must give it voice and wisdom till the
waiting-tide be spent.

Come, then, since all things call us, the living
and the dead,
And o'er the weltering tangle a glimmering
light is shed.

Come, then, let us cast off fooling, and put
by ease and rest,
For the Cause alone is worthy till the good
days bring the best.

Come, join in the only battle wherein no
man can fail,
Where whoso fadeth and dieth, yet his deed
shall still prevail.

Ah! come, cast off all fooling, for this, at
least, we know:
That the Dawn and the Day is coming, and
forth the Banners go. (1885)

NORTHERN FARMER: NEW STYLE

ALFRED TENNYSON

Dosn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they
canters awaay?
Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what
I 'ears 'em saay.

Proputty, proputty, proputty—Sam, thou's
an ass for thy paa'ns;
Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in
all thy braains.

Woa—theer's a craw to pluck wi' tha, Sam:
yon's parson's 'ouse—

Dosn't thou know that a man mun be eather
a man or a mouse?

Time to think on it then; for thou'll be twenty
to weack.

Proputty, proputty—woa then, woa—let ma
'ear mysén speak.

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as bean
a-talkin' o' thee;

Thou's bean talkin' to muther, an' she bean
a-tellin' it me.

Thou'll not marry for munny—thou's sweet
upo' parson's lass—

Noa—thou'll marry for luvv—an' we boath
on us thinks tha an ass.

Seea'd her to-daay goa by—Saaint's-daay—
they was ringing the bells.

She's a beauty, thou thinks—an' soa is
scoors o' gells,

Them as 'as munny an' all—wot's a beauty?
—the flower as blows.

But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty,
proputty, grows.

Do'ant be stunt; taake time. I knaws what
maakes tha sa mad.

Warn't I craazed fur the lasses mysén when
I wur a lad?

But I knaw'd a Quaaker feller as often 'as
towd ma this:

"Doant thou marry for munny, but goa
wheer munny is!"

An' I went wheer munny war; an' thy
muther coom to 'and,

Wi' lots o' munny laaid by, an' a nicetish
bit o' land.

Maaybe she warn't a beauty—I niver giv
it a thowt—

But warn't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as
a lass as 'ant nowt?

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weant 'a
nowt when 'e 's dead,

Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut, and
addle her bread,

Why? fur 'e 's nobbut a curate, an' weant
niver git hissén clear,

An' 'e maade the bed as 'e ligs on afoor 'e
coom'd to the shere.

An' thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' lots
o' Varsity debt,

Stook to his taa'il they did, an' 'e 'ant got
shut on 'em yet.

An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi' noan
to lend 'im a shove,

Woorse nor a far-welter'd yowe; fur, Sam-
my, 'e married fur luvv.

Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass
an' 'er munny too,

Maakin' 'em goa together, as they've good
right to do.

Couldn I luvv thy muther by cause 'o 'er
munny laaid by?

Naay—fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor
fur it; reason why.

Ay, an' thy muther says thou wants to
marry the lass,

Cooms of a gentleman burn; an' we boath
on us thinks tha an ass.

Woa then, proputty, wiltha?—an ass as
near as mays nowt—

Woa then, wiltha? dangtha!—the bees is as
fell as owt.

Break me a bit o' the esh for his 'ead, lad,
out o' the fence!

Gentleman burn! what's gentleman burn?
is it shillins an' pence?

Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere, an',
Sammy, I'm blest

If it is n't the saame oop yonder, fur them
as 'as it 's the best.

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breaks into
'ouses an' steals,

Them as 'as coats to their backs an' taakes
their regular meals.

Noa, but it's them as niver knaws wheer a
meal's to be 'ad.

Taake my word for it Sammy, the poor
in a loomp is bad.

Them or thir feythers, tha sees, mun 'a
bean a laazy lot,

Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whin-
iver munny was got.

Feyther 'ad ammost nowt; leastways 'is
munny was 'id.

But 'e tued an' moil'd issén dead, an' 'e died
a good un, 'e did.

Looök thou theer wheer Wigglesby beck
cooms out by the 'ill!

Feyther run oop to the farm, an' I runs
oop to the mill;

An' I'll run oop to the brig, an' that thou'll
live to see;

And if thou marries a good un I'll leave
the land to thee.

Thim's my noations, Sammy, wheerby I
means to stick;

But if thou marries a bad un, I'll leave the
land to Dick.—

Coom oop, proputty, proputty—that's what
I 'ears 'im saay—

Proputty, proputty, proputty—canter an'
canter awaay. (1870)

3. WEALTH AND COMMONWEALTH

TRAFFIC¹

JOHN RUSKIN

My good Yorkshire friends, you asked me down here among your hills that I might talk to you about this Exchange you are going to build: but earnestly and seriously asking you to pardon me, I am going to do nothing of the kind. I cannot talk, or at least can say very little, about this same Exchange. I must talk of quite other things, though not willingly;—I could not deserve your pardon, if when you invited me to speak on one subject, I *willfully* spoke on another. But I cannot speak, to purpose, of anything about which I do not care; and most simply and sorrowfully I have to tell you in the outset, that I do *not* care about this Exchange of yours.

If, however, when you sent me your invitation, I had answered, "I won't come, I don't care about the Exchange of Bradford," you would have been justly offended with me, not knowing the reasons of so blunt a carelessness. So I have come down, hoping that you will patiently let me tell you why, on this, and many other such occasions,

I now remain silent, when formerly I should have caught at the opportunity of speaking to a gracious audience.

In a word, then, I do not care about this Exchange,—because *you* don't; and because you know perfectly well I cannot make you. Look at the essential conditions of the case, which you, as business men, know perfectly well, though perhaps you think I forget them. You are going to spend £30,000, which to you, collectively, is nothing; the buying a new coat is, as to the cost of it, a much more important matter of consideration to me than building a new Exchange is to you. But you think you may as well have the right thing for your money. You know there are a great many odd styles of architecture about; you don't want to do anything ridiculous; you hear of me, among others, as a respectable architectural man-milliner; and you send for me, that I may tell you the leading fashion; and what is, in our shops, for the moment, the newest and sweetest thing in pinnacles.

Now, pardon me for telling you frankly, you cannot have good architecture merely by asking people's advice on occasion. All good architecture is the expression of national life and character; and it is produced by a prevalent and eager national

¹ A lecture delivered in the Town Hall, Bradford, afterwards included in *The Crown of Wild Olive*.

taste, or desire for beauty. And I want you to think a little of the deep significance of this word "taste"; for no statement of mine has been more earnestly or oftener controverted than that good taste is essentially a moral quality. "No," say many of my antagonists, "taste is one thing, morality is another. Tell us what is pretty: we shall be glad to know that; but we need no sermons even were you able to preach them, which may be doubted."

Permit me, therefore, to fortify this old dogma of mine somewhat. Taste is not only a part and an index of morality—it is the ONLY morality. The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, "What do you like?" Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are. Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman you meet, what their "taste" is, and if they answer candidly, you know them, body and soul. "You, my friend in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do *you* like?" "A pipe and a quartern of gin." I know you. "You, good woman, with the quick step and tidy bonnet, what do you like?" "A swept hearth and a clean tea-table, and my husband opposite me, and a baby at my breast." Good, I know you also. "You, little girl with the golden hair and the soft eyes, what do you like?" "My canary, and a run among the wood hyacinths." "You, little boy with the dirty hands and the low forehead, what do you like?" "A shy at the sparrows, and a game at pitch farthing." Good; we know them all now. What more need we ask?

"Nay," perhaps you answer: "We need rather to ask what these people and children do, than what they like. If they *do* right, it is no matter that they like what is wrong; and if they *do* wrong, it is no matter that they like what is right. Doing is the great thing; and it does not matter that the man likes drinking, so that he does not drink; nor that the little girl likes to be kind to her canary, if she will not learn her lessons; nor that the little boy likes throwing stones at the sparrows, if he goes to the Sunday School." Indeed, for a short time, and in a provisional sense, this is true. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it. But they only are in a right moral state when they *have* come to like doing it; and as long as they don't like it, they are still in a vicious state. The man is not in health of body

who is always thinking of the bottle in the cupboard, though he bravely bears his thirst; but the man who heartily enjoys water in the morning and wine in the evening, each in its proper quantity and time. And the entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.

But you may answer or think, "Is the liking for outside ornaments,—for pictures, or statues, or furniture, or architecture,—a moral quality?" Yes, most surely, if a rightly set liking. Taste for *any* pictures or statues is not a moral quality, but taste for good ones is. Only here again we have to define the word "good." I don't mean by "good," clever—or learned—or difficult in the doing. Take a picture by Teniers, of sots quarreling over their dice: it is an entirely clever picture; so clever that nothing in its kind has ever been done equal to it; but it is also an entirely base and evil picture. It is an expression of delight in the prolonged contemplation of a vile thing, and delight in that is an "unmannered," or "immoral" quality. It is "bad taste" in the profoundest sense—it is the taste of the devils. On the other hand, a picture of Titian's, or a Greek statue, or a Greek coin, or a Turner landscape, expresses delight in the perpetual contemplation of a good and perfect thing. That is an entirely moral quality—it is the taste of the angels. And all delight in fine art, and all love of it, resolve themselves into simple love of that which deserves love. That deserving is the quality which we call "loveliness"—(we ought to have an opposite word, *hateliness*, to be said of the things which deserve to be hated); and it is not an indifferent nor optional thing whether we love this or that; but it is just the vital function of all our being. What we *like* determines what we *are*, and is the sign of what we *are*; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.

As I was thinking over this, in walking up Fleet Street the other day, my eye caught the title of a book standing open in a bookseller's window. It was—"On the necessity of the diffusion of taste among all classes." "Ah," I thought to myself, "my classifying friend, when you have dif-

fused your taste, where will your classes be? The man who likes what you like, belongs to the same class with you, I think. Inevitably so. You may put him to other work if you choose; but, by the condition you have brought him into, he will dislike the other work as much as you would yourself. You get hold of a scavenger, or a costermonger, who enjoyed the Newgate Calendar for literature, and 'Pop goes the Weasel' for music. You think you can make him like Dante and Beethoven? I wish you joy of your lessons; but if you do, you have made a gentleman of him:—he won't like to go back to his costermongering."

And so completely and unexceptionally is this so, that, if I had time tonight, I could show you that a nation cannot be affected by any vice, or weakness, without expressing it, legibly, and forever, either in bad art, or by want of art; and that there is no national virtue, small or great, which is not manifestly expressed in all the art which circumstances enable the people possessing that virtue to produce. Take, for instance, your great English virtue of enduring and patient courage. You have at present in England only one art of any consequence—that is, iron-working. You know thoroughly well how to cast and hammer iron. Now, do you think in those masses of lava which you build volcanic cones to melt, and which you forge at the mouths of the Infernos you have created; do you think, on those iron plates, your courage and endurance are not written forever—not merely with an iron pen, but on iron parchment? And take also your great English vice—European vice—vice of all the world—vice of all other worlds that roll or shine in heaven, bearing with them yet the atmosphere of hell—the vice of jealousy, which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils, and dishonor into your wars—that vice which has rendered for you, and for your next neighboring nation, the daily occupations of existence no longer possible but with the mail upon your breasts and the sword loose in its sheath; so that at last, you have realized for all the multitudes of the two great peoples who lead the so-called civilization of the earth,—you have realized for them all, I say, in person and in policy, what was once true only of the rough Border riders of your Cheviot hills—

They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the
helmet barred;—

do you think that this national shame and dastardliness of heart are not written as legibly on every rivet of your iron armor as the strength of the right hands that forged it?

Friends, I know not whether this thing be the more ludicrous or the more melancholy. It is quite unspeakably both. Suppose, instead of being now sent for by you, I had been sent for by some private gentleman, living in a suburban house, with his garden separated only by a fruit-wall from his next door neighbor's; and he had called me to consult with him on the furnishing of his drawing room. I begin looking about me, and find the walls rather bare; I think such and such a paper might be desirable—perhaps a little fresco here and there on the ceiling—a damask curtain or so at the windows. "Ah," says my employer, "damask curtains, indeed! That's all very fine, but you know I can't afford that kind of thing just now!" "Yet the world credits you with a splendid income!" "Ah, yes," says my friend, "but do you know, at present, I am obliged to spend it nearly all in steel-traps?" "Steel-traps! for whom?" "Why, for that fellow on the other side of the wall, you know: we're very good friends, but we are obliged to keep our traps set on both sides of the wall; we could not possibly keep on friendly terms without them, and our spring guns. The worst of it is, we are both clever fellows enough; and there's never a day passes that we don't find out a new trap, or a new gun-barrel, or something; we spend about fifteen millions a year each in our traps, take it all together; and I don't see how we're to do with less." A highly comic state of life for two private gentlemen! but for two nations, it seems to me, not wholly comic? Bedlam would be comic, perhaps, if there were only one madman in it; and your Christmas pantomime is comic, when there is only one clown in it; but when the whole world turns clown, and paints itself red with its own heart's blood instead of vermilion, it is something else than comic, I think.

Mind, I know a great deal of this is play, and willingly allow for that. You don't know what to do with yourselves for

a sensation: fox-hunting and cricketing will not carry you through the whole of this unendurably long mortal life: you liked pop-guns when you were school-boys, and rifles and Armstrongs are only the same things better made: but then the worst of it is, that what was play to you when boys, was not play to the sparrows; and what is play to you now, is not play to the small birds of State neither; and for the black eagles, you are somewhat shy of taking shots at them, if I mistake not.

I must get back to the matter in hand, however. Believe me, without farther instance, I could show you, in all time, that every nation's vice, or virtue, was written in its art: the soldiery of early Greece; the sensuality of late Italy; the visionary religion of Tuscany; the splendid human energy and beauty of Venice. I have no time to do this tonight (I have done it elsewhere before now); but I proceed to apply the principle to ourselves in a more searching manner.

I notice that among all the new buildings which cover your once wild hills, churches and schools are mixed in due, that is to say, in large proportion, with your mills and mansions; and I notice also that the churches and schools are almost always Gothic, and the mansions and mills are never Gothic. Will you allow me to ask precisely the meaning of this? For, remember, it is peculiarly a modern phenomenon. When Gothic was invented, houses were Gothic as well as churches; and when the Italian style superseded the Gothic, churches were Italian as well as houses. If there is a Gothic spire to the cathedral of Antwerp, there is a Gothic belfry to the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels; if Inigo Jones builds an Italian Whitehall, Sir Christopher Wren builds an Italian St. Paul's. But now you live under one school of architecture, and worship under another. What do you mean by doing this? Am I to understand that you are thinking of changing your architecture back to Gothic; and that you treat your churches experimentally, because it does not matter what mistakes you make in a church? Or am I to understand that you consider Gothic a preëminently sacred and beautiful mode of building, which you think, like the fine frankincense, should be mixed for the tabernacle only, and reserved for your religious services? For if this be the feeling, though it may seem at first as if it were graceful

and reverent, at the root of the matter, it signifies neither more nor less than that you have separated your religion from your life.

For consider what a wide significance this fact has; and remember that it is not you only, but all the people of England, who are behaving thus just now.

You have all got into the habit of calling the church "the house of God." I have seen, over the doors of many churches, the legend actually carved, "*This is the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.*" Now, note where that legend comes from, and of what place it was first spoken. A boy leaves his father's house to go on a long journey on foot, to visit his uncle; he has to cross a wild hill-desert; just as if one of your own boys had to cross the wolds to visit an uncle at Carlisle. The second or third day your boy finds himself somewhere between Hawes and Brough, in the midst of the moors, at sunset. It is stony ground, and boggy; he cannot go one foot farther that night. Down he lies, to sleep, on Wharnside, where best he may, gathering a few of the stones together to put under his head;—so wild the place is, he cannot get anything but stones. And there, lying under the broad night, he has a dream; and he sees a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reaches the heaven, and the angels of God are seen ascending and descending upon it. And when he wakes out of his sleep, he says, "*How dreadful is this place; surely, this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.*" **THIS PLACE**, observe; not this church; not this city; not this stone, even, which he puts up for a memorial—the piece of flint on which his head has lain. But this *place*; this windy slope of Wharnside; this moorland hollow, torrent-bitten, snow-blighted; this *any* place where God lets down the ladder. And how are you to know where that will be? or how are you to determine where it may be, but by being ready for it *always*? Do you know where the lightning is to fall next? You *do* know that, partly; you can guide the lightning; but you cannot guide the going forth of the Spirit, which is as that lightning when it shines from the east to the west.

But the perpetual and insolent warping of that strong verse to serve a merely ecclesiastical purpose, is only one of the thousand instances in which we sink back into

gross Judaism. We call our churches "temples." Now, you know perfectly well they are *not* temples. They have never had, never can have, anything whatever to do with temples. They are "synagogues"—"gathering places"—where you gather yourselves together as an assembly; and by not calling them so, you again miss the force of another mighty text—"Thou, when thou prayest, shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the *churches*" (we should translate it), "that they may be seen of men. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father,"—which is, not in chancel nor in aisle, but "in secret."

Now, you feel, as I say this to you—I know you feel—as if I were trying to take away the honor of your churches. Not so; I am trying to prove to you the honor of your houses and your hills; not that the Church is not sacred—but that the whole Earth is. I would have you feel, what careless, what constant, what infectious sin there is in all modes of thought, whereby, in calling your churches only "holy," you call your hearths and homes "profane"; and have separated yourselves from the heathen by casting all your household gods to the ground, instead of recognizing, in the place of their many and feeble Lares, the presence of your One and Mighty Lord and Lar.

"But what has all this to do with our Exchange?" you ask me, impatiently. My dear friends, it has just everything to do with it; on these inner and great questions depend all the outer and little ones; and if you have asked me down here to speak to you, because you had before been interested in anything I have written, you must know that all I have yet said about architecture was to show this. The book I called "The Seven Lamps" was to show that certain right states of temper and moral feeling were the magic powers by which all good architecture, without exception, had been produced. "The Stones of Venice" had, from beginning to end, no other aim than to show that the Gothic architecture of Venice had arisen out of, and indicated in all its features, a state of pure national faith, and of domestic virtue; and that its Renaissance architecture had arisen out of, and in all its features indicated, a state of concealed national infidelity, and of domestic corruption. And now, you ask me what style

is best to build in; and how can I answer, knowing the meaning of the two styles, but by another question—do you mean to build as Christians or as Infidels? And still more—do you mean to build as honest Christians or as honest Infidels? as thoroughly and confessedly either one or the other? You don't like to be asked such rude questions. I cannot help it; they are of much more importance than this Exchange business; and if they can be at once answered, the Exchange business settles itself in a moment. But, before I press them farther, I must ask leave to explain one point clearly.

In all my past work, my endeavor has been to show that good architecture is essentially religious—the production of a faithful and virtuous, not of an infidel and corrupted people. But in the course of doing this, I have had also to show that good architecture is not *ecclesiastical*. People are so apt to look upon religion as the business of the clergy, not their own, that the moment they hear of anything depending on "religion," they think it must also have depended on the priesthood; and I have had to take what place was to be occupied between these two errors, and fight both, often with seeming contradiction. Good architecture is the work of good and believing men; therefore, you say, at least some people say, "Good architecture must essentially have been the work of the clergy, not of the laity." No—a thousand times no; good architecture has always been the work of the commonalty, *not* of the clergy. What, you say, those glorious cathedrals—the pride of Europe—did their builders not form Gothic architecture? No; they corrupted Gothic architecture. Gothic was formed in the baron's castle, and the burgher's street. It was formed by the thoughts, and hands, and powers of free citizens and warrior kings. By the monk it was used as an instrument for the aid of his superstition; when the superstition became a beautiful madness, and the best hearts of Europe vainly dreamed and pined in their cloister, and vainly raged and perished in the crusade—through that fury of perverted faith and wasted war, the Gothic rose also to its loveliest, most fantastic, and, finally, most foolish dreams; and, in those dreams, was lost.

I hope, now, that there is no risk of your misunderstanding me when I come to the

gist of what I want to say tonight;—when I repeat, that every great national architecture has been the result and exponent of a great national religion. You can't have bits of it here, bits there—you must have it everywhere, or nowhere. It is not the monopoly of a clerical company—it is not the exponent of a theological dogma—it is not the hieroglyphic writing of an initiated priesthood; it is the manly language of a people inspired by resolute and common purpose, and rendering resolute and common fidelity to the legible laws of an undoubted God.

Now, there have as yet been three distinct schools of European architecture. I say, European, because Asiatic and African architectures belong so entirely to other races and climates, that there is no question of them here; only, in passing, I will simply assure you that whatever is good or great in Egypt, and Syria, and India, is just good or great for the same reasons as the buildings on our side of the Bosphorus. We Europeans, then, have had three great religions: the Greek, which was the worship of the God of Wisdom and Power; the Medieval, which was the Worship of the God of Judgment and Consolation; the Renaissance, which was the worship of the God of Pride and Beauty; these three we have had—they are past,—and now, at last, we English have got a fourth religion, and a God of our own, about which I want to ask you. But I must explain these three old ones first.

I repeat, first, the Greeks essentially worshipped the God of Wisdom; so that whatever contended against their religion,—to the Jews a stumbling block,—was, to the Greeks—*Foolishness*.

The first Greek idea of Deity was that expressed in the word, of which we keep the remnant in our words "*Di-urnal*" and "*Di-vine*"—the god of *Day*, Jupiter the revealer. Athena is his daughter, but especially daughter of the Intellect, springing armed from the head. We are only with the help of recent investigation beginning to penetrate the depth of meaning couched under the Athenaic symbols: but I may note rapidly, that her ægis, the mantle with the serpent fringes, in which she often, in the best statues, is represented as folding up her left hand for better guard, and the Gorgon on her shield, are both representative mainly of the chilling horror and sad-

ness (turning men to stone, as it were,) of the outmost and superficial spheres of knowledge—that knowledge which separates, in bitterness, hardness, and sorrow, the heart of the full-grown man from the heart of the child. For out of imperfect knowledge spring terror, dissension, danger, and disdain; but from perfect knowledge, given by the full-revealed Athena, strength and peace, in sign of which she is crowned with the olive spray, and bears the resistless spear.

This, then, was the Greek conception of purest Deity, and every habit of life, and every form of his art developed themselves from the seeking this bright, serene, resistless wisdom; and setting himself, as a man, to do things evermore rightly and strongly; not with any ardent affection or ultimate hope; but with a resolute and continent energy of will, as knowing that for failure there was no consolation, and for sin there was no remission. And the Greek architecture rose unerring, bright, clearly defined, and self-contained.

Next followed in Europe the great Christian faith, which was essentially the religion of Comfort. Its great doctrine is the remission of sins; for which cause it happens, too often, in certain phases of Christianity, that sin and sickness themselves are partly glorified, as if, the more you had to be healed of, the more divine was the healing. The practical result of this doctrine, in art, is a continual contemplation of sin and disease, and of imaginary states of purification from them; thus we have an architecture conceived in a mingled sentiment of melancholy and aspiration, partly severe, partly luxuriant, which will bend itself to every one of our needs, and every one of our fancies, and be strong or weak with us, as we are strong or weak ourselves. It is, of all architecture, the basest, when base people build it—of all, the noblest, when built by the noble.

And now note that both these religions—Greek and Medieval—perished by *falsehood* in their own main purpose. The Greek religion of Wisdom perished in a false philosophy—"Oppositions of science, falsely so called." The Medieval religion of Consolation perished in false comfort; in remission of sins given lyingly. It was the selling of absolution that ended the Medieval faith; and I can tell you more, it is the *selling* of absolution which, to the end of time, will mark false Christianity. Pure Christianity

gives her remission of sins only by *ending* them; but false Christianity gets her remission of sins by *compounding* for them. And there are many ways of compounding for them. We English have beautiful little quiet ways of buying absolution, whether in low Church, or high, far more cunning than any of Tetzels trading.

Then, thirdly, there followed the religion of Pleasure, in which all Europe gave itself to luxury, ending in death. First, *bals masques* in every saloon, and then guillotines in every square. And all these three worship issues in vast temple building. Your Greek worshiped Wisdom, and built you the Parthenon—the Virgin's temple. The Medieval worshiped Consolation, and built you Virgin temples also—but to our Lady of Salvation. Then the Revivalist worshiped beauty, of a sort, and built you Versailles, and the Vatican. Now, lastly, will you tell me what we worship, and what we build?

You know we are speaking always of the real, active, continual, national worship; that by which men act while they live; not that which they talk of when they die. Now, we have, indeed, a nominal religion, to which we pay tithes of property and sevenths of time; but we have also a practical and earnest religion, to which we devote nine-tenths of our property and sixth-sevenths of our time. And we dispute a great deal about the nominal religion; but we are all unanimous about this practical one, of which I think you will admit that the ruling goddess may be best generally described as the "Goddess of Getting-on," or "Britannia of the Market." The Athenians had an "Athena Agoraia," or Athena of the Market; but she was a subordinate type of their goddess, while our Britannia Agoraia is the principal type of ours. And all your great architectural works, are, of course, built to her. It is long since you built a great cathedral; and how you would laugh at me, if I proposed building a cathedral on the top of one of these hills of yours, to make it an Acropolis! But your railroad mounds, vaster than the walls of Babylon; your railroad stations, vaster than the temple of Ephesus, and innumerable; your chimneys how much more mighty and costly than cathedral spires! your harbor piers; your warehouses; your exchanges!—all these are built to your great Goddess of "Getting-on"; and she has formed, and will continue to form, your architecture, as long as you wor-

ship her; and it is quite vain to ask me to tell you how to build to *her*; you know far better than I.

There might indeed, on some theories, be a conceivably good architecture for Exchanges—that is to say, if there were any heroism in the fact or deed of exchange, which might be typically carved on the outside of your building. For, you know, all beautiful architecture must be adorned with sculpture or painting; and for sculpture or painting, you must have a subject. And hitherto it has been a received opinion among the nations of the world that the only right subjects for either, were *heroisms* of some sort. Even on his pots and his flagons, the Greek put a Hercules slaying lions, or an Apollo slaying serpents, or Bacchus slaying melancholy giants, and earth-born despondencies. On his temples, the Greek put contests of great warriors in founding states, or of gods with evil spirits. On his houses and temples alike, the Christian put carvings of angels conquering devils; or of hero-martyrs exchanging this world for another; subjects inappropriate, I think, to our direction of exchange here. And the Master of Christians not only left his followers without any orders as to the sculpture of affairs of exchange on the outside of buildings, but gave some strong evidence of his dislike of affairs of exchange within them. And yet there might surely be a heroism in such affairs; and all commerce become a kind of selling of doves, not impious. The wonder has always been great to me that heroism has never been supposed to be in anywise consistent with the practice of supplying people with food, or clothes; but rather with that of quartering one's self upon them for food, and stripping them of their clothes. Spoiling of armor is a heroic deed in all ages; but the selling of clothes, old or new, has never taken any color of magnanimity. Yet one does not see why feeding the hungry and clothing the naked should ever become base business, even when engaged in on a large scale. If one could contrive to attach the notion of conquest to them anyhow! so that, supposing there were anywhere an obstinate race, who refused to be comforted, one might take some pride in giving them compulsory comfort! and as it were, "*occupying* a country" with one's gifts, instead of one's armies? If one could only consider it as much a victory to get a barren field sown, as to get an eared field

stripped; and contend who should build villages, instead of who should "carry" them! Are not all forms of heroism conceivable in doing these serviceable deeds? You doubt who is strongest? It might be ascertained by push of spade, as well as push of sword. Who is wisest? There are witty things to be thought of in planning other business than campaigns. Who is bravest? There are always the elements to fight with, stronger than men; and nearly as merciless.

The only absolutely and unapproachably heroic element in the soldier's work seems to be—that he is paid little for it—and regularly: while you traffickers, and exchangers, and others occupied in presumably benevolent business, like to be paid much for it—and by chance. I never can make out how it is that a *knight*-errant does not expect to be paid for his trouble, but a *peddler*-errant always does;—that people are willing to take hard knocks for nothing, but never to sell ribbons cheap;—that they are ready to go on fervent crusades to recover the tomb of a buried God, but never on any travels to fulfil the orders of a living one;—that they will go anywhere barefoot to preach their faith, but must be well bribed to practice it, and are perfectly ready to give the Gospel gratis, but never the loaves and fishes.

If you choose to take the matter up on any such soldierly principle, to do your commerce, and your feeding of nations, for fixed salaries; and to be as particular about giving people the best food, and the best cloth, as soldiers are about giving them the best gunpowder, I could carve something for you on your exchange worth looking at. But I can only at present suggest decorating its frieze with pendent purses; and making its pillars broad at the base, for the sticking of bills. And in the innermost chambers of it there might be a statue of Britannia of the Market, who may have, perhaps advisably, a partridge for her crest, typical at once of her courage in fighting for noble ideas, and of her interest in game; and round its neck the inscription in golden letters, *Perdix fovit quæ non peperit*. Then, for her spear, she might have a weaver's beam; and on her shield, instead of St. George's Cross, the Milanese boar, semi-fleeced, with the town of Gennesaret proper, in the field, and the legend "In the best market," and her corselet, of leather, folded over her heart in the shape of a purse, with thirty slits in it for a piece of money to go in at, on each day

of the month. And I doubt not but that people would come to see your exchange, and its goddess, with applause.

Nevertheless, I want to point out to you certain strange characters in this goddess of yours. She differs from the great Greek and Medieval deities essentially in two things—first, as to the continuance of her presumed power; secondly, as to the extent of it.

Ist, as to the Continuance.

The Greek Goddess of Wisdom gave continual increase of wisdom, as the Christian Spirit of Comfort (or Comforter) continual increase of comfort. There was no question, with these, of any limit or cessation of function. But with your Agora Goddess, that is just the most important question. Getting on—but where to? Gathering together—but how much? Do you mean to gather always—never to spend? If so, I wish you joy of your goddess, for I am just as well off as you, without the trouble of worshiping her at all. But if you do not spend, somebody else will—somebody else must. And it is because of this (among many other such errors) that I have fearlessly declared your so-called science of Political Economy to be no science; because, namely, it has omitted the study of exactly the most important branch of the business—the study of *spending*. For spend you must, and as much as you make, ultimately. You gather corn:—will you bury England under a heap of grain; or will you, when you have gathered, finally eat? You gather gold:—will you make your house-roofs of it, or pave your streets with it? That is still one way of spending it. But if you keep it, that you may get more, I'll give you more; I'll give you all the gold you want—all you can imagine—if you can tell me what you'll do with it. You shall have thousands of gold pieces;—thousands of thousands—millions—mountains of gold: where will you keep them? Will you put an Olympus of silver upon a golden Pelion—make Ossa like a wart? Do you think the rain and dew would then come down to you, in the streams from such mountains, more blessedly than they will down the mountains which God has made for you, of moss and whinstone? But it is not gold that you want to gather! What is it? greenbacks? No; not those neither. What is it then—is it ciphers after a capital I? Cannot you practice writing ciphers, and write as many as you want? Write ciphers for an hour every morning,

in a big book, and say every evening, I am worth all those naughts more than I was yesterday. Won't that do? Well, what in the name of Plutus is it you want? Not gold, not greenbacks, not ciphers after a capital I? You will have to answer, after all, "No; we want, somehow or other, money's worth." Well, what is that? Let your Goddess of Getting-on discover it, and let her learn to stay therein.

II. But there is yet another question to be asked respecting this Goddess of Getting-on. The first was of the continuance of her power; the second is of its extent.

Pallas and the Madonna were supposed to be all the world's Pallas, and all the world's Madonna. They could teach all men, and they could comfort all men. But, look strictly into the nature of the power of your Goddess of Getting-on; and you will find she is the Goddess—not of everybody's getting on—but only of somebody's getting on. This is a vital, or rather deathful, distinction. Examine it in your own ideal of the state of national life which this Goddess is to evoke and maintain. I asked you what it was, when I was last here;—you have never told me. Now, shall I try to tell you?

Your ideal of human life then is, I think, that it should be passed in a pleasant undulating world, with iron and coal everywhere underneath it. On each pleasant bank of this world is to be a beautiful mansion, with two wings; and stables, and coach-houses; a moderately sized park; a large garden and hothouses; and pleasant carriage drives through the shrubberies. In this mansion are to live the favorite votaries of the Goddess; the English gentleman, with his gracious wife, and his beautiful family; always able to have the boudoir and the jewels for the wife, and the beautiful ball dresses for the daughters, and hunters for the sons, and a shooting in the Highlands for himself. At the bottom of the bank, is to be the mill; not less than a quarter of a mile long, with a steam engine at each end, and two in the middle, and a chimney three hundred feet high. In this mill are to be in constant employment from eight hundred to a thousand workers, who never drink, never strike, always go to church on Sunday, and always express themselves in respectful language.

Is not that, broadly, and in the main features, the kind of thing you propose to yourselves? It is very pretty indeed, seen

from above; not at all so pretty, seen from below. For, observe, while to one family this deity is indeed the Goddess of Getting-on, to a thousand families she is the Goddess of *not* Getting-on. "Nay," you say, "they have all their chance." Yes, so has every one in a lottery, but there must always be the same number of blanks. "Ah! but in a lottery it is not skill and intelligence which take the lead, but blind chance." What then! do you think the old practice, that "they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can," is less iniquitous, when the power has become power of brains instead of fist? and that, though we may not take advantage of a child's or a woman's weakness, we may of a man's foolishness? "Nay, but finally, work must be done, and some one must be at the top, some one at the bottom." Granted, my friends. Work must always be, and captains of work must always be; and if you in the least remember the tone of any of my writings, you must know that they are thought unfit for this age, because they are always insisting on need of government, and speaking with scorn of liberty. But I beg you to observe that there is a wide difference between being captains or governors of work, and taking the profits of it. It does not follow, because you are general of an army, that you are to take all the treasure, or land, it wins (if it fight for treasure or land); neither, because you are king of a nation, that you are to consume all the profits of the nation's work. Real kings, on the contrary, are known invariably by their doing quite the reverse of this,—by their taking the least possible quantity of the nation's work for themselves. There is no test of real kingship so infallible as that. Does the crowned creature live simply, bravely, unostentatiously? probably he is a King. Does he cover his body with jewels, and his table with delicacies? in all probability he is *not* a King. It is possible he may be, as Solomon was; but that is when the nation shares his splendor with him. Solomon made gold, not only to be in his own palace as stones, but to be in Jerusalem as stones. But even so, for the most part, these splendid kingdoms expire in ruin, and only the true kingdoms live, which are of royal laborers governing loyal laborers; who, both leading rough lives, establish the true dynasties. Conclusively you will find that because you are king of a nation, it does not follow that you are to gather for yourself all the wealth of

that nation; neither, because you are king of a small part of the nation, and lord over the means of its maintenance—over field, or mill, or mine,—are you to take all the produce of that piece of the foundation of national existence for yourself.

You will tell me I need not preach against these things, for I cannot mend them. No, good friends, I cannot; but you can, and you will; or something else can and will. Even good things have no abiding power—and shall these evil things persist in victorious evil? All history shows, on the contrary, that to be the exact thing they never can do. Change *must* come; but it is *ours* to determine whether change of growth, or change of death. Shall the Parthenon be in ruins on its rock, and Bolton priory in its meadow, but these mills of yours be the consummation of the buildings of the earth, and their wheels be as the wheels of eternity? Think you that "men may come, and men may go," but—mills—go on forever? Not so; out of these, better or worse shall come; and it is for you to choose which.

I know that none of this wrong is done with deliberate purpose. I know, on the contrary, that you wish your workmen well; that you do much for them, and that you desire to do more for them, if you saw your way to such benevolence safely. I know that even all this wrong and misery are brought about by a warped sense of duty, each of you striving to do his best; but unhappily, not knowing for whom this best should be done. And all our hearts have been betrayed by the plausible impiety of the modern economist, that "To do the best for yourself, is finally to do the best for others." Friends, our great Master said not so; and most absolutely we shall find this world is not made so. Indeed, to do the best for others, is finally to do the best for ourselves; but it will not do to have our eyes fixed on that issue. The Pagans had got beyond that. Hear what a Pagan says of this matter; hear what were, perhaps, the last written words of Plato,—if not the last actually written (for this we cannot know), yet assuredly in fact and power his parting words—in which, endeavoring to give full crowning and harmonious close to all his thoughts, and to speak the sum of them by the imagined sentence of the Great Spirit, his strength and his heart fail him, and the words cease, broken off forever.

They are at the close of the dialogue called "Critias," in which he describes, part-

ly from real tradition, partly in ideal dream, the early state of Athens; and the genesis, and order, and religion, of the fabled isle of Atlantis; in which genesis he conceives the same first perfection and final degeneracy of man, which in our own Scriptural tradition is expressed by saying that the Sons of God intermarried with the daughters of men, for he supposes the earliest race to have been indeed the children of God: and to have corrupted themselves, until "their spot was not the spot of his children." And this, he says, was the end; that indeed "through many generations, so long as the God's nature in them yet was full, they were submissive to the sacred laws, and carried themselves lovingly to all that had kindred with them in divineness; for their uttermost spirit was faithful and true, and in every wise great; so that, in all meekness of wisdom, they dealt with each other, and took all the chances of life; and despising all things except virtue, they cared little what happened day by day, and bore lightly the burden of gold and of possessions; for they saw that, if *only their common love and virtue increased, all these things would be increased together with them*; but to set their esteem and ardent pursuit upon material possession would be to lose that first, and their virtue and affection together with it. And by such reasoning, and what of the divine nature remained in them, they gained all this greatness of which we have already told; but when the God's part of them faded and became extinct, being mixed again and again, and effaced by the prevalent mortality; and the human nature at last exceeded, they then became unable to endure the courses of fortune; and fell into shapelessness of life, and baseness in the sight of him who could see, having lost everything that was fairest of their honor; while to the blind hearts which could not discern the true life, tending to happiness, it seemed that they were then chiefly noble and happy, being filled with all iniquity of inordinate possession and power. Whereupon, the God of gods, whose Kingdom is in laws, beholding a once just nation thus cast into misery, and desiring to lay such punishment upon them as might make them repent into restraining, gathered together all the gods into his dwelling-place, which from heaven's center overlooks whatever has part in creation; and having assembled them, he said"—

The rest is silence. Last words of the chief wisdom of the heathen, spoken of this

idol of riches; this idol of yours; this golden image high by measureless cubits, set up where your green fields of England are furnace-burnt into the likeness of the plain of Dura: this idol, forbidden to us, first of all idols, by our own Master and faith; forbidden to us also by every human lip that has ever, in any age or people, been accounted of as able to speak according to the purposes of God. Continue to make that forbidden deity your principal one, and soon no more art, no more science, no more pleasure will be possible. Catastrophe will come; or worse than catastrophe, slow moldering and withering into Hades. But if you can fix some conception of a true human state of life to be striven for—life good for all men as for yourselves—if you can determine some honest and simple order of existence; following those trodden ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness, and seeking her quiet and withdrawn paths, which are peace;—then, and so sanctifying wealth into “commonwealth,” all your art, your literature, your daily labors, your domestic affection, and citizen’s duty, will join and increase into one magnificent harmony. You will know then how to build, well enough; you will build with stone well, but with flesh better; temples not made with hands, but riveted of hearts; and that kind of marble, crimson-veined, is indeed eternal.

THE SOLDIER’S DUTY TO HIS COUNTRY

JOHN RUSKIN

[From an address delivered at the Royal Military Academy]

What I want you to see, and to be assured of, is, that the ideal of soldiership is not mere passive obedience and bravery; that, so far from this, no country is in a healthy state which has separated, even in a small degree, her civil from her military power. All states of the world, however great, fall at once when they use mercenary armies; and although it is a less instant form of error (because involving no national taint of cowardice), it is yet an error no less ultimately fatal—it is the error especially of modern times, of which we cannot yet know all the calamitous consequences—to take away the best blood and strength of the nation, all the soul-substance of it that is brave, and careless of reward, and scornful of pain, and faithful in trust; and to cast

that into steel, and make a mere sword of it; taking away its voice and will; but to keep the worst part of the nation—whatever is cowardly, avaricious, sensual, and faithless—and to give to this the voice, to this the authority, to this the chief privilege, where there is least capacity, of thought. The fulfilment of your vow for the defense of England will by no means consist in carrying out such a system. You are not true soldiers, if you only mean to stand at a shop door, to protect shop-boys who are cheating inside. A soldier’s vow to his country is that he will die for the guardianship of her domestic virtue, of her righteous laws, and of her anyway challenged or endangered honor. A state without virtue, without laws, and without honor, he is bound *not* to defend; nay, bound to redress by his own right hand that which he sees to be base in her. So stern is the law of Nature and life, that a nation once utterly corrupt can only be redeemed by a military despotism—never by talking, nor by its free effort. And the health of any state consists simply in this: that in it, those who are wisest shall also be strongest; its rulers should be also its soldiers; or, rather, by force of intellect more than of sword, its soldiers its rulers. Whatever the hold which the aristocracy of England has on the heart of England, in that they are still always in front of her battles, this hold will not be enough, unless they are also in front of her thoughts. And truly her thoughts need good captain’s reading now, if ever! Do you know what, by this beautiful division of labor (her brave men fighting, and her cowards thinking), she has come at last to think? Here is a bit of paper in my hand, a good one too, and an honest one; quite representative of the best common public thought of England at this moment; and it is holding forth in one of its leaders upon our “social welfare”—upon our “vivid life”—upon the “political supremacy of Great Britain.” And what do you think all these are owing to? To what our English sires have done for us, and taught us, age after age? No: not to that. To our honesty of heart, or coolness of head, or steadiness of will? No: not to these. To our thinkers, or our statesmen, or our poets, or our captains, or our martyrs, or the patient labor of our poor? No: not to these; or at least not to these in any chief measure. Nay, says the journal, “more than any agency, it is the cheapness and abun-

dance of our coal which have made us what we are." If it be so, then "ashes to ashes" be our epitaph, and the sooner the better. I tell you, gentlemen of England, if ever you would have your country breathe the pure breath of heaven again, and receive again a soul into her body, instead of rotting into a carcase, blown up in the belly with carbonic acid (and great *that* way), you must think, and feel, for your England, as well as fight for her: you must teach her that all the true greatness she ever had, or ever can have, she won while her fields were green and her faces ruddy—that greatness is still possible for Englishmen, even though the ground be not hollow under their feet, nor the sky black over their heads;—and that, when the day comes for their country to lay her honors in the dust, her crest will not rise from it more loftily because it is dust of coal. Gentlemen, I tell you, solemnly, that the day is coming when the soldiers of England must be her tutors; and the captains of her army, captains also of her mind.

And now, remember, you soldier youths, who are thus in all ways the hope of your country; or must be, if she have any hope: remember that your fitness for all future trust depends upon what you are now. No good soldier in his old age was ever careless or indolent in his youth. Many a giddy and thoughtless boy has become a good bishop, or a good lawyer, or a good merchant; but no such one ever became a good general. I challenge you, in all history, to find a record of a good soldier who was not grave and earnest in his youth. And, in general, I have no patience with people who talk about "the thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to *that*. When a man has done his work, and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought, at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances, or the passions, of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless

in *any* after years, rather than now—though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless,—his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.

Having, then, resolved that you will not waste recklessly, but earnestly use, these early days of yours, remember that all the duties of her children to England may be summed in two words—industry, and honor. I say first, industry, for it is in this that soldier youth are especially tempted to fail. Yet, surely, there is no reason, because your life may possibly or probably be shorter than other men's, that you should therefore waste more recklessly the portion of it that is granted you; neither do the duties of your profession, which require you to keep your bodies strong, in any wise involve the keeping of your minds weak. So far from that, the experience, the hardship, and the activity of a soldier's life render his powers of thought more accurate than those of other men; and while, for others, all knowledge is often little more than a means of amusement, there is no form of science which a soldier may not at some time or other find bearing on business of life and death. A young mathematician may be excused for languor in studying curves to be described only with a pencil; but not in tracing those which are to be described with a rocket. Your knowledge of a wholesome herb may involve the feeding of an army; and acquaintance with an obscure point of geography, the success of a campaign. Never waste an instant's time, therefore; the sin of idleness is a thousand-fold greater in you than in other youths; for the fates of those who will one day be under your command hang upon your knowledge; lost moments now will be lost lives then, and every instant which you carelessly take for play, you buy with blood. But there is one way of wasting time, of all the vilest, because it wastes, not time only, but the interest and energy of your minds. Of all the ungentlemanly habits into which you can fall, the vilest is betting, or interesting yourselves in the issues of betting. It unites nearly every condition of folly and vice; you concentrate your interest upon a matter of chance, instead of upon a subject of true knowledge; and you back opinions which you have no grounds for forming, merely because they are your own. All the insolence of egotism is in this; and so far as the love of excitement is complicated with

the hope of winning money, you turn yourselves into the basest sort of tradesmen—those who live by speculation. Were there no other ground for industry, this would be a sufficient one; that it protected you from the temptation to so scandalous a vice. Work faithfully, and you will put yourselves in possession of a glorious and enlarging happiness; not such as can be won by the speed of a horse, or marred by the obliquity of a ball.

First, then, by industry you must fulfil your vow to your country; but all industry and earnestness will be useless unless they are consecrated by your resolution to be in all things men of honor; not honor in the common sense only, but in the highest. Rest on the force of the two main words in the great verse, *integer vitæ, scelerisque purus*. You have vowed your life to England; give it her wholly—a bright, stainless, perfect life—a knightly life. Because you have to fight with machines instead of lances, there may be a necessity for more ghastly danger, but there is none for less worthiness of character, than in olden time. You may be true knights yet, though perhaps not *equites*; you may have to call yourselves “cannonry” instead of “chivalry,” but that is no reason why you should not call yourselves true men. So the first thing you have to see to in becoming soldiers is that you make yourselves wholly true. Courage is a mere matter of course among any ordinarily well-born youths; but neither truth nor gentleness is matter of course. You must bind them like shields about your necks; you must write them on the tables of your hearts. Though it be not exacted of you, yet exact it of yourselves, this vow of stainless truth. Your hearts are, if you leave them unstirred, as tombs in which a god lies buried. Vow yourselves crusaders to redeem that sacred sepulcher. And remember, before all things—for no other memory will be so protective of you—that the highest law of this knightly truth is that under which it is vowed to women. Whomsoever else you deceive, whomsoever you injure, whomsoever you leave unaided, you must not deceive, nor injure, nor leave unaided, according to your power, any woman of whatever rank. Believe me, every virtue of the higher phases of manly character begins in this;—in truth and modesty before the face of all maidens; in truth and pity, or truth and reverence, to all womanhood.

THE WHITE-THORN BLOSSOM

JOHN RUSKIN

[From *Fors Clavigera*]

For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone,
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of the singing of birds is come.
Arise, O my fair one, my dove,
And come.

DENMARK HILL, 1st May, 1871.

MY FRIENDS:

It has been asked of me, very justly, why I have hitherto written to you of things you were likely little to care for, in words which it was difficult for you to understand. I have no fear but that you will one day understand all my poor words—the saddest of them perhaps too well. But I have great fear that you may never come to understand these written above, which are a part of a king's love-song, in one sweet May, of many long since gone. I fear that for you the wild winter's rain may never pass, the flowers never appear on the earth; that for you no bird may ever sing; for you no perfect Love arise and fulfil your life in peace. “And why not for us as for others?” Will you answer me so and take my fear for you as an insult? Nay, it is no insult; nor am I happier than you. For me the birds do not sing, nor ever will. But they would for you, if you cared to have it so. When I told you that you would never understand that love-song, I meant only that you would not desire to understand it.

Are you again indignant with me? Do you think, though you should labor and grieve and be trodden down in dishonor, all your days, at least you can keep that one joy of Love, and that one honor of Home? Had you, indeed, kept that, you had kept all. But no men yet, in the history of the race, have lost it so piteously. In many a country and many an age, women have been compelled to labor for their husbands' wealth or bread; but never until now were they so homeless as to say, like the poor Samaritan, “I have no husband.” Women of every country and people have sustained without complaint the labor of fellowship; for the women of the latter days in England it has been reserved to claim the privilege of isolation.

This, then, is the end of your universal education and civilization, and contempt of the ignorance of the Middle Ages and of

their chivalry. Not only do you declare yourselves too indolent to labor for daughters and wives, and too poor to support them, but you have made the neglected and distracted creatures hold it for an honor to be independent of you and shriek for some hold of the mattock for themselves. Believe it or not, as you may, there has not been so low a level of thought reached by any race since they grew to be male and female out of star-fish, or chickweed, or whatever else they have been made from by natural selection—according to modern science.

That modern science, also, economic and of other kinds, has reached its climax at last. For it seems to be the appointed function of the nineteenth century to exhibit in all things the elect pattern of perfect Folly, for a warning to the farthest future. Thus the statement of principle which I quoted to you in my last letter, from the circular of the Emigration Society, that it is overproduction which is the cause of distress, is accurately the most foolish thing, not only hitherto ever said by men, but which it is possible for men ever to say, respecting their own business. It is a kind of opposite pole (or negative acme of mortal stupidity) to Newton's discovery of gravitation as an acme of mortal wisdom: as no wise being on earth will ever be able to make such another wise discovery, so no foolish being on earth will ever be capable of saying such another foolish thing, through all the ages.

And the same crisis has been exactly reached by our natural science and by our art. It has several times chanced to me, since I began these papers, to have the exact thing shown or brought to me that I wanted for illustration, just in time; and it happened that, on the very day on which I published my last letter, I had to go to the Kensington Museum, and there I saw the most perfectly and roundly ill-done thing which as yet in my whole life I ever saw produced by art. It had a tablet in front of it, bearing this inscription:—

"Statue in black and white marble, a Newfoundland Dog standing on a Serpent, which rests on a marble cushion, the pedestal ornamented with *pietra dura* fruits in relief.—*English, Present Century*. No. I."

It was so very right for me, the Kensington people having been good enough to number it "I," the thing itself being almost incredible in its one-ness, and, indeed, such a punctual accent over the iota of Miscrea-

tion, so absolutely and exquisitely miscreant, that I am not myself capable of conceiving a Number Two or Three, or any rivalry or association with it whatsoever. The extremity of its unvirtue consisted, observe, mainly in the quantity of instruction which was abused in it. It showed that the persons who produced it had seen everything, and practiced everything; and misunderstood everything they saw, and misapplied everything they did. They had seen Roman work, and Florentine work, and Byzantine work, and Gothic work; and misunderstanding of everything had passed through them as the mud does through earthworms, and here at last was their worm-cast of a Production.

But the second chance that came to me that day was more significant still. From the Kensington Museum I went to an afternoon tea, at a house where I was sure to meet some nice people. And among the first I met was an old friend who had been hearing some lectures on botany at the Kensington Museum, and been delighted by them. She is the kind of person who gets good out of everything, and she was quite right in being delighted; besides that, as I found by her account of them, the lectures were really interesting, and pleasantly given. She had expected botany to be dull, and had not found it so, and "had learned so much." On hearing this I proceeded naturally to inquire what; for my idea of her was that before she went to the lectures at all she had known more botany than she was likely to learn by them. So she told me that she had learned first of all that "there were seven sorts of leaves." Now I have always a great suspicion of the number Seven; because, when I wrote *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, it required all the ingenuity I was master of to prevent them from becoming Eight, or even Nine, on my hands. So I thought to myself that it would be very charming if there were only seven sorts of leaves, but that, perhaps, if one looked the woods and forests of the world carefully through, it was just possible that one might discover as many as eight sorts; and then where would my friend's new knowledge of botany be? So I said, "That was very pretty; but what more?" Then my friend told me that the lecturer said "the object of his lectures would be entirely accomplished if he could convince his hearers that there was no such thing as a flower." Now in that sentence you have the most perfect and ad-

mirable summary given you of the general temper and purposes of modern science. It gives lectures on Botany, of which the object is to show that there is no such thing as a Flower; on Humanity, to show that there is no such thing as a Man; and on Theology, to show there is no such thing as a God. No such thing as a Man, but only a Mechanism; no such thing as a God, but only a series of Forces. The two faiths are essentially one: if you feel yourself to be only a machine, constructed to be a regulator of minor machinery, you will put your statue of such science on your Holborn Viaduct, and necessarily recognize only major machinery as regulating you.

I must explain the real meaning to you, however, of that saying of the botanical lecturer, for it has a wide bearing. Some fifty years ago the poet Goethe discovered that all the parts of plants had a kind of common nature and would change into each other. Now, this was a true discovery and a notable one; and you will find that, in fact, all plants are composed of essentially two parts—the leaf and root; one loving the light, the other darkness; one liking to be clean, the other to be dirty; one liking to grow for the most part up, the other for the most part down; and each having faculties and purposes of its own. But the pure one, which loves the light, has, above all things, the purpose of being married to another leaf, and having child-leaves and children's children of leaves, to make the earth fair forever. And when the leaves marry, they put on wedding-ropes, and are more glorious than Solomon in all his glory, and they have feasts of honey; and we call them "Flowers."

In a certain sense, therefore, you see the botanical lecturer was quite right. There are no such things as Flowers—there are only gladdened Leaves. Nay, farther than this, there may be a dignity in the less happy but unwithering leaf, which is, in some sort, better than the brief lily in its bloom; which the great poets always knew well, Chaucer before Goethe, and the writer of the First Psalm before Chaucer. The botanical lecturer was, in a deeper sense than he knew, right.

But in the deepest sense of all, the botanical lecturer was, to the extremity of wrongness, wrong; for leaf and root and fruit exist, all of them, only that there may be flowers. He disregarded the life and passion of the creature, which were its essence.

Had he looked for these, he would have recognized that in the thought of Nature herself there is in a plant nothing else but its flowers.

Now, in exactly the sense that modern science declares there is no such thing as a Flower, it has declared there is no such thing as a Man, but only a transitional form of Ascidians and apes. It may or may not be true—it is not of the smallest consequence whether it be or not. The real fact is that, rightly seen with human eyes, there is nothing else but Man; that all animals and beings beside him are only made that they may change into him; that the world truly exists only in the presence of Man, acts only in the passion of Man. The essence of Light is in his eyes, the center of Force in his soul, the pertinence of Action in his deeds. And all true science—which my Savoyard guide rightly scorned me when he thought I had not—all true science is *savoir vivre*. But all your modern science is the contrary of that. It is *savoir mourir*.

And of its very discoveries, such as they are, it cannot make use.

That telegraphic signaling was a discovery, and conceivably, some day, may be a useful one. And there was some excuse for your being a little proud when, about last sixth of April (Cœur de Lion's death-day, and Albert Dürer's), you knotted a copper wire all the way to Bombay, and flashed a message along it, and back. But what was the message, and what the answer? Is India the better for what you said to her? Are you the better for what she replied? If not, you have only wasted an all-around-the-world's length of copper wire—which is, indeed, about the sum of your doing. If you had had perchance, two words of common sense to say, though you had taken wearisome time and trouble to send them,—though you had written them slowly in gold, and sealed them with a hundred seals, and sent a squadron of ships of the line to carry the scroll, and the squadron had fought its way round the Cape of Good Hope, through a year of storms, with loss of all its ships but one,—the two words of common sense would have been worth the carriage, and more. But you have not anything like so much as that to say, either to India or to any other place.

You think it a great triumph to make the sun draw brown landscapes for you. That was also a discovery, and some day may be useful. But the sun had drawn landscapes

before for you, not in brown, but in green and blue and all imaginable colors, here in England. Not one of you ever looked at them then; not one of you cares for the loss of them now, when you have shut the sun out with smoke, so that he can draw nothing more except brown blots through a hole in a box. There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, once upon a time, divine as the Vale of Tempe; you might have seen the gods there morning and evening—Apollo and all the sweet Muses of the light—walking in fair procession on the lawns of it and to and fro among the pinnacles of its crags. You cared neither for gods nor grass, but for cash (which you did not know the way to get); you thought you could get it by what the *Times* calls "Rail-road Enterprise." You Enterprised a Rail-road through the valley—you blasted rocks away, heaped thousands of tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gone, and the gods with it; and now every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half an hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton; which you think a lucrative process of exchange—you Fools Everywhere.

To talk at a distance, when you have nothing to say though you were ever so near; to go fast from this place to that, with nothing to do either at one or the other:—these are powers certainly. Much more, power of increased Production, if you indeed had got it, would be something to boast of. But are you so entirely sure that you have got it—that the mortal disease of plenty, and afflictive affluence of good things, are all you have to dread?

Observe. A man and a woman, with their children, properly trained, are able easily to cultivate as much ground as will feed them, to build as much wall and roof as will lodge them, and to spin and weave as much cloth as will clothe them. They can all be perfectly happy and healthy in doing this. Supposing that they invent machinery which will build, plow, thresh, cook, and weave, and that they have none of these things any more to do, but may read, or play croquet or cricket, all day long, I believe myself that they will neither be so good nor so happy as without the machines. But I waive my belief in this matter for the time. I will assume that they become more refined and moral persons, and that idleness is in future to be the mother of all good. But observe, I repeat, the power of your machine is only in enabling them to be idle. It will not

enable them to live better than they did before, nor to live in greater numbers. Get your heads quite clear on this matter. Out of so much ground only so much living is to be got, with or without machinery. You may set a million of steam-plows to work on an acre, if you like—out of that acre only a given number of grains of corn will grow, scratch or scorch it as you will. So that the question is not at all whether, by having more machines, more of you can live. No machines will increase the possibilities of life. Suppose, for instance, you could get the oxen in your plow driven by a goblin, who would ask for no pay, not even a cream bowl (you have nearly managed to get it driven by an iron goblin, as it is); well, your furrow will take no more seeds than if you had held the stilts yourself. But instead of holding them you sit, I presume, on a bank beside the field, under an eglantine,—watch the goblin at his work, and read poetry. Meantime, your wife in the house has also got a goblin to weave and wash for her. And she is lying on the sofa, reading poetry.

Now, as I said, I don't believe you would be happier so, but I am willing to believe it; only, since you are already such brave mechanists, show me at least one or two places where you *are* happier. Let me see one small example of approach to this seraphic condition. I can show *you* examples, millions of them, of happy people made happy by their own industry. Farm after farm I can show you, in Bavaria, Switzerland, the Tyrol, and such other places, where men and women are perfectly happy and good, without any iron servants. Show me, therefore, some English family, with its fiery familiar, happier than these. Or bring me—for I am not inconvincible by any kind of evidence—bring me the testimony of an English family or two to their increased felicity. Or if you cannot do so much as that, can you convince even themselves of it? They *are* perhaps happy, if only they knew how happy they were; Virgil thought so, long ago, of simple rustics; but you hear at present your steam-propelled rustics are crying out that they are anything else than happy, and that they regard their boasted progress "in the light of a monstrous Sham." I must tell you one little thing, however, which greatly perplexes my imagination of the relieved plowman sitting under his rose-bower, reading poetry. I have told it *you* before, indeed, but I forget where. There

was really a great festivity, and expression of satisfaction in the new order of things, down in Cumberland, a little while ago; some first of May, I think it was, a country festival such as the old heathens, who had no iron servants, used to keep with piping and dancing. So I thought, from the liberated country people—their work all done for them by goblins—we should have some extraordinary piping and dancing. But there was no dancing at all, and they could not even provide their own piping. They had their goblin to pipe for them. They walked in procession after their steam-plow, and their steam-plow whistled to them occasionally in the most melodious manner it could. Which seemed to me, indeed, a return to more than Arcadian simplicity; for in old Arcadia plow-boys truly whistled as they went, for want of thought; whereas here was verily a large company walking without thought, but not having any more even the capacity of doing their own whistling.

But next, as to the inside of the house. Before you got your power-looms, a woman could always make herself a chemise and petticoat of bright and pretty appearance. I have seen a Bavarian peasant-woman at church in Munich, looking a much grander creature, and more beautifully dressed, than any of the crossed and embroidered angels in Hesse's high-art frescoes (which happened to be just above her, so that I could look from one to the other). Well, here you are, in England, served by household demons, with five hundred fingers at least, weaving, for one that used to weave in the days of Minerva. You ought to be able to show me five hundred dresses for one that used to be; tidiness ought to have become five-hundredfold tidier; tapestry should be increased into *cinq-ento*-fold iridescence of tapestry. Not only your peasant-girl ought to be lying on the sofa, reading poetry, but she ought to have in her wardrobe five hundred petticoats instead of one. Is that, indeed, your issue? or are you only on a curiously crooked way to it?

It is just possible, indeed, that you may not have been allowed to get the use of the goblin's work—that other people may have got the use of it, and you none; because, perhaps, you have not been able to evoke goblins wholly for your own personal service, but have been borrowing goblins from the capitalist, and paying interest in the "posi-

tion of William," on ghostly self-going planes. But suppose you had laid by capital enough, yourselves, to hire all the demons in the world—nay all that are inside of it; are you quite sure you know what you might best set them to work at, and what "useful things" you should command them to make for you? I told you, last month, that no economist going (whether by steam or ghost) knew what are useful things and what are not. Very few of you know, yourselves, except by bitter experience of the want of them. And no demons, either of iron or spirit, can ever make them.

There are three material things, not only useful but essential to life. No one "knows how to live" till he has got them.

These are Pure Air, Water, and Earth.

There are three immaterial things, not only useful, but essential to life. No one knows how to live till he has got them also.

These are Admiration, Hope, and Love.

Admiration—the power of discerning and taking delight in what is beautiful in visible Form and lovely in human Character, and, necessarily, striving to produce what is beautiful in form and to become what is lovely in character.

Hope—the recognition, by true foresight, of better things to be reached hereafter, whether by ourselves or others; necessarily issuing in the straightforward and undisappointable effort to advance, according to our proper power, the gaining of them.

Love—both of family and neighbor, faithful and satisfied.

These are the six chiefly useful things to be got by Political Economy, when it *has* become a science. I will briefly tell you what modern Political Economy—the great *savoir mourir*—is doing with them.

The first three, I said, are Pure Air, Water, and Earth.

Heaven gives you the main elements of these. You can destroy them at your pleasure, or increase, almost without limit, the available quantities of them.

You can vitiate the air by your manner of life and of death, to any extent. You might easily vitiate it so as to bring such a pestilence on the globe as would end all of you. You, or your fellows, German and French, are at present vitiating it to the best of your power in every direction—chiefly at this moment with corpses, and animal and vegetable ruin in war, changing men, horses, and garden-stuff into noxious gas. But every-

where, and all day long, you are vitiating it with foul chemical exhalations; and the horrible nests, which you call towns, are little more than laboratories for the distillation into heaven of venomous smokes and smells, mixed with effluvia from decaying animal matter and infectious miasmata from purulent disease.

On the other hand, your power of purifying the air, by dealing properly and swiftly with all substances in corruption, by absolutely forbidding noxious manufactures, and by planting in all soils the trees which cleanse and invigorate earth and atmosphere, is literally infinite. You might make every breath of air you draw, food.

Secondly, your power over the rain and river-waters of the earth is infinite. You can bring rain where you will, by planting wisely and tending carefully; drought where you will, by ravage of woods and neglect of the soil. You might have the rivers of England as pure as the crystal of the rock; beautiful in falls, in lakes, in living pools; so full of fish that you might take them out with your hands instead of nets. Or you may do always as you have done now—turn every river of England into a common sewer, so that you cannot so much as baptize an English baby but with filth, unless you hold its face out in the rain; and even *that* falls dirty.

Then for the third, earth, meant to be nourishing for you and blossoming. You have learned about it that there is no such thing as a flower, and as far as your scientific hands and scientific brains, inventive of explosive and deathful instead of blossoming and life-giving dust, can contrive, you have turned the Mother Earth, Demeter, into the Avenger Earth, Tisiphone—with the voice of your brother's blood crying out of it in one wild harmony round all its murderous sphere.

That is what you have done for the Three Material Useful Things.

Then for the Three Immaterial Useful Things. For Admiration, you have learned contempt and conceit. There is no lovely thing ever yet done by man that you care for, or can understand; but you are persuaded you are able to do much finer things yourselves. You gather an exhibit together, as if equally instructive, what is infinitely bad with what is infinitely good. You do not know which is which; you instinctively prefer the Bad, and do more of it. You

instinctively hate the Good, and destroy it.

Then, secondly, for Hope. You have not so much spirit of it in you as to begin any plan which will not pay for ten years; nor so much intelligence of it in you (either politicians or workmen) as to be able to form one clear idea of what you would like your country to become.

Then, thirdly, for Love. You were ordered by the Founder of your religion to love your neighbor as yourselves. You have founded an entire science of Political Economy on what you have stated to be the constant instinct of man—the desire to defraud his neighbor. And you have driven your women mad, so that they ask no more for Love nor for fellowship with you, but stand against you, and ask for “justice.”

Are there any of you who are tired of all this? Any of you, Landlords or Tenants? Employers or Workmen? Are there any landlords, any masters, who would like better to be served by men than by iron devils? Any tenants, any workmen, who can be true to their leaders and to each other? who can vow to work and to live faithfully, for the sake of the joy of their homes?

Will any such give the tenth of what they have, and of what they earn, not to emigrate with, but to stay in England with, and do what is in their hands and hearts to make her a happy England?

I am not rich (as people now estimate riches), and great part of what I have is already engaged in maintaining art-workmen, or for other objects more or less of public utility. The tenth of whatever is left to me, estimated as accurately as I can (you shall see the accounts), I will make over to you in perpetuity, with the best security that English law can give, on Christmas Day of this year, with engagement to add the tithe of whatever I earn afterwards. Who else will help, with little or much? the object of such fund being to begin, and gradually—no matter how slowly—to increase the buying and securing of land in England, which shall not be built upon, but cultivated by Englishmen with their own hands and such help of force as they can find in wind and wave. I do not care with how many or how few this thing is begun, nor on what inconsiderable scale—if it be but in two or three poor men's gardens. So much, at least, I can buy, myself, and give them. If no help come, I have done and said what I

could, and there will be an end. If any help come to me, it is to be on the following conditions:

We will try to make some small piece of English ground beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads; we will have no untended or unthought-of creatures on it; none wretched but the sick; none idle but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it, but instant obedience to known law and appointed persons; no equality upon it, but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worse-ness. When we want to go anywhere, we will go there quietly and safely, not at forty miles an hour in the risk of our lives; when we want to carry anything anywhere, we will carry it either on the backs of beasts, or on our own, or in carts or boats. We will have plenty of flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields,—and few bricks. We will have some music and poetry; the children shall learn to dance to it and sing it; per-

haps some of the old people, in time, may also. We will have some art, moreover; we will at least try if, like the Greeks, we can't make some pots. The Greeks used to paint pictures of gods on their pots. We, probably, cannot do as much; but we may put some pictures of insects on them, and reptiles—butterflies and frogs, if nothing better. There was an excellent old potter in France who used to put frogs and vipers into his dishes, to the admiration of mankind; we can surely put something nicer than that. Little by little, some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us, and feeble rays of science may dawn for us:—botany, though too dull to dispute the existence of flowers; and history, though too simple to question the nativity of men; nay, even perhaps an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom, as of rude Magi, presenting, at such nativity, gifts of gold and frankincense.

Faithfully yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

4. THE MINISTRY OF CULTURE

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

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The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture*, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all. To find the real ground for the very differing estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity; and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us.

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always used in somewhat disapproving sense. A liberal and

intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the *Quarterly Review*, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, M. Sainte-Beuve, and a very inadequate estimate it in my judgment was. And its inadequacy consisted chiefly in this: that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word *curiosity*, thinking enough was said to stamp M. Sainte-Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity,—a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are,—

which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are, implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu says: "The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent." This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion; and it is a worthy ground, even though we let the term *curiosity* stand to describe it.

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our neighbor, the impulses towards action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it,—motives eminently such as are called social,—come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and preëminent part. Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is a *study of perfection*. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words: "To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent!" so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson: "To make reason and the will of God prevail!"

Only, whereas the passion for doing good is apt to be overhasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking and it wants to be beginning to act; and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, which proceed from its own state of development and share in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action; what distinguishes culture is, that it is possessed by the scientific passion as well as by

the passion of doing good; that it demands worthy notions of reason and the will of God, and does not readily suffer its own crude conceptions to substitute themselves for them. And knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which is not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and instituting, even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever before its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and instituting are of little use, unless we know how and what we ought to act and to institute.

This culture is more interesting and more far-reaching than that other, which is founded solely on the scientific passion for knowing. But it needs times of faith and ardor, times when the intellectual horizon is opening and widening all around us, to flourish in. And is not the close and bounded intellectual horizon within which we have long lived and moved now lifting up, and are not new lights finding free passage to shine in upon us? For a long time there was no passage for them to make their way in upon us, and then it was of no use to think of adapting the world's action to them. Where was the hope of making reason and the will of God prevail among people who had a routine which they had christened reason and the will of God, in which they were inextricably bound, and beyond which they had no power of looking? But now the iron force of adhesion to the old routine,—social, political, religious,—has wonderfully yielded; the iron force of exclusion of all which is new has wonderfully yielded. The danger now is, not that people should obstinately refuse to allow anything but their old routine to pass for reason and the will of God, but either that they should allow some novelty or other to pass for these too easily, or else that they should underrate the importance of them altogether, and think it enough to follow action for its own sake, without troubling themselves to make reason and the will of God prevail therein. Now, then, is the moment for culture to be of service, culture which believes in making reason and the will of God prevail, believes in perfection, is the study and pursuit of perfection, and is no longer debarred, by a rigid invincible exclusion of whatever is new, from getting acceptance for its ideas, simply because they are new.

The moment this view of culture is seized, the moment it is regarded not solely as the endeavor to see things as they are, to draw towards a knowledge of the universal order which seems to be intended and aimed at in the world, and which it is a man's happiness to go along with or his misery to go counter to,—to learn, in short, the will of God,—the moment, I say, culture is considered not merely as the endeavor to see and learn this, but as the endeavor, also, to make it prevail, the moral, social, and beneficent character of culture becomes manifest. The mere endeavor to see and learn the truth for our own personal satisfaction is indeed a commencement for making it prevail, a preparing the way for this, which always serves this, and is wrongly, therefore, stamped with blame absolutely in itself and not only in its caricature and degeneration. But perhaps it has got stamped with blame, and disparaged with the dubious title of curiosity, because in comparison with this wider endeavor of such great and plain utility it looks selfish, petty, and unprofitable.

And religion, the greatest and most important of the efforts by which the human race has manifested its impulse to perfect itself,—religion, that voice of the deepest human experience,—does not only enjoin and sanction the aim which is the great aim of culture, the aim of setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is and to make it prevail; but also, in determining generally in what human perfection consists, religion comes to a conclusion identical with that which culture,—culture seeking the determination of this question through all the voices of human experience which have been heard upon it, of art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as of religion, in order to give a greater fulness and certainty to its solution,—likewise reaches. Religion says: *The kingdom of God is within you*; and culture, in like manner, places human perfection in an internal condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality. It places it in the ever-increasing efficacy and in the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling, which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature. As I have said on a former occasion: "It is in making endless additions to itself, in the endless expansion of its pow-

ers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal. To reach this ideal, culture is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture." Not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming, is the character of perfection as culture conceives it; and here, too, it coincides with religion.

And because men are all members of one great whole, and the sympathy which is in human nature will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest or to have a perfect welfare independent of the rest, the expansion of our humanity, to suit the idea of perfection which culture forms, must be a *general* expansion. Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated. The individual is required, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march towards perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward. And, here, once more, culture lays on us the same obligation as religion, which says, as Bishop Wilson has admirably put it, that "to promote the kingdom of God is to increase and hasten one's own happiness."

But, finally, perfection,—as culture from a thorough, disinterested study of human nature and human experience learns to conceive it,—is a harmonious expansion of all the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest. Here culture goes beyond religion as religion is generally conceived by us.

If culture, then, is a study of perfection, and of harmonious perfection, general perfection, and perfection which consists in becoming something rather than in having something, in an inward condition of the mind and spirit, not in an outward set of circumstances,—it is clear that culture, instead of being the frivolous and useless thing which Mr. Bright, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and many other Liberals are apt to call it, has a very important function to fulfil for mankind. And this function is particularly important in our modern world, of which the whole civilization is, to a much greater degree than the civilization of Greece and Rome, mechanical and external, and tends constantly to become more so.

But above all in our own country has culture a weighty part to perform, because here that mechanical character, which civilization tends to take everywhere, is shown in the most eminent degree. Indeed nearly all the characters of perfection, as culture teaches us to fix them, meet in this country with some powerful tendency which thwarts them and sets them at defiance. The idea of perfection as an *inward* condition of the mind and spirit is at variance with the mechanical and material civilization in esteem with us, and nowhere, as I have said, so much in esteem as with us. The idea of perfection as a *general* expansion of the human family is at variance with our strong individualism, our hatred of all limits to the unrestrained swing of the individual's personality, our maxim of "every man for himself." Above all, the idea of perfection as a *harmonious* expansion of human nature is at variance with our want of flexibility, with our inaptitude for seeing more than one side of a thing, with our intense energetic absorption in the particular pursuit we happen to be following. So culture has a rough task to achieve in this country. Its preachers have, and are likely long to have, a hard time of it, and they will much oftener be regarded, for a great while to come, as elegant or spurious Jeremiahs than as friends and benefactors. That, however, will not prevent their doing in the end good service if they persevere. And, meanwhile, the mode of action they have to pursue, and the sort of habits they must fight against, ought to be made quite clear for every one to see, who may be willing to look at the matter attentively and dispassionately.

Faith in machinery is, I said, our besetting danger; often in machinery most absurdly disproportioned to the end which this machinery, if it is to do any good at all, is to serve; but always in machinery, as if it had a value in and for itself. What is freedom but machinery? what is population but machinery? what is coal but machinery? what are railroads but machinery? what is wealth but machinery? what are, even religious organizations but machinery? Now almost every voice in England is accustomed to speak of these things as if they were precious ends in themselves, and therefore had some of the characters of perfection indisputably joined to them. I have before now noticed Mr. Roebuck's

stock argument for proving the greatness and happiness of England as she is, and for quite stopping the mouths of all gain-sayers. Mr. Roebuck is never weary of reiterating this argument of his, so I do not know why I should be weary of noticing it. "May not every man in England say what he likes?"—Mr. Roebuck perpetually asks; and that, he thinks, is quite sufficient, and when every man may say what he likes, our aspirations ought to be satisfied. But the aspirations of culture, which is the study of perfection, are not satisfied, unless what men say, when they may say what they like, is worth saying,—has good in it, and more good than bad. In the same way the *Times*, replying to some foreign strictures on the dress, looks, and behavior of the English abroad, urges that the English ideal is that every one should be free to do and to look just as he likes. But culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may like, the rule by which he fashions himself; but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful, graceful, and becoming, and to get the raw person to like that.

And in the same way with respect to railroads and coal. Every one must have observed the strange language current during the late discussions as to the possible failure of our supplies of coal. Our coal, thousands of people were saying, is the real basis of our national greatness; if our coal runs short, there is an end of the greatness of England. But what is greatness?—culture makes us ask. Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest, and admiration; and the outward proof of possessing greatness is that we excite love, interest, and admiration. If England were swallowed up by the sea of tomorrow, which of the two, a hundred years hence, would most excite the love, interest, and admiration of mankind,—would most, therefore, show the evidences of having possessed greatness,—the England of the last twenty years, or the England of Elizabeth, of a time of splendid spiritual effort, but when our coal, and our industrial operations depending on coal, were very little developed? Well, then, what an unsound habit of mind it must be which makes us talk of things like coal or iron as constituting the greatness of England, and how salutary a friend is culture, bent on seeing things as they are, and thus dissipating delusions of this

kind and fixing standards of perfection that are real!

Wealth, again, that end to which our prodigious works for material advantage are directed,—the commonest of commonplaces tells us how men are always apt to regard wealth as a precious end in itself: and certainly they have never been so apt thus to regard it as they are in England at the present time. Never did people believe anything more firmly than nine Englishmen out of ten at the present day believe that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being so very rich. Now, the use of culture is that it helps us, by means of its spiritual standard of perfection, to regard wealth as but machinery, and not only to say a matter of words that we regard wealth as but machinery, but really to perceive and feel that it is so. If it were not for this purging effect wrought upon our minds by culture, the whole world, the future as well as the present, would inevitably belong to the Philistines. The people who believe most that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being very rich, and who most give their lives and thoughts to becoming rich, are just the very people whom we call Philistines. Culture says: "Consider these people, then, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at them attentively; observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which come forth out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds; would any amount of wealth be worth having with the condition that one was to become just like these people by having it?" And thus culture begets a dissatisfaction which is of the highest possible value in stemming the common tide of men's thoughts in a wealthy and industrial community, and which saves the future, as one may hope, from being vulgarized, even if it cannot save the present.

Population, again, and bodily health and vigor, are things which are nowhere treated in such an unintelligent, misleading, exaggerated way as in England. Both are really machinery; yet how many people all around us do we see rest in them and fail to look beyond them! Why, one has heard people, fresh from reading certain articles of the *Times* on the Registrar-General's returns of marriages and births in this country, who would talk of our large English families

in quite a solemn strain, as if they had something in itself beautiful, elevating, and meritorious in them; as if the British Philistine would have only to present himself before the Great Judge with his twelve children, in order to be received among the sheep as a matter of right!

But bodily health and vigor, it may be said, are not to be classed with wealth and population as mere machinery; they have a more real and essential value. True; but only as they are more intimately connected with a perfect spiritual condition than wealth or population are. The moment we disjoin them from the idea of a perfect spiritual condition, and pursue them, as we do pursue them, for their own sake and as ends in themselves, our worship of them becomes as mere worship of machinery, as our worship of wealth or population, and as unintelligent and vulgarizing a worship as that is. Every one with anything like an adequate idea of human perfection has distinctly marked this subordination to higher and spiritual ends of the cultivation of bodily vigor and activity. "Bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things," says the author of the Epistle to Timothy. And the utilitarian Franklin says just as explicitly:—"Eat and drink such an exact quantity as suits the constitution of thy body, *in reference to the services of the mind.*" But the point of view of culture, keeping the mark of human perfection simply and broadly in view, and not assigning to this perfection, as religion or utilitarianism assigns to it, a special and limited character, this point of view, I say, of culture is best given by these words of Epictetus: "It is a sign of ἀφύα," says he,—that is, of a nature not finely tempered,—"to give yourselves up to things which relate to the body; to make, for instance, a great fuss about exercise, a great fuss about eating, a great fuss about drinking, a great fuss about walking, a great fuss about riding. All these things ought to be done merely by the way: the formation of the spirit and character must be our real concern." This is admirable; and, indeed, the Greek word ἀφύα, a finely tempered nature, gives exactly the notion of perfection as culture brings us to conceive it: a harmonious perfection, a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites "the two noblest of

things,"—as Swift, who of one of the two, at any rate, had himself all too little, most happily calls them in his *Battle of the Books*,—"the two noblest of things, *sweetness and light*." The εὐφύης is the man who tends towards sweetness and light; the ἀφύης, on the other hand, is our Philistine. The immense spiritual significance of the Greeks is due to their having been inspired with this central and happy idea of the essential character of human perfection; and Mr. Bright's misconception of culture, as a smattering of Greek and Latin, comes itself, after all, from this wonderful significance of the Greeks having affected the very machinery of our education, and is in itself a kind of homage to it.

In thus making sweetness and light to be characters of perfection, culture is of like spirit with poetry, follows one law with poetry. Far more than on our freedom, our population, and our industrialism, many amongst us rely upon our religious organizations to save us. I have called religion a yet more important manifestation of human nature than poetry, because it has worked on a broader scale for perfection, and with greater masses of men. But the idea of beauty and of human nature perfect on all its sides, which is the dominant idea of poetry, is a true and invaluable idea, though it has not yet had the success that the idea of conquering the obvious faults of our animality, and of a human nature perfect on the moral side,—which is the dominant idea of religion,—has been enabled to have; and it is destined, adding to itself the religious idea of a devout energy, to transform and govern the other.

The best art and poetry of the Greeks. in which religion and poetry are one, in which the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all sides adds to itself a religious and devout energy, and works in the strength of that, is on this account of such surpassing interest and instructiveness for us, though it was,—as, having regard to the human race in general, and, indeed, having regard to the Greeks themselves, we must own,—a premature attempt, an attempt which for success needed the moral and religious fiber in humanity to be more braced and developed than it had yet been. But Greece did not err in having the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection, so present and paramount. It is impossible to have this idea

too present and paramount; only, the moral fiber must be braced too. And we, because we have braced the moral fiber, are not on that account in the right way, if at the same time the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection, is wanting or misapprehended amongst us; and evidently it is wanting or misapprehended at present. And when we rely as we do on our religious organizations, which in themselves do not and cannot give us this idea, and think we have done enough if we make them spread and prevail, then, I say, we fall into our common fault of overvaluing machinery.

Nothing is more common than for people to confound the inward peace and satisfaction which follows the subduing of the obvious faults of our animality with what I may call absolute inward peace and satisfaction,—the peace and satisfaction which are reached as we draw near to complete spiritual perfection, and not merely to moral perfection, or rather to relative moral perfection. No people in the world have done more and struggled more to attain this relative moral perfection than our English race has. For no people in the world has the command to *resist the devil*, to *overcome the wicked one*, in the nearest and most obvious sense of those words, had such a pressing force and reality. And we have had our reward, not only in the great worldly prosperity which our obedience to this command has brought us, but also far more, in great inward peace and satisfaction. But to me few things are more pathetic than to see people, on the strength of the inward peace and satisfaction which their rudimentary efforts towards perfection have brought them, employ, concerning their incomplete perfection and the religious organizations within which they have found it, language which properly applies only to complete perfection, and is a far-off echo of the human soul's prophecy of it. Religion itself, I need hardly say, supplies them in abundance with this grand language. And very freely do they use it; yet it is really the severest possible criticism of such an incomplete perfection as alone we have yet reached through our religious organizations.

The impulse of the English race towards moral development and self-conquest has nowhere so powerfully manifested itself as in Puritanism. Nowhere has Puritanism found so adequate an expression as in the

religious organization of the Independents. The modern Independents have a newspaper, the *Nonconformist*, written with great sincerity and ability. The motto, the standard, the profession of faith which this organ of theirs carries aloft, is: "The Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." There is sweetness and light, and an ideal of complete harmonious human perfection! One need not go to culture and poetry to find language to judge it. Religion, with its instinct for perfection, supplies language to judge it, language, too, which is in our mouths every day. "Finally, be of one mind, united in feeling," says St. Peter. There is an ideal which judges the Puritan ideal: "The Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion!" And religious organizations like this are what people believe in, rest in, would give their lives for! Such, I say, is the wonderful virtue of even the beginnings of perfection, of having conquered even the plain faults of our animality, that the religious organization which has helped us to do it can seem to us something precious, salutary, and to be propagated, even when it wears such a brand of imperfection on its forehead as this. And men have got such a habit of giving to the language of religion a special application, of making it a mere jargon, that for the condemnation which religion itself passes on the shortcomings of their religious organizations they have no ear; they are sure to cheat themselves and to explain this condemnation away. They can only be reached by the criticism which culture, like poetry, speaking a language not to be sophisticated, and resolutely testing these organizations by the ideal of a human perfection complete on all sides, applies to them.

But men of culture and poetry, it will be said, are again and again failing, and failing conspicuously, in the necessary first stage to a harmonious perfection, in the subduing of the great obvious faults of our animality, which it is the glory of these religious organizations to have helped us to subdue. True, they do often so fail. They have often been without the virtues as well as the faults of the Puritan; it has been one of their dangers that they so felt the Puritan's faults that they too much neglected the practice of his virtues. I will not, however, exculpate them at the Puritan's expense. They have often failed in morality, and morality

is indispensable. And they have been punished for their failure, as the Puritan has been rewarded for his performance. They have been punished wherein they erred; but their ideal of beauty, of sweetness and light, and a human nature complete on all its sides, remains the true ideal of perfection still; just as the Puritan's ideal of perfection remains narrow and inadequate, although for what he did well he has been richly rewarded. Notwithstanding the mighty results of the Pilgrim Fathers' voyage, they and their standard of perfection are rightly judged when we figure to ourselves Shakespeare or Virgil,—souls in whom sweetness and light, and all that in human nature is most humane, were eminent,—accompanying them on their voyage, and think what intolerable company Shakespeare and Virgil would have found them! In the same way let us judge the religious organizations which we see all around us. Do not let us deny the good and the happiness which they have accomplished; but do not let us fail to see clearly that their idea of human perfection is narrow and inadequate, and that the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion will never bring humanity to its true goal. As I said with regard to wealth: Let us look at the life of those who live in and for it,—so I say with regard to the religious organizations. Look at the life imaged in such a newspaper as the *Nonconformist*.—a life of jealousy of the Establishment, disputes, tea-meetings, openings of chapels, sermons; and then think of it as an ideal of a human life completing itself on all sides, and aspiring with all its organs after sweetness, light, and perfection!

Another newspaper, representing, like the *Nonconformist*, one of the religious organizations of this country, was a short time ago giving an account of the crowd at Epsom on the Derby day, and of all the vice and hideousness which was to be seen in that crowd; and then the writer turned suddenly round upon Professor Huxley, and asked him how he proposed to cure all this vice and hideousness without religion. I confess I felt disposed to ask the asker this question: and how do you propose to cure it with such a religion as yours? How is the ideal of a life so unlovely, so unattractive, so incomplete, so narrow, so far removed from a true and satisfying ideal of human perfection, as is the life of your

religious organization as you yourself reflect it, to conquer and transform all this vice and hideousness? Indeed, the strongest plea for the study of perfection as pursued by culture, the clearest proof of the actual inadequacy of the idea of perfection held by the religious organizations,—expressing, as I have said, the most widespread effort which the human race has yet made after perfection,—is to be found in the state of our life and society with these in possession of it, and having been in possession of it I know not how many hundred years. We are all of us included in some religious organization or other; we all call ourselves, in the sublime and aspiring language of religion which I have before noticed, *children of God*. Children of God;—it is an immense pretension!—and how are we to justify it? By the works which we do, and the words which we speak. And the work which we collective children of God do, our grand center of life, our *city* which we have builded for us to dwell in, is London! London, with its unutterable external hideousness, and with its internal canker of *publice egestas, privatim opulentia*,—to use the words which Sallust puts into Cato's mouth about Rome,—unequalled in the world! The word, again, which we children of God speak, the voice which most hits our collective thought, the newspaper with the largest circulation in England, nay, with the largest circulation in the whole world, is the *Daily Telegraph*! I say that when our religious organizations—which I admit to express the most considerable effort after perfection that our race has yet made—land us in no better result than this, it is high time to examine carefully their idea of perfection, to see whether it does not leave out of account sides and forces of human nature which we might turn to great use; whether it would not be more operative if it were more complete. And I say that the English reliance on our religious organizations and on their ideas of human perfection just as they stand, is like our reliance on freedom, on muscular Christianity, on population, on coal, on wealth,—mere belief in machinery, and unfruitful; and that it is wholesomely counteracted by culture, bent on seeing things as they are, and on drawing the human race onwards to a more complete, a harmonious perfection.

Culture, however, shows its single-minded love of perfection, its desire simply to make

reason and the will of God prevail, its freedom from fanaticism, by its attitude towards all this machinery, even while it insists that it is machinery. Fanatics, seeing the mischief men do themselves by their blind belief in some machinery or other,—whether it is wealth and industrialism, or whether it is the cultivation of bodily strength and activity, or whether it is a political organization,—or whether it is a religious organization,—oppose with might and main the tendency to this or that political and religious organization, or to games and athletic exercises, or to wealth and industrialism, and try violently to stop it. But the flexibility which sweetness and light give, and which is one of the rewards of culture pursued in good faith, enables a man to see that a tendency may be necessary, and even, as a preparation for something in the future, salutary, and yet that the generations or individuals who obey this tendency are sacrificed to it, that they fall short of the hope of perfection by following it; and that its mischiefs are to be criticized, lest it should take too firm a hold and last after it has served its purpose.

Mr. Gladstone well pointed out, in a speech at Paris,—and others have pointed out the same thing,—how necessary is the present great movement towards wealth and industrialism, in order to lay broad foundations of material well-being for the society of the future. The worst of these justifications is, that they are generally addressed to the very people engaged, body and soul, in the movement in question; at all events, that they are always seized with the greatest avidity by these people, and taken by them as quite justifying their life; and that thus they tend to harden them in their sins. Now, culture admits the necessity of the movement towards fortune-making and exaggerated industrialism, readily allows that the future may derive benefit from it; but insists, at the same time, that the passing generations of industrialists,—forming, for the most part, the stout main body of Philistinism,—are sacrificed to it. In the same way, the result of all the games and sports which occupy the passing generation of boys and young men may be the establishment of a better and sounder physical type for the future to work with. Culture does not set itself against the games and sports; it congratulates the future, and hopes it will make a good use of its im-

proved physical basis; but it points out that our passing generation of boys and young men is, meantime, sacrificed. Puritanism was perhaps necessary to develop the moral fiber of the English race, Nonconformity to break the yoke of ecclesiastical domination over men's minds and to prepare the way for freedom of thought in the distant future; still, culture points out that the harmonious perfection of generations of Puritans and Nonconformists has been, in consequence, sacrificed. Freedom of speech may be necessary for the society of the future, but the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* in the meanwhile are sacrificed. A voice for every man in his country's government may be necessary for the society of the future, but meanwhile Mr. Beales and Mr. Bradlaugh are sacrificed.

Oxford, the Oxford of the past, has many faults; and she has heavily paid for them in defeat, in isolation, in want of hold upon the modern world. Yet we in Oxford, brought up amidst the beauty and sweetness of that beautiful place, have not failed to seize one truth,—the truth that beauty and sweetness are essential characters of a complete human perfection. When I insist on this, I am all in the faith and tradition of Oxford. I say boldly that this our sentiment for beauty and sweetness, our sentiment against hideousness and rawness, has been at the bottom of our attachment to so many beaten causes, of our opposition to so many triumphant movements. And the sentiment is true, and has never been wholly defeated, and has shown its power even in its defeat. We have not won our political battles, we have not carried our main points, we have not stopped our adversaries' advance, we have not marched victoriously with the modern world; but we have told silently upon the mind of the country, we have prepared currents of feeling which sap our adversaries' position when it seems gained, we have kept up our own communications with the future. Look at the course of the great movement which shook Oxford to its center some thirty years ago! It was directed, as any one who reads Dr. Newman's *Apology* may see, against what in one word may be called "Liberalism." Liberalism prevailed: it was the appointed force to do the work of the hour; it was necessary, it was inevitable that it should prevail. The Oxford movement was broken,

it failed; our wrecks are scattered on every shore:—

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

But what was it, this liberalism, as Dr. Newman saw it, and as it really broke the Oxford movement? It was the great middle-class liberalism, which had for the cardinal points of its belief the Reform Bill of 1832, and local self-government, in politics; in the social sphere, free-trade, unrestricted competition, and the making of large industrial fortunes; in the religious sphere, the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. I do not say that other and more intelligent forces than this were not opposed to the Oxford movement: but this was the force which really beat it; this was the force which Dr. Newman felt himself fighting with; this was the force which till only the other day seemed to be the paramount force in this country, and to be in possession of the future; this was the force whose achievements fill Mr. Lowe with such inexpressible admiration, and whose rule he was so horror-struck to see threatened. And where is this great force of Philistinism now? It is thrust into the second rank, it is become a power of yesterday, it has lost the future. A new power has suddenly appeared, a power which it is impossible yet to judge fully, but which is certainly a wholly different force from middle-class liberalism; different in its cardinal points of belief, different in its tendencies in every sphere. It loves and admires neither the legislation of middle-class Parliaments, nor the local self-government of middle-class vestries, nor the unrestricted competition of middle-class industrialists, nor the dissidence of middle class Dissent and the Protestantism of middle-class Protestant religion. I am not now praising this new force, or saying that its own ideals are better; all I say is, that they are wholly different. And who will estimate how much the currents of feeling created by Dr. Newman's movements, the keen desire for beauty and sweetness which it nourished, the deep aversion it manifested to the hardness and vulgarity of middle-class liberalism, the strong light it turned on the hideous and grotesque illusions of middle-class Protestantism,—who will estimate how much all these contributed to swell the tide of secret dissatisfaction

which has mined the ground under self-confident liberalism of the last thirty years, and has prepared the way for its sudden collapse and suppression? It is in this manner that the sentiment of Oxford for beauty and sweetness conquers, and in this manner long may it continue to conquer!

In this manner it works to the same end as culture, and there is plenty of work for it yet to do. I have said that the new and more democratic force which is now superseding our old middle-class liberalism cannot yet be rightly judged. It has its main tendencies still to form. We hear promises of its giving us administrative reform, law reform, reform of education, and I know not what; but those promises come rather from its advocates, wishing to make a good plea for it and to justify it for superseding middle-class liberalism, than from clear tendencies which it has itself yet developed. But meanwhile it has plenty of well-intentioned friends against whom culture may with advantage continue to uphold steadily its ideal of human perfection; that this is *an inward spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy*. Mr. Bright, who has a foot in both worlds, the world of middle-class liberalism and the world of democracy, but who brings most of his ideas from the world of middle-class liberalism in which he was bred, always inclines to inculcate that faith in machinery to which, as we have seen, Englishmen are so prone, and which has been the bane of middle-class liberalism. He complains with a sorrowful indignation of people who "appear to have no proper estimate of the value of the franchise"; he leads his disciples to believe—what the Englishman is always too ready to believe—that the having a vote, like the having a large family, or a large business, or large muscles, has in itself some edifying and perfecting effect upon human nature. Or else he cries out to the democracy,—“the men,” as he calls them, “upon whose shoulders the greatness of England rests,”—he cries out to them: “See what you have done! I look over this country and see the cities you have built, the railroads you have made, the manufactures you have produced, the cargoes which freight the ships of the greatest mercantile navy the world has ever seen! I see that you have converted by your labors what was once a wilderness, these islands, into a

fruitful garden; I know that you have created this wealth, and are a nation whose name is a word of power throughout all the world.” Why, this is just the very style of laudation with which Mr. Roebuck or Mr. Lowe debauches the minds of the middle classes, and makes such Philistines of them. It is the same fashion of teaching a man to value himself not on what he *is*, not on his progress in sweetness and light, but on the number of the railroads he has constructed, or the bigness of the tabernacle he has built. Only the middle classes are told they have done it all with their energy, self-reliance, and capital, and the democracy are told they have done it all with their hands and sinews. But teaching the democracy to put its trust in achievements of this kind is merely training them to be Philistines to take the place of the Philistines whom they are superseding; and they, too, like the middle class, will be encouraged to sit down at the banquet of the future without having on a wedding garment, and nothing excellent can then come from them. Those who know their besetting faults, those who have watched them and listened to them, or those who will read the instructive account recently given of them by one of themselves, the *Journeyman Engineer*, will agree that the idea which culture sets before us of perfection,—an increased spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy,—is an idea which the new democracy needs far more than the idea of the blessedness of the franchise, or the wonderfulness of its own industrial performances.

Other well-meaning friends of this new power are for leading it, not in the old ruts of middle-class Philistinism, but in ways which are naturally alluring to the feet of democracy, though in this country they are novel and untried ways. I may call them the ways of Jacobinism. Violent indignation with the past, abstract systems of renovation applied wholesale, a new doctrine drawn up in black and white for elaborating down to the very smallest details a rational society for the future,—these are the ways of Jacobinism. Mr. Frederic Harrison and other disciples of Comte,—one of them, Mr. Congreve, is an old friend of mine, and I am glad to have an opportunity of publicly expressing my respect for his talents and character,—are

among the friends of democracy who are for leading it in paths of this kind. Mr. Fred-eric Harrison is very hostile to culture, and from a natural enough motive; for culture is the eternal opponent of the two things which are the signal marks of Jacobinism,—its fierceness, and its addiction to an abstract system. Culture is always assigning to system-makers and systems a smaller share in the bent of human destiny than their friends like. A current in people's minds sets towards new ideas; people are dissatisfied with their old narrow stock of Philistine ideas, Anglo-Saxon ideas, or any other; and some man, some Bentham or Comte, who has the real merit of having early and strongly felt and helped the new current, but who brings plenty of narrowness and mistakes of his own into his feeling and help of it, is credited with being the author of the whole current, the fit person to be entrusted with its regulation and to guide the human race.

The excellent German historian of the mythology of Rome, Preller, relating the introduction at Rome under the Tarquins of the worship of Apollo, the god of light, healing, and reconciliation, will have us observe that it was not so much the Tarquins who brought to Rome the new worship of Apollo, as a current in the mind of the Roman people which set powerfully at that time towards a new worship of this kind, and away from the old run of Latin and Sabine religious ideas. In a similar way, culture directs our attention to the natural current there is in human affairs, and to its continual working, and will not let us rivet our faith upon any one man and his doings. It makes us see not only his good side, but also how much in him was of necessity limited and transient; nay, it even feels a pleasure, a sense of an increased freedom and of an ampler future, in so doing.

I remember, when I was under the influence of a mind to which I feel the greatest obligations, the mind of a man who was the very incarnation of sanity and clear sense, a man the most considerable, it seems to me, whom America has yet produced,—Benjamin Franklin,—I remember the relief with which, after long feeling the sway of Franklin's imperturbable common-sense, I came upon a project of his for a new version of the Book of Job, to replace the old version, the style of which, says Franklin,

has become obsolete, and thence less agreeable. "I give," he continues, "a few verses, which may serve as a sample of the kind of version I would recommend." We all recollect the famous verse in our translation: "Then Satan answered the Lord and said: 'Doth Job fear God for nought?'" Franklin makes this: "Does your Majesty imagine that Job's good conduct is the effect of mere personal attachment and affection?" I well remember how, when first I read that, I drew a deep breath of relief and said to myself: "After all, there is a stretch of humanity beyond Franklin's victorious good sense!" So, after hearing Bentham cried loudly up as the renovator of modern society, and Bentham's mind and ideas proposed as the rulers of our future, I open the *Deontology*. There I read: "While Xenophon was writing his history and Euclid teaching geometry, Socrates and Plato were talking nonsense under pretense of talking wisdom and morality. This morality of theirs consisted in words; this wisdom of theirs was the denial of matters known to every man's experience." From the moment of reading that, I am delivered from the bondage of Bentham! the fanaticism of his adherents can touch me no longer. I feel the inadequacy of his mind and ideas for supplying the rule of human society, for perfection.

Culture tends always thus to deal with the men of a system, of disciples, of a school; with men like Comte, or the late Mr. Buckle, or Mr. Mill. However much it may find to admire in these personages, or in some of them, it nevertheless remembers the text: "Be not ye called Rabbi!" and it soon passes on from any Rabbi. But Jacobinism loves a Rabbi; it does not want to pass on from its Rabbi in pursuit of a future and still unreached perfection; it wants its Rabbi and his ideas to stand for perfection, that they may with the more authority recast the world; and for Jacobinism, therefore, culture,—eternally passing onwards and seeking,—is an impertinence and an offence. But culture, just because it resists this tendency of Jacobinism to impose on us a man with limitations and errors of his own along with the true ideas of which he is the organ, really does the world and Jacobinism itself a service.

So, too, Jacobinism, in its fierce hatred of the past and of those whom it makes liable for the sins of the past, cannot away

with the inexhaustible indulgence proper to culture, the consideration of circumstances, the severe judgment of actions joined to the merciful judgment of persons. "The man of culture is in politics," cries Mr. Frederic Harrison, "one of the poorest mortals alive!" Mr. Frederic Harrison wants to be doing business, and he complains that the man of culture stops him with a "turn for small fault-finding, love of selfish ease, and indecision in action." Of what use is culture, he asks, except for "a critic of new books or a professor of *belles-lettres*?" Why, it is of use because, in presence of the fierce exasperation which breathes, or rather, I may say, hisses through the whole production in which Mr. Frederic Harrison asks that question, it reminds us that the perfection of human nature is sweetness and light. It is of use, because, like religion,—that other effort after perfection,—it testifies that, where bitter envying and strife are, there is confusion and every evil work.

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light, works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater!—the passion for making them *prevail*. It is not satisfied till we all come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. If I have not shrunk from saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. Again and again I have insisted how those are the happy moments of humanity, how those are the marking epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a *national* glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must be *real* thought and *real* beauty; *real* sweetness and *real* light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food pre-

pared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary popular literature is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of their own profession or party. Our religious and political organizations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way; but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely,—nourished, and not bound by them.

This is the *social idea*; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abelard in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfections; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abelard excited. Such were Lessing and Herder in Germany, at the end of the last century; and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany; and yet the names of these two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. And why? Because they *humanized* knowledge; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light, to make reason and the will of God prevail. With Saint Augustine they said: "Let us not leave thee alone to make in the

secret of thy knowledge, as thou didst be-
fore the creation of the firmament, the di-
vision of light from darkness; let the chil-
dren of thy spirit, placed in their firmament,
make their light shine upon the earth, mark
the division of night and day, and announce
the revolution of the times; for the old order

is passed, and the new arises; the night is
spent, the day is come forth; and thou shalt
crown the year with thy blessing, when thou
shalt send forth laborers into thy harvest
sown by other hands than theirs; when thou
shalt send forth new laborers to new seed-
times, whereof the harvest shall be not yet."

III. SCIENCE AND FAITH

1. THE PROBLEM STATED

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

[From an address delivered in Edinburgh
in 1868; and published in "Lay Sermons,"
1870.]

In order to make the title of this dis-
course generally intelligible, I have trans-
lated the term "Protoplasm," which is the
scientific name of the substance of which I
am about to speak, by the words "the physi-
cal basis of life." I suppose that, to many,
the idea that there is such a thing as a physi-
cal basis, or matter, of life may be novel—
so widely spread is the conception of life
as a something which works through matter,
but is independent of it; and even those who
are aware that matter and life are insepara-
bly connected, may not be prepared for the
conclusion plainly suggested by the phrase.
"the physical basis or matter of life," that
there is some one kind of matter which is
common to all living beings, and that their
endless diversities are bound together by a
physical, as well as an ideal, unity. In fact,
when first apprehended, such a doctrine as
this appears almost shocking to common
sense.

What, truly, can seem to be more obvious-
ly different from one another, in faculty, in
form, and in substance, than the various
kinds of living beings? What community
of faculty can there be between the brightly-
colored lichen, which so nearly resembles a
mere mineral incrustation of the bare rock
on which it grows, and the painter, to whom
it is instinct with beauty, or the botanist,
whom it feeds with knowledge?

Again, think of the microscopic fungus—
a mere infinitesimal ovoid particle, which
finds space and duration enough to multiply
into countless millions in the body of a liv-

ing fly; and then of the wealth of foliage,
the luxuriance of flower and fruit, which lies
between this bald sketch of a plant and the
giant pine of California, towering to the
dimensions of a cathedral spire, or the
Indian fig, which covers acres with its pro-
found shadow, and endures while nations
and empires come and go around its vast cir-
cumference. Or, turning to the other half
of the world of life, picture to yourselves
the great Finner whale, hugest of beasts that
live, or have lived, disporting his eighty or
ninety feet of bone, muscle, and blubber,
with easy roll, among waves in which the
stoutest ship that ever left dockyard would
flounder hopelessly; and contrast him with
the invisible animalcules—mere gelatinous
specks, multitudes of which could, in fact,
dance upon the point of a needle with the
same ease as the angels of the Schoolmen
could, in imagination. With these images
before your minds, you may well ask, what
community of form, or structure, is there
between the animalcule and the whale; or
between the fungus and the fig-tree? And,
à fortiori, between all four?

Finally, if we regard substance, or ma-
terial composition, what hidden bond can
connect the flower which a girl wears in her
hair and the blood which courses through her
youthful veins; or, what is there in common
between the dense and resisting mass of the
oak, or the strong fabric of the tortoise, and
those broad disks of glassy jelly which may
be seen pulsating through the waters of a
calm sea, but which drain away to mere
films in the hand which raises them out of
their element?

Such objections as these must, I think,
arise in the mind of every one who ponders.
for the first time, upon the conception of a
single physical basis of life underlying all
the diversities of vital existence; but I pro-

pose to demonstrate to you that, notwithstanding these apparent difficulties, a three-fold unity—namely, a unity of power or faculty, a unity of form, and a unity of substantial composition—does pervade the whole living world.

No very abstruse argumentation is needed, in the first place, to prove that the powers, or faculties, of all kinds of living matter, diverse as they may be in degree, are substantially similar in kind.

Goethe has condensed a survey of all powers of mankind into the well-known epigram:—

*"Warum treibt sich das Volk so und schreit?
Es will sich ernähren, Kinder zeugen,
und die nähren so gut es vermag.*

• • • • • •

*Weiter bringt es kein Mensch, stell' er sich
wie er auch will."*¹

In physiological language this means, that all the multifarious and complicated activities of man are comprehensible under three categories. Either they are immediately directed towards the maintenance and development of the body, or they effect transitory changes in the relative positions of parts of the body, or they tend towards the continuance of the species. Even those manifestations of intellect, of feeling, and of will, which we rightly name the higher faculties, are not excluded from this classification, inasmuch as to every one but the subject of them, they are known only as transitory changes in the relative positions of parts of the body. Speech, gesture, and every other form of human action are, in the long run, resolvable into muscular contraction, and muscular contraction is but a transitory change in the relative positions of the parts of a muscle. But the scheme which is large enough to embrace the activities of the highest form of life, covers all those of the lower creatures. The lowest plant, or animalcule, feeds, grows, and reproduces its kind. In addition, all animals manifest those transitory changes of form which we class under irritability and contractility; and it is more than probable that when the vegetable world is thoroughly explored, we shall find all plants in possession of the same powers, at

one time or other of their existence. I am not now alluding to such phenomena, at once rare and conspicuous, as those exhibited by the leaflets of the sensitive plants, or the stamens of the barberry, but to much more widely spread, and at the same time, more subtle and hidden, manifestations of vegetable contractility. You are doubtless aware that the common nettle owes its stinging property to the innumerable stiff and needle-like, though exquisitely delicate, hairs which cover its surface. Each stinging-needle tapers from a broad base to a slender summit, which, though rounded at the end, is of such microscopic fineness that it readily penetrates, and breaks off in, the skin. The whole hair consists of a very delicate outer case of wood, closely applied to the inner surface of which is a layer of semi-fluid matter, full of innumerable granules of extreme minuteness. This semi-fluid lining is protoplasm, which thus constitutes a kind of bag, full of a limpid liquid, and roughly corresponding in form with the interior of the hair which it fills. When viewed with a sufficiently high magnifying power, the protoplasmic layer of the nettle hair is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity. Local contractions of the whole thickness of its substance pass slowly and gradually from point to point, and give rise to the appearance of progressive waves, just as the bending of successive stalks of corn by a breeze produces the apparent billows of a corn-field.

But, in addition to these movements, and independently of them, the granules are driven, in relatively rapid streams, through channels in the protoplasm which seem to have a considerable amount of persistence. Most commonly, the currents in adjacent parts of the protoplasm take similar directions; and, thus, there is a general stream up one side of the hair and down the other. But this does not prevent the existence of partial currents which take different routes; and sometimes trains of granules may be seen coursing swiftly in opposite directions within a twenty-thousandth of an inch of one another; while, occasionally, opposite streams come into direct collision, and, after a longer or shorter struggle, one predominates. The cause of these currents seems to lie in contractions of the protoplasm which bounds the channels in which they flow, but which are so minute that the best microscopes show only their effects, and not themselves.

¹ Why does the populace rush so and make clamor? It wishes to eat, bring forth children, and feed these as well as it may. . . . No man can do better, strive how he will.

The spectacle afforded by the wonderful energies prisoned within the compass of the microscopic hair of a plant, which we commonly regard as a merely passive organism, is not easily forgotten by one who has watched its display, continued hour after hour, without pause or sign of weakening. The possible complexity of many other organic forms, seemingly as simple as the protoplasm of the nettle, dawns upon one; and the comparison of such a protoplasm to a body with an internal circulation, which has been put forward by an eminent physiologist, loses much of its startling character. Currents similar to those of the hairs of the nettle have been observed in a great multitude of very different plants, and weighty authorities have suggested that they probably occur, in more or less perfection, in all young vegetable cells. If such be the case, the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dullness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny Maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city.

Among the lower plants, it is the rule rather than the exception, that contractility should be still more openly manifested at some periods of their existence. The protoplasm of *Algæ* and *Fungi* becomes, under many circumstances, partially, or completely, freed from its woody case, and exhibits movements of its whole mass, or is propelled by the contractility of one, or more, hair-like prolongations of its body, which are called vibratile cilia. And, so far as the conditions of the manifestation of the phenomena of contractility have yet been studied, they are the same for the plant as for the animal. Heat and electric shocks influence both, and in the same way, though it may be in different degrees. It is by no means my intention to suggest that there is no difference in faculty between the lowest plant and the highest, or between plants and animals. But the difference between the powers of the lowest plant, or animal, and those of the highest, is one of degree, not of kind, and depends, as Milne-Edwards long ago so well pointed out, upon the extent to which the principle of the division of labor is carried out in the living economy. In the lowest organism all parts are competent to perform all functions, and one and the same portion of protoplasm

may successfully take on the function of feeding, moving, or reproducing apparatus. In the highest, on the contrary, a great number of parts combine to perform each function, each part doing its allotted share of the work with great accuracy and efficiency, but being useless for any other purpose.

On the other hand, notwithstanding all the fundamental resemblances which exist between the powers of the protoplasm in plants and in animals, they present a striking difference (to which I shall advert more at length presently), in the fact that plants can manufacture fresh protoplasm out of mineral compounds, whereas animals are obliged to procure it ready made, and hence, in the long run, depend upon plants. Upon what condition this difference in the powers of the two great divisions of the world of life depends, nothing is at present known.

With such qualifications as arise out of the last-mentioned fact, it may be truly said that the acts of all living things are fundamentally one. Is any such unity predicable of their forms? Let us seek in easily verified facts for a reply to this question. If a drop of blood be drawn by pricking one's finger, and viewed with proper precautions, and under a sufficiently high microscopic power, there will be seen, among the innumerable multitude of little, circular, discoidal bodies, or corpuscles, which float in it and give it its color, a comparatively small number of colorless corpuscles, of somewhat larger size and very irregular shape. If the drop of blood be kept at the temperature of the body, these colorless corpuscles will be seen to exhibit a marvellous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms.

The substance which is thus active is a mass of protoplasm, and its activity differs in detail, rather than in principle, from that of the protoplasm of the nettle. Under sundry circumstances the corpuscle dies and becomes distended into a round mass, in the midst of which is seen a smaller spherical body, which existed, but was more or less hidden, in the living corpuscle, and is called its *nucleus*. Corpuscles of essentially similar structure are to be found in the skin, in the lining of the mouth, and scattered through the whole framework of

the body. Nay, more: in the earliest condition of the human organism, in that state in which it has but just become distinguishable from the egg in which it arises, it is nothing but an aggregation of such corpuscles, and every organ of the body was, once, no more than such an aggregation.

Thus a nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units; and in its perfect condition, it is a multiple of such units, variously modified.

But does the formula which expresses the essential structural character of the highest animal cover all the rest, as the statement of its powers and faculties covered that of all others? Very nearly. Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polyp, are all composed of structural units of the same character, namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus. There are sundry very low animals, each of which, structurally, is a mere colorless blood-corpuscle, leading an independent life. But, at the very bottom of the animal scale, even this simplicity becomes simplified, and all the phenomena of life are manifested by a particle of protoplasm without a nucleus. Nor are such organisms insignificant by reason of their want of complexity. It is a fair question whether the protoplasm of those simplest forms of life, which people an immense extent of the bottom of the sea, would not outweigh that of all the higher living beings which inhabit the land put together. And in ancient times, no less than at the present day, such living beings as these have been the greatest of rock builders.

What has been said of the animal world is no less true of plants. Imbedded in the protoplasm at the broad, or attached, end of the nettle hair, there lies a spheroidal nucleus. Careful examination further proves that the whole substance of the nettle is made up of a repetition of such masses of nucleated protoplasm, each contained in a wooden case, which is modified in form, sometimes into a woody fiber, sometimes into a duct or spiral vessel, sometimes into a pollen grain, or an ovule. Traced back to its earliest state, the nettle arises as the man does, in a particle of nucleated protoplasm. And in the lowest plants, as in the lowest animals, a single mass of such *protoplasm* may constitute the whole plant,

or the protoplasm may exist without a nucleus.

Under these circumstances it may well be asked, how is one mass of non-nucleated protoplasm to be distinguished from another? why call one "plant" and the other "animal"?

The only reply is that, so far as form is concerned, plants and animals are not separable, and that, in many cases, it is a mere matter of convention whether we call a given organism an animal or a plant. There is a living body called *Æthaliu septicum*, which appears upon decaying vegetable substances, and, in one of its forms, is common upon the surfaces of tan-pits. In this condition it is, to all intents and purposes, a fungus, and formerly was always regarded as such; but the remarkable investigations of De Bary have shown that, in another condition, the *Æthaliu* is an actively locomotive creature, and takes in solid matters, upon which, apparently, it feeds, thus exhibiting the most characteristic feature of animality. Is this a plant; or is it an animal? Is it both; or is it neither? Some decide in favor of the last supposition, and establish an intermediate kingdom, a sort of biological No Man's Land for all these questionable forms. But, as it is admittedly impossible to draw any distinct boundary line between this no man's land and the vegetable world on the one hand, or the animal on the other, it appears to me that this proceeding merely doubles the difficulty which, before, was single.

Protoplasm, simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life. It is the clay of the potter: which, bake it and paint it as he will, remains clay, separated by artifice, and not by nature, from the commonest brick or sun-dried clod.

Thus it becomes clear that all living powers are cognate, and that all living forms are fundamentally of one character. The researches of the chemist have revealed a no less striking uniformity of material composition in living matter.

In perfect strictness, it is true that chemical investigation can tell us little or nothing, directly, of the composition of living matter, inasmuch as such matter must needs die in the act of analysis,—and upon this very obvious ground, objections, which I confess seem to me to be somewhat frivolous, have been raised to the drawing of any conclusions whatever respecting the composition of actually living matter, from that of

the dead matter of life, which alone is accessible to us. But objectors of this class do not seem to reflect that it is also, in strictness, true that we know nothing about the composition of any body whatever, as it is. The statement that a crystal of calc-spar consists of carbonate of lime, is quite true, if we only mean that, by appropriate processes, it may be resolved into carbonic acid and quicklime. If you pass the same carbonic acid over the very quicklime thus obtained, you will obtain carbonate of lime again; but it will not be calc-spar, nor anything like it. Can it, therefore, be said that chemical analysis teaches nothing about the chemical composition of calc-spar? Such a statement would be absurd; but it is hardly more so than the talk one occasionally hears about the uselessness of applying the results of chemical analysis to the living bodies which have yielded them.

One fact, at any rate, is out of reach of such refinements, and this is, that all the forms of protoplasm which have yet been examined contain the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, in very complex union, and that they behave similarly towards several reagents. To this complex combination, the nature of which has never been determined with exactness, the name of Protein has been applied. And if we use this term with such caution as may properly arise out of our comparative ignorance of the things for which it stands, it may be truly said that all protoplasm is proteinaceous, or, as the white, or albumen, of an egg is one of the commonest examples of a nearly pure protein matter, we may say that all living matter is more or less albuminoid.

Perhaps it would not yet be safe to say that all forms of protoplasm are affected by the direct action of electric shocks; and yet the number of cases in which the contraction of protoplasm is shown to be affected by this agency increases every day.

Nor can it be affirmed with perfect confidence, that all forms of protoplasm are liable to undergo that peculiar coagulation at a temperature of 40°-50° Centigrade, which has been called "heat-stiffening," though Kühne's beautiful researches have proved this occurrence to take place in so many and such diverse living beings, that it is hardly rash to expect that the law holds good for all.

Enough has, perhaps, been said, to prove the existence of a general uniformity in the

character of the protoplasm, or physical basis, of life, in whatever group of living beings it may be studied. But it will be understood that this general uniformity by no means excludes any amount of special modifications of the fundamental substance. The mineral, carbonate of lime, assumes an immense diversity of characters, though no one doubts that, under all these Protean changes, is one and the same thing.

And now, what is the ultimate fate, and what the origin, of the matter of life?

Is it, as some of the older naturalists supposed, diffused throughout the universe in molecules, which are indestructible and unchangeable in themselves; but, in endless transmigration, unite in innumerable permutations, into the diversified forms of life we know? Or, is the matter of life composed of ordinary matter, differing from it only in the manner in which its atoms are aggregated? Is it built up of ordinary matter, and again resolved into ordinary matter when its work is done?

Modern science does not hesitate a moment between these alternatives. Physiology writes over the portals of life—

"Debemur morti nos nostraque,"¹

with a profounder meaning than the Roman poet attached to the melancholy line. Under whatever disguise it takes refuge, whether fungus or oak, worm or man, the living protoplasm not only ultimately dies and is resolved into its mineral and lifeless constituents, but is always dying, and, strange as the paradox may sound, could not live unless it died.

In the wonderful story of the *Peau de Chagrin*, the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild ass' skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length life and the last handbreadth of the *peau de chagrin*, disappear with the gratification of a last wish.

Balzac's studies had led him over a wide range of thought and speculation, and his shadowing forth of physiological truth in this strange story may have been intentional. At any rate, the matter of life is a veritable *peau de chagrin*, and for every vital act it is somewhat the smaller. All work im-

¹ We and ours must die.

plies waste, and the work of life results, directly or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm.

Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and, in the strictest sense, he burns that others may have light—so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water, and urea. It is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on forever. But, happily, the protoplasmic *peau de chagrin* differs from Balzac's in its capacity of being repaired, and brought back to its full size, after every exertion.

For example, this present lecture, whatever its intellectual worth to you, has a certain physical value to me, which is, conceivably, expressible by the number of grains of protoplasm and other bodily substance wasted in maintaining my vital processes during its delivery. My *peau de chagrin* will be distinctly smaller at the end of the discourse than it was at the beginning. By and by, I shall probably have recourse to the substance commonly called mutton, for the purpose of stretching it back to its original size. Now this mutton was once the living protoplasm, more or less modified, of another animal—a sheep. As I shall eat it, it is the same matter altered, not only by death, but by exposure to sundry artificial operations in the process of cooking.

But these changes, whatever be their extent, have not rendered it incompetent to resume its old functions as matter of life. A singular inward laboratory, which I possess, will dissolve a certain portion of the modified protoplasm; the solution so formed will pass into my veins; and the subtle influences to which it will then be subjected will convert the dead protoplasm into living protoplasm, and transubstantiate sheep into man.

Nor is this all. If digestion were a thing to be trifled with, I might sup upon lobster, and the matter of life of the crustacean would undergo the same wonderful metamorphosis into humanity. And were I to return to my own place by sea, and undergo shipwreck, the crustacean might, and probably would return the compliment, and demonstrate our common nature by turning my protoplasm into living lobster. Or, if nothing better were to be had, I might supply my wants with mere bread, and I should find the protoplasm of the wheat-plant to be convertible into man with no more trou-

ble than of the sheep, and with far less, I fancy, than that of the lobster.

Hence it appears to be a matter of no great moment what animal, or what plant, I lay under contribution for protoplasm, and the fact speaks volumes for the general identity of that substance in all living beings. I share this catholicity of assimilation with other animals, all of which, so far as we know, could thrive equally well on the protoplasm of any of their fellows, or of any plant; but here the assimilative powers of the animal world cease. A solution of smelling-salts in water, with an infinitesimal proportion of some other saline matters, contains all the elementary bodies which enter into the composition of protoplasm; but, as I need hardly say, a hog's-head of that fluid would not keep a hungry man from starving, nor would it save any animal whatever from a like fate. An animal cannot make protoplasm, but must take it ready-made from some other animal, or some plant—the animal's highest feat of constructive chemistry being to convert dead protoplasm into that living matter of life which is appropriate to itself.

Therefore, in seeking for the origin of protoplasm, we must eventually turn to the vegetable world. A fluid containing carbonic acid, water, and nitrogenous salts, which offers such a Barmecide feast to the animal, is a table richly spread to multitudes of plants; and, with a due supply of only such materials, many a plant will not only maintain itself in vigor, but grow and multiply until it has increased a million-fold, or a million million-fold, the quantity of protoplasm which it originally possessed; in this way building up the matter of life, to an indefinite extent, from the common matter of the universe.

Thus, the animal can only raise the complex substance of dead protoplasm to the higher power, as one may say, of living protoplasm; while the plant can raise the less complex substances—carbonic acid, water, and nitrogenous salts—to the same stage of living protoplasm, if not to the same level. But the plant also has its limitations. Some of the fungi, for example, appear to need higher compounds to start with; and no known plant can live upon the uncompounded elements of protoplasm. A plant supplied with pure carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, and the like, would as infallibly die as the animal in his bath of smelling-

salts, though it would be surrounded by all the constituents of protoplasm. Nor, indeed, need the process of simplification of vegetable food be carried so far as this, in order to arrive at the limit of the plant's thaumaturgy. Let water, carbonic acid, and all the other needful constituents be supplied except nitrogenous salts, and an ordinary plant will still be unable to manufacture protoplasm.

Thus the matter of life, so far as we know it (and we have no right to speculate on any other), breaks up, in consequence of that continual death which is the condition of its manifesting vitality, into carbonic acid, water, and nitrogenous compounds, which certainly possess no properties but those of ordinary matter. And out of these same forms of ordinary matter, and from none which are simpler, the vegetable world builds up all the protoplasm which keeps the animal world a-going. Plants are the accumulators of the power which animals distribute and disperse.

But it will be observed, that the existence of the matter of life depends on the pre-existence of certain compounds; namely, carbonic acid, water, and certain nitrogenous bodies. Withdraw any one of these three from the world, and all vital phenomena come to an end. They are as necessary to the protoplasm of the plant, as the protoplasm of the plant is to that of the animal. Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are all lifeless bodies. Of these, carbon and oxygen unite in certain proportions and under certain conditions, to give rise to carbonic acid; hydrogen and oxygen produce water; nitrogen and other elements give rise to nitrogenous salts. These new compounds, like the elementary bodies of which they are composed, are lifeless. But when they are brought together, under certain conditions, they give rise to the still more complex body, protoplasm, and this protoplasm exhibits the phenomena of life.

I see no break in this series of steps in molecular complication, and I am unable to understand why the language which is applicable to any one term of the series may not be used to any of the others. We think fit to call different kinds of matter carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and to speak of the various powers and activities of these substances as the properties of the matter of which they are composed.

When hydrogen and oxygen are mixed in a certain proportion, and an electric spark

is passed through them, they disappear, and a quantity of water, equal in weight to the sum of their weights, appears in their place. There is not the slightest parity between the passive and active powers of the water and those of the oxygen and hydrogen which have given rise to it. At 32° Fahrenheit, and far below that temperature, oxygen and hydrogen are elastic gaseous bodies, whose particles tend to rush away from one another with great force. Water, at the same temperature, is a strong though brittle solid, whose particles tend to cohere into definite geometrical shapes, and sometimes build up frosty imitations of the most complex forms of vegetable foliage.

Nevertheless we call these, and many other strange phenomena, the properties of the water, and we do not hesitate to believe that, in some way or another, they result from the properties of the component elements of the water. We do not assume that a something called "aquosity" entered into and took possession of the oxidated hydrogen as soon as it was formed, and then guided the aqueous particles to their places in the facets of the crystal, or amongst the leaflets of the hoar-frost. On the contrary, we live in the hope and in the faith that, by the advance of molecular physics, we shall by and by be able to see our way as clearly from the constituents of water to the properties of water, as we are now able to deduce the operations of a watch from the form of its parts and the manner in which they are put together.

Is the case in any way changed when carbonic acid, water, and nitrogenous salts disappear, and in their place, under the influence of pre-existing living protoplasm, an equivalent weight of the matter of life makes its appearance?

It is true that there is no sort of parity between the properties of the components and the properties of the resultant, but neither was there in the case of the water. It is also true that what I have spoken of as the influence of pre-existing living matter is something quite unintelligible; but does anybody quite comprehend the *modus operandi* of an electric spark, which traverses a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen?

What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative, or correlative, in the not-living matter which gave rise to it? What better philosophical status has "vitality" than

"aquosity"? And why should "vitality" hope for a better fate than the other "itys" which have disappeared since Martinus Scriblerus accounted for the operation of the meat-jack by its inherent "meat-roasting quality," and scorned the "materialism" of those who explained the turning of the spit by a certain mechanism worked by the draught of the chimney?

If scientific language is to possess a definite and constant signification whenever it is employed, it seems to me that we are logically bound to apply to the protoplasm, or physical basis of life, the same conceptions as those which are held to be legitimate elsewhere. If the phenomena exhibited by water are its properties, so are those presented by protoplasm, living or dead, its properties.

If the properties of water may be properly said to result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, I can find no intelligible ground for refusing to say that the properties of protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules.

But I bid you beware that, in accepting these conclusions, you are placing your feet on the first rung of a ladder which, in most people's estimation, is the reverse of Jacob's and leads to the antipodes of heaven. It may seem a small thing to admit that the dull vital actions of a fungus, or a foraminifer, are the properties of their protoplasm, and are the direct results of the nature of the matter of which they are composed. But if, as I have endeavored to prove to you, their protoplasm is essentially identical with, and most readily converted into, that of any animal, I can discover no logical halting-place between the admission that such is the case, and the further concession that all vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it. And if so, it must be true, in the same sense and to the same extent, that the thoughts to which I am now giving utterance, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena.

Past experience leads me to be tolerably certain that, when the propositions I have just placed before you are accessible to public comment and criticism, they will be condemned by many zealous persons, and *perhaps* by some few of the wise and

thoughtful. I should not wonder if "gross and brutal materialism" were the mildest phrase applied to them in certain quarters. And, most undoubtedly, the terms of the propositions are distinctly materialistic. Nevertheless two things are certain: the one, that I hold the statements to be substantially true; the other, that I, individually, am no materialist, but, on the contrary, believe materialism to involve grave philosophical error.

This union of materialistic terminology with the repudiation of materialistic philosophy I share with some of the most thoughtful men with whom I am acquainted. And, when I first undertook to deliver the present discourse, it appeared to me to be a fitting opportunity to explain how such a union is not only consistent with, but necessitated by, sound logic. I purposed to lead you through the territory of vital phenomena to the materialistic slough in which you find yourselves now plunged, and then to point out to you the sole path by which, in my judgment, extrication is possible.

Let us suppose that knowledge is absolute, and not relative, and therefore, that our conception of matter represents that which it really is. Let us suppose, further, that we do know more of cause and effect than a certain definite order of succession among facts, and that we have a knowledge of the necessity of that succession—and hence, of necessary laws—and I, for my part, do not see what escape there is from utter materialism and necessarianism. For it is obvious that our knowledge of what we call the material world is, to begin with, at least as certain and definite as that of the spiritual world, and that our acquaintance with law is of as old a date as our knowledge of spontaneity. Further, I take it to be demonstrable that it is utterly impossible to prove that anything whatever may not be the effect of a material and necessary cause, and the human logic is equally incompetent to prove that any act is really spontaneous. A really spontaneous act is one which, by the assumption, has no cause; and the attempt to prove such a negative as this is, on the face of the matter, absurd. And while it is thus a philosophical impossibility to demonstrate that any given phenomenon is not the effect of a material cause, any one who is acquainted with the history of science will admit, that its progress has,

in all ages, meant, and now, more than ever, means, the extension of the province of what we call matter and causation, and the concomitant gradual banishment from all regions of human thought of what we call spirit and spontaneity.

I have endeavored, in the first part of this discourse, to give you a conception of the direction towards which modern physiology is tending; and I ask you, what is the difference between the conception of life as the product of a certain disposition of material molecules, and the old notion of an Archæus governing and directing blind matter within each living body, except this—that here, as elsewhere, matter and law have devoured spirit and spontaneity? And as surely as every future grows out of past and present, so will the physiology of the future gradually extend the realm of matter and law until it is co-extensive with knowledge, with feeling, and with action.

The consciousness of this great truth weighs like a nightmare, I believe, upon many of the best minds of these days. They watch what they conceive to be the progress of materialism, in such fear and powerless anger as a savage feels when, during an eclipse, the great shadow creeps over the face of the sun. The advancing tide of matter threatens to drown their souls; the tightening grasp of law impedes their freedom; they are alarmed lest man's moral nature be debased by the increase of his wisdom.

If the "New Philosophy" be worthy of the reprobation with which it is visited, I confess their fears seem to me to be well founded. While, on the contrary, could David Hume be consulted, I think he would smile at their perplexities, and chide them for doing even as the heathen, and falling down in terror before the hideous idols their own hands have raised.

For, after all, what do we know of this terrible "matter," except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that "spirit" over whose threatened extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising, like that which was heard at the death of Pan, except that it is also a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause, or condition, of states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena.

And what is the dire necessity and "iron"

law under which men groan? Truly, most gratuitously invented bugbears. I suppose if there be an "iron" law, it is that of gravitation; and if there be a physical necessity, it is that a stone, unsupported, must fall to the ground. But what is all we really know, and can know, about the latter phenomenon? Simply, that, in all human experience, stones have fallen to the ground under these conditions; that we have not the smallest reason for believing that any stone so circumstanced will not fall to the ground; and that we have, on the contrary, every reason to believe that it will so fall. It is very convenient to indicate that all the conditions of belief have been fulfilled in this case, by calling the statement that unsupported stones will fall to the ground, "a law of Nature." But when, as commonly happens, we change *will* into *must*, we introduce an idea of necessity which most assuredly does not lie in the observed facts, and has no warranty that I can discover elsewhere. For my part, I utterly repudiate and anathematize the intruder. Fact I know; and Law I know; but what is this Necessity save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing?

But, if it is certain that we can have no knowledge of the nature of either matter or spirit, and that the notion of necessity is something illegitimately thrust into the perfectly legitimate conception of law, the materialistic position that there is nothing in the world but matter, force, and necessity, is as utterly devoid of justification as the most baseless of theological dogmas.

The fundamental doctrines of materialism, like those of spiritualism, and most other "isms," lie outside "the limits of philosophical inquiry," and David Hume's great service to humanity is his irrefragable demonstration of what these limits are. Hume called himself a skeptic, and therefore others cannot be blamed if they apply the same title to him; but that does not alter the fact that the name, with its existing implications, does him gross injustice.

If a man asks me what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are, and I reply that I do not know; that neither I, nor any one else, has any means of knowing; and that, under these circumstances, I decline to trouble myself about the subject at all: I do not think he has any right to call me a skeptic. On the contrary, in replying thus, I conceive that I am simply honest and

truthful, and show a proper regard for the economy of time. So Hume's strong and subtle intellect takes up a great many problems about which we are naturally curious, and shows us that they are essentially questions of lunar politics, in their essence incapable of being answered, and therefore not worth the attention of men who have work to do in the world. And he thus ends one of his essays:—

"If we take in hand any volume of Divinity, or school metaphysics, for instance, let us ask, *Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number?* No. *Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence?* No. Commit it then to the flames; for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion."

Permit me to enforce this most wise advice. Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing, and can know nothing? We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it. To do this effectually it is necessary to be fully possessed of only two beliefs: the first, that the order of Nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events.

Each of these beliefs can be verified experimentally, as often as we like to try. Each, therefore, stands upon the strongest foundation upon which any belief can rest, and forms one of our highest truths. If we find that the ascertainment of the order of nature is facilitated by using one terminology, or one set of symbols, rather than

another, it is our clear duty to use the former; and no harm can accrue, so long as we bear in mind that we are dealing merely with terms and symbols.

In itself it is of little moment whether we express the phenomena of matter in terms of spirit, or the phenomena of spirit in terms of matter: matter may be regarded as a form of thought, thought may be regarded as a property of matter—each statement has a certain relative truth. But with a view to the progress of science, the materialistic terminology is in every way to be preferred. For it connects thought with the other phenomena of the universe, and suggests inquiry into the nature of those physical conditions, or concomitants of thought, which are more or less accessible to us, and a knowledge of which may, in future, help us to exercise the same kind of control over the world of thought as we already possess in respect of the material world; whereas, the alternative, or spiritualistic, terminology is utterly barren, and leads to nothing but obscurity and confusion of ideas.

Thus there can be little doubt, that the further science advances, the more extensively and consistently will all the phenomena of Nature be represented by materialistic formulæ and symbols.

But the man of science, who, forgetting the limits of philosophical inquiry, slides from these formulæ and symbols into what is commonly understood by materialism, seems to me to place himself on a level with the mathematician who should mistake the *x*'s and *y*'s with which he works his problems, for real entities—and with this further disadvantage, as compared with the mathematician, that the blunders of the latter are of no practical consequence, while the errors of systematic materialism may paralyze the energies and destroy the beauty of a life.

2. THE SUPERNATURAL IN LIFE

NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM

THOMAS CARLYLE

[From *Sartor Resartus*, 1833–34]

It is in his stupendous Section, headed *Natural Supernaturalism*, that the Professor *first* becomes a Seer: and, after long effort,

such as we have witnessed, finally subdues under his feet this refractory Clothes-Philosophy, and takes victorious possession thereof. Phantasms enough he has had to struggle with; "Cloth-webs and Cob-webs," of Imperial Mantles, Superannuated Symbols, and what not: yet still did he courageously pierce through. Nay, worst of all,

two quite mysterious, world-embracing Phantasms, TIME and SPACE, have ever hovered round him, perplexing and bewildering: but with these also he now resolutely grapples, these also he victoriously rends asunder. In a word, he has looked fixedly on Existence, till, one after the other, its earthly hulls and garnitures have all melted away; and now, to his rapt vision, the interior celestial Holy of Holies lies disclosed.

Here, therefore, properly it is that the Philosophy of Clothes attains to Transcendentalism; this last leap, can we but clear it, takes us safe into the promised land, where *Palingenesia*, in all senses, may be considered as beginning. "Courage, then!" may our Diogenes exclaim, with better right than Diogenes the First once did. This stupendous Section we, after long, painful meditation, have found not to be unintelligible; but, on the contrary, to grow clear, nay radiant, and all-illuminating. Let the reader, turning on it what utmost force of speculative intellect is in him, do his part; as we, by judicious selection and adjustment, shall study to do ours:

"Deep has been, and is, the significance of Miracles," thus quietly begins the Professor; "far deeper perhaps than we imagine. Meanwhile, the question of questions were: What specially is a Miracle? To that Dutch King of Siam, an icicle had been a miracle; whoso had carried with him an air-pump, and vial of vitriolic ether, might have worked a miracle. To my Horse, again, who unhappily is still more unscientific, do not I work a miracle, and magical '*Open sesame*!' every time I please to pay twopence, and open for him an impassable *Schlagbaum*, or shut Turnpike?"

"But is not a real Miracle simply a violation of the Laws of Nature?" ask several. Whom I answer by this new question: What are the Laws of Nature? To me perhaps the rising of one from the dead were no violation of these Laws, but a confirmation; were some far deeper Law, now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with its Material Force.

"Here, too, may some inquire, not without astonishment: On what ground shall one, that can make Iron swim, come and declare that therefore he can teach Religion? To us, truly, of the Nineteenth Century, such declaration were inept enough; which nevertheless to our fathers,

of the First Century, was full of meaning.

"But is it not the deepest Law of Nature that she be constant?" cries an illuminated class: 'Is not the Machine of the Universe fixed to move by unalterable rules?' Probable enough, good friends: nay, I, too, must believe that the God, whom ancient inspired men assert to be 'without variableness or shadow of turning,' does indeed never change; that Nature, that the Universe, which no one whom it so pleases can be prevented from calling a Machine, does move by the most unalterable rules. And now of you, too, I make the old inquiry: What those same unalterable rules, forming the complete Statute-Book of Nature, may possibly be?

"They stand written in our Works of Science, say you; in the accumulated records of Man's Experience?—Was Man with his Experience present at the Creation, then, to see how it all went on? Have any deepest scientific individuals yet dived-down to the foundations of the Universe, and gauged everything there? Did the Maker take them into His counsel; that they read His groundplan of the incomprehensible All; and can say, This stands marked therein, and no more than this? Alas, not in anywise! These scientific individuals have been nowhere but where we also are; have seen some handbreadths deeper than we see into the Deep that is infinite, without bottom as without shore.

"Laplace's Book on the Stars, wherein he exhibits that certain Planets, with their Satellites, gyrate round our worthy Sun, at a rate and in a course, which, by greatest good fortune, he and the like of him have succeeded in detecting,—is to me as precious as to another. But is this what thou namest 'Mechanism of the Heavens,' and 'System of the World'; this, wherein Sirius and the Pleiades, and all Herschel's Fifteen-thousand Suns per minute, being left out, some paltry handful of Moons, and inert Balls, had been—looked at, nicknamed, and marked in the Zodiacal Way-bill; so that we can now prate of their Whereabout; their How, their Why, their What, being hid from us, as in the signless Inane?"

"System of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of quite *infinite* depth, of quite infinite expansion; and all Experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries and measured square-miles. The course of Nature's

phases, on this our little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us: but who knows what deeper courses these depend on; what infinitely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle revolves on? To the Minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native Creek may have become familiar: but does the Minnow understand the Ocean Tides and periodic Currents, the Trade-winds, and Monsoons, and Moon's Eclipses; by all which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may, from time to time (*unmiraculously enough*), be quite overset and reversed? Such a Minnow is Man; his Creek this Planet Earth; his Ocean the immeasurable All; his Monsoons and periodic Currents the mysterious Course of Providence through Æons of Æons.

"We speak of the Volume of Nature: and truly a Volume it is,—whose Author and Writer is God. To read it! Dost thou, does man, so much as well know the Alphabet thereof? With its Words, Sentences, and grand descriptive Pages, poetical and philosophical, spread out through Solar Systems, and Thousands of Years, we shall not try thee. It is a Volume written in celestial hieroglyphs, in the true Sacred-writing; of which even Prophets are happy that they can read here a line and there a line. As for your Institutes, and Academies of Science, they strive bravely; and, from amid the thick-crowded, inextricably inter-twisted hieroglyphic writing, pick-out, by dextrous combination, some Letters in the vulgar Character, and therefrom put together this and the other economic Recipe, of high avail in Practice. That Nature is more than some boundless Volume of such Recipes, or huge, well-nigh inexhaustible Domestic-Cookery Book, of which the whole secret will in this manner one day evolve itself, the fewest dream.

"Custom," continues the Professor, "doth make dotards of us all. Consider well, thou wilt find that Custom is the greatest of Weavers; and weaves air-raiment for all the Spirits of the Universe; whereby indeed these dwell with us visibly, as ministering servants, in our houses and workshops; but their spiritual nature becomes, to the most, forever hidden. Philosophy complains that Custom has hoodwinked us, from the first; that we do everything by Custom, even Believe by it; that our very Axioms, let us boast of Free-thinking as we may, are oftenest simply such Beliefs

as we have never heard questioned. Nay, what is Philosophy throughout but a continual battle against Custom; an ever-renewed effort to *transcend* the sphere of blind Custom, and so become Transcendental?

"Innumerable are the illusions and leger-demain-tricks of Custom: but of all these, perhaps the cleverest is her knack of persuading us that the Miraculous, by simple repetition, ceases to be Miraculous. True, it is by this means we live; for man must work as well as wonder: and herein is Custom so far a kind nurse, guiding him to his true benefit. But she is a fond foolish nurse, or rather we are false foolish nurslings, when, in our resting and reflecting hours, we prolong the same deception. Am I to view the Stupendous with stupid indifference, because I have seen it twice, or two-hundred, or two-million times? There is no reason in Nature or in Art why I should: unless, indeed, I am a mere Work-Machine, for whom the divine gift of Thought were no other than the terrestrial gift of Steam is to the Steam-engine; a power whereby Cotton might be spun, and money and money's worth realized.

"Notable enough, too, here as elsewhere, wilt thou find the potency of Names; which indeed are but one kind of such custom-woven, wonder-hiding Garments. Witchcraft, and all manner of Specter-work, and Demonology, we have now named Madness and Diseases of the Nerves. Seldom reflecting that still the new question comes upon us: What is Madness, what are Nerves? Ever, as before, does Madness remain a mysterious-terrific, altogether *infernal* boiling-up of the Nether Chaotic Deep, through this far-painted Vision of Creation, which swims thereon, which we name the Real. Was Luther's Picture of the Devil less a Reality, whether it were formed within the bodily eye, or without it? In every the wisest Soul lies a whole world of internal Madness, an authentic Demon Empire; out of which, indeed, his world of Wisdom has been creatively built together, and now rests there, as on its dark foundations does a habitable flowery Earth-rind.

"But deepest of all illusory Appearances, for hiding Wonder, as for many other ends, are your two grand fundamental world-enveloping Appearances, SPACE and TIME. These, as spun and woven for us from before Birth itself, to clothe our celestial Me for dwelling here, and yet to blind it,—lie

all embracing, as the universal canvas, or warp and woof, whereby all minor Illusions, in this Phantasm Existence, weave and paint themselves. In vain, while here on Earth, shall you endeavor to strip them off; you can, at best, but rend them asunder for moments, and look through.

"Fortunatus had a wishing Hat, which, when he put on, and wished himself Anywhere, behold he was There. By this means had Fortunatus triumphed over Space, he had annihilated Space; for him there was no Where, but all was Here. Were a Hatter to establish himself, in the Wahngasse of Weissnichtwo, and make felts of this sort for all mankind, what a world we should have of it! Still stranger, should on the opposite side of the street, another Hatter establish himself; and as his fellow-craftsman made Space-annihilating Hats, make Time-annihilating! Of both would I purchase, were it with my last groschen; but chiefly of this latter. To clap-on your felt, and, simply by wishing that you were *Anywhere*, straightway to be *There*! Next to clap-on your other felt, and, simply by wishing that you were *Anywhen*, straightway to be *Then*! This were indeed the grander: shooting at will from the Fire-Creation of the World to its Fire-Consummation; here historically present in the First Century, conversing face to face with Paul and Seneca; there prophetically in the Thirty-first, conversing also face to face with other Pauls and Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the depth of that late Time!

"Or thinkest thou it were impossible, unimaginable? Is the Past annihilated, then, or only past; is the Future non-extant, or only future? Those mystic faculties of thine, Memory and Hope, already answer: already through those mystic avenues, thou the Earth-blinded summonest both Past and Future, and communest with them, though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of Tomorrow roll up; but Yesterday and Tomorrow both *are*. Pierce through the Time-element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of Man's Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there: that Time and Space are not God, but creations of God; that with God as it is a universal *HERE*, so is it an everlasting *Now*.

"And seest thou therein any glimpse of IMMORTALITY?—O Heaven! Is the white

Tomb of our Loved One, who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there, which rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully receding Milestone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone,—but a pale spectral Illusion! Is the lost Friend still mysteriously Here, even as we are Here mysteriously, with God!—Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and forever. This, should it unhappily seem new, thou mayest ponder at thy leisure; for the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries: believe it thou must; understand it thou canst not.

"That the Thought-forms, Space and Time, wherein, once for all, we are sent into this Earth to live, should condition and determine our whole Practical reasonings, conceptions, and imagings or imaginings,—seems altogether fit, just, and unavoidable. But that they should, furthermore, usurp such sway over pure spiritual Meditation, and blind us to the wonder everywhere lying close on us, seems nowise so. Admit Space and Time to their due rank as Forms of Thought; nay even, if thou wilt, to their quite undue rank of Realities; and consider, then with thyself how their thin disguises hide from us the brightest God-effulgences! Thus, were it not miraculous, could I stretch forth my hand and clutch the Sun? Yet thou seest me daily stretch forth my hand and therewith clutch many a thing, and swing it hither and thither. Art thou a grown baby, then, to fancy that the Miracle lies in miles of distance, or in pounds avoirdupois of weight; and not to see that the true inexplicable God-revealing Miracle lies in this, that I can stretch forth my hand at all; that I have free Force to clutch aught therewith? Innumerable other of this sort are the deceptions, and wonder-hiding stupefactions, which Space practices on us.

"Still worse is it with regard to Time. Your grand anti-magician, and universal wonder-hider, is the same lying Time. Had we but the Time-annihilating Hat, to put on for once only, we should see ourselves in a World of Miracles, wherein all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy, and feats of Magic, were outdone. But unhappily we have not such a Hat: and man, poor fool that he is, can seldom and scantily help himself without one.

"Were it not wonderful, for instance, had Orpheus, or Amphion, built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound of his Lyre? Yet tell me, Who built these walls of Weissnichtwo; summoning-out all the sandstone rocks, to dance along from the *Steinbruch* (now a huge Troglodyte Chasm, with frightful green-mantled pools); and shape themselves into Doric and Ionic pillars, squared ashlar houses and noble streets? Was it not the still higher Orpheus, or Orpheuses, who, in past centuries, by the divine Music of Wisdom, succeeded in civilizing Man? Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago: his sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold accompaniments, and rich symphonies, through all our hearts; and modulates, and divinely leads them. Is that a wonder, which happens in two hours; and does it cease to be wonderful if happening in two million? Not only was Thebes built by the music of an Orpheus; but without the music of some inspired Orpheus was no city ever built, no work that man glories-in ever done.

"Sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance, if thou hast eyes, from the near moving cause to its far-distant Mover: The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck, and sent flying? O, could I (with the Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the Light-sea of celestial wonder! Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every Living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish.

"Again, could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost? The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the mind's eye as well as with the body's look round him into that full tide of human Life he so loved; did he *never so much as look into Himself?* The

good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish; well-nigh a million of Ghosts were traveling the streets by his side. Once more I say, sweep away the illusions of Time; compress the threescore years into three minutes: what else was he, what else are we? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance; and that fade away again into air and Invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific *fact*: we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions; round us, as round the veriest specter, is Eternity; and to Eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of beautified Souls? And again, do not we squeak and jibber (in our discordant, screech-owlish debatings and recriminations); and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful; or uproar (*poltern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,—till the scent of the morning air summons us to our still Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon: does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon, too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest Specter-hunt: which has now, with its howling tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away?—Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand-million walking the Earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

"O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our ME; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart: but warrior and war-horse are a vision; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance: fool! the earth is but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's! Fantasy herself will not follow

them. A little while ago, they were not; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes are not.

"So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow:—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, - wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are leveled, and her seas filled up, in our passage: can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped-in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

"We are such stuff
As Dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep."

CERTAINTY AND PEACE IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

[From *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, 1864]

From the time that I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. In saying this I do not mean to say that my mind has been idle, or that I have given up thinking on theological subjects; but that I have had no variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment; I never have had one doubt. I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of any change,

intellectual or moral, wrought in my mind. I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of Revelation, or of more self-command; I had not more fervor; but it was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption.

Nor had I any trouble about receiving those additional articles which are not found in the Anglican creed. Some of them I believed already, but not any one of them was a trial to me. I made a profession of them, upon my reception, with the greatest ease, and I have the same ease in believing them now. I am far of course from denying that every article of the Christian creed, whether as held by Catholics or by Protestants, is beset with intellectual difficulties; and it is simple fact that, for myself, I cannot answer those difficulties. Many persons are very sensitive of the difficulties of religion; I am as sensitive of them as any one; but I have never been able to see a connection between apprehending those difficulties, however keenly, and multiplying them to any extent, and on the other hand doubting the doctrines to which they are attached. Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject; difficulty and doubt are incommensurate. There of course may be difficulties in the evidence; but I am speaking of difficulties intrinsic to the doctrines themselves or to their relations with each other. A man may be annoyed that he cannot work out a mathematical problem, of which the answer is or is not given to him, without doubting that it admits of an answer or that a certain particular answer is the true one. Of all points of faith the being of a God is, to my own apprehension, encompassed with most difficulty, and yet borne in upon our minds with most power.

People say that the doctrine of Transubstantiation is difficult to believe; I did not believe the doctrine till I was a Catholic. I had no difficulty in believing it as soon as I believed that the Catholic Roman Church was the oracle of God, and that she had declared this doctrine to be part of the original revelation. It is difficult, impossible, to imagine, I grant; but how is it difficult to believe? Yet Macaulay thought it so difficult to believe that he had need of a believer in it of talents as eminent as Sir Thomas More before he could bring himself to conceive that the Catholics of an enlightened age could resist "the overwhelm-

ing force of the argument against it." "Sir Thomas More," he says, "is one of the choice specimens of wisdom and virtue; and the doctrine of transubstantiation is a kind of proof charge. A faith which stands that test will stand any test." But for myself, I cannot indeed prove it, I cannot tell how it is; but I say, "Why should it not be? What's to hinder it? What do I know of substance or matter? just as much as the greatest philosophers, and that is nothing at all"—so much is this the case that there is a rising school of philosophy now which considers phenomena to constitute the whole of our knowledge in physics. The Catholic doctrine leaves phenomena alone. It does not say that the phenomena go; on the contrary, it says that they remain; nor does it say that the same phenomena are in several places at once. It deals with what no one on earth knows anything about, the material substances themselves. And, in like manner, of that majestic article of the Anglican as well as of the Catholic creed, the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity. What do I know of the Essence of the Divine Being? I know that my abstract idea of three is simply incompatible with my idea of one; but when I come to the question of concrete fact, I have no means of proving that there is not a sense in which one and three can equally be predicated of the Incommunicable God.

But I am going to take upon myself the responsibility of more than the mere creed of the Church—as the parties accusing me are determined I shall do. They say that now, in that I am a Catholic, though I may not have offenses of my own against honesty to answer for, yet at least I am answerable for the offenses of others, of my co-religionists, of my brother priests, of the Church herself. I am quite willing to accept the responsibility; and as I have been able, as I trust, by means of a few words, to dissipate, in the minds of all those who do not begin with disbelieving me, the suspicion with which so many Protestants start, in forming their judgment of Catholics, *viz.*, that our creed is actually set up in inevitable superstition and hypocrisy, as the original sin of Catholicism, so now I will proceed as before, identifying myself with the Church and vindicating it,—not of course denying the enormous mass of sin and error which exists of necessity in that world-wide, multiform Communion, but go-
to the proof of this one point, that its

system is in no sense dishonest, and that therefore the upholders and teachers of that system, as such, have a claim to be acquitted in their own persons of that odious imputation.

Starting, then, with the being of a God (which, as I have said, is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, though when I try to put the grounds of that certainty into logical shape I find a difficulty in doing so in mood and figure to my satisfaction), I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth, of which my whole being is so full; and the effect upon me is, in consequence, as a matter of necessity, as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself. If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living, busy world and see no reflection of its Creator. This is, to me, one of those great difficulties of this absolute primary truth, to which I referred just now. Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist or a pantheist or a polytheist when I looked into the world. I am speaking for myself only, and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society and the course of history; but these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations and mourning and woe."

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements; the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes; the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity;

the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish; the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary, hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race so fearfully yet exactly described in the apostle's words, "having no hope and without God in the world,"—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal, and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery which is absolutely beyond human solution.

What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence. Did I see a boy of good make and mind, with the tokens on him of a refined nature, cast upon the world without provision, unable to say whence he came, his birthplace or his family connections, I should conclude that there was some mystery connected with his history and that he was one of whom, from one cause or other, his parents were ashamed. Thus only should I be able to account for the contrast between the promise and the condition of his being. And so I argue about the world. *If* there be a God, *since* there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. This is a fact, a fact as true as the fact of its existence; and thus the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes to me almost as certain as that the world exists and as the existence of God.

And now, supposing it were the blessed and loving will of the Creator to interfere in this anarchical condition of things, what are we to suppose would be the methods which might be necessarily or naturally involved in His purpose of mercy? Since the world is in so abnormal a state, surely it would be no surprise to me if the interposition were of necessity equally extraordinary—or what is called miraculous. But that subject does not directly come into the scope of my present remarks. Miracles as evidence involve a process of reason, or an argument; and of course I am thinking of some mode of interference which does not immediately run into argument. I am rather asking what must be the face-to-face antagonist by which to withstand and baffle the fierce energy of passion and the all-corroding, all-dissolving skepticism of the

intellect in religious inquiries? I have no intention at all of denying that truth is the real object of our reason, and that if it does not attain to truth either the premise or the process is in fault; but I am not speaking here of right reason, but of reason as it acts in fact and concretely in fallen man. I know that even the unaided reason, when correctly exercised, leads to a belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future retribution; but I am considering the faculty of reason actually and historically, and in this point of view I do not think I am wrong in saying that its tendency is towards a simple unbelief in matters of religion. No truth, however sacred, can stand against it in the long run; and hence it is that in the pagan world, when our Lord came, the last traces of the religious knowledge of former times were all but disappearing from those portions of the world in which the intellect had been active and had had a career.

And in these latter days, in like manner, outside the Catholic Church things are tending—with far greater rapidity than in that old time, from the circumstance of the age—to atheism in one shape or other. What a scene, what a prospect, does the whole of Europe present at this day! and not only Europe, but every government and every civilization through the world, which is under the influence of the European mind! Especially (for it most concerns us) how sorrowful, in view of religion even taken in its most elementary, most attenuated form, is the spectacle presented to us by the educated intellect of England, France, and Germany! Lovers of their country and of their race, religious men, external to the Catholic Church, have attempted various expedients to arrest fierce, wilful human nature in its onward course and to bring it into subjection. The necessity of some form of religion for the interests of humanity has been generally acknowledged; but where was the concrete representative of things invisible, which would have the force and the toughness necessary to be a breakwater against the deluge? Three centuries ago the establishment of religion, material, legal, and social, was generally adopted as the best expedient for the purpose, in those countries which separated from the Catholic Church, and for a long time it was successful; but now the crevices of those establishments are admitting the enemy. Thirty years ago education was

relied upon; ten years ago there was a hope that wars would cease forever, under the influence of commercial enterprise and the reign of the useful and fine arts; but will anyone venture to say that there is anything anywhere on this earth which will afford a fulcrum for us whereby to keep the earth from moving onwards?

The judgment which experience passes, whether on establishments or on education, as a means of maintaining religious truth in this anarchical world, must be extended even to Scripture, though Scripture be divine. Experience proves, surely, that the Bible does not answer a purpose for which it was never intended. It may be accidentally the means of the conversion of individuals; but a book, after all, cannot make a stand against the wild, living intellect of man, and in this day it begins to testify, as regards its own structure and contents, to the power of that universal

solvent which is so successfully acting upon religious establishments.

Supposing, then, it to be the will of the Creator to interfere in human affairs, and to make provisions for retaining in the world a knowledge of Himself so definite and distinct as to be proof against the energy of human skepticism, in such a case,—I am far from saying that there was no other way,—but there is nothing to surprise the mind if He should think fit to introduce a power into the world, invested with the prerogative of infallibility in religious matters. Such a provision would be a direct, immediate, active, and prompt means of withstanding the difficulty; it would be an instrument suited to the need; and when I find that this is the very claim of the Catholic Church, not only do I feel no difficulty in admitting the idea, but there is a fitness in it which recommends it to my mind.

3. POEMS OF DOUBT AND FAITH

THE CHALLENGE OF SCIENCE

ALFRED TENNYSON

[From *In Memoriam*, 1850]

LIV

O, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all.
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

LV

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likeliest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life,

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVI

"So careful of the type?" but no,
From scarpèd cliff and quarried stone

She cries, "A thousand types are gone;
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death;
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime;
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life, as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

CXVIII

Contemplate all this work of Time,
The giant laboring in his youth;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to
clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more;
Or crown'd with attributes of woe

Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM

ALFRED TENNYSON

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the
hills, and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him
who reigns?

Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that
which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do
we not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body
and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division
from Him?

Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the
reason why;
For is He not all but thou, that hast power
to feel "I am I"?

Glory about thee, without thee; and thou
fulfillest thy doom
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled
splendor and gloom.

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit
with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer
than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let
us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is
yet His voice.

Law is God, say some: no God at all, says
the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight
staff bent in a pool;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the
eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—
were it not He?

WAGES

ALFRED TENNYSON

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory
of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on
an endless sea—
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to
right the wrong—
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no
lover of glory she;
Give her the glory of going on, and still
to be.
The wages of sin is death: if the wages
of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the
life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet
seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in
a summer sky;
Give her the wages of going on, and not
to die. (1868)

CROSSING THE BAR

ALFRED TENNYSON

Sunset and evening star.
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar.
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the bound-
less deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell.
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar. (1889)

AN EPISTLE

*Containing the Strange Medical Experience
of Karshish, the Arab Physician*

ROBERT BROWNING

Karshish, the picker-up of learning's
crumbs,
The not-incurious in God's handiwork
(This man's-flesh he hath admirably made,
Blown like a bubble, kneaded like a paste,
To coop up and keep down on earth a space
That puff of vapor from his mouth, man's
soul)
—To Abib, all-sagacious in our art,
Breeder in me of what poor skill I boast,
Like me inquisitive how pricks and cracks
Befall the flesh thro' too much stress and
strain,
Whereby the wily vapor fain would slip
Back and rejoin its source before the term,—
And aptest in contrivance (under God)
To baffle it by deftly stopping such:—
The vagrant Scholar to his Sage at home
Sends greeting (health and knowledge, fame
and peace)
Three samples of true snake-stone—rarer
still,
One of the other sort, the melon-shaped,
(But fitter, pounded fine, for charms than
drugs)
And writeth now the twenty-second time.

My journeyings were brought to Jericho:
Thus I resume. Who studious in our art
Shall count a little labor unrepaid?
I have shed sweat enough, left flesh and bone
On many a flinty furlong of this land.
Also, the country-side is all on fire
With rumors of a marching hitherward:
Some say Vespasian cometh, some, his son.
A black lynx snarled and pricked a tufted
ear:
Lust of my blood inflamed his yellow balls:
I cried and threw my staff and he was gone.
Twice have the robbers stripped and beaten
me,
And once a town declared me for a spy;
But at the end I reach Jerusalem,
Since this poor covert where I pass the
night,
This Bethany, lies scarce the distance thence
A man with plague-sores at the third degree
Runs till he drops down dead. Thou laugh-
est here!
'Sooth, it elates me, thus reposed and safe,
To void the stuffing of my travel-scrip
And share with thee whatever Jewry yields.

A viscid choler is observable
In tertians, I was nearly bold to say:
And falling-sickness hath a happier cure
Than our school wots of: there's a spider
here

Weaves no web, watches on the ledge of
tombs,
Sprinkled with mottles on an ash-gray back;
Take five and drop them . . . but who
knows his mind,

The Syrian run-a-gate I trust this to?
His service payeth me a sublimate
Blown up his nose to help the ailing eye.
Best wait: I reach Jerusalem at morn,
There set in order my experiences,
Gather what most deserves, and give thee
all—

Or I might add, Judæa's gum-tragacanth
Scales off in purer flakes, shines clearer-
grained,

Cracks 'twixt the pestle and the porphyry,
In fine exceeds our produce. Scalp-disease
Confounds me, crossing so with leprosy:
Thou hadst admired one sort I gained at
Zoar—

But zeal outruns discretion. Here I end.

Yet stay! my Syrian blinketh gratefully,
Protesteth his devotion is my price—
Suppose I write what harms not, tho' he
steal?

I half resolve to tell thee, yet I blush,
What set me off a-writing first of all.
An itch I had, a sting to write, a tang!
For, be it this town's barrenness—or else
The Man had something in the look of him—
His case has struck me far more than 't is
worth.

So, pardon if—(lest presently I lose,
In the great press of novelty at hand,
The care and pains this somehow stole
from me)

I bid thee take the thing while fresh in mind,
Almost in sight—for, wilt thou have the
truth?

The very man is gone from me but now,
Whose ailment is the subject of discourse.
Thus then, and let thy better wit help all!

'Tis but a case of mania: subinduced
By epilepsy, at the turning-point
Of trance prolonged unduly some three
days

When by the exhibition of some drug
Or spell, exorcisation, stroke of art
Unknown to me and which 't were well to
know,
The evil thing, out-breaking all at once,

Left the man whole and sound of body in-
deed,—

But, flinging (so to speak) life's gates too
wide,

Making a clear house of it too suddenly,
The first conceit that entered might inscribe
Whatever it was minded on the wall
So plainly at that vantage, as it were,
(First come, first served) that nothing sub-
sequent

Attaineth to erase those fancy-scrawls
The just-returned and new-established soul
Hath gotten now so thoroughly by heart
That henceforth she will read or these or
none.

And first—the man's own firm conviction
rests

That he was dead (in fact they buried him)
—That he was dead and then restored to life
By a Nazarene physician of his tribe:
—'Sayeth, the same bade "Rise," and he
did rise.

"Such cases are diurnal," thou wilt cry.
Not so this figment!—not, that such a fume,
Instead of giving way to time and health,
Should eat itself into the life of life,
As saffron tingeth flesh, blood, bones, and
all!

For see, how he takes up the after-life.

The man—it is one Lazarus a Jew,
Sanguine, proportioned, fifty years of age,
The body's habit wholly laudable,
As much, indeed, beyond the common health
As he were made and put aside to show.

Think, could we penetrate by any drug
And bathe the wearied soul and worried
flesh,

And bring it clear and fair, by three days'
sleep!

Whence has the man the balm that bright-
ens all?

This grown man eyes the world now like a
child.

Some elders of his tribe, I should premise,
Led in their friend, obedient as a sheep,
To bear my inquisition. While they spoke,
Now sharply, now with sorrow,—told the
case,—

He listened not except I spoke to him,
But folded his two hands and let them talk,
Watching the flies that buzzed: and yet no
fool.

And that's a sample how his years must go.
Look if a beggar, in fixed middle-life,
Should find a treasure,—can he use the same
With straitened habits and with tastes
starved small,

And take at once to his impoverished brain

The sudden element that changes things,
That sets the undreamed-of rapture at his
hand,
And puts the cheap old joy in the scorned
dust?

Is he not such an one as moves to mirth—
Warily parsimonious, when no need,
Wasteful as drunkenness at undue times?
All prudent counsel as to what befits
The golden mean, is lost on such an one:
The man's fantastic will is the man's law.
So here—we call the treasure knowledge,
say,

Increased beyond all fleshly faculty—
Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth,
Earth forced on a soul's use while seeing
heaven:

The man is witless of the size, the sum,
The value in proportion of all things,
Or whether it be little or be much.
Discourse to him of prodigious armaments
Assembled to besiege his city now,
And of the passing of a mule with gourds—
"T is one! Then take it on the other side,
Speak of some trifling fact,—he will gaze
rapt

With stupor at its very littleness,
(Far as I see) as if in that indeed
He caught prodigious import, whole re-
sults;

And so will turn to us the bystanders
In ever the same stupor (note this point)
That we too see not with his opened eyes.
Wonder and doubt come wrongly into play,
Preposterously, at cross purposes.
Should his child sicken unto death,—why,
look

For scarce abatement of his cheerfulness,
Or pretermission of the daily craft!
While a word, a gesture, glance from that
same child

At play or in the school or laid asleep,
Will startle him to an agony of fear,
Exasperation, just as like. Demand
The reason why—"t is but a word," ob-
ject—

"A gesture"—he regards thee as our Lord
Who lived there in the pyramid alone,
Looked at us (dost thou mind?) when, be-
ing young,

We both would unadvisedly recite
Some charm's beginning, from that book
of his,

Able to bid the sun throb wide and burst
All into stars, as suns grown old are wont.
Thou and the child have each a veil alike
Thrown o'er your heads, from under which
ye both

Stretch your blind hands and trifle with a
match

Over a mine of Greek fire, did ye know!
He holds on firmly to some thread of life—
(It is the life to lead perforce)

Which runs across some vast distracting orb
Of glory on either side that meager thread,
Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet—
The spiritual life around the earthly life:
The law of that is known to him as this,
His heart and brain move there, his feet
stay here.

So is the man perplex with impulses
Sudden to start off crosswise, not straight
on,

Proclaiming what is right and wrong across,
And not along, this black thread thro' the
blaze—

"It should be" balked by "here it cannot be."
And oft the man's soul springs into his face
As if he saw again and heard again
His sage that bade him "Rise" and he did
rise.

Something, a word, a tick o' the blood within
Admonishes: then back he sinks at once
To ashes, who was very fire before,
In sedulous recurrence to his trade
Whereby he earneth him the daily bread;
And studiously the humbler for that pride,
Professedly the faultier that he knows
God's secret, while he holds the thread of
life.

Indeed the especial marking of the man
Is prone submission to the heavenly will—
Seeing it, what it is, and why it is.
'Sayeth, he will wait patient to the last
For that same death which must restore his
being

To equilibrium, body loosening soul
Divorced even now by premature full
growth:

He will live, nay, it pleaseth him to live
So long as God please, and just how God
please.

He even seeketh not to please God more
(Which meaneth, otherwise) than as God
please.

Hence, I perceive not he affects to preach
The doctrine of his sect whate'er it be,
Make proselytes as madmen thirst to do:
How can he give his neighbor the real
ground,

His own conviction? Ardent as he is—
Call his great truth a lie, why, still the old
"Be it as God please" reassureth him.

I probed the sore as thy disciple should:
"How, beast," said I, "this stolid careless-
ness

Sufficeth thee, when Rome is on her march
To stamp out like a little spark thy town,
Thy tribe, thy crazy tale, and thee at once?"
He merely looked with his large eyes on me.
The man is apathetic, you deduce?
Contrariwise, he loves both old and young,
Able and weak, affects the very brutes
And birds—how say I? flowers of the
field—

As a wise workman recognizes tools
In a master's workshop, loving what they
make.

Thus is the man as harmless as a lamb:
Only impatient, let him do his best,
At ignorance and carelessness and sin—
An indignation which is promptly curbed:
As when in certain travel I have feigned
To be an ignoramus in our art
According to some preconceived design,
And happed to hear the land's practitioners
Steeped in conceit sublimed by ignorance,
Prattle fantastically on disease,
Its cause and cure—and I must hold my
peace!

Thou wilt object—Why have I not ere
this

Sought out the sage himself, the Nazarene
Who wrought this cure, inquiring at the
source,

Conferring with the frankness that befits?
Alas! it grieveth me, the learned leech
Perished in a tumult many years ago,
Accused,—our learning's fate,—of wizardry,
Rebellion, to the setting up a rule
And creed prodigious as described to me.
His death, which happened when the earth-
quake fell

(Prefiguring, as soon appeared, the loss
To occult learning in our lord the sage
Who lived there in the pyramid alone)
Was wrought by the mad people—that's
their wont!

On vain recourse, as I conjecture it,
To his tried virtue, for miraculous help—
How could he stop the earthquake? That's
their way!

The other imputations must be lies:
But take one, tho' I loathe to give it thee,
In mere respect for any good man's fame.
(And after all, our patient Lazarus
Is stark mad; should we count on what he
says?)

Perhaps not: tho' in writing to a leech
'T is well to keep back nothing of a case.)
This man so cured regards the curer, then,
As—God forgive me! who but God himself,
Creator and sustainer of the world,

That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile.
—'Sayeth that such an one was born and
lived,

Taught, healed the sick, broke bread at his
own house,

Then died, with Lazarus by, for aught I
know,

And yet was . . . what I said nor choose
repeat,

And must have so avouched himself, in fact,
In hearing of this very Lazarus

Who saith—but why all this of what he
saith?

Why write of trivial matters, things of price
Calling at every moment for remark?

I noticed on the margin of a pool
Blue-flowering borage, the Aleppo sort,
Aboundeth, very nitrous. It is strange!

Thy pardon for this long and tedious case,
Which, now that I review it, needs must
seem

Unduly dwelt on, prolixly set forth!

Nor I myself discern in what is writ

Good cause for the peculiar interest

And awe indeed this man has touched me
with.

Perhaps the journey's end, the weariness
Had wrought upon me first. I met him thus:
I crossed a ridge of short sharp broken hills
Like an old lion's cheek teeth. Out there
came

A moon made like a face with certain spots
Multiform, manifold, and menacing:

Then a wind rose behind me. So we met

In this old sleepy town at unaware,

The man and I. I send thee what is writ.

Regard it as a chance, a matter risked

To this ambiguous Syrian: he may lose,

Or steal, or give it thee with equal good.

Jerusalem's repose shall make amends

For time this letter wastes, thy time and
mine;

Till when, once more thy pardon and fare-
well!

The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?

So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—

So, thro' the thunder comes a human voice

Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats
here!

Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!

Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of
mine:

But love I gave thee, with myself to love,

And thou must love me who have died for
thee!"

The madman saith He said so: it is strange.
(1855)

ABT VOGLER

ROBERT BROWNING

Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
 Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
 Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed
 Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
 Man, brute, reptile, fly,—alien of end and of aim,
 Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep removed,—
 Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,
 And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved!

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
 This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise!
 Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,
 Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!
 And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
 Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
 Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,
 Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he was,
 Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,
 Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
 Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:
 For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,
 When a great illumination surprises a festal night—
 Outlined round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)
 Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain to match man's birth,
 Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;

And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
 As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky:
 Novel splendors burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,
 Not a point nor a peak but found and fixed its wandering star:
 Meteor-moons, balls of blaze: and they did not pale or pine,
 For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far.

Nay more; for there wanted not who walked in the glare and glow,
 Presence plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,
 Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow,
 Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at last;
 Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the body and gone,
 But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new:
 What never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be anon;
 And what is,—shall I say, matched both? for I was made perfect, too.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
 All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
 All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
 Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:
 Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect proceeds from cause,
 Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
 It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
 Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled:—

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
 Existent behind all laws, that made them and lo, they are!
 And I know not if, save in this, such a gift be allowed to man,
 That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
 Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is naught:

It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft,
and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in
my thought:
And there! Ye have heard and seen: con-
sider and bow the head!

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I
reared;

Gone! and the good tears start, the praises
that come too slow;
For one is assured at first, one scarce can
say that he feared,
That he even gave it a thought, the gone
thing was to go.
Never to be again! But many more of the
kind

As good, nay, better perchance: is this
your comfort to me?
To me, who must be saved because I cling
with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same
God: ay, what was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the
ineffable Name?

Builder and maker, thou, of houses not
made with hands!
What, have fear of change from thee who
art ever the same?

Doubt that thy power can fill the heart
that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What
was, shall live as before;

The evil is null, is naught, is silence im-
plying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil,
so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven
a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of
good shall exist;

Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty,
nor good, nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each sur-
vives for the melodist

When eternity affirms the conception of
an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for
earth too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose
itself in the sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover and
the bard;

Enough that he heard it once: we shall
hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's
evidence

For the fullness of the days? Have we
withered or agonized?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that
singing might issue thence?

Why rushed the discords in, but that har-
mony should be prized?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to
clear,

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of
the weal and woe:

But God has a few of us whom he whispers
in the ear;

The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we
musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her
reign:

I will be patient and proud, and soberly
acquiesce.

Give me the keys. I feel for the common
chord again,

Sliding by semitones till I sink to the
minor,—yes,

And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on
alien ground,

Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from
into the deep;

Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my
resting-place is found,

The C Major of this life: so, now I will
try to sleep. (1864)

RABBI BEN EZRA

ROBERT BROWNING

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:

Our times are in his hand

Who saith, "A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half; trust God: see all,
nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,

Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"

Not that, admiring stars,

It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;

Mine be some figured flame which blends,
transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears

Annulling youth's brief years,

Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!

Rather I prize the doubt

Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a
spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irk care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt
the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied
To that which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I
must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
grudge the throe!

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not
sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want
play?
To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its
lone way?

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once "How good
to live and learn"?

Not once beat "Praise be thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now love perfect too:
Perfect I call thy plan:

Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what
thou shalt do?"

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest:
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we
did best!

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh today
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the
whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now,
than flesh helps soul!"

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its
term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god, though in
the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to
indue.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same.
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute: I shall know, being
old.

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray:
A whisper from the west
Shoots—"Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth: here dies another
day."

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
"This rage was right i' the main,

That acquiescence vain:
The Future I may face now I have proved
the Past."

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act tomorrow what he learns today:
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's
true play.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found
made:
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age: wait death
nor be afraid!

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand
thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee
feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us
peace at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my
soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the
price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value
in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,

All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled
the man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and
escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the
pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our
clay,—
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past
gone, seize today!"

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand
sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and
clay endure.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain
arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently im-
pressed.

What though the earlier grooves,
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner
stress?

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's
peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what
needst thou with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moldest men;
And since, not even while the whirl was
worse,
Did I—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake
thy thirst:

So, take and use thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past
the aim!
My times be in thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death com-
plete the same! (1864)

PROSPICE

ROBERT BROWNING

Fear death? to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the
storm,
The post of the foe,
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible
form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit at-
tained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be
gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes,
and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like
my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's
arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the
brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that
rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out
of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,

O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee
again,
And with God be the rest!
(1864)

Epilogue to ASOLANDO

ROBERT BROWNING

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-
time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools
think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom
you loved so.—
—Pity me?

Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the
unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I
drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-
time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either
should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on,
fare ever
There as here!" (1890)

QUIET WORK

MATTHEW ARNOLD

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their en-
mity—
Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity!
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Laborers that shall not fail, when man is
gone. (1849)

TO A FRIEND

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my
mind?—
He much, the old man, who, clearest-soul'd
of men,
Saw The Wide Prospect, and the Asian Fen,
And Tmolus hill, and Smyrna bay, though
blind.¹
Much he, whose friendship I not long since
won,²
That halting slave, who in Nicopolis
Taught Arrian, when Vespasian's brutal
son³
Clear'd Rome of what most shamed him.
But be his
My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to extreme old
age,
Business could not make dull, nor passion
wild;
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole;
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child.⁴
(1849)

MORALITY

MATTHEW ARNOLD

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 't were done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
Ask, how *she* view'd thy self-control,
Thy struggling, task'd morality—

¹Homer.²Epictetus.³Domitian, who drove the philosophers out of Italy in 90 A. D.⁴Sophocles.

Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,
Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,
See, on her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek!
"Ah, child!" she cries, "that strife divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine?"

"There is no effort on *my* brow—
I do not strive, I do not weep;
I rush with the swift spheres and glow
In joy, and when I will, I sleep.
Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once—but where?"

"I knew not yet the gauge of time,
Nor wore the manacles of space;
I felt it in some other clime,
I saw it in some other place.
'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God."
(1852)

SELF-DEPENDENCE

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have
calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!"

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye
waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of
heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without
them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shin-
ing,

And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with
noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he,
Who finds himself, loses his misery!"
(1852)

DOVER BEACH

MATTHEW ARNOLD

The sea is calm tonight,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the
light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England
stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and
fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægæan, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's
shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.
Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and
flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.
(1867)

WHERE LIES THE LAND TO WHICH THE SHIP WOULD GO?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Where lies the land to which the ship
would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to
pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-western
rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and
wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship
would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

"CARPE DIEM"

[From *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*,
translated by Edward Fitzgerald, 1859]

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness
through,

No one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd, "I Myself am Heav'n and
Hell":

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire

Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern
held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and
Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and
slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and
Noes,
But here or there as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the
Field,
He knows about it all—He knows—He
knows!

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted bowl we call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling, coop'd we live and
die,
Lift not your hands to It for help—for It
As Impotently moves as you or I.

Yesterday *This* Day's Madness did prepare;
Tomorrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you
came, nor why;
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor
where.

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazan away,
Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and
small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious Vessels were; and
some
Listen'd perhaps but never talk'd at all.

Said one among them, "Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was
ta'en

And to this Figure molded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

Then said a Second, "Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank
in joy;
And He that with his hand the Vessel
made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter
shake?"

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Sufi pipkin—waxing hot—
"All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

"Why," said another, "some there are who
tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he Marr'd in making—
Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

"Well," murmur'd one, "let whoso make or
buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by."

So while the Vessels one by one were speak-
ing,
The little Moon look'd in that all were seek-
ing:
And then they jogg'd each other,
"Brother! Brother!
Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creak-
ing!"

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Here, where the world is quiet,
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams;
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:

I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labor,
Weak ships and spirits steer;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes.
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell.
Nor wake with wings in heaven.
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things;
Dead dreams of days forsaken
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
Today will die tomorrow,
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives forever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light:
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

(1866)

INVICTUS

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

AMERICAN IDEALS—NATIONAL PERIOD

I. THE NEW NATION

O MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

O Mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild-deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley-shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;—

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and oppressd,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of the skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn.
Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

LIBERTY AND UNION

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[From the *Farewell Address*, 1796]

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which

they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual, that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained, that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these states, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation, which is yet a stranger to it.

Here perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad, of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously)

directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourself to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels, and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The East, in a like intercourse with the West,

already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water, will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts greater strength, greater resource, proportionately greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations; and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same governments, which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. In this sense it is, that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of patriotic desire. Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective

subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those, who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations, Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head; they have seen, in the negotiation by the Executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event, throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the General Government and in the Atlantic States unfriendly to their interests in regard to the Mississippi; they have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties, that with Great Britain, and that with Spain, which secure to them every thing they could desire, in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the Union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren and connect them with aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a Government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have

improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of Government better calculated than your former for an intimate Union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This Government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish Government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put, in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.

PARTY SPIRIT

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[From the *Farewell Address*, 1796]

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the state, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and

warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but, in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries, which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils, and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another, fomenting occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it

is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And, there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution, in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern; some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit, which the use can at any time yield.

AMERICA AND THE WORLD

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[From the *Farewell Address*, 1796]

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel

example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt, that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages, which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential, than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation, which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence, frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the Government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The Government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations has been the victim.

So likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions; by unnecessarily parting with

what ought to have been retained; and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld. And it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation), facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding, with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practice the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens), the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which

are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality, we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants and to enable the government to support them, conventional

rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF OUR GOVERNMENT

THOMAS JEFFERSON

[From the *First Inaugural Address*, 1801]

During the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussion and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers unused to think freely and to speak and write what they think; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the Constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the majority possess their equal rights, which equal law must protect, and to violate which would be oppression. Let us, then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind. Let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty and even life itself are but dreary things. And let us reflect that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions. During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man seeking through blood and slaughter his long-lost liberty, it was

not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some and less by others, and should divide opinions as to measures of safety. But every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans, we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong, that this Government is not strong enough; but would the honest patriot, in full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this Government, the world's best hope, may by possibility want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest Government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the forms of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, with courage and confidence pursue our own Federal and Republican principles, our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practiced in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man; acknowledging and adoring an

overruling Providence, which by all its dispensations proves that it delights in the happiness of man here and his greater happiness hereafter—with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens—a wise and frugal Government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government, and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper that you should understand what I deem the essential principle of our Government, and consequently those which ought to shape its Administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the Central Government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people—a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and the arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason; freedom of religion; freedom of the press, and free-

dom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment. They should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

THE COMEDY OF POLITICS¹

WASHINGTON IRVING

[From *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, 1809]

Of Yankees

That my readers may the more fully comprehend the extent of the calamity, at this very moment impending over the honest, unsuspecting province of Nieuw Nederlandts, and its dubious governor, it is necessary that I should give some account of a horde of strange barbarians, bordering upon the eastern frontier.

Now so it came to pass, that, many years previous to the time of which we are treating, the sage cabinet of England had adopted a certain national creed, a kind of public walk of faith, or rather a religious turnpike, in which every loyal subject was directed to travel to Zion,—taking care to pay the *toll-gatherers* by the way.

Albeit a certain shrewd race of men, being very much given to indulge their own opinions on all manner of subjects (a propensity exceedingly offensive to your free governments of Europe), did most presumptuously dare to think for themselves in matters of religion, exercising what they considered a natural and unextinguishable right—the liberty of conscience.

¹ Certain passages in this burlesque history form a satire on American politics in the time of Jefferson. The idea that all political wisdom resides in the people, the virulence of party warfare, and the theories of the "philosophic president," as Jefferson was called by the Federalists, come in for ridicule. Especially does Irving satirize Jefferson's "government by proclamation," etc., during the period of the Embargo, and the growing difficulties resulting from American foreign relations. For a discussion of the subject see an article in the *Texas Review*, April, 1916.

As, however, they possessed that ingenuous habit of mind which always thinks aloud, which rides cock-a-hoop on the tongue, and is forever galloping into other people's ears, it naturally followed that their liberty of conscience likewise implied *liberty of speech*, which being freely indulged, soon put the country in a hubbub, and aroused the pious indignation of the vigilant fathers of the church.

The usual methods were adopted to reclaim them, which in those days were considered efficacious in bringing back stray sheep to the fold; that is to say, they were coaxed, they were admonished, they were menaced, they were buffeted,—line upon line, precept upon precept, lash upon lash, here a little and there a great deal, were exhorted without mercy and without success,—until the worthy pastors of the church, wearied out by their unparalleled stubbornness, were driven, in the excess of their tender mercy, to adopt the Scripture text, and literally to "heap live embers on their heads."

Nothing, however, could subdue that independence of the tongue which has ever distinguished this singular race, so that, rather than subject that heroic member to further tyranny, they one and all embarked for the wilderness of America, to enjoy, unmolested, the inestimable right of talking. And, in fact, no sooner did they land upon the shore of this free-spoken country, than they all lifted up their voices, and made such a clamor of tongues, that we are told they frightened every bird and beast out of the neighborhood, and struck such mute terror into certain fish, that they have been called *dumb-fish* ever since.

This may appear marvellous, but it is nevertheless true; in proof of which I would observe, that the dumb-fish has ever since become an object of superstitious reverence, and forms the Saturday's dinner of every true Yankee.

The simple aborigines of the land for a while contemplated these strange folk in utter astonishment; but discovering that they wielded harmless though noisy weapons, and were a lively, ingenious, good-humored race of men, they became very friendly and sociable, and gave them the name of *Yanokies*, which in the *Mais-Tchusaeg* (or Massachusetts) language signifies *silent men*,—a waggish appellation, since shortened into the familiar epithet of

YANKEES, which they retain unto the present day.

True it is, and my fidelity as an historian will not allow me to pass over the fact, that, having served a regular apprenticeship in the school of persecution, these ingenious people soon showed that they had become masters of the art. The great majority were of one particular mode of thinking in matters of religion; but, to their great surprise and indignation, they found that divers papists, quakers, and ana-baptists were springing up among them, and all claiming to use the liberty of speech. This was at once pronounced a daring abuse of the liberty of conscience, which they now insisted was nothing more than the liberty to think as one pleased in matters of religion—provided one thought right; for otherwise it would be giving a latitude to damnable heresies. Now as they, the majority, were convinced that they alone thought right, it consequently followed, that whoever thought different from them thought wrong,—and whoever thought wrong, and obstinately persisted in not being convinced and converted, was a flagrant violator of the inestimable liberty of conscience, and a corrupt and infectious member of the body politic, and deserved to be lopped off and cast into the fire. The consequence of all which was a fiery persecution of divers sects, and especially of quakers.

Now I'll warrant there are hosts of my readers, ready at once to lift up their hands and eyes, with that virtuous indignation with which we contemplate the faults and errors of our neighbors, and to exclaim at the preposterous idea of convincing the mind by tormenting the body, and establishing the doctrine of charity and forbearance by intolerant persecution. But in simple truth, what are we doing at this very day, and in this very enlightened nation, but acting upon the very same principle in our political controversies? Have we not within but a few years released ourselves from the shackles of a government which cruelly denied us the privilege of governing ourselves, and using in full latitude that invaluable member, the tongue? and are we not at this very moment striving our best to tyrannize over the opinions, tie up the tongues, and ruin the fortunes of one another? What are our great political societies but mere political inquisitions,—our pot-house committees, but little tri-

bunals of denunciation,—our newspapers, but mere whipping-posts and pillories, where unfortunate individuals are pelted with rotten eggs,—and our council of appointment, but a grand *auto da fé*, where culprits are annually sacrificed for their political heresies?

Where, then, is the difference in principle between our measures and those you are so ready to condemn among the people I am treating of? There is none; the difference is merely circumstantial. Thus we *denounce*, instead of banishing,—we *libel*, instead of scourging,—we *turn out of office*, instead of hanging,—and where they burnt an offender in proper person, we either tar and feather, or *burn him in effigy*,—this political persecution being, somehow or other, the grand palladium of our liberties, and an incontrovertible proof that this is a *free country*!

*William the Testy Governs by
Proclamation*

No sooner had this bustling little potentate been blown by a whiff of fortune into the seat of government than he called his council together to make them a speech on the state of affairs.

Caius Gracchus, it is said, when he harangued the Roman populace, modulated his tone by an oratorical flute or pitchpipe: Wilhelmus Kieft, not having such an instrument at hand, availed himself of that musical organ or trumpet which nature has implanted in the midst of a man's face: in other words, he preluded his address by a sonorous blast of the nose,—a preliminary flourish much in vogue among public orators.

He then commenced by expressing his humble sense of his utter unworthiness of the high post to which he had been appointed; which made some of the simple burghers wonder why he undertook it, not knowing that it is a point of etiquette with a public orator never to enter upon office without declaring himself unworthy to cross the threshold. He then proceeded in a manner highly classic and erudite to speak of government generally, and of the governments of ancient Greece in particular, together with the wars of Rome and Carthage, and the rise and fall of sundry outlandish empires which the worthy burghers had never read nor heard of. Having thus, after the manner of your learned orator,

treated of things in general, he came, by a natural, roundabout transition, to the matter in hand, namely, the daring aggressions of the Yankees.

As my readers are well aware of the advantage a potentate has of handling his enemies as he pleases in his speeches and bulletins, where he has the talk all on his own side, they may rest assured that William the Testy did not let such an opportunity escape of giving the Yankees what is called "a taste of his quality." In speaking of their inroads into the territories of their High Mightinesses, he compared them to the Gauls who desolated Rome, the Goths and Vandals who overran the fairest plains of Europe; but when he came to speak of the unparalleled audacity with which they of Weathersfield had advanced their patches up to the very walls of Fort Goed Hoop, and threatened to smother the garrison in onions, tears of rage started into his eyes, as though he nosed the very offence in question.

Having thus wrought up his tale to a climax, he assumed a most belligerent look, and assured the council that he had devised an instrument, potent in its effects, and which he trusted would soon drive the Yankees from the land. So saying, he thrust his hand into one of the deep pockets of his broad-skirted coat and drew forth, not an infernal machine, but an instrument in writing, which he laid with great emphasis upon the table.

The burghers gazed at it for a time in silent awe, as a wary housewife does at a gun, fearful it may go off half-cocked. The document in question had a sinister look, it is true; it was crabbed in text, and from a broad red ribbon dangled the great seal of the province, about the size of a buckwheat pancake. Still, after all, it was but an instrument in writing. Herein, however, existed the wonder of the invention. The document in question was a PROCLAMATION, ordering the Yankees to depart instantly from the territories of their High Mightinesses, under pain of suffering all the forfeitures and punishments in such case made and provided. It was on the moral effect of this formidable instrument that Wilhelmus Kieft calculated, pledging his *valor* as a governor that, once fulminated against the Yankees, it would, in less than two months, drive every mother's son of them across the borders.

The council broke up in perfect wonder;

and nothing was talked of for some time among the old men and women of New Amsterdam but the vast genius of the governor, and his new and cheap mode of fighting by proclamation.

As to Wilhelmus Kieft, having dispatched his proclamation to the frontiers, he put on his cocked hat and corduroy small-clothes, and mounting a tall raw-boned charger, trotted out to his rural retreat of Dog's Misery. Here, like the good Numa, he reposed from the toils of state, taking lessons in government, not from the nymph Egeria, but from the honored wife of his bosom, who was one of that class of females sent upon the earth a little after the flood, as a punishment for the sins of mankind, and commonly known by the appellation of *knowing women*. In fact, my duty as an historian obliges me to make known a circumstance which was a great secret at the time, and consequently was not a subject of scandal at more than half the tea-tables in New Amsterdam, but which, like many other great secrets, has leaked out in the lapse of years,—and this was, that Wilhelmus the Testy, though one of the most potent little men that ever breathed, yet submitted at home to a species of government, neither laid down in Aristotle nor Plato, in short, it partook of the nature of a pure, unmixed tyranny, and is familiarly denominated *petticoat government*;—an absolute sway, which, although exceedingly common in these modern days, was very rare among the ancients, if we may judge from the rout made about the domestic economy of honest Socrates; which is the only ancient case on record.

The great Kieft, however, warded off all the sneers and sarcasms of his particular friends, who are ever ready to joke with a man on sore points of the kind, by alleging that it was a government of his own election, to which he submitted through choice, adding at the same time a profound maxim which he had found in an ancient author, that "he who would aspire to *govern*, should first learn to *obey*."

Of the Rise of Parties

Wilhelmus Kieft, as has already been observed, was a great legislator on a small scale, and had a microscopic eye in public affairs. He had been greatly annoyed by the factious meeting of the good people of New Amsterdam, but, observing that on

these occasions the pipe was ever in their mouth, he began to think that the pipe was at the bottom of the affair, and that there was some mysterious affinity between politics and tobacco-smoke. Determined to strike at the root of the evil, he began forthwith to rail at tobacco, as a noxious, nauseous weed, filthy in all its uses; and as to smoking, he denounced it as a heavy tax upon the public pocket,—a vast consumer of time, a great encourager of idleness, and a deadly bane to the prosperity and morals of the people. Finally he issued an edict, prohibiting the smoking of tobacco throughout the New Netherlands. Ill-fated Kieft! Had he lived in the present age and attempted to check the unbounded license of the press, he could not have struck more sorely upon the sensibilities of the million. The pipe, in fact, was the great organ of reflection and deliberation of the New Netherlander. It was his constant companion and solace: was he gay, he smoked; was he sad, he smoked; his pipe was never out of his mouth; it was a part of his physiognomy; without it his best friends would not know him. Take away his pipe? You might as well take away his nose!

The immediate effect of the edict of William the Testy was a popular commotion. A vast multitude, armed with pipes and tobacco-boxes, and an immense supply of ammunition, sat themselves down before the governor's house, and fell to smoking with tremendous violence. The testy William issued forth like a wrathful spider, demanding the reason of this lawless fumigation. The sturdy rioters replied by lolling back in their seats, and puffing away with redoubled fury, raising such a murky cloud that the governor was fain to take refuge in the interior of his castle.

A long negotiation ensued through the medium of Antony the Trumpeter. The governor was at first wrathful and unyielding, but was gradually smoked into terms. He concluded by permitting the smoking of tobacco, but he abolished the fair long pipes used in the days of Wouter Van Twiller, denoting ease, tranquillity, and sobriety of deportment; these he condemned as incompatible with the dispatch of business, in place whereof he substituted little capacious short pipes, two inches in length, which, he observed, could be stuck in one corner of the mouth, or twisted in the hat-band, and would never be in the way. Thus ended this alarming insurrection, which was

long known by the name of The Pipe-Plot, and which, it has been somewhat quaintly observed, did end, like most plots and seditions, in mere smoke.

But mark, oh reader! the deplorable evils which did afterwards result. The smoke of these villainous little pipes, continually ascending in a cloud about the nose, penetrated into and befogged the cerebellum, dried up all the kindly moisture of the brain, and rendered the people who use them as vaporish and testy as the governor himself. Nay, what is worse, from being goodly, burly, sleek-conditioned men, they became, like our Dutch yeomanry who smoke short pipes, a lantern-jawed, smoke-dried, leathern-hidden race.

Nor was this all. From this fatal schism in tobacco-pipes we may date the rise of parties in the Nieuw Nederlands. The rich and self-important burghers who had made their fortunes, and could afford to be lazy, adhered to the ancient fashion, and formed a kind of aristocracy known as the *Long Pipes*; while the lower order, adopting the reform of William Kieft as more convenient in their handicraft employments, were branded with the plebeian name of *Short Pipes*.

A third party sprang up, headed by the descendants of Robert Shewit, the companion of the great Hudson. These discarded pipes altogether and took to chewing tobacco; hence they were called *Quids*,—an appellation since given to those political mongrels, which sometimes spring up between two great parties, as a mule is produced between a horse and an ass.

And here I would note the great benefit of party distinctions in saving the people at large the trouble of thinking. Hesiod divides mankind into three classes,—those who think for themselves, those who think as others think, and those who do not think at all. The second class comprises the great mass of society; for most people require a set creed and a file-leader. Hence the origin of party: which means a large body of people, some few of whom think, and all the rest talk. The former take the lead and discipline the latter; prescribing what they must say, what they must approve, what they must hoot at, whom they must support, but, above all, whom they must hate; for no one can be a right good partisan, who is not a thorough-going hater.

The enlightened inhabitants of the *Manhattoes*, therefore, being divided into par-

ties, were enabled to hate each other with great accuracy. And now the great business of politics went bravely on, the long pipes and short pipes assembling in separate beer-houses, and smoking at each other with implacable vehemence, to the great support of the State and profit of the tavern-keepers. Some, indeed, went so far as to bespatter their adversaries with those odoriferous little words which smell so strong in the Dutch language, believing, like true politicians, that they served their party, and glorified themselves in proportion as they bewrayed their neighbors. But, however they might differ among themselves, all parties agreed in abusing the governor, seeing that he was not a governor of their choice, but appointed by others to rule over them.

Unhappy William Kieft! exclaims the sage writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript, doomed to contend with enemies too knowing to be entrapped, and to reign over a people too wise to be governed. All his foreign expeditions were baffled and set at naught by the all-pervading Yankees; all his home measures were canvassed and condemned by "numerous and respectable meetings" of pot-house politicians.

In the multitude of counsellors, we are told, there is safety; but the multitude of counsellors was a continued source of perplexity to William Kieft. With a temperament as hot as an old radish, and a mind subject to perpetual whirlwinds and tornadoes, he never failed to get into a passion with every one who undertook to advise him. I have observed, however, that your passionate little men, like small boats with large sails, are easily upset or blown out of their course; so was it with William the Testy, who was prone to be carried away by the last piece of advice blown into his ear. The consequence was, that, though a projector of the first class, yet by continually changing his projects he gave none a fair trial; and by endeavoring to do everything, he in sober truth did nothing.

In the meantime, the sovereign people got into the saddle, showed themselves, as usual, unmerciful riders; spurring on the little governor with harangues and petitions, and thwarting him with memorials and reproaches, in much the same way as holiday apprentices manage an unlucky devil of a hack-horse,—so that Wilhelmus Kieft was kept at a worry or a gallop throughout the whole of his administration.

Of War and Treaties

It was the opinion of that poetical philosopher, Lucretius, that war was the original state of man, whom he described as being primitively a savage beast of prey, engaged in a constant state of hostility with his own species, and that this ferocious spirit was tamed and ameliorated by society. The same opinion has been advocated by Hobbes, nor have there been wanting many other philosophers to admit and defend.

For my part, though prodigiously fond of these valuable speculations, so complimentary to human nature, yet, in this instance, I am inclined to take the proposition by halves, believing with Horace, that, though war may have been originally the favorite amusement and industrious employment of our progenitors, yet, like many other excellent habits, so far from being ameliorated, it has been cultivated and confirmed by refinement and civilization, and increases in exact proportion as we approach towards that state of perfection which is the *ne plus ultra* of modern philosophy.

The first conflict between man and man was the mere exertion of physical force; unaided by auxiliary weapons; his arm was his buckler, his fist was his mace, and a broken head the catastrophe of his encounters. The battle of unassisted strength was succeeded by the more rugged one of stones and clubs, and war assumed a sanguinary aspect. As man advanced in refinement, as his faculties expanded, and as his sensibilities became more exquisite, he grew rapidly more ingenious and experienced in the art of murdering his fellow-beings. He invented a thousand devices to defend and to assault: the helmet, the cuirass, and the buckler, the sword, the dart, and the javelin, prepared him to elude the wound as well as to launch the blow. Still urging on, in the career of philanthropic invention, he enlarges and heightens his powers of defense and injury:—The Aries, the Scorpio, the Balista, and the Catapulta, give a horror and sublimity to war, and magnify its glory, by increasing its desolation. Still insatiable, though armed with machinery that seemed to reach the limits of destructive invention, and to yield a power of injury commensurate even with the desires of revenge,—still deeper researches must be made in the diabolical arcana. With furious zeal he dives into the bowels of the earth; he toils midst

poisonous minerals and deadly salts,—the sublime discovery of gunpowder blazes upon the world—and finally the dreadful art of fighting by proclamation seems to endow the demon of war with ubiquity and omnipotence!

This, indeed, is grand!—this, indeed, marks the powers of mind, and bespeaks that divine endowment of reason, which distinguishes us from the animals, our inferiors. The unenlightened brutes content themselves with the native force which Providence has assigned them. The angry bull butts with his horns, as did his progenitors before him; the lion, the leopard, and the tiger seek only with their talons and their fangs to gratify their sanguinary fury; and even the subtle serpent darts the same venom, and uses the same wiles, as did his sire before the flood. Man alone, blessed with the inventive mind, goes on from discovery to discovery,—enlarges and multiplies his powers of destruction,—arrogates the tremendous weapons of Deity itself, and tasks creation to assist him in murdering his brother-worm!

In proportion as the art of war has increased in improvement has the art of preserving peace advanced in equal ratio; and as we have discovered, in this age of wonders and inventions, that proclamation is the most formidable engine in war, so have we discovered the no less ingenious mode of maintaining peace by perpetual negotiations.

A treaty, or, to speak more correctly, a negotiation, therefore, according to the acceptance of experienced statesmen, learned in these matters, is no longer an attempt to accommodate differences, to ascertain rights, and to establish an equitable exchange of kind offices, but a contest of skill between two powers, which shall overreach and take in the other. It is a cunning endeavor to obtain by peaceful manœuvre, and the chicanery of cabinets, those advantages which a nation would otherwise have wrested by force of arms,—in the same manner as a conscientious highwayman reforms and becomes a quiet and praiseworthy citizen, contenting himself with cheating his neighbor out of that property he would formerly have seized with open violence.

In fact, the only time when two nations can be said to be in a state of perfect amity is, when a negotiation is open, and a treaty pending. Then, when there are no stipula-

tions entered into, no bonds to restrain the will, no specific limits to awaken the captious jealousy of right implanted in our nature, when each party has some advantage to hope and expect from the other, then it is that the two nations are wonderfully gracious and friendly,—their ministers professing the highest mutual regard, exchanging billets-doux, making fine speeches, and indulging in all those little diplomatic flirtations, coqueties, and fondlings, that do so marvelously tickle the good-humor of the respective nations. Thus it may paradoxically be said, that there is never so good an understanding between two nations as when there is a little misunderstanding,—and that so long as they are on no terms at all, they are on the best terms in the world!

I do not by any means pretend to claim the merit of having made the above discovery. It has, in fact, long been secretly acted upon by certain enlightened cabinets, and is, together with divers other notable theories, privately copied out of the commonplace book of an illustrious gentleman, who has been member of congress, and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of heads of departments. To this principle may be ascribed the wonderful ingenuity shown of late years in protracting and interrupting negotiations. Hence the cunning measure of appointing as ambassador some political pettifogger skilled in delays, sophisms, and misapprehensions, and dexterous in the art of baffling argument,—or some blundering statesman, whose errors and misconstructions may be a plea for refusing to ratify his engagements. And hence, too, that most notable expedient, so popular with our government, of sending out a brace of ambassadors,—between whom, having each an individual will to consult, character to establish, and interest to promote, you may as well look for unanimity and concord as between two lovers with one mistress, two dogs with one bone, or two naked rogues with one pair of breeches. This disagreement, therefore, is continually breeding delays and impediments, in consequence of which the negotiation goes on swimmingly—inasmuch as there is no prospect of its ever coming to a close. Nothing is lost by these delays and obstacles but time; and in a negotiation, according to the theory I have exposed, all time lost is in reality so much time gained:—with what delightful paradoxes does modern political economy abound!

Now all that I have here advanced is so notoriously true, that I almost blush to take up the time of my readers with treating of matters which must many a time have stared them in the face. But the proposition to which I would most earnestly call their attention is this, that, though a negotiation be the most harmonizing of all national transactions, yet a treaty of peace is a great political evil, and one of the most fruitful sources of war.

I have rarely seen an instance of any special contract between individuals that did not produce jealousies, bickerings, and often downright ruptures between them; nor did I ever know of a treaty between two nations that did not occasion continual misunderstandings. How many worthy country neighbors have I known, who, after living in peace and good-fellowship for years, have been thrown into a state of distrust, cavilling, and animosity, by some ill-starred agreement about fences, runs of water, and stray cattle! And how many well-meaning nations, who would otherwise have remained in the most amicable disposition towards each other, have been brought to swords' points about the infringement or misconstruction of some treaty, which in an evil hour they had concluded, by way of making their amity more sure!

Treaties at best are but complied with so long as interest requires their fulfilment; consequently they are virtually binding on the weaker party only, or, in plain truth, they are not binding at all. No nation will wantonly go to war with another if it has nothing to gain thereby, and therefore needs no treaty to restrain it from violence; and if it have anything to gain, I much question, from what I have witnessed of the righteous conduct of nations, whether any treaty could be made so strong that it could not thrust the sword through,—nay, I would hold ten to one, the treaty itself would be the very source to which resort would be had to find a pretext for hostilities.

Thus, therefore, I conclude,—that, though it is the best of all policies for a nation to keep up a constant negotiation with its neighbors, yet it is the summit of folly for it ever to be beguiled into a treaty; for then comes on non-fulfilment and infraction, then remonstrance, then altercation, then retaliation, then recrimination, and finally open war. In a word, negotiation is like courtship, a time of sweet words, gallant speeches, soft looks, and endearing caresses,—but the

marriage ceremony is the signal for hostilities.

If my painstaking reader be not somewhat perplexed by the ratiocination of the foregoing passage, he will perceive, at a glance, that the Great Peter, in concluding a treaty with his eastern neighbors, was guilty of lamentable error in policy. In fact, to this unlucky agreement may be traced a world of bickerings and heart-burnings, between the parties, about fancied or pretended infringements of treaty-stipulations; in all which the Yankees were prone to indemnify themselves by a "dig into the sides" of the New Netherlands. But, in sooth, these border feuds, albeit they gave great annoyance to the good burghers of Manna-hata, were so pitiful in their nature, that a grave historian like myself, who grudges the time spent in anything less than the revolutions of states and fall of empires, would deem them unworthy of being inscribed on his page. The reader is, therefore, to take it for granted, though I scorn to waste, in the detail, that time which my furrowed brow and trembling hand inform me is invaluable, that all the while the Great Peter was occupied in those tremendous and bloody contests which I shall shortly rehearse; there was a continued series of little, dirty, snivelling scourings, broils, and maraudings, kept up on the eastern frontiers by the moss-troopers of Connecticut. But, like that mirror of chivalry, the sage and valorous Don Quixote, I leave these petty contests for some future Sancho Panza of an historian, while I reserve my prowess and my pen for achievements of higher dignity; for at this moment I hear a direful and portentous note issuing from the bosom of the great council of the league, and resounding throughout the regions of the east, menacing the fame and fortunes of Peter Stuyvesant. I call, therefore, upon the reader to leave behind him all the paltry brawls of the Connecticut borders, and to press forward with me to the relief of our favorite hero, who, I foresee, will be woefully beset by the implacable Yankees in the next chapter.

Of Democracy

The history of the reign of Peter Stuyvesant furnishes an edifying picture of the cares and vexations inseparable from sovereignty, and a solemn warning to all who are ambitious of attaining the seat of honor.

Though returning in triumph and crowned with victory, his exultation was checked on observing the abuses which had sprung up in New Amsterdam during his short absence. His walking-staff, which he had sent home to act as vicegerent, had, it is true, kept his council-chamber in order,—the counsellors eying it with awe, as it lay in grim repose upon the table, and smoking their pipes in silence,—but its control extended not out of doors.

The populace unfortunately had had too much their own way under the slack though fitful reign of William the Testy; and though upon the accession of Peter Stuyvesant they had felt, with the instinctive perception which mobs as well as cattle possess, that the reins of government had passed into stronger hands, yet could they not help fretting and chafing and champing upon the bit, in restive silence.

Scarcely, therefore, had he departed on his expedition against the Swedes, than the old factions of William Kieft's reign had again thrust their heads above water. Pot-house meetings were again held to "discuss the state of the nation," where cobblers, tinkers, and tailors, the self-dubbed "friends of the people," once more felt themselves inspired with the gift of legislation, and undertook to lecture on every movement of government.

Now, as Peter Stuyvesant had a singular inclination to govern the province by his individual will, his first move, on his return, was to put a stop to this gratuitous legislation. Accordingly, one evening, when an inspired cobbler was holding forth to an assemblage of the kind, the intrepid Peter suddenly made his appearance, with his ominous walking-staff in his hand, and a countenance sufficient to petrify a mill-stone. The whole meeting was thrown into confusion,—the orator stood aghast, with open mouth and trembling knees, while "horror! tyranny! liberty! rights! taxes! death! destruction!" and a host of other patriotic phrases were bolted forth before he had time to close his lips. Peter took no notice of the skulking throng, but strode up to the brawling bully-ruffian, and putting out a huge silver watch, which might have served in times of yore as a town-clock, and which is still retained by his descendants as a family curiosity, requested the orator to mend it, and set it going. The orator humbly confessed it was utterly out of his power, as he was unacquainted with the nature of its

construction. "Nay, but," said Peter, "try your ingenuity, man: you see all the springs and wheels, and how easily the clumsiest hand may stop it, and pull it to pieces; and why should it not be equally easy to regulate as to stop it?" The orator declared that his trade was wholly different,—that he was a poor cobbler, and had never meddled with a watch in his life,—that there were men skilled in the art, whose business it was to attend to those matters; but for his part, he should only mar the workmanship and put the whole in confusion. "Why, harkee, master of mine," cried Peter,—turning suddenly upon him, with a countenance that almost petrified the patcher of shoes into a perfect lapstone,—*"dost thou pretend to meddle with the movements of government,—to regulate, and correct, and patch, and cobbler a complicated machine, the principles of which are above thy comprehension, and its simplest operations too subtle for thy understanding, when thou canst not correct a trifling error in a common piece of mechanism, the whole mystery of which is open to thy inspection?—Hence with thee to the leather and stone, which are emblems of thy head; cobble thy shoes, and confine thyself to the vocation for which Heaven has fitted thee. "But," elevating his voice until it made the welkin ring, "if ever I catch thee, or any of thy tribe, meddling again with affairs of government, by St. Nicholas, but I'll have every mother's bastard of ye flay'd alive, and your hides stretched for drumheads, that ye may henceforth make a noise to some purpose!"*

This threat, and the tremendous voice in which it was uttered, caused the whole multitude to quake with fear. The hair of the orator rose on his head like his own swine's bristles, and not a knight of the thimble present but his heart died within him, and he felt as though he could have verily escaped through the eye of a needle. The assembly dispersed in silent consternation; the pseudo-statesmen, who had hitherto undertaken to regulate public affairs, were now fain to stay at home, hold their tongues, and take care of their families; and party feuds died away to such a degree, that many thriving keepers of taverns and dram-shops were utterly ruined for want of business. But though this measure produced the desired effect in putting an extinguisher on the new lights just brightening up, yet did it tend to injure the popularity of the Great Peter with the thinking

part of the community, that is to say, that part which thinks for others instead of for themselves, or, in other words, who attend to everybody's business but their own. These accused the old governor of being highly aristocratical; and in truth there seems to have been some ground for such an accusation; for he carried himself with a lofty, soldier-like air, and was somewhat particular in dress, appearing, when not in uniform, in rich apparel of the antique flaundrish cut, and was especially noted for having his sound leg (which was a very comely one) always arrayed in a red stocking and high-heeled shoe.

Justice he often dispensed in the primitive patriarchal way, seated on the "stoep" before his door, under the shade of a great button-wood tree; but all visits of form and state were received with something of court ceremony in the best parlor; where Antony the Trumpeter officiated as high chamberlain. On public occasions he appeared with great pomp of equipage, and always rode to church in a yellow wagon with flaming red wheels.

These symptoms of state and ceremony, as we have hinted, were much cavilled at by the thinking (and talking) part of the community. They had been accustomed to find easy access to their former governors, and in particular had lived on terms of extreme intimacy with William the Testy; and they accused Peter Stuyvesant of assuming too much dignity and reserve, and of wrapping himself in mystery. Others, however, have pretended to discover in all this a shrewd policy on the part of the old governor. It is certainly of the first importance, say they, that a country should be governed by wise men: but then it is almost equally important that the people should think them wise; for this belief alone can produce willing subordination. To keep up, however, this desirable confidence in rulers, the people should be allowed to see as little of them as possible. It is the mystery which envelops great men, that gives them half their greatness. There is a kind of superstitious reverence for office which leads us to exaggerate the merits of the occupant, and to suppose that he must be wiser than common men. He, however, who gains access to cabinets, soon finds out by what foolishness the world is governed. He finds that there is quackery in legislation as in everything else; that rulers have their whims and errors as well as other men, and

are not so wonderfully superior as he had imagined, since even he may occasionally confute them in argument. Thus awe subsides into confidence, confidence inspires familiarity, and familiarity produces contempt. Such was the case, say they, with William the Testy. By making himself too easy of access he enabled every scrub-politician to measure wits with him, and to find out the true dimensions not only of his person but of his mind: and thus it was that, by being familiarly scanned, he was discovered to be a very little man. Peter Stuyvesant on the contrary, say they, by conducting himself with dignity and loftiness, was looked up to with great reverence. As he never gave his reasons for anything he did, the public gave him credit for very profound ones; every movement, however intrinsically unimportant, was a matter of speculation; and his very red stockings excited some respect, as being different from the stockings of other men.

Another charge against Peter Stuyvesant was that he had a great leaning in favor of the patricians; and indeed in his time rose many of those mighty Dutch families which have taken such vigorous root, and branched out so luxuriantly in our State. Some, to be sure, were of earlier date, such as the Van Kortlandts, the Van Zandts, the Ten Broecks, the Harden Broecks, and others of Pannonian renown, who gloried in the title of "Discoverers," from having been engaged in the nautical expedition from Communipaw, in which they so heroically braved the terrors of Hell-gate and Buttermilk Channel, and discovered a site for New Amsterdam.

Others claimed to themselves the appellation of "Conquerors," from their gallant achievements in New Sweden and their victory over the Yankees at Oyster Bay. Such was that list of warlike worthies heretofore enumerated, beginning with the Van Wycks, the Van Dycks, and the Ten Eycks, and extending to the Rutgers, the Bensons, the Brinkerhoffs, and the Schermerhorns,—a roll equal to the Doomsday-Book of William the Conqueror, and establishing the heroic origin of many an ancient aristocratical Dutch family. These, after all, are the only legitimate nobility and lords of the soil; these are the real "beavers of the Manhattoes"; and much does it grieve me in modern days to see them elbowed aside by foreign invaders, and more especially by those ingenious people, "the

Sons of the Pilgrims"; who out-bargain them in the market, out-speculate them on the exchange, out-top them in fortune, and run up mushroom palaces so high, that the tallest Dutch family mansion has not wind enough left for its weather-cock.

In the proud days of Peter Stuyvesant, however, the good old Dutch aristocracy loomed out in all its grandeur. The burly burgher, in round-crowned flaundrish hat with brim of vast circumference, in portly gabardine and bulbous multiplicity of breeches, sat on his "stoep" and smoked his pipe in lordly silence; nor did it ever enter his brain that the active, restless Yankee, whom he saw through his half-shut eyes worrying about in dog-day heat, ever intent on the main chance, was one day to usurp control over these goodly Dutch domains. Already, however, the races regarded each other with disparaging eyes. The Yankees sneeringly spoke of the round-crowned burghers of the Manhattoes as the "Copper-heads," while the latter, glorying in their own nether rotundity, and observing the slack galligaskins of their rivals, flapping like an empty sail against the mast, retorted upon them with the opprobrious appellation of "Platter-breeches."

Of Democracy at War

There is no sight more truly interesting to a philosopher than a community where every individual has a voice in public affairs, where every individual considers himself the Atlas of the nation, and where every individual thinks it his duty to bestir himself for the good of his country: I say, there is nothing more interesting to a philosopher than such a community in a sudden bustle of war. Such clamor of tongues—such patriotic bawling—such running hither and thither—everybody in a hurry—everybody in trouble—everybody in the way, and everybody interrupting his neighbor—who is busily employed in doing nothing! It is like witnessing a great fire, where the whole community are agog—some dragging about empty engines—others scampering with full buckets, and spilling the contents into their neighbor's boots—and others ringing the church-bells all night, by way of putting out the fire. Little firemen, like sturdy little knights storming a breach, clambering up and down scaling-ladders, and bawling through tin trumpets, by way of directing the attack. Here a fellow, in

his great zeal to save the property of the unfortunate, catches up an anonymous chamber-utensil, and gallants it off with an air of as much self-importance as if he had rescued a pot of money; there another throws looking-glasses and china out of the window, to save them from the flames; whilst those who can do nothing else run up and down the streets, keeping up an incessant cry of *Fire! Fire! Fire!*

"When the news arrived at Sinope," says Lucian,—though I own the story is rather trite,—"that Philip was about to attack them, the inhabitants were thrown into a violent alarm. Some ran to furbish up their arms; others rolled stones to build up the walls,—everybody, in short, was employed, and everybody in the way of his neighbor. Diogenes alone could find nothing to do; whereupon, not to be idle when the welfare of his country was at stake, he tucked up his robe, and fell to rolling his tub with might and main up and down the Gymnasium." In like manner did every other mother's son in the patriotic community of New Amsterdam, on receiving the missive of Peter Stuyvesant, busy himself most mightily in putting things in confusion, and assisting the general uproar. "Every man"—saith the Stuyvesant manuscript—"flew to arms!"—by which is meant, that not one of our honest Dutch citizens would venture to church or to market without an old-fashioned spit of a sword dangling at his side, and a long Dutch fowling-piece on his shoulder; nor would he go out of a night without a lantern; nor turn a corner without first peeping cautiously round, lest he should come unawares upon the British army;—and we are informed that Stoffel Brinkerhoff, who was considered by the old women almost as brave a man as the governor himself, actually had two one-pound swivels mounted in his entry, one pointing out at the front door, and the other at the back.

But the most strenuous measure resorted to on this awful occasion, and one which has since been found of wonderful efficacy, was to assemble popular meetings. These brawling convocations, I have already shown, were extremely offensive to Peter Stuyvesant; but as this was a moment of unusual agitation, and as the old governor was not present to repress them, they broke out with intolerable violence. Hither, therefore, the orators and politicians repaired, striving who should bawl loudest,

and exceed the others in hyperbolical bursts of patriotism, and in resolutions to uphold and defend the government. In these sage meetings it was resolved that they were the most enlightened, the most dignified, the most formidable, and the most ancient community upon the face of the earth. This resolution being carried unanimously, another was immediately proposed,—whether it were not possible and politic to exterminate Great Britain? upon which sixty-nine members spoke in the affirmative, and only one arose to suggest some doubts,—who, as a punishment for his treasonable presumption, was immediately seized by the mob, and tarred and feathered,—which punishment being equivalent to the Tarpeian Rock, he was afterwards considered as an outcast from society, and his opinion went for nothing. The question, therefore, being unanimously carried in the affirmative, it was recommended to the grand council to pass it into a law; which was accordingly done. By this measure the hearts of the people at large were wonderfully encouraged, and they waxed exceedingly choleric and valorous. Indeed, the first paroxysm of alarm having in some measure subsided,—the old women having buried all the money they could lay their hands on, and their husbands daily getting fuddled with what was left,—the community began even to stand on the offensive. Songs were manufactured in Low Dutch and sung about the streets, wherein the English were most wofully beaten, and shown no quarter; and popular addresses were made, wherein it was proved, to a certainty, that the fate of Old England depended upon the will of the New Amsterdammers.

Finally, to strike a violent blow at the very vitals of Great Britain, a multitude of the wiser inhabitants assembled, and having purchased all the British manufactures they could find, they made thereof a huge bonfire; and, in the patriotic glow of the moment, every man present, who had a hat or breeches of English workmanship pulled it off, and threw it into the flames,—to the irreparable detriment, loss, and ruin of the English manufacturers. In commemoration of this great exploit, they erected a pole on the spot, with a device on the top intended to represent the province of Nieuw Nederlandts destroying Great Britain, under the similitude of an Eagle picking the little Island of Old England out of the globe; but either through the unskilfulness of the

sculptor, or his ill-timed waggery, it bore a striking resemblance to a goose, vainly striving to get hold of a dumpling.

It will need but little penetration in any one conversant with the ways of that wise but windy potentate, the sovereign people, to discover that notwithstanding all the warlike bluster and bustle of the last chapter, the city of New Amsterdam was not a whit more prepared for war than before. The privy councillors of Peter Stuyvesant were aware of this; and, having received his private orders to put the city in an immediate posture of defense, they called a meeting of the oldest and richest burghers to assist them with their wisdom. These were that order of citizens commonly termed "men of the greatest weight in the community"; their weight being estimated by the heaviness of their heads and of their purses. Their wisdom in fact is apt to be of a ponderous kind, and to hang like a mill-stone round the neck of the community.

Two things were unanimously determined in this assembly of venerables: first, that the city required to be put in a state of defense; and, second, that, as the danger was imminent, there should be no time lost: which points being settled, they fell to making long speeches and belaboring one another in endless and intemperate disputes. For about this time was this unhappy city first visited by that talking endemic so prevalent in this country, and which so invariably evinces itself wherever a number of wise men assemble together, breaking out in long, windy speeches, caused, as physicians suppose, by the foul air which is ever generated in a crowd. Now it was, moreover, that they first introduced the ingenious method of measuring the merits of an harangue by the hour-glass, he being considered the ablest orator who spoke longest on a question. For which excellent invention, it is recorded, we are indebted to the same profound Dutch critic who judged of books by their size.

This sudden passion for endless harangues, so little consonant with the customary gravity and taciturnity of our sage forefathers, was supposed by certain philosophers to have been imbibed, together with divers other barbarous propensities, from their savage neighbors; who were peculiarly noted for *long talks* and *council-fires*, and never undertook any affair of the least importance without previous debates

and harangues among their chiefs and *old men*. But the real cause was, that the people, in electing their representatives to the grand council, were particular in choosing them for their talents at talking, without inquiring whether they possessed the more rare, difficult, and oftentimes important talent of holding their tongues. The consequence was, that this deliberative body was composed of the most loquacious men in the community. As they considered themselves placed there to talk, every man concluded that his duty to his constituents, and, what is more, his popularity with them, required that he should harangue on every subject, whether he understood it or not. There was an ancient mode of burying a chieftain, by every soldier throwing his shield full of earth on the corpse, until a mighty mound was formed; so, whenever a question was brought forward in this assembly, every member pressing forward to throw on his quantum of wisdom, the subject was quickly buried under a mountain of words.

We are told that disciples, on entering the school of Pythagoras, were for two years enjoined silence, and forbidden either to ask questions, or make remarks. After they had thus acquired the inestimable art of holding their tongues, they were gradually permitted to make inquiries, and finally to communicate their own opinions.

With what a beneficial effect could this wise regulation of Pythagoras be introduced in modern legislative bodies,—and how wonderfully would it have tended to expedite business in the grand council of the Manhattoes!

At this perilous juncture the fatal word *economy*, the stumbling-block of William the Testy, had been once more set afloat, according to which the cheapest plan of defense was insisted upon as the best; it being deemed a great stroke of policy in furnishing powder to economize in ball.

Thus did dame Wisdom (whom the wags of antiquity have humorously personified as a woman) seem to take a mischievous pleasure in jilting the venerable councillors of New Amsterdam. To add to the confusion, the old factions of Short Pipes and Long Pipes, which had been almost strangled by the Herculean grasp of Peter Stuyvesant, now sprang up with tenfold vigor. Whatever was proposed by Short Pipe was opposed by the whole tribe of Long Pipes, who, like true partisans, deemed it their first duty to effect the downfall of their

rivals, their second, to elevate themselves, and their third, to consult the public good; though many left the third consideration out of question altogether.

In this great collision of hard heads it is astonishing the number of projects that were struck out,—projects which threw the wind-mill system of William the Testy completely in the background. These were almost uniformly opposed by the “men of the greatest weight in the community!” your weighty men, though slow to devise, being always great at “negativizing.” Among these were a set of fat, self-important old burghers, who smoked their pipes, and said nothing except to negative every plan of defense proposed. These were that class of “conservatives” who, having amassed a fortune, button up their pockets, shut their mouths, sink, as it were, into themselves, and pass the rest of their lives in the indwelling beatitude of conscious wealth; as some phlegmatic oyster, having swallowed a pearl, closes its shell, sinks in the mud, and devotes the rest of its life to the conservation of its treasure. Every plan of defense seemed to these worthy old gentlemen pregnant with ruin. An armed force was a legion of locusts preying upon the public property; to fit out a naval armament was to throw their money into the sea; to build fortifications was to bury it in the dirt. In short, they settled it as a sovereign maxim, so long as their pockets were full, no matter how much they were drubbed. A kick left no scar; a broken head cured itself; but an empty purse was of all maladies the slowest to heal, and one in which nature did nothing for the patient.

Thus did this venerable assembly of sages lavish away that time which the urgency of affairs rendered invaluable, in empty brawls and long-winded speeches, without ever agreeing, except on the point with which they started, namely, that there was no time to be lost, and delay was ruinous. At length, St. Nicholas taking compassion on their distracted situation, and anxious to preserve them from anarchy, so ordered, that in the midst of one of their most noisy debates, on the subject of fortification and defense, when they had nearly fallen to loggerheads in consequence of not being able to convince each other, the question was happily settled by the sudden entrance of a messenger, who informed them that a hostile fleet had arrived, and was actually advancing up the bay!

The Author's Reflections

Among the numerous events, which are each in their turn the most direful and melancholy of all possible occurrences, in your interesting and authentic history, there is none that occasions such deep and heart-rending grief as the decline and fall of your renowned and mighty empires. Where is the reader who can contemplate without emotion the disastrous events by which the great dynasties of the world have been extinguished? While wandering, in imagination, among the gigantic ruins of states and empires, and marking the tremendous convulsions that wrought their overthrow, the bosom of the melancholy inquirer swells with sympathy commensurate to the surrounding desolation. Kingdoms, principalities, and powers, have each had their rise, their progress, and their downfall,—each in its turn has swayed a potent scepter,—each has returned to its primeval nothingness. And thus did it fare with the empire of their High Mightinesses, at the Manhattoes, under the peaceful reign of Walter the Doubter, the fretful reign of William the Testy, and the chivalric reign of Peter the Headstrong.

Its history is fruitful of instruction, and worthy of being pondered over attentively, for it is by thus raking among the ashes of departed greatness, that the sparks of true knowledge are to be found, and the lamp of wisdom illuminated. Let then the reign of Walter the Doubter warn against yielding to that sleek, contented security, and that overweening fondness for comfort and repose, which are produced by a state of prosperity and peace. These tend to unnerve a nation; to destroy its pride of character; to render it patient of insult; deaf to the calls of honor and of justice; and cause it to cling to peace, like the sluggard to his pillow, at the expense of every valuable duty and consideration. Such supineness insures the very evil from which it shrinks. One right yielded up produces the usurpation of a second; one encroachment passively suffered makes way for another; and the nation which thus, through a doting love of peace, has sacrificed honor and interest, will at length have to fight for existence.

Let the disastrous reign of William the Testy serve as a salutary warning against that fitful, feverish mode of legislation, which acts without system; depends on shifts and projects, and trusts to lucky con-

tingencies. Which hesitates, and wavers, and at length decides with the rashness of ignorance and imbecility. Which stoops for popularity by courting the prejudices and flattering the arrogance, rather than commanding the respect of the rabble. Which seeks safety in a multitude of counsellors, and distracts itself by a variety of contradictory schemes and opinions. Which mistakes procrastination for weariness—hurry for decision—parsimony for economy—bustle for business—and vamping for valor. Which is violent in council, sanguine in expectation, precipitate in action, and feeble in execution. Which undertakes enterprises without forethought, enters upon them without preparation, conducts them without energy, and ends them in confusion and defeat.

Let the reign of the good Stuyvesant show the effects of vigor and decision even when destitute of cool judgment, and surrounded by perplexities. Let it show how frankness, probity, and high-souled courage will command respect, and secure honor, even where success is unattainable. But at the same time, let it caution against a too ready reliance on the good faith of others, and a too honest confidence in the loving professions of powerful neighbors, who are most friendly when they most mean to betray. Let it teach a judicious attention to the opinions and wishes of the many, who, in times of peril, must be soothed and led, or apprehension will overpower the deference to authority.

Let the empty wordiness of his factious subjects; their intemperate harangues; their violent "resolutions"; their hectorings against an absent enemy, and their pusillanimity on his approach, teach us to distrust and despise those clamorous patriots whose courage dwells but in the tongue. Let them serve as a lesson to repress that insolence of speech, destitute of real force, which too often breaks forth in popular bodies, and bespeaks the vanity rather than the spirit of a nation. Let them caution us against vaunting too much of our own power and prowess, and reviling a noble enemy. True gallantry of soul would always lead us to treat a foe with courtesy and proud punctilio; a contrary conduct but takes from the merit of victory, and renders defeat doubly disgraceful.

But I cease to dwell on the stores of excellent examples to be drawn from the ancient chronicles of the Manhattoes. He

who reads attentively will discover the threads of gold which run throughout the web of history, and are invisible to the dull eye of ignorance. But, before I conclude, let me point out a solemn warning, furnished in the subtle chain of events by which the capture of Fort Casimir has produced the present convulsions of our globe.

Attend then, gentle reader, to this plain deduction, which, if thou art a king, an emperor, or other powerful potentate, I advise thee to treasure up in thy heart,—though little expectation have I that my work shall fall into such hands, for well I know the care of crafty ministers to keep all grave and edifying books of the kind out of the way of unhappy monarchs—lest peradventure they should read them and learn wisdom.

By the treacherous surprisal of Fort Casimir, then, did the crafty Swedes enjoy a transient triumph; but drew upon their heads the vengeance of Peter Stuyvesant, who wrested all New Sweden from their hands. By the conquest of New Sweden, Peter Stuyvesant aroused the claims of Lord Baltimore, who appealed to the Cabinet of Great Britain; who subdued the whole province of New Netherlands. By this great achievement the whole extent of North America, from Nova Scotia to the Floridas, was rendered one entire dependency upon the British crown.—But mark the consequence: the hitherto scattered colonies being thus consolidated, and having no rival colonies to check or keep them in awe, waxed great and powerful, and finally becoming too strong for the mother-country, were enabled to shake off its bonds, and by a glorious revolution became an independent empire. But the chain of effects stopped not here: the successful revolution in America produced the sanguinary revolution in France; which produced the puissant Bonaparte; who produced the French despotism; which has thrown the whole world in confusion! Thus have these great powers been successively punished for their ill-starred conquests; and thus, as I asserted, have all the present convulsions, revolutions, and disasters that overwhelm mankind, originated in the capture of the little Fort Casimir, as recorded in this eventful history.

And now, worthy reader, ere I take a sad farewell,—which, alas! must be forever,—willingly would I part in cordial fellowship, and bespeak thy kind-hearted remembrance.

That I have not written a better history of the days of the patriarchs is not my fault; had any other person written one as good, I should not have attempted it at all. That many will hereafter spring up and surpass me in excellence, I have very little doubt, and still less care; well knowing that, when the great Christovallo Colon (who is vulgarly called Columbus) had once stood his egg upon its end, every one at table could stand his up a thousand times more dexterously. Should any reader find matter of offense in this history, I should heartily grieve, though I would on no account question his penetration by telling him he was mistaken—his good-nature by telling him he was captious—or his pure conscience by telling him he was startled at a shadow. Surely when so ingenious in finding offense where none was intended, it were a thousand pities he should not be suffered to enjoy the benefit of his discovery.

I have too high an opinion of the understanding of my fellow-citizens, to think of yielding them instruction, and I covet too much their good-will, to forfeit it by giving them good advice. I am none of those cynics who despise the world, because it despises them: on the contrary, though but low in its regard, I look up to it with the most perfect good-nature, and my only sorrow is, that it does not prove itself more worthy of the unbounded love I bear it. If, however, in this my historic production—the scanty fruit of a long and laborious life—I have failed to gratify the dainty palate of the age, I can only lament my misfortune—for it is too late in the season for me even to hope to repair it. Already has withering age showered his sterile snows upon my brow; in a little while, and this genial warmth which still lingers around my heart, and throbs—worthy reader—throbs kindly towards thyself, will be chilled forever. Ilaply this frail compound of dust, which while alive may have given birth to naught but unprofitable weeds, may form a humble sod of the valley, whence may spring many a sweet wild flower, to adorn my beloved island of Manna-hata!

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

DANIEL WEBSTER

[From the *Centennial Oration on Washington*, 1832]

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out

in his own country which has since kindled into flame and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action; but it has assumed a new character; it has raised itself from *beneath* governments to a participation *in* governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men; and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

It was the extraordinary fortune of Washington, that, having been intrusted, in revolutionary times, with the supreme military command, and having fulfilled that trust with equal renown for wisdom and for valor, he should be placed at the head of the first government in which an attempt was to be made on a large scale to rear the fabric of social order on the basis of a written constitution and of a pure representative principle. A government was to be established, without a throne, without an aristocracy, without castes, orders, or privileges and this government, instead of being a democracy existing and acting within the walls of a single city, was to be extended over a vast country of different climates, interests, and habits, and of various communions of our common Christian faith. The experiment certainly was entirely new. A popular government of this extent, it was evident, could be framed only by carrying into full effect the principle of representation or of delegated power; and the world was to see whether society could, by the strength of this principle, maintain its own peace and good government, carry forward its own

great interests, and conduct itself to political renown and glory. By the benignity of Providence, this experiment, so full of interest to us and to our posterity forever, so full of interest, indeed, to the world in its present generation and in all its generations to come, was suffered to commence under the guidance of Washington. Destined for this high career, he was fitted for it by wisdom, by virtue, by patriotism, by discretion, by whatever can inspire confidence in man toward man. In entering on the untried scenes early disappointment and the premature extinction of all hope of success would have been certain, had it not been that there did exist throughout the country, in a most extraordinary degree, an unwavering trust in him who stood at the helm.

I remarked, gentlemen, that the whole world was and is interested in the result of this experiment. And is it not so? Do we deceive ourselves, or is it true that at this moment the career which this government is running is among the most attractive objects to the civilized world? Do we deceive ourselves, or is it true that at this moment that love of liberty and that understanding of its true principles which are flying over the whole earth, as on the wings of all the winds, are really and truly of American origin?

At the period of the birth of Washington there existed in Europe no political liberty in large communities, except in the provinces of Holland, and except that England herself had set a great example, so far as it went, by her glorious Revolution of 1688. Everywhere else, despotic power was predominant, and the feudal or military principle held the mass of mankind in hopeless bondage. One-half of Europe was crushed beneath the Bourbon scepter, and no conception of political liberty, no hope even of religious toleration, existed among that nation which was America's first ally. The king was the state, the king was the country, the king was all. There was one king, with power not derived from his people, and too high to be questioned and the rest were all subjects, with no political right but obedience. All above was intangible power, all below was quiet subjection. A recent occurrence in the French chamber shows us how public opinion on these subjects is changed. A minister had spoken of the "king's subjects." "There are no subjects," exclaimed hundreds of voices at once, "in a country where the people make the king!"

Gentlemen, the spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation from Heaven, it has gone forth, and it will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing, the face of the earth. Our great, our high duty is to show, in our own example, that this spirit is a spirit of health as well as a spirit of power; that its benignity is as great as its strength; that its efficiency to secure individual rights, social relations, and moral order, is equal to the irresistible force with which it prostrates principalities and powers. The world, at this moment, is regarding us with a willing, but something of a fearful admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety is to learn whether free States may be stable, as well as free; whether popular power may be trusted as well as feared; in short, whether wise, regular, and virtuous self-government is a vision for the contemplation of theorists, or a truth established, illustrated, and brought into practice in the country of Washington.

Gentlemen, for the earth which we inhabit, and the whole circle of the sun, for all the unborn races of mankind, we seem to hold in our hands, for their weal or woe, the fate of this experiment. If we fail, who shall venture the repetition? If our example shall prove to be one not of encouragement, but of terror, not fit to be imitated, but fit only to be shunned, where else shall the world look for free models? If this great *Western Sun* be struck out of the firmament, at what other fountain shall the lamp of liberty hereafter be lighted? What other orb shall omit a ray to glimmer, even, on the darkness of the world?

FREE GOVERNMENT

DANIEL WEBSTER

[From the *Bunker Hill Oration*, 1825]

The great wheel of political revolution began to move in America. Here its rotation was guarded, regular, and safe. Transferred to the other continent, from unfortunate but natural causes, it received an irregular and violent impulse; it whirled along with fearful celerity; till at length, like the chariot wheels in the races of antiquity, it took fire from the rapidity of its

own motion, and blazed onward, spreading conflagration and terror around.

We learn from the result of this experiment, how fortunate was our own condition, and how admirably the character of our people was calculated for setting the great example of popular governments. The possession of power did not turn the heads of the American people, for they had long been in the habit of exercising a great degree of self-control. Although the paramount authority of the parent state existed over them, yet a large field of legislation had always been open to our Colonial assemblies. They were accustomed to representative bodies and the forms of free government; they understood the doctrine of the division of power among different branches, and the necessity of checks on each. The character of our countrymen, moreover, was sober, moral, and religious; and there was little in the change to shock their feelings of justice and humanity, or even to disturb an honest prejudice. We had no domestic throne to overturn, no privileged orders to cast down, no violent changes of property to encounter. In the American Revolution, no man sought or wished for more than to defend and enjoy his own. None hoped for plunder or for spoil. Rapacity was unknown to it; the axe was not among the instruments of its accomplishment; and we all know that it could not have lived a single day under any well-founded imputation of possessing a tendency adverse to the Christian religion.

It need not surprise us, that, under circumstances less auspicious, political revolutions elsewhere, even when well intended, have terminated differently. It is, indeed, a great achievement; it is the master-work of the world, to establish governments entirely popular on lasting foundations; nor is it easy, indeed, to introduce the popular principle at all into governments to which it has been altogether a stranger. It cannot be doubted, however, that Europe has come out of the contest, in which she has been so long engaged, with greatly superior knowledge, and, in many respects, in a highly improved condition. Whatever benefit has been acquired is likely to be retained, for it consists mainly in the acquisition of more enlightened ideas. And although kingdoms and provinces may be wrested from the hands that hold them, in the same manner they were obtained: al-

though ordinary and vulgar power may, in human affairs, be lost as it has been won; yet it is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge, that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary, it increases by the multiple of its power; all its ends become means; all its attainments, helps to new conquests. Its whole abundant harvest is but so much seed wheat, and nothing has limited, and nothing can limit the amount of ultimate product.

Under the influence of this rapidly increasing knowledge, the people have begun, in all forms of government, to think and to reason on affairs of state. Regarding government as an institution for the public good, they demand a knowledge of its operations, and a participation in its exercise. A call for the representative system, wherever it is not enjoyed, and where there is already intelligence enough to estimate its value, is perseveringly made. Where men may speak out, they demand it! where the bayonet is at their throats, they pray for it.

When Louis the Fourteenth said, "I am the State," he expressed the essence of the doctrine of unlimited power. By the rules of that system, the people are disconnected from the state; they are its subjects, it is their lord. These ideas, founded in the love of power, and long supported by the excess and the abuse of it, are yielding, in our age, to other opinions; and the civilized world seems at last to be proceeding to the conviction of that fundamental and manifest truth, that the powers of government are but a trust, and that they cannot be lawfully exercised but for the good of the community. As knowledge is more and more extended, this conviction becomes more and more general. Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams. The prayer of the Grecian champion, when enveloped in unnatural clouds and darkness, is the appropriate political supplication for the people of every country not yet blessed with free institutions:—

"Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven
restore,
Give me to SEE,—and Ajax asks no more."

We may hope that the growing influence of enlightened sentiment will promote the permanent peace of the world. Wars to maintain family alliances, to uphold or to cast down dynasties, and to regulate

successions to thrones, which have occupied so much room in the history of modern times, if not less likely to happen at all, will be less likely to become general and involve many nations, as the great principle shall be more and more established, that the interest of the world is peace, and its first great statute that every nation possesses the power of establishing a government for itself. But public opinion has attained also an influence over governments which do not admit the popular principle into their organization. A necessary respect for the judgment of the world operates, in some measure, as a control over the most unlimited forms of authority. It is owing, perhaps, to this truth, that the interesting struggle of the Greeks has been suffered to go on so long, without a direct interference, either to wrest that country from its present masters, or to execute the system of pacification by force, and, with united strength, lay the neck of Christian and civilized Greek at the foot of the barbarian Turk. Let us thank God that we live in an age when something has influence besides the bayonet, and when the sternest authority does not venture to encounter the scorching power of public reproach. Any attempt of the kind I have mentioned should be met by one universal burst of indignation; the air of the civilized world ought to be made too warm to be comfortably breathed by any one who would hazard it.

It is, indeed, a touching reflection, that, while in the fulness of our country's happiness, we rear this monument to her honor, we look for instruction in our undertaking to a country which is now in fearful contest, not for works of art or memorials of glory, but for her own existence. Let her be assured that she is not forgotten in the world; that her efforts are applauded, and that constant prayers ascend for her success. And let us cherish a confident hope for her final triumph. If the true spark of religious and civil liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire, it may be smothered for a time; the ocean may overwhelm it; mountains may press it down; but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or other, in some place or other, the volcano will break out and flame up to heaven.

Among the great events of the half-century, we must reckon, certainly, the revolu-

tion of South America; and we are not likely to overrate the importance of that revolution, either to the people of the country itself or to the rest of the world. The late Spanish colonies, now independent states, under circumstances less favorable, doubtless, than attended our own revolution, have yet successfully commenced their national existence. They have accomplished the great object of establishing their independence; they are known and acknowledged in the world; and although in regard to their systems of government, their sentiments on religious toleration, and their provision for public instruction, they may have yet much to learn, it must be admitted that they have risen to the condition of settled and established states more rapidly than could have been reasonably anticipated. They already furnish an exhilarating example of the difference between free governments and despotic misrule. Their commerce, at this moment, creates a new activity in all the great marts of the world. They show themselves able, by an exchange of commodities, to bear a useful part in the intercourse of nations.

A new spirit of enterprise and industry begins to prevail; all the great interests of society receive a salutary impulse; and the progress of information not only testifies to an improved condition, but itself constitutes the highest and most essential improvement.

When the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the existence of South America was scarcely felt in the civilized world. The thirteen little Colonies of North America habitually called themselves the "Continent." Borne down by Colonial subjugation, monopoly, and bigotry, these vast regions of the South were hardly visible above the horizon. But in our day there has been, as it were, a new creation. The southern hemisphere emerges from the sea. Its lofty mountains begin to lift themselves into the light of heaven; its broad and fertile plains stretch out, in beauty, to the eye of civilized man, and at the mighty bidding of the voice of political liberty the waters of darkness retire.

SACRED OBLIGATIONS

DANIEL WEBSTER

[From the *Bunker Hill Oration*, 1825]

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as be-

ing thought better in themselves, or as better suited to existing conditions, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable, and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us is to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing weaken its authority with the world. If, in our case, the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are excitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, in form perhaps not always for the better, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that in our country any other is impossible. The *principle* of free government adheres to the American soil. It is imbedded in it, immovable as its mountains.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation and there is open to us also, a noble spirit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, pro-

mote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

A NATION OF MEN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

[From *An Oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society*, of Cambridge, August 31, 1837]

It is one of those fables, which, out of an unknown antiquity, convey an unlooked-for wisdom, that the gods, in the beginning, divided Man into men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers, the better to answer its end.

The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and sublime; that there is One Man,—present to all particular men only partially, or through one faculty; and that you must take the whole society to find the whole man. Man is not a farmer, or a professor, or an engineer, but he is all. Man is priest, and scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier. In the *divided* or social state, these functions are parceled out to individuals, each of whom aims to do his stint of the joint work, whilst each other performs his. The fable implies that the individual, to possess himself, must sometimes return from his own labor to embrace all the other laborers. But unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters,—a good finger, a

neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man.

Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney a statute-book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of a ship. . . .

In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended. Free should the scholar be,—free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom, "without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution." Brave; for fear is a thing which a scholar by his very function puts behind him. Fear always springs from ignorance. It is a shame to him if his tranquility, amid dangerous times, arise from the presumption that, like children and women, his is a protected class; or if he seek a temporary peace by the diversion of his thoughts from politics or vexed questions, hiding his head like an ostrich in the flowering bushes, peeping into microscopes, and turning rhymes, as a boy whistles to keep his courage up. So is the danger a danger still; so is the fear worse. Manlike let him turn and face it. Let him look into its eye and search its nature, inspect its origin,—see the whelping of this lion,—which lies no great way back; he will then find in himself a perfect comprehension of its nature and extent; he will have made his hands meet on the other side, and can henceforth defy it, and pass on superior. The world is his, who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold, is there only by sufferance,—by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow.

Yes, we are the cowed,—we the trustless. It is a mischievous notion that we are come late into nature; that the world was finished a long time ago. As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it. To ignorance and sin, it is flint. They adapt themselves to it as they may; but in proportion as a man has anything in him divine, the firmament flows before him and takes his signet and form. Not he is great who can

alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind. They are the kings of the world who give the color of their present thought to all nature and all art, and persuade men by the cheerful serenity of their carrying the matter, that this thing which they do, is the apple which the ages have desired to pluck, now at last ripe, and inviting nations to the harvest. The great man makes the great thing. Wherever Macdonald sits, there is the head of the table. Linnæus makes botany the most alluring of studies, and wins it from the farmer and the herb-woman; Davy, chemistry; and Cuvier, fossils. The day is always his, who works in it with serenity and great aims. The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with a truth, as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon.

For this self-trust, the reason is deeper than can be fathomed,—darker than can be enlightened. I might not carry with me the feeling of my audience in stating my own belief. But I have already shown the ground of my hope, in adverting to the doctrine that man is one. I believe man has been wronged; he has wronged himself. He has almost lost the light that can lead him back to his prerogatives. Men are become of no account. Men in history, men in the world of today are bugs, are spawn, and are called "the mass" and "the herd." In a century, in a millennium, one or two men; that is to say, —one or two approximations to the right state of every man. All the rest behold in the hero or the poet their own green and crude being,—ripened; yes, and are content to be less, so that may attain to its full stature. What a testimony,—full of grandeur, full of pity, is borne to the demands of his own nature, by the poor clansman, the poor partisan, who rejoices in the glory of his chief. The poor and the low find some amends to their immense moral capacity, for their acquiescence in a political and social inferiority. They are content to be brushed like flies from the path of a great person, so that justice shall be done by him to that common nature which it is the dearest desire of all to see enlarged and glorified. They sun themselves in the great man's light, and feel it to be their own element. They cast the dignity of man from their downtrodden selves upon the shoulders of a hero, and will perish to add one drop of blood to make that great heart beat, those giant sinews combat and conquer. He lives for us, and we live in him.

Men such as they are, very naturally seek money or power; and power because it is as good as money,—the “spoils,” so called, “of office.” And why not? for they aspire to the highest, and this, in their sleep-walking, they dream is highest. Wake them, and they shall quit the false good, and leap to the true, and leave governments to clerks and desks. This revolution is to be wrought by the gradual domestication of the idea of Culture. The main enterprise of the world, for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man. Here are the materials strown along the ground. The private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy,—more formidable to its enemy, more sweet and serene in its influence to its friend, than any kingdom in history. For a man, rightly viewed, comprehendeth the particular natures of all men. Each philosopher, each bard, each actor, has only done for me, as by a delegate, what one day I can do for myself. The books which once we valued more than the apple of the eye, we have quite exhausted. What is that but saying that we have come up with the point of view which the universal mind took through the eyes of one scribe; we have been that man, and have passed on. First one; then, another; we drain all cisterns, and, waxing greater by all these supplies, we crave a better and more abundant food. The man has never lived that can feed us ever. The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person, who shall set a barrier on any one side to this unbounded, unboundable empire. It is one central fire, which, flaming now out of the lips of Etna, lightens the capes of Sicily; and, now out of the throat of Vesuvius, illuminates the towers and vineyards of Naples. It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men.

But I have dwelt perhaps tediously upon this abstraction of the Scholar. I ought not to delay longer to add what I have to say, of nearer reference to the time and to this country.

Historically, there is thought to be a difference in the ideas which predominate over successive epochs, and there are data for marking the genius of the Classic, of the Romantic, and now of the Reflective or Philosophical age. With the views I have intimated of the oneness or the identity of the mind through all individuals, I do not much dwell on these differences. In fact, I believe each individual passes through all three. The boy is a Greek; the youth, romantic; the

adult, reflective. I deny not, however, that a revolution in the leading ideas may be distinctly enough traced.

Our age is bewailed as the age of Introversion. Must that needs be evil? We, it seems, are critical; we are embarrassed with second thoughts; we cannot enjoy anything for hankering to know whereof the pleasure consists; we are lined with eyes; we see with our feet; the time is infected with Hamlet's unhappiness,—

Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Is it so bad then? Sight is the last thing to be pitied. Would we be blind? Do we fear lest we should outsee nature and God, and drink truth dry? I look upon the discontent of the literary class as a mere announcement of the fact that they find themselves not in the state of mind of their fathers, and regret the coming state as untried; as a boy dreads the water before he has learned that he can swim. If there is any period one would desire to be born in,—is it not the age of Revolution; when the old and the new stand side by side, and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are searched by fear and by hope; when the historic glories of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era? This time, like all times, is a very good one, if we but know what to do with it.

I read with joy some of the auspicious signs of the coming days, as they glimmer already through poetry and art, through philosophy and science, through church and state.

One of these signs is the fact that the same movement which effected the elevation of what was called the lowest class in the state assumed in literature a very marked and as benign an aspect. Instead of the sublime and beautiful, the near, the low, the common, was explored and poetized. That which had been negligently trodden under foot by those who were harnessing and provisioning themselves for long journeys into far countries, is suddenly found to be richer than all foreign parts. The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life, are the topics of the time. It is a great stride. It is a sign—is it not?—of new vigor, when the extremities are made active, when currents of warm life run into the hands and the feet. I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy;

I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into today, and you may have the antique and future worlds. What would we really know the meaning of? The meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan; the ballad in the street; the news of the boat; the glance of the eye; the form and the gait of the body;—show me the ultimate reason of these matters; show me the sublime presence of the highest spiritual cause lurking, as always it does lurk, in these suburbs and extremities of nature; let me see every trifle bristling with the polarity that ranges it instantly on an eternal law; and the shop, the plow, and the ledger, referred to the like cause by which light undulates and poets sing; and the world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber-room, but has form and order; there is no trifle; there is no puzzle; but one design unites and animates the farthest pinnacle and the lowest trench.

This idea has inspired the genius of Goldsmith, Burns, Cowper, and, in a newer time, of Goethe, Wordsworth, and Carlyle. This idea they have differently followed and with various success. In contrast with their writing, the style of Pope, of Johnson, of Gibbon, looks cold and pedantic. This writing is blood-warm. Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote. The near explains the far. The drop is a small ocean. A man is related to all nature. This perception of the worth of the vulgar is fruitful in discoveries. Goethe, in this very thing the most modern of the moderns, has shown us, as none ever did, the genius of the ancients. . . .

Another sign of our times, also marked by an analogous political movement, is the new importance given to the single person. Everything that tends to insulate the individual—to surround him with barriers of natural respect, so that each man shall feel the world as his, and man shall treat with man as a sovereign state with a sovereign state—tends to true union as well as greatness. "I learned," said the melancholy Pestalozzi, "that no man in God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man." Help must come from the bosom alone. The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future. He must be an university of knowledges. If there be one lesson more than another which should pierce his ear, it is: The world is nothing,

the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason; it is for you to know all, it is for you to dare all. Mr. President and Gentlemen, this confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation, to the American Scholar. We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. Public and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat. The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant. See already the tragic consequence. The mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself. There is no work for any but the decorous and the complaisant. Young men of the fairest promise, who begin life upon our shores, inflated by the mountain winds, shined upon by all the stars of God, find the earth below not in unison with these, but are hindered from action by the disgust which the principles on which business is managed inspire, and turn drudges, or die of disgust,—some of them suicides. What is the remedy? They did not yet see, and thousands of young men as hopeful now crowding to the barriers for the career, do not yet see, that if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him. Patience,—patience;—with the shades of all the good and great for company; and for solace, the perspective of your own infinite life; and for work, the study and the communication of principles, the making those instincts prevalent, the conversion of the world. Is it not the chief disgrace in the world, not to be an unit;—not to be reckoned one character;—not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, or the thousand, of the party, the section to which we belong; and our opinion predicted geographically, as the north, or the south? Not so, brothers and friends,—please God, ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. The study of letters shall be no longer a name for pity, for doubt, and for sensual indulgence. The dread of man and the love of man shall be a wall of defence and a wreath of joy around all. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men.

THE PRESENT CRISIS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

When a deed is done for Freedom, through
the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on
from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the
soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the
energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the
thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots
the instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's
systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recog-
nizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with
mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child
leaps beneath the Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror
and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of
coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his
sympathies with God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be
drunk up by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving
in the nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an in-
stinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift
flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Hu-
manity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the
gush of joy or shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest
have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the
moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for
the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offer-
ing each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the
sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that
darkness and that light

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose
party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes
the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis
Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see
around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield
her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the
beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut
through Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low,
foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers,
from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the
judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's
pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old
systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong for-
ever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, be-
hind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping
watch above his own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small
and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn
the iron helm of Fate,
But the soul is still oracular; amid the mar-
ket's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the
Delphic cave within,—
"They enslave their children's children who
make compromise with sin."

Slavery, the earthborn Cyclops, fellest of the
giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who
have drenched the earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by
our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his
miserable prey;—
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our
helpless children play?

Then to side with Truth is noble when we
share her wretched crust,

Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and
'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the
coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is
crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith
they had denied.

Count me o'er Earth's chosen heroes,—they
were souls that stood alone
While the men they agonized for hurled the
contumelious stone,
Stood serene and down the future saw the
golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by
their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to
God's supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's
bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the
cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how
each generation learned
One new word of that grand *Credo* which in
prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered
with his face to heaven upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward: where today
the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the
silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the
crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent
awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into His-
tory's golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle
slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our
fathers' graves;
Worshippers of light ancestral make the
present light a crime;—
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards,
steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future,
that make Plymouth Rock sublime?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old
iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all vir-
tue was the Past's;

But we make their truth our falsehood,
thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in moldy parchments, while
our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which
drove them across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them;
we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's
new-lit altar fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall
we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the
funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the
prophets of today?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes
ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who
would keep abreast of Truth; -
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we our-
selves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the
Past's blood-rusted key.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

[From *The Biglow Papers*, 1849]

Guvener B. is a sensible man;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his
folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?
We can't never choose him, o' course,—
thet's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't
you?)
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all
that;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

General C. is a drefle smart man:
He's ben on all sides thet give places or
pelf;

But consistency still wuz a part of his
plan,—

He's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet is
himself;—

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer General C.

General C. he goes in fer the war;

He don't vally principle more'n an old
cud;

Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an'
blood?

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer General C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our
village,

With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut
aint,

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war
an' pillage,

An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark
of a saint;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded
idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' President Polk, you know, *he* is our
country.

An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a
book

Put the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per*
contry;

An' John P.

Robinson he

Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these arguments
lies;

Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee*,
faw, fum;

An' thet all this big talk of our destinies

Is half on it ignorance, an' t'other half
rum;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez it aint no sech thing; an', of course,
so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their
swaller-tail coats,

An' marched round in front of a drum an' a
fife,

To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em
votes;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez they didn't know everythin' down
in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters,
I vow,—

God sends country lawyers, an' other wise
fellers,

To start the world's team wen it gits in a
slough;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers
out Gee!

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

[From *The Biglow Papers*, 1849]

I du believe in Freedom's cause,

Ez fur away ez Payris is;

I love to see her stick her claws

In them infarnal Phayrisees;

It's wal enough agin a king

To dror resolves an' triggers,—

But libbaty's a kind o' thing

Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want

A tax on teas an' coffees,

Thet nothin' aint extravygunt,—

Purvidin' I'm in office;

Fer I hev loved my country sence

My eye-teeth filled their sockets,

An' Uncle Sam I reverence,

Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan

O' levyin' the taxes,

Ez long ez, like a lumberman,

I git jest wut I axes:

I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,

Because it kind o' rouses

The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in

Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good

To sen' out furrin missions,

Thet is, on sartin understood

An' orthydox conditions;—

I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,

Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould just about fit.

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin';
The bread comes back in many days,
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin;
I mean in prayin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on;
The people's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on;
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
An' gives a good-sized junk to all,—
I don't care *how* hard money is
Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul
In the gret Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal
An' in the traces lead 'em;
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
At my fat contracts squintin'
An' withered be the nose thet pokes
Inter the gov'ment printin'!

I du believe thet I should give
Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,
Fer it's by him I move an' live,
Frum him my bread an' cheese air;
I du believe thet all o' me
Doth bear his superscription,—
Will, conscience, honor, honesty,
An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
To him thet hez the grantin'
O' jobs,—in every thin' thet pays,
But most of all in CANTIN';
This does my cup with marcies fill,
This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—
I *don't* believe in princerple,
But O, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
Or thet, ez it may happen
One way or t'other hendiest is
To ketch the people nappin';
It aint by princerples nor men
My preudunt course is steadied,—
I scent which pays the best, an' then
Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
Comes nat'ral to a Presidunt,

Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
To hev a wal-broke precedunt;
Fer any office, small or gret,
I couldn't ax with no face,
Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
'll keep the people in blindness,—
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
Right inter brotherly kindness,
That bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
To hev a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
In pasturs sweet heth led me,
An' this'll keep the people green
To feed ez they hev fed me.

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
Today, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
Today, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne!

Who serves today upon the list
Beside the served shall stand;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand!
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong today;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

Today let pomp and vain pretence
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
Today shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress.
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust.—

While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man to-day!

(1852)

THE SHIP OF STATE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[From *The Building of the Ship*, 1849]

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,

What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

II. EXPANSION AND SOVEREIGNTY

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

WALT WHITMAN

I hear America singing, the varied carols I
hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as
it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his
plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for
work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him
in his boat, and the deck-hand singing
on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his
bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on
his way in the morning, or at noon
intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of
the young wife at work, or of the girl
sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and
to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night
the party of young fellows, robust,
friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melo-
dious songs.

(1860)

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

WALT WHITMAN

Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons
ready,

Have you your pistols? have you your
sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear
the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on
us depend,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly
pride and friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you
tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied
over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden
and the lesson,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world,
varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world
of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the
mountains steep,

Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as
we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and
piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the vir-
gin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
From the peaks gigantic, from the great
sierras and the high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from the
hunting trail we come,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
Central inland race are we, from Missouri,
with the continental blood intervein'd,
All the hands of comrades clasping, all the
Southern, all the Northern,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O resistless, restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches
with tender love for all!
O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with
love for all,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Raise the mighty mother mistress,
Waving high the delicate mistress, over all
the starry mistress (bend your heads
all),
Raise the fang'd and warlike mistress, stern,
impassive, weapon'd mistress,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

See my children, resolute children,
By those swarms upon our rear we must
never yield or falter,
Ages back in ghostly millions frowning there
behind us urging,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

On and on the compact ranks,
With accessions ever waiting, with the places
of the dead quickly fill'd,
Through the battle, through defeat, moving
yet and never stopping,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O to die advancing on!
Are there some of us to droop and die? has
the hour come?

Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and
sure the gap is fill'd,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

All the pulses of the world,
Falling in they beat for us, with the West-
ern movement beat,
Holding single or together, steady moving to
the front, all for us,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Life's involv'd and varied pageants,
All the forms and shows, all the workmen at
their work,
All the seamen and the landsmen, all the
masters with their slaves,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

All the hapless silent lovers,
All the prisoners in the prisons, all the
righteous and the wicked,
All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the
living, all the dying,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

I too with my soul and body,
We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on
our way,
Through these shores amid the shadows,
with the apparitions pressing,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Lo, the darting bowling orb!
Lo, the brother orbs around, all the cluster-
ing suns and planets,
All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights
with dreams,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

These are of us, they are with us,
All for primal needed work, while the fol-
lowers there in embryo wait behind,
We today's procession heading, we the route
for travel clearing,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O you daughters of the West!
O you young and elder daughters! O you
mothers and you wives!
Never must you be divided, in our ranks you
move united,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Minstrels latent on the prairies!
(Shrouded bards of other lands, you may
rest, you have done your work,)
Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you
rise and tramp amid us,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Not for delectations sweet,
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the
peaceful and the studious,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us
the tame enjoyment,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they
lock'd and bolted doors?
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket
on the ground,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Has the night descended?
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we
stop discouraged nodding on our
way?
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your
tracks to pause oblivious,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call—hark! how
loud and clear I hear it wind,
Swift! to the head of the army!—swift!
spring to your places,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

(1865)

RISE, O DAYS, FROM YOUR FATHOMLESS
DEEPS

WALT WHITMAN

1

Rise, O days, from your fathomless deeps,
till you loftier, fiercer sweep!
Long for my soul, hungering gymnastic, I
devour'd what the earth gave me;
Long I roam'd the woods of the north—long
I watch'd Niagara pouring;
I travel'd the prairies over, and slept on
their breast—I cross'd the Nevadas, I
cross'd the plateaus;
I ascended the towering rocks along the Pa-
cific, I sail'd out to sea;
I sail'd through the storm, I was refreshed
by the storm;
I watch'd with joy the threatening maws of
the waves;
I marked the white combs where they ca-
reer'd so high, curling over;
I heard the wind piping, I saw the black
clouds;
Saw from below what rose and mounted (O
superb! O wild as my heart, and power-
ful!),

Heard the continuous thunder, as it bel-
low'd after the lightning;
Noted the slender and jagged threads of
lightning, as sudden and fast amid the
din they chased each other across the
sky;

—These, and such as these, I, elate, saw—
saw with wonder, yet pensive and mas-
terful;

All the menacing might of the globe uprisen
around me;

Yet there with my soul I fed—I fed con-
tent, supercilious.

2

'Twas well, O soul! 'twas a good prepara-
tion you gave me!

Now we advance our latent and ampler
hunger to fill;

Now we go forth to receive what the earth
and the sea never gave us;

Not through the mighty woods we go, but
through the mightier cities;

Something for us is pouring now, more than
Niagara pouring;

Torrents of men (sources and rills of the
Northwest, are you indeed inexhaust-
ible?),

What, to pavements and homesteads here—
what were those storms of the moun-
tains and sea?

What, to passions I witness around me to-
day? Was the sea risen?

Was the wind piping the pipe of death
under the black clouds?

Lo! from deeps more unfathomable, some-
thing more deadly and savage;

Manhattan, rising, advancing with menacing
front—Cincinnati, Chicago, unchain'd;

—What was that swell I saw on the ocean?
behold what comes here!

How it climbs with daring feet and hands!
how it dashes!

How the true thunder bellows after the
lightning! how bright the flashes of
lightning!

How DEMOCRACY, with desperate vengeful
part strides on, shown through the dark
by those flashes of lightning!

(Yet a mournful wail and low sob I fancied
I heard through the dark,

In a lull of the deafening confusion.)

3

Thunder on! stride on, Democracy! strike
with vengeful stroke!

And do you rise higher than ever yet, O
days, O cities!

Crash heavier, heavier yet, O storms! you
have done me good;
My soul, prepared in the mountains, absorbs
your immortal strong nutriment;
—Long had I walk'd my cities, my country
roads, through farms, only half-satis-
fied;
One doubt, nauseous, undulating like a
snake, crawl'd on the ground before me,
Continually preceding my steps, turning
upon me oft, ironically hissing low;
—The cities I loved so well, I abandon'd and
left—I sped to the certainties suitable
to me;
Hungering, hungering, hungering, for pri-
mal energies, and Nature's dauntless-
ness.
I refresh'd myself with it only, I could relish
it only;
I waited the bursting forth of the pent fire—
on the water and air I waited long;
—But now I no longer wait—I am fully
satisfied—I am glutted;
I have witness'd the true lightning—I have
witness'd my cities electric;
I have lived to behold man burst forth, and
warlike America rise;
Hence I will seek no more the food of the
northern solitary wilds,
No more the mountains roam, or sail the
stormy sea.

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers
brought forth on this continent, a new na-
tion, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to
the proposition that all men are created
equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war;
testing whether that nation, or any nation
so conceived and so dedicated, can long en-
dure. We are met on a great battle-field of
that war. We have come to dedicate a por-
tion of that field, as a final resting place for
those who here gave their lives that that na-
tion might live. It is altogether fitting and
proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedi-
cate—we can not consecrate—we can not
hallow—this ground. The brave men, living
and dead, who struggled here have conse-
crated it far above our poor power to add
or detract. The world will little note, nor
long remember what we say here, but it can
never forget what they did here. It is for

us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to
the unfinished work which they who fought
here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is
rather for us to be here dedicated to the
great task remaining before us—that from
these honored dead we take increased devo-
tion to that cause for which they gave the
last full measure of devotion—that we here
highly resolve that these dead shall not have
died in vain—that this nation, under God,
shall have a new birth of freedom—and that
government of the people, by the people, for
the people, shall not perish from the earth.
(1863)

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN:—At this second
appearing to take the oath of the presiden-
tial office, there is less occasion for an ex-
tended address than there was at the first.
Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a
course to be pursued, seemed fitting and
proper. Now, at the expiration of four
years, during which public declarations have
been constantly called forth on every point
and phase of the great contest which still
absorbs the attention and engrosses the en-
ergies of the nation, little that is new can be
presented. The progress of our arms, upon
which all else chiefly depends, is as well
known to the public as to myself; and
it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and
encouraging to all. With high hope for
the future, no prediction in regard to it is
ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four
years ago, all thoughts were anxiously di-
rected to an impending civil war. All dread-
ed it—all sought to avert it. While the in-
augural address was being delivered from
this place, devoted altogether to saving the
Union without war, insurgent agents were in
the city seeking to destroy it without war—
seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide
effects, by negotiation. Both parties depre-
cated war; but one of them would make war
rather than let the nation survive; and the
other would accept war rather than let it
perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were
colored slaves, not distributed generally over
the Union, but localized in the southern part
of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar
and powerful interest. All knew that this
interest was, somehow, the cause of the war.

To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it shall continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations. (1865)

ODE RECITED AT THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

July 21, 1865

I

Weak-winged is song,
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave deed climbs for light:
We seem to do them wrong,
Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their
 hearse
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler
 verse,
Our trivial song to honor those who come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and
 drum,
And shaped in squadron-strophes their de-
 sire,
Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and
 fire:
Yet sometimes feathered words are strong
A gracious memory to buoy up and save
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common
 grave
Of the unventurous throng.

II

Today our Reverend Mother welcomes back
Her wisest Scholars, those who under-
 stood
The deeper teaching of her mystic tome
And offered their fresh lives to make it
 good:
No lore of Greece or Rome,
No science peddling with the names of
 things,
Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,
Can lift our life with wings
Far from Death's idle gulf that for the
 many waits,
And lengthen out our dates
With that clear fame whose memory sings
In many hearts to come, and nerves them
 and dilates:
Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all!
Not such the trumpet-call
Of thy diviner mood,
That could thy sons entice
From happy homes and toils, the fruitful
 nest
Of those half-virtues which the world calls
 best,
Into War's tumult rude;
But rather far that stern device

The sponsors chose that round thy cradle
stood
In the dim, unventured wood,
The VERITAS that lurks beneath
The letter's unprolific-sheath,
Life of whate'er makes life worth living,
Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food,
One heavenly thing whereof earth hath the
giving.

III

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best
oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind
her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for
her;
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are
true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do;
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round
her,
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them
in death.

IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
Into the silent hollow of the past;
What is there that abides
To make the next age better for the last?
Is earth too poor to give us
Something to live for here that shall out-
live us?
Some more substantial boon
Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's
fickle moon?
The little that we see
From doubt is never free;
The little that we do

Is but half-nobly true;
With our laborious hiving
What men call treasure and the gods call
dross,
Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,
Only secure in every one's conniving,
A long account of nothings paid with loss,
Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen
wires,
After our little hour of strut and rave,
With all our pasteboard passions and de-
sires,
Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,
Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave,
But stay! no age was e'er degenerate,
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
For in our likeness still we shape our fate.
Ah, there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from Night,
Something that leaps life's narrow bars
To claim its birthright with the hosts of
heaven;
A seed of sunshine that doth leaven
Our earthly dulness with the beams of
stars,
And glorify our clay
With light from fountains elder than the
Day;
A conscience more divine than we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-reaching sense
Of some more noble permanence;
A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will not let
it be,
Still glimmering from the heights of unde-
generate years.

V

Whither leads the path
To ampler fates that leads?
Not down through flowery meads,
To reap an aftermath
Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
But up the steep, amid the wrath
And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,
Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
And every turf the fierce foot clings to
bleeds.
Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
Light the black lips of cannon, and the
sword
Dreams in its easeful sheath;

But some day the live coal behind the
thought
Whether from Baäl's stone obscene,
Or from the shrine serene
Of God's pure altar brought,
Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and
pen
Learns with what deadly purpose it was
fraught,
And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
Shakes all the pillared state with shock of
men:
Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed
Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
And cries reproachful: "Was it, then, my
praise,
And not myself was loved? Prove now thy
truth;
I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
The victim of thy genius, not its mate!"
Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's
solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he
needs.

VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and
burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored
urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World molds aside she
threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and
true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to
lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again
and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest
stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us
face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and
drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a
tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing
man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first Ameri-
can.

VII

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern
Or only guess some more inspiring goal
Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,
Along whose course the flying axles burn

Of spirits bravely-pitched, earth's manlier
brood;
Long as below we cannot find
The meed that stills the inexorable mind;
So long this faith to some ideal Good,
Under whatever mortal names it masks,
Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal
mood
That thanks the Fates for their severer
tasks,
Feeling its challenged pulses leap,
While others skulk in subterfuges cheap,
And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon it
asks,
Shall win man's praise and woman's love,
Shall be a wisdom that we set above
All other skills and gifts to culture dear,
A virtue round whose forehead we en-
wreath
Laurels that with a living passion breathe
When other crowns grow, while we twine
them, sear.
What brings us thronging these high rites
to pay,
And seal these hours the noblest of our year,
Save that our brothers found this better
way?

VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and
milk;
But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our
best;—
Ah me! not all! some come not with the
rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any
here!
I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear:
I sweep them for a paean, but they wane
Again and yet again
Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of the dear ones whom the dumb
turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to
gain:
Fittier may others greet the living,
For me the past is unforgiving;
I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not.—Say not so!
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,

But the high faith that failed not by the
way;
Virtue treads paths that end not in the
grave;
No bar of endless night exiles the brave;
And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack:
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted
ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expecta-
tion!

IX

But is there hope to save
Even this ethereal essence from the grave?
What ever 'scaped Oblivion's subtle
wrong
Save a few clarion names, or golden threads
of song?
Before my musing eye
The mighty ones of old sweep by,
Disvoicèd now and insubstantial things,
As noisy once as we; poor ghosts of kings,
Shadows of empire wholly gone to dust,
And many races, nameless long ago,
To darkness driven by that imperious gust
Of ever-rushing Time that here doth blow:
O visionary world, condition strange,
Where naught abiding is but only Change,
Where the deep-bolted stars themselves still
shift and range!
Shall we to more continuance make pre-
tence?
Renown builds tombs; a life-estate is Wit;
And, bit by bit,
The cunning years steal all from us but woe;
Leaves are we, whose decays no harvest sow.
But, when we vanish hence,
Shall they lie forceless in the dark below,
Save to make green their little length of
sods,
Or deepen pansies for a year or two,
Who now to us are shining sweet as gods?
Was dying all they had the skill to do?
That were not fruitless: but the Soul re-
sents
Such short-lived service, as if blind events

Ruled without her, or earth could so endure;
 She claims a more divine investiture
 Of longer tenure than Fame's airy rents;
 Whate'er she touches doth her nature share;
 Her inspiration haunts the ennobled air,

Gives eyes to mountains blind,
 Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the wind,
 And her clear trumpet sings succor every-
 where

By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful mind;
 For soul inherits all that soul could dare:

Yea, Manhood hath a wider span
 And larger privilege of life than man.
 The single deed, the private sacrifice,
 So radiant now through proudly-hidden
 tears,

Is covered up ere long from mortal eyes
 With thoughtless drift of the deciduous
 years;

But that high privilege that makes all men
 peers,

That leap of heart whereby a people rise
 Up to a noble anger's height,
 And, flamed on by the Fates, not shrink, but
 grow more bright,

That swift validity in noble veins,
 Of choosing danger and disdaining shame,
 Of being set on flame

By the pure fire that flies all contact base
 But wraps its chosen with angelic might,

These are imperishable gains,
 Sure as the sun, medicinal as light,
 These hold great futures in their lusty
 reins

And certify to earth a new imperial race.

X

Who now shall sneer?
 Who dare again to say we trace
 Our lines to a plebeian race?
 Roundhead and Cavalier!

Dumb are those names erewhile in battle
 loud;

Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,
 They flit across the ear:

That is best blood that hath most iron in't
 To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
 For what makes manhood dear.

Tell us not of Plantagenets,
 Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods
 crawl

Down from some victor in a border-brawl!

How poor their outworn coronets,
 Matched with one leaf of that plain civic
 wreath

Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath,
 Through whose desert a rescued Nation
 sets

Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears
 Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears
 With vain resentments and more vain re-
 grets!

XI

Not in anger, not in pride,
 Pure from passion's mixture rude
 Ever to base earth allied,
 But with far-heard gratitude,
 Still with heart and voice renewed,
 To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,
 The strain should close that consecrates our
 brave.

Lift the heart and lift the head!

Lofly be its mood and grave,
 Not without a martial ring,
 Not without a prouder tread
 And a peal of exultation:
 Little right has he to sing
 Through whose heart in such an hour
 Beats no march of conscious power,
 Sweeps no tumult of elation!

'Tis no Man we celebrate,
 By his country's victories great,
 A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,
 But the pith and marrow of a Nation
 Drawing force from all her men,
 Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
 For her time of need, and then
 Pulsing it again through them,
 Till the basest can no longer cower,
 Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,
 Touched but in passing by her mantle-hem.
 Come back, then, noble pride, for 'tis her
 dower!

How could poet ever tower,
 If his passions, hopes, and fears,
 If his triumphs and his tears,
 Kept not measure with his people?
 Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and
 waves!

Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking
 steeple!

Banners, advance with triumph, bend your
 staves!

And from every mountain-peak
 Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,
 Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he,
 And so leap on in light from sea to sea,

Till the glad news be sent
 Across a kindling continent,
 Making earth feel more firm and air breathe
 braver:

"Be proud! for she is saved, and all have
 helped to save her!

She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
 She of the open soul and open door,

With room about her heart for all man-
kind!
The fire is dreadful in her eyes no more;
From her bold front the helm she doth
unbind,
Sends all her handmaid armies back to
spin,
And bids her navies, that so lately hurled
Their crashing battle, hold their thunders
in,
Swimming like birds of calm along the un-
harmful shore.
No challenge sends she to the elder world,
That looked askance and hated; a light
scorn
Plays o'er her mouth, as round her mighty
knees
She calls her children back, and waits the
morn
Of nobler day, enthroned between her sub-
ject seas."

XII

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found
release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His
ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought
thy peace!
Bow down in prayer and praise!
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised
brow,
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips.
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare,
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare! .

THOU MOTHER WITH THY EQUAL BROOD

WALT WHITMAN

1

Thou Mother with thy equal brood,
Thou varied chain of different States, yet
one identity only,

A special song before I go I'd sing o'er all
the rest,
For thee, the future.

I'd sow a seed for thee of endless Nation-
ality,
I'd fashion thy ensemble including body and
soul,
I'd show away ahead thy real Union, and
how it may be accomplish'd.

The paths to the house I seek to make,
But leave to those to come the house itself.

Belief I sing and preparation;
As Life and Nature are not great with ref-
erence to the present only,
But greater still from what is yet to come,
Out of that formula for thee I sing.

2

As a strong bird on pinions free,
Joyous, the amplest spaces heavenward
cleaving,
Such be the thought I'd think of thee
America,
Such be the recitative I'd bring for thee.

The conceits of the poets of other lands I'd
bring thee not,
Nor the compliments that have served their
turn so long,
Nor rime, nor the classics, nor perfumes of
foreign court or indoor library;
But an odor I'd bring as from forests of
pine in Maine, or breath of an Illinois
prairie,
With open airs of Virginia or Georgia or
Tennessee, or from Texas uplands, or
Florida's glades,
Or the Saguenay's black stream, or the wide
blue spread of Huron,
With presentment of Yellowstone's scenes,
or Yosemite,
And murmuring under, pervading all, I'd
bring the rustling sea-sound,
That endlessly sounds from the two Great
Seas of the world.

And for thy subtler sense subtler refrains,
dread Mother,
Preludes of intellect tallying these and thee,
mind-formulas fitted for thee, real and
sane and large as these and thee,
Thou! mounting higher, diving deeper than
we knew, thou transcendental Union!
By thee fact to be justified, blended with
thought,

Thought of man justified, blended with God,
Through thy idea, lo, the immortal reality!
Through thy reality, lo, the immortal idea!

3

Brain of the New World, what a task is thine,
To formulate the Modern—out of the peerless grandeur of the modern,
Out of thyself, comprising science, to recast poems, churches, art,
(Recast, may-be discard them, end them—may-be their work is done, who knows?)
By vision, hand, conception, on the background of the mighty past, the dead,
To limn with absolute faith the mighty living present.

And yet thou living present brain, heir of the dead, the Old World brain,
Thou that lay folded like an unborn babe within its folds so long,
Thou carefully prepared by it so long—haply thou but unfoldest it, only maturest it,
It to eventuate in thee—the essence of the by-gone time contain'd in thee,
Its poems, churches, arts, unwitting to themselves, destined with reference to thee;
Thou but the apples, long, long, long a-growing,
The fruit of all the Old ripening today in thee.

4

Sail, sail thy best, ship of Democracy,
Of value is thy freight, 'tis not the Present only,
The Past is also stored in thee,
Thou holdest not the venture of thyself alone, not of the western continent alone,
Earth's *resumé* entire floats on thy keel O ship, is steadied by thy spars,
With thee Time voyages in trust, the antecedent nations sink or swim with thee.
With all their ancient struggles, martyrs, heroes, epics, wars, thou bear'st the other continents,
Theirs, theirs as much as thine, the destination—port triumphant;
Steer then with good strong hand and wary eye O helmsman, thou carriest great companions.
Venerable priestly Asia sails this day with thee,
And royal feudal Europe sails with thee.

5

Beautiful world of new superber birth that rises to my eyes,
Like a limitless golden cloud filling the western sky,
Emblem of general maternity lifted above all,
Sacred shape of the bearer of daughters and sons,
Out of thy teeming womb thy giant babes in ceaseless procession issuing,
Acceding from such gestation, taking and giving continual strength and life,
World of the real—world of the twain in one,
World of the soul, born by the world of the real alone, led to identity, body, by it alone,
Yet in beginning only, incalculable masses of composite precious materials,
By history's cycles forwarded, by every nation, language, hither sent,
Ready, collected here, a freer, vast, electric world, to be constructed here,
(The true New World, the world of orbic science, morals, literatures to come,)
Thou wonder world yet undefined, unform'd, neither do I define thee,
How can I pierce the impenetrable blank of the future?
I feel thy ominous greatness evil as well as good,
I watch thee advancing, absorbing the present, transcending the past,
I see thy light lighting, and thy shadow shadowing, as if the entire globe,
But I do not undertake to define thee, hardly to comprehend thee,
I but thee name, thee prophesy, as now,
I merely thee ejaculate!

Thee in thy future,
Thee in thy only permanent life, career, thy own unloosen'd mind, thy soaring spirit,
Thee as another equally needed sun, radiant, ablaze, swift-moving, fructifying all,
Thee risen in potent cheerfulness and joy, in endless great hilarity,
Scattering for good the cloud that hung so long, that weigh'd so long upon the mind of man,
The doubt, suspicion, dread, of gradual, certain decadence of man;
Thee in thy larger, saner brood of female, male—thee in thy athletes, moral, spiritual, South, North, West, East,

(To thy immortal breasts, Mother of All, thy
every daughter, son, endear'd alike, for-
ever equal,)

Thee in thy own musicians, singers, artists,
unborn yet, but certain,

Thee in thy moral wealth and civilization
(until which thy proudest material civ-
ilization must remain in vain,)

Thee in thy all-supplying, all-enclosing wor-
ship—thee in no single bible, savior,
merely,

Thy saviors countless, latent within thy-
self, equal to any, divine as any,

(Thy soaring course thee formulating, not
in thy two great wars, nor in thy cen-
tury's visible growth,

But far more in these leaves and chants, thy
chants, great Mother!)

Thee in an education grown of thee, in
teachers, studies, students, born of thee,

Thee in thy democratic fêtes en-masse, thy
high original festivals, operas, lectur-
ers, preachers,

Thee in thy ultmata, (the preparations only
now completed, the edifice on sure foun-
dations tied,)

Thee in thy pinnacles, intellect, thought, thy
topmost rational joys, thy love and god-
like aspiration,

In thy resplendent coming literati, thy full-
lung'd orators, thy sacerdotal bards,
kosmic savans,

These! these in thee, (certain to come,) to-
day I prophesy.

6

Land tolerating all, accepting all, not for
the good alone, all good for thee,
Land in the realms of God to be a realm unto
thyself,

Under the rule of God to be a rule unto
thyself.

(Lo, where arise three peerless stars,
To be thy natal stars my country, Ensemble,
Evolution, Freedom,
Set in the sky of Law.)

Land of unprecedented faith, God's faith,
Thy soil, thy very subsoil, all upheav'd,
The general inner earth so long, so sedu-
lously draped over, now hence for what
it is boldly laid bare,

Open'd by thee to heaven's light for benefit
or bale.

Not for success alone,
Not to fair-sail unintermitted always,

The storm shall dash thy face, the murk of
war and worse than war shall cover thee
all over,

(Wert capable of war, its tug and trials?
be capable of peace, its trials,

For the tug and mortal strain of nations
came at last in prosperous peace, not
war;)

In many a smiling mask death shall ap-
proach beguiling thee, thou in disease
shalt swelter,

The livid cancer spread its hideous claws,
clinging upon thy breasts, seeking to
strike thee deep within,

Consumption of the worst, moral consump-
tion, shall rouge thy face with hectic,

But thou shalt face thy fortunes, thy dis-
eases, and surmount them all,

Whatever they are today and whatever
through time they may be,

They each and all shall lift and pass away
and cease from thee,

While thou, Time's spirals rounding, out of
thyself, thyself still extricating, fusing,
Equable, natural, mystical Union thou, (the
mortal with immortal blent,)

Shalt soar toward the fulfilment of the fu-
ture, the spirit of the body and the
mind,

The soul, its destinies.

The soul, its destinies, the real real,
(Purport of all these apparitions of the
real;)

In thee, America, the soul, its destinies,
Thou globe of globes! thou wonder nebu-
lous!

By many a throe of heat and cold convuls'd,
(by these thyself solidifying,)

Thou mental, moral orb—thou New, indeed
new, Spiritual World!

The Present holds thee not—for such vast
growth as thine,

For such unparallel'd flight as thine, such
brood as thine,

The FUTURE only holds thee and can hold
thee. (1872)

O STAR OF FRANCE

(1870-1871)

WALT WHITMAN

O star of France,
The brightness of thy hope and strength and
fame,

Like some proud ship that led the fleet so
long,

Beseems today a wreck driven by the gale,
a mastless hulk,
And 'mid its teeming madden'd half-drown'd
crowds,
Nor helm nor helmsman.

Dim smitten star,
Orb not of France alone, pale symbol of my
soul, its dearest hopes,
The struggle and the daring, rage divine for
liberty,
Of aspirations toward the far ideal, enthu-
siast's dreams of brotherhood,
Of terror to the tyrant and the priest.

Star crucified—by traitors sold,
Star panting o'er a land of death, heroic
land,
Strange, passionate, mocking, frivolous land.

Miserable! yet for thy errors, vanities, sins,
I will not now rebuke thee.
Thy unexampled woes and pangs have
quell'd them all,
And left thee sacred.

In that amid thy many faults thou ever
aimedst highly,
In that thou wouldst not really sell thyself
however great the price,
In that thou surely wakedst weeping from
thy drugg'd sleep,
In that alone among thy sisters thou, giant-
ess, didst rend the ones that shamed
thee,
In that thou couldst not, wouldst not, wear
the usual chains,
This cross, thy livid face, thy pierced hands
and feet,
The spear thrust in thy side.

O star! O ship of France, beat back and
baffled long!
Bear up O smitten orb! O ship continue on!

Sure as the ship of all, the Earth itself,
Product of deadly fire and turbulent chaos,
Forth from its spasms of fury and its poi-
sons,
Issuing forth at last in perfect power and
beauty,
Onward beneath the sun following its
course,
So thee O ship of France!

Finish'd the days, the clouds dispel'd,
The travail o'er, the long-sought extrication,

When lo! reborn, high o'er the European
world,
(In gladness answering thence, as face afar
to face, reflecting ours Columbia,) .
Again thy star O France, fair lustrous star,
In heavenly peace, clearer, more bright than
ever,
Shall beam immortal.

THE PURPOSE OF DEMOCRACY

WALT WHITMAN

[From *Democratic Vistas*, 1882]

The purpose of democracy—supplanting
old belief in the necessary absoluteness of
establish'd dynastic rulership, temporal, ec-
clesiastical, and scholastic, as furnishing the
only security against chaos, crime, and ig-
norance—is, through many transmigrations,
and amid endless ridicules, arguments, and
ostensible failures, to illustrate, at all haz-
ards, this doctrine or theory that man, prop-
erly train'd in sanest, highest freedom may
and must become a law, and series of laws
unto himself, surrounding and providing
for, not only his own personal control, but
all his relations to other individuals, and to
the State; and that, while other theories, as
in past histories of nations, have proved
wise enough, and indispensable perhaps
for their conditions, this, as matters now
stand in our civilized world, is the only
scheme worth working from, as warrant-
ing results like those of Nature's laws,
reliable, when once establish'd, to carry on
themselves. . . .

As to the political section of Democracy,
which introduces and breaks ground for fur-
ther and vaster sections, few probably are
the minds, even in these republican States,
that fully comprehended the aptness of that
phrase, "THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE,
BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE," which we
inherit from the lips of Abraham Lincoln; a
formula whose verbal shape is homely wit,
but whose scope includes both the totality
and all minutiae of the lesson. . . .

The purpose is not altogether direct; per-
haps it is more indirect. For it is not that
democracy is of exhaustive account, in itself.
Perhaps indeed it is, like Nature, of no ac-
count in itself. It is that, as we see it is the
best, perhaps only, fit and full means, form-
ulator, general caller-forth, trainer, of the
million, not for grand material personalities
only, but for immortal souls. To be a voter

with the rest is not so much; and this like every institute, will have its imperfections. But to become an enfranchised man, and now, impediments removed, to stand and start without humiliation, and equal with the rest; to commence or have the road clear'd to commence, the grand experiment of development, whose end, (perhaps requiring several generations,) may be the forming of a full-grown man or woman—that is something. To ballast the State is also secured, and in our time is to be secured, in no other way.

We do not, (at any rate I do not,) put it either on the ground that the People, the masses, even the best of them, are, in their latent or exhibited qualities, essentially sensible and good—nor on the ground of their rights; but that good or bad, rights or no rights, the democratic formula is the only safe and preservative one for coming times. We endow the masses with the suffrage for their own sake, no doubt; then perhaps still more, from another point of view, for community's sake. Leaving the rest to the sentimentalists, we present freedom as sufficient in its scientific aspect, cold as ice, reasoning, deductive, clear and passionless as crystal.

Democracy too is law, and of the strictest, amplest kind. Many suppose (often in its own ranks the error) that it means a throwing aside of law and running riot. But, briefly, it is the superior law, not alone that of physical force, the body, which, adding to, it supersedes with that of a spirit. Law is the unshakable order of the universe forever; and the law over all, and law of laws, is the law of successions; that of the superior law, in time, gradually supplanting and overwhelming the inferior one. (While, for myself, I would cheerfully agree—first covenanting that the formative tendencies shall be administer'd in favor, or at least not against it, and that this reservation be closely construed—that until the individual or community show due signs, or be so minor and fractional as not to endanger the State, the condition of authoritative tutelage may continue, and self-government must abide its time.) Nor is the esthetic point, always an important one, without fascination for highest aiming souls. The common ambition strains for elevations to become some privileged exclusive. The master sees greatness and health in being part of the mass; nothing will do as well as the common ground. Would you have in yourself the divine,

vast, general law? Then merge yourself in it.

And, topping democracy, this most alluring record, that it alone can bind, and ever seeks to bind, all nations, all men, of however various and distant lands, into brotherhood, a family. It is the old, yet ever-modern dream of earth, out of her eldest and her youngest, her fond philosophers and poets. Not that half only, individualism, which isolates. There is another half, which is adhesiveness or love, that fuses, ties, and aggregates, making the races comrades, and fraternizing all. Both are not to be vitalized by religion, (sole worthiest elevator of man or State,) breathing into the proud, material tissues, the breath of life. For I say at the core of democracy, finally, is the religious element. All the religions, old and new, are there. Nor may the scheme step forth, clothed in resplendent beauty and command, till these, bearing the best, the latest fruit, the spiritual, shall fully appear.

A portion of our pages we might indite with reference toward Europe, especially the British part of it, more than our own land, perhaps not absolutely needed for the home reader. But the whole question hangs together, and fastens and links all peoples. The liberalist of today has this advantage over antique or medieval times, that his doctrine seeks not only to individualize but to universalize. The great word Solidarity has arisen. Of all dangers to a nation, as things exist in our day, there can be no greater one than having certain portions of the people set off from the rest by a line drawn—they not privileged as others, but degraded, humiliated, made of no account. Much quackery teems, of course, even on democracy's side, yet does not really affect the orbic quality of the matter. To work in, if we may so term it, and justify God, his divine aggregate, the People (or, the veritable horn'd and sharp-tail'd Devil, *his* aggregate, if there be who convulsively insist upon it)—this I say is what democracy is for; and this is what our America means, and is doing—may I not say has done? If not, she means nothing more than any other land. And as, by virtue of its kosmical, antiseptic power, Nature's stomach is fully strong enough not only to digest the morbid matter always presented, not to be turn'd aside, and perhaps, indeed, intuitively gravitating thither—but even to change such contributions into nutriment for highest use and life—so American democracy's. That is

the lesson we, these days, send over to European lands by every western breeze. . . .

Political democracy, as it exists and practically works in America, with all its threatening evils, supplies a training-school for making first-class men. It is life's gymnasium, not of good only but of all. We try often, though we fall back often. A brave delight, fit for freedom's athletes, fills these arenas, and fully satisfies, out of the action in them, irrespective of success. Whatever we do not attain, we at any rate attain the experiences of the fight, the hardening of the strong campaign, and throb with currents of attempt at least. Time is ample. Let the victors come after us. Not for nothing does evil play its part among us. Judging from the main portions of the history of the world, so far, justice is always in jeopardy, peace walks amid hourly pitfalls, and of slavery, misery, meanness, the craft of tyrants, and the credulity of the populace, in some of their protean forms, no voice can at any time say, They are not. The clouds break a little, and the sun shines out—but soon and certain the lowering darkness falls again, as if to last for ever. Yet is there an immortal courage and prophecy in every sane soul that cannot, must not, under any circumstances, capitulate. *Vive*, the attack—the perennial assault! *Vive*, the unpopular cause—the spirit that audaciously aims—the never-abandon'd efforts, pursued the same amid opposing proofs and precedents. . . .

Then still the thought returns, (like the thread-passage in overtures,) giving the key and echo to these pages. When I pass to and fro, different latitudes, different seasons, beholding the crowds of the great cities, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, New Orleans, Baltimore—when I mix with these interminable swarms of alert, turbulent, good-natured, independent citizens, mechanics, clerks, young persons—at the idea of this mass of men, so fresh and free, so loving and so proud, a singular awe falls upon me. I feel with dejection and amazement, that among our geniuses and talented writers or speakers, few or none have yet really spoken to this people, created a single image-making work for them, or absorb'd the central spirit and the idiosyncrasies which are theirs—and which, thus, in highest ranges so far remain entirely uncelebrated, unexpressed.

Dominion strong is the body's; dominion stronger is the mind's.

A NEW EARTH AND A NEW MAN

WALT WHITMAN

[From *Democratic Vistas*]

Then, as towards our thought's finalé, (and, in that, overarching the true scholar's lesson,) we have to say there can be no complete or epical presentation of democracy in the aggregate, or anything like it, at this day, because its doctrines will only be effectually incarnated in any one branch, when, in all, their spirit is at the root and center. Far, far, indeed, stretch, in distance, our Vistas! How much is still to be disentangled, freed! How long it takes to make this American world see that it is, in itself, the final authority and reliance!

Did you, too, O friend, suppose democracy was only for elections, for politics, and for a party name? I say democracy is only of use there that it may pass on and come to its flower and fruits in manners, in the highest forms of interaction between men, and their beliefs—in religion, literature, colleges, and schools—democracy in all public and private life, and in the army and navy. I have intimated that as a paramount scheme, it has yet few or no full realizers and believers. I do not see either that it owes any serious thanks to noted propagandists or champions, or has been essentially help'd, though often harm'd, by them. It has been and is carried on by all the moral forces, and by trade, finance machinery, intercommunications, and, in fact, by all the developments of history, and can no more be stopp'd than the tides, or the earth in its orbit. Doubtless, also, it resides, crude and latent, well down in the hearts of the fair average of the American-born people, mainly in the agricultural regions. But it is not yet, there or anywhere, the fully-received, the fervid, the absolute faith.

I submit, therefore, that the fruition of democracy, on aught like a grand scale, resides altogether in the future. As, under any profound and comprehensive view of the gorgeous-composite feudal world, we see in it, through the long ages and cycles of ages, the results of a deep, integral, human and divine principle, or fountain, from which issued laws, ecclesia, manners, institutes, costumes, personalities, poems, (hitherto unequal'd,) faithfully partaking of their source, and indeed only arising either to betoken it, or to furnish parts of that varied-flowing display, whose center was one

and absolute—so, long ages hence shall the due historian or critic make at least an equal retrospect, an equal history of the democratic principle. It too must be adorn'd credited with its results; then, when it, with imperial power, through amplest time, has dominated mankind, has been the source and test of all the moral esthetic, social, political, and religious expressions and institutes of the civilized world, has begotten them in spirit and in form, and has carried them to its own unprecedented heights, has had, (it is possible) monastics, more numerous, more devout than the monks and priests of all previous creeds, has sway'd the ages with a breadth and rectitude tallying Nature's own, has fashion'd, systematized, and triumphantly finish'd and carried out, in its own interest, and with unparallel'd success, a new earth and a new man.

Thus we presume to write, as it were, upon things that exist not, and travel by maps yet unmade, and a blank. But the throes of birth are upon us; and we have something of this advantage in seasons of strong formations, doubts, suspense, for then the afflatus of such themes haply may fall upon us, more or less; and then, hot from surrounding war and revolution, our speech, though without polish'd coherence, and a failure by the standard called criticism, comes forth, real at least as the lightnings.

And may-be we, these days, have too, our own reward, for there are yet some, in all lands, worthy to be so encouraged. Though not for us the joy of entering at the last the conquer'd city, not ours the chance ever to see with our own eyes the peerless power and splendid *éclat* of the democratic principle, arriv'd at meridian, filling the world with effulgence and majesty far beyond those of past history's kings, or all dynastic sway, there is yet, to whoever is eligible among us, the prophetic vision, the joy of being toss'd in the brave turmoil of these times, the promulgation and the path, obedient, lowly reverent to the voice, the gesture of the god, or holy ghost, which others see not, hear not,—with the proud consciousness that amid whatever clouds, seductions, or heart-wearying postponements, we have never deserted, never despaired, never abandoned the faith.

So much contributed, to be conn'd well, to help prepare and brace our edifice, our plann'd Idea, we still proceed to give it another of its aspects, perhaps the main, the

high façade of all. For to democracy, the leveler, the unyielding principle of the average, is surely join'd another principle, equally unyielding, closely tracking the first, indispensable to it, opposite, (as the sexes are opposite,) and whose existence, confronting and ever modifying the other, often clashing, paradoxical, yet neither of the highest avail without the other, plainly supplies to these grand cosmic politics of ours, and to the launch'd forth, mortal dangers of republicanism, today or any day, the counterpart and offset whereby Nature restrains the deadly original relentlessness of all her first-class laws. This second principle is individuality, the pride and centripetal isolation of a human being in himself, identity, personalism. Whatever the name, its acceptance and thorough infusion through the organizations of political commonalty now shooting Aurora-like about the world, are of utmost importance, as the principle itself is needed for every life's sake. It forms, in a sort, or is to form, the compensating balance-wheel of the successful working machine of aggregate America.

DANGERS WITHIN THE STATE

WALT WHITMAN

[From *Democratic Vistas*]

To practically enter into politics is an important part of American personalism. To every young man, north and south, earnestly studying these things, I should here, as an offset to what I have said in former pages, now also say, that may-be to views of very largest scope, after all, perhaps the political, (perhaps the literary and sociological,) America goes best about its development its own way, sometimes to temporary sight appalling enough. It is the fashion among dilettants and fops (perhaps I myself am not guiltless,) to decry the whole formulation of the active politics of America, as beyond redemption, and to be carefully kept away from. See you that you do not fall into this error. America, it may be, is doing very well upon the whole, notwithstanding these antics of the parties and their leaders, these half-brain'd nominees, the many ignorant ballots, and many elected failures and blatherers. It is the dilettants, and all who shirk their duty, who are not doing well. As for you, I advise you to enter more strongly into politics. I advise every young man to do so. Always inform yourself; always do the best

you can; always vote. Disengage yourself from parties. They have been useful, and to some extent remain so; but the floating, uncommitted electors, farmers, clerks, mechanics, the masters of parties—watching aloof, inclining victory this side or that side—such are the ones most needed, present and future. For America, if eligible at all to downfall and ruin, is eligible within herself, not without; for I see clearly that the combined foreign world could not bear her down. But these savage, wolfish parties alarm me. Owing no law but their own will, more and more combative, less and less tolerant of the idea of ensemble and of equal brotherhood, the perfect equality of the States, the ever-overarching American ideas, it behooves you to convey yourself implicitly to no party, nor submit blindly to their dictators, but steadily hold yourself judge and master over all of them. . . .

Even today, amid these whirls, incredible flippancy, and blind fury of parties, infidelity, entire lack of first-class captains and leaders added to the plentiful meanness and vulgarity of the ostensible masses—that problem, the labor question, beginning to open like a yawning gulf, rapidly widening every year—what prospect have we? We sail a dangerous sea of seething currents, cross and under-currents, vortices—all so dark, untried—and whither shall we turn? It seems as if the Almighty had spread before this nation charts of imperial destinies, dazzling as the sun, yet with many a deep intestine difficulty, and human aggregate of cankerous imperfection—saying, lo! the roads, the only plans of development, long and varied with all terrible balks and ebullitions. You said in your soul, I will be empire of empires, overshadowing all else, past and present, putting the history of Old-World dynasties, conquests behind me, as of no account—making a new history, a history of democracy, making old history a dwarf—I alone inaugurating largeness, culminating time. If these, O lands of America, are indeed the prizes, the determinations of your soul, be it so. But behold the cost, and already specimens of the cost. Thought you greatness was to ripen for you like a pear? If you would have greatness, know that you must conquer it through ages, centuries—must pay for it with a proportionate price. For you too, as for all lands, the straggler, the traitor, the wily person in office, scrofulous wealth, the surfeit of prosperity, the demonism of greed, the hell of passion, the

decay of faith, the long postponement, the fossil-like lethargy, the ceaseless need of revolutions, prophets, thunder-storms, deaths, births, new projections and invigorations of ideas and men.

Yet I have dream'd, merged in that hidden-tangled problem of our fate, whose long unraveling stretches mysteriously through time—dreamed out, portray'd, hinted already, a little or a larger band, a band of brave and true, unprecedented yet, arm'd and equipt at every point; the members separated, it may be, by different dates and States, or south or north, or east, or west—Pacific, Atlantic, Southern, Canadian; a year, a century here, and other centuries there, but always one, compact in soul, conscience-conserving. God-inculcating, inspired achievers in all art; a new, undying order, dynasty, from age to age transmitted; a band, a class, at least as fit to cope with current years, our dangers, needs, as those who, for their times, so long, so well, in armor or in cowl, upheld and made illustrious, that far-back feudal, priestly world. To offset chivalry, indeed, those vanish'd countless knights, old altars, abbeys, priest, ages and strings of ages, a knightlier and more sacred cause today demands, and shall supply, in a New World, to larger, grander work, more than the counterpart and tally of them.

NATIONALITY—(AND YET)

WALT WHITMAN

[From *Notes Left Over*]

It is more and more clear to me that the main sustenance for highest separate personality, these States, is to come from that general sustenance of the aggregate, (as air, earth, rains, give sustenance to a tree,)—and that such personality, by democratic standards, will only be fully coherent, grand and free, through the cohesion, grandeur and freedom of the common aggregate, the Union. . . . The theory and practice of both sovereignties, contradictory as they are, are necessary. As the centripetal law were fatal alone, or the centrifugal law deadly and destructive alone, but together forming the law of eternal kosmical action, evolution, preservation, and life:—so, by itself alone, the fullness of individuality, even the sanest, would surely destroy itself. This is what makes the importance to the identities of these States of the thoroughly fused, relent-

less, dominating Union—a moral and spiritual idea, subjecting all the parts with remorseless power, more needed by American democracy than by any history's hitherto empires of feudalities, and the *sine qua non* of carrying out the republican principle to develop itself in the New World through hundreds, thousands of years to come.

Indeed, what most needs fostering through the hundred years to come, in all parts of the United States, north, south, Mississippi valley, and Atlantic and Pacific coasts, is this fused and fervent identity of the individual, whoever he or she may be, and wherever the place, with the idea and fact of American totality, and with what is meant by the Flag, the stars and stripes. We need this conviction of nationality as a faith, to be absorb'd in the blood and belief of the people everywhere, south, north, west, east, to emanate in their life, and in native literature and art. We want the germinal idea that America, inheritor of the past, is the custodian of the future of humanity. Judging from history, it is some such moral and spiritual ideas appropriate to them, (and such ideas only,) that have made the profoundest glory and endurance of nations in the past. The races of Judea, the classic clusters of Greece and Rome, and the feudal and ecclesiastical clusters of the Middle Ages, were each and all vitalized by their separate distinctive ideas, ingrain'd in them, redeeming many sins, and indeed, in a sense, the principal reason-why for their whole career.

Then, in the thought of nationality especially for the United States, and making them original, and different from all other countries, another point ever remains to be considered. There are two distinct principles—aye, paradoxes—at the life-fountain and life-continuation of the States; one, the sacred principle of the Union, the right of ensemble, at whatever sacrifice—yet another, an equally sacred principle, the right of each State, consider'd as a separate sovereign individual, in its own sphere. Some go zealously for one set of these rights, and some as zealously for the other set. We must have both; or rather, bred out of them, as our mother and father, a third set, the perennial result and combination of both, and neither jeopardized. I say the loss or abdication of one set, in the future, will be ruin to democracy just as much as the loss of the

other set. The problem is, to harmoniously adjust the two, and play the part of the two. Observe the lesson of the divinity of Nature, ever checking the excess of one side of the same law. For the theory of this Republic is not that the General government is the fountain of all life and power, dispensing forth, around, and to the remotest portions of our territory, but that the People are, represented in both, underlying both the General and State governments, and consider'd just as well in their individualities and in their separate aggregates, or States, as consider'd in one vast aggregate, the Union. This was the original dual theory and foundation of the United States, as distinguish'd from the feudal and ecclesiastical single idea of monarchies and papacies, and the divine right of kings. Kings have been of use, hitherto, as representing the idea of the identity of nations. But, to American democracy, both ideas must be filled, and in my opinion the loss of vitality of either one will indeed be the loss of vitality of the other.

ONE COUNTRY

FRANK L. STANTON

After all,

One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the Supreme Republic. We must be
The makers of her immortality,—

Her freedom, fame,

Her glory, or her shame;

Liege-men to God and fathers of the free!

After all—

Hark! from the heights the clear, strong,
clarion call

And the command imperious: "Stand forth,
Sons of the South and brothers of the North!

Stand forth and be

As one on soil and sea—

Your country's honor more than empire's
worth!"

After all,

'Tis Freedom wears the loveliest coronal;

Her brow is to the morning; in the sod

She breathes the breath of patriots; every
clod

Answers her call

And rises like a wall

Against the foes of liberty and God!

III. THE EVE OF A NEW ERA

NOT THE PILOT

WALT WHITMAN

Not the pilot has charged himself to bring
his ship into port, though beaten back
and many times baffled;
Not the pathfinder penetrating inland weary
and long,
By deserts parch'd, snows chill'd, rivers wet,
perseveres till he reaches his destination,
More than I have charged myself, heeded or
unheeded, to compose a march for these
States,
For a battle-call, rousing the arms if need
be, centuries hence. (1867)

THE PROPHECY OF A NEW ERA

WALT WHITMAN

I see tremendous entrances and exits, new
combinations, the solidarity of nations,
I see that force advancing with irresistible
power on the world's stage. . . .
I see men marching and countermarching by
swift millions,
I see the landmark of European kings re-
moved,
I see this day the People beginning their
landmarks (all others give way):
Never were such sharp questions ask'd as
this day,
Never was average man, his soul, more ener-
getic, more like a God. . . .
What whispers are these, O lands, running
ahead of you, passing under the seas?
Are all nations communing? is there going
to be but one heart to the globe?
Is humanity forming en masse? for, lo,
tyrants tremble, crowns grow dim,
The earth, restive, confronts a new era.

THE DESTINY OF AMERICA

WALT WHITMAN

[From *Collect*]

Is there not such a thing as the philosophy
of American history and politics? And if
so, what is it? . . . Wise men say there are
two sets of wills to nations and to persons—
one set that acts and works from explain-
able motives—from teaching, intelligence,
judgment, circumstance, caprice, emulation,
greed, etc., and then another set, perhaps
deep, hidden, unsuspected, yet often more

potent than the first, refusing to be argued
with, rising as it were out of abysses, resist-
lessly urging on speakers, doers, communi-
ties, unwitting to themselves—the poet to his
fieriest words—the race to pursue its loftiest
ideal. Indeed, the paradox of a nation's life
and career, with all its wondrous contradic-
tions, can probably only be explained from
these two wills, sometimes conflicting, each
operating in its sphere, combining in races
or in persons, and producing strangest re-
sults.

Let us hope there is (indeed, can there
be any doubt there is?) this great uncon-
scious and abyssmic second will also running
through the average nationality and career
of America. Let us hope that, amid all the
dangers and defections of the present, and
through all the processes of the conscious
will, it alone is the permanent and sovereign
force, destined to carry on the New World to
fulfil its destinies in the future—to resolutely
pursue those destinies, age upon age; to
build, far, far beyond its past vision, pres-
ent thought; to form and fashion, and for
the general type, men and women more
noble, more athletic than the world has yet
seen; to gradually, firmly blend, from all
the States, with all varieties, a friendly,
happy, free, religious nationality—a nation-
ality not only the richest, most inventive,
most productive and materialistic the world
has yet known, but compacted indissolubly,
and out of whose ample and solid bulk, and
giving purpose and finish to it, conscience,
morals, and all the spiritual attributes, shall
surely rise, like spires above some group of
edifices, firm-footed on the earth, yet scaling
space and heaven.

Great as they are, and greater far to be,
the United States, too, are but a series of
steps in the eternal process of creative
thought. And here is, to my mind, their
final justification, and certain perpetuity.
There is in that sublime process, in the laws
of the universe, and, above all, in the moral
law, something that would make unsatisfac-
tory, and even vain and contemptible, all the
triumphs of war, the gains of peace, and the
proudest worldly grandeur of all the na-
tions that have ever existed, or that (ours
included) now exist, except that we con-
stantly see, through all their worldly career,
however struggling and blind and lame, at-

tempts, by all ages, all peoples, according to their development, to reach, to press, to progress on, and ever farther on, to more and more advanced ideals.

The glory of the republic of the United States, in my opinion, is to be that, emerging in the light of the modern and the splendor of science, and solidly based on the past, it is to cheerfully range itself, and its politics are henceforth to come, under these universal laws, and embody them, and carry them out, to serve them. And as only that individual becomes truly great who understands well that, while complete in himself in a certain sense, he is but part of the divine, eternal scheme, and whose special life and laws are adjusted to move in harmonious relations with the general laws of Nature, and especially with the moral law, the deepest and highest of all, and the last vitality of man or state—so the United States may only become the greatest and the most continuous, by understanding well their own harmonious relations with entire humanity and history, and all their laws and progress, sublimed with the creative thought of Deity, through all time, past, present, and future. Thus will they expand to the amplitude of their destiny, and become illustrations and culminating parts of the kosmos, and of civilization.

THE MEANING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

WOODROW WILSON

[An Address delivered at Independence Hall, July 4, 1914]

We are assembled to celebrate the one hundred and thirty-eighth anniversary of the birth of the United States. I suppose that we can more vividly realize the circumstances of that birth standing on this historic spot than it would be possible to realize them anywhere else. The Declaration of Independence was written in Philadelphia; it was adopted in this historic building by which we stand. I have just had the privilege of sitting in the chair of the great man who presided over the deliberations of those who gave the declaration to the world. My hand rests at this moment upon the table upon which the declaration was signed. We can feel that we are almost in the visible and tangible presence of a great historic transaction.

Have you ever read the Declaration of Independence or attended with close com-

prehension to the real character of it when you have heard it read? If you have, you will know that it is not a Fourth of July oration. The Declaration of Independence was a document preliminary to war. It was a vital piece of practical business, not a piece of rhetoric; and if you will pass beyond those preliminary passages which we are accustomed to quote about the rights of men and read into the heart of the document you will see that it is very express and detailed, that it consists of a series of definite specifications concerning actual public business of the day. Not the business of our day, for the matter with which it deals is past, but the business of that first revolution by which the Nation was set up, the business of 1776. Its general statements, its general declarations can not mean anything to us unless we append to it a similar specific body of particulars as to what we consider the essential business of our own day.

Liberty does not consist, my fellow citizens, in mere general declarations of the rights of man. It consists in the translation of those declarations into definite action. Therefore, standing here where the declaration was adopted, reading its businesslike sentences, we ought to ask ourselves what there is in it for us. There is nothing in it for us unless we can translate it into the terms of our own conditions and of our own lives. We must reduce it to what the lawyers call a bill of particulars. It contains a bill of particulars, but the bill of particulars of 1776. If we would keep it alive, we must fill it with a bill of particulars of the year 1914.

The task to which we have constantly to readress ourselves is the task of proving that we are worthy of the men who drew this great declaration and know what they would have done in our circumstances. Patriotism consists in some very practical things—practical in that they belong to the life of every day, that they wear no extraordinary distinction about them, that they are connected with commonplace duty. The way to be patriotic in America is not only to love America but to love the duty that lies nearest to our hand and know that in performing it we are serving our country. There are some gentlemen in Washington, for example, at this very moment who are showing themselves very patriotic in a way which does not attract wide attention but seems to belong to mere everyday obligations. The Members of the House and Senate who stay in hot

Washington to maintain a quorum of the Houses and transact the all-important business of the Nation are doing an act of patriotism. I honor them for it, and I am glad to stay there and stick by them until the work is done.

It is patriotic, also, to learn what the facts of our national life are and to face them with candor. I have heard a great many facts stated about the present business condition of this country, for example—a great many allegations of fact, at any rate, but the allegations do not tally with one another. And yet I know that truth always matches with truth; and when I find some insisting that everything is going wrong and others insisting that everything is going right, and when I know from a wide observation of the general circumstances of the country taken as a whole that things are doing extremely well, I wonder what those who are crying out that things are wrong are trying to do. Are they trying to serve the country, or are they trying to serve something smaller than the country? Are they trying to put hope into the hearts of the men who work and toil every day, or are they trying to plant discouragement and despair in those hearts? And why do they cry that everything is wrong and yet do nothing to set it right? If they love America and anything is wrong amongst us, it is their business to put their hand with ours to the task of setting it right. When the facts are known and acknowledged, the duty of all patriotic men is to accept them in candor and to address themselves hopefully and confidently to the common counsel which is necessary to act upon them wisely and in universal concert.

I have had some experiences in the last fourteen months which have not been entirely reassuring. It was universally admitted, for example, my fellow citizens, that the banking system of this country needed reorganization. We set the best minds that we could find to the task of discovering the best method of reorganization. But we met with hardly anything but criticism from the bankers of the country; we met with hardly anything but resistance from the majority of those at least who spoke at all concerning the matter. And yet so soon as that act was passed there was a universal chorus of applause, and the very men who had opposed the measure joined in that applause. If it was wrong the day before it was passed, why was it right the day after it was passed? Where had been the candor of criticism not

only, but the concert of counsel which makes legislative action vigorous and safe and successful?

It is not patriotic to concert measures against one another; it is patriotic to concert measures for one another.

In one sense the Declaration of Independence has lost its significance. It has lost its significance as a declaration of national independence. Nobody outside of America believed when it was uttered that we could make good our independence; now nobody anywhere would dare to doubt that we are independent and can maintain our independence. As a declaration of independence, therefore, it is a mere historic document. Our independence is a fact so stupendous that it can be measured only by the size and energy and variety and wealth and power of one of the greatest nations in the world. But it is one thing to be independent and it is another thing to know what to do with your independence. It is one thing to come to your majority and another thing to know what you are going to do with your life and your energies; and one of the most serious questions for sober-minded men to address themselves to in the United States is this: What are we going to do with the influence and power of this great Nation? Are we going to play the old rôle of using that power for our aggrandizement and material benefit only? You know what that may mean. It may upon occasion mean that we shall use it to make the people of other nations suffer in the way in which we said it was intolerable to suffer when we uttered our Declaration of Independence.

The Department of State at Washington is constantly called upon to back up the commercial enterprises and the industrial enterprises of the United States in foreign countries, and it at one time went so far in that direction that all its diplomacy came to be designated as "dollar diplomacy." It was called upon to support every man who wanted to earn anything anywhere if he was an American. But there ought to be a limit to that. There is no man who is more interested than I am in carrying the enterprise of American business men to every quarter of the globe. I was interested in it long before I was suspected of being a politician. I have been preaching it year after year as the great thing that lay in the future for the United States, to show her wit and skill and enterprise and influence in every country in the world. But observe the limit to all that

which is laid upon us perhaps more than upon any other nation in the world. We set this Nation up, at any rate we professed to set it up, to vindicate the rights of men. We did not name any differences between one race and another. We did not set up any barriers against any particular people. We opened our gates to all the world and said, "Let all men who wish to be free come to us and they will be welcome." We said, "This independence of ours is not a selfish thing for our own exclusive private use. It is for everybody to whom we can find the means of extending it." We can not with that oath taken in our youth, we can not with that great ideal set before us when we were a young people and numbered only a scant three million, take upon ourselves, now that we are one hundred million strong, any other conception of duty than we then entertained. If American enterprise in foreign countries, particularly in those foreign countries which are not strong enough to resist us, takes the shape of imposing upon and exploiting the mass of the people of that country, it ought to be checked and not encouraged. I am willing to get anything for an American that money and enterprise can obtain except the suppression of the rights of other men. I will not help any man buy a power which he ought not to exercise over his fellow beings.

You know, my fellow countrymen, what a big question there is in Mexico. Eighty-five per cent of the Mexican people have never been allowed to have any genuine participation in their own Government or to exercise any substantial rights with regard to the very land they live upon. All the rights that men most desire have been exercised by the other fifteen per cent. Do you suppose that that circumstance is not sometimes in my thought? I know that the American people have a heart that will beat just as strong for those millions in Mexico as it will beat, or has beaten, for any other millions elsewhere in the world, and that when once they conceive what is at stake in Mexico they will know what ought to be done in Mexico. I hear a great deal said about the loss of property in Mexico and the loss of the lives of foreigners, and I deplore these things with all my heart. Undoubtedly, upon the conclusion of the present disturbed conditions in Mexico those who have been unjustly deprived of their property or in any wise unjustly put upon ought to be compensated. Men's individual rights have no doubt been

invaded, and the invasion of those rights has been attended by many deplorable circumstances which ought some time, in the proper way, to be accounted for. But back of it all is the struggle of a people to come into its own, and while we look upon the incidents in the foreground let us not forget the great tragic reality in the background which towers above the whole picture.

A patriotic American is a man who is not niggardly and selfish in the things that he enjoys that make for human liberty and the rights of man. He wants to share them with the whole world, and he is never so proud of the great flag under which he lives as when it comes to mean to other people as well as to himself a symbol of hope and liberty. I would be ashamed of this flag if it did anything outside America that we would not permit it to do inside of America.

The world is becoming more complicated every day, my fellow citizens. No man ought to be foolish enough to think that he understands it all. And, therefore, I am glad that there are some simple things in the world. One of the simple things is principle. Honesty is a perfectly simple thing. It is hard for me to believe that in most circumstances when a man has a choice of ways he does not know which is the right way and which is the wrong way. No man who has chosen the wrong way ought even to come into Independence Square; it is holy ground which he ought not to tread upon. He ought not to come where immortal voices have uttered the great sentences of such a document as this Declaration of Independence upon which rests the liberty of a whole nation.

And so I say that it is patriotic sometimes to prefer the honor of the country to its material interest. Would you rather be deemed by all the nations of the world incapable of keeping your treaty obligations in order that you might have free tolls for American ships? The treaty under which we gave up that right may have been a mistaken treaty, but there was no mistake about its meaning.

When I have made a promise as a man I try to keep it, and I know of no other rule permissible to a nation. The most distinguished nation in the world is the nation that can and will keep its promises even to its own hurt. And I want to say parenthetically that I do not think anybody was hurt. I cannot be enthusiastic for subsidies to a monopoly, but let those who are enthusiastic

for subsidies ask themselves whether they prefer subsidies to unsullied honor.

The most patriotic man, ladies and gentlemen, is sometimes the man who goes in the direction that he thinks right even when he sees half the world against him. It is the dictate of patriotism to sacrifice yourself if you think that that is the path of honor and of duty. Do not blame others if they do not agree with you. Do not die with bitterness in your heart because you did not convince the rest of the world, but die happy because you believe that you tried to serve your country by not selling your soul. Those were grim days, the days of 1776. Those gentlemen did not attach their names to the Declaration of Independence on this table expecting a holiday on the next day, and that 4th of July was not itself a holiday. They attached their signatures to that significant document knowing that if they failed it was certain that every one of them would hang for the failure. They were committing treason in the interest of the liberty of three million people in America. All the rest of the world was against them and smiled with cynical incredulity at the audacious undertaking. Do you think that if they could see this great Nation now they would regret anything that they then did to draw the gaze of a hostile world upon them? Every idea must be started by somebody, and it is a lonely thing to start anything. Yet if it is in you, you must start it if you have a man's blood in you and if you love the country that you profess to be working for.

I am sometimes very much interested when I see gentlemen supposing that popularity is the way to success in America. The way to success in this great country, with its fair judgments, is to show that you are not afraid of anybody except God and His final verdict. If I did not believe that, I would not believe in democracy. If I did not believe that, I would not believe that people can govern themselves. If I did not believe that the moral judgment would be the last judgment, the final judgment, in the minds of men as well as the tribunal of God, I could not believe in popular government. But I do believe these things, and, therefore, I earnestly believe in the democracy not only of America but of every awakened people that wishes and intends to govern and control its own affairs.

It is very inspiring, my friends, to come to this that may be called the original fountain of independence and liberty in America

and here drink draughts of patriotic feeling which seem to renew the very blood in one's veins. Down in Washington sometimes when the days are hot and the business presses intolerably and there are so many things to do that it does not seem possible to do anything in the way it ought to be done, it is always possible to lift one's thought above the task of the moment and, as it were, to realize that great thing of which we are all parts, the great body of American feeling and American principle. No man could do the work that has to be done in Washington if he allowed himself to be separated from that body of principle. He must make himself feel that he is a part of the people of the United States, that he is trying to think not only for them, but with them, and then he can not feel lonely. He not only can not feel lonely but he can not feel afraid of anything.

My dream is that as the years go on and the world knows more and more of America it will also drink at these fountains of youth and renewal; that it also will turn to America for those moral inspirations which lie at the basis of all freedom; that the world will never fear America unless it feels that it is engaged in some enterprise which is inconsistent with the rights of humanity; and that America will come into the full light of the day when all shall know that she puts human rights above all other rights and that her flag is the flag not only of America but of humanity.

What other great people has devoted itself to this exalted ideal? To what other nation in the world can all eyes look for an instant sympathy that thrills the whole body politic when men anywhere are fighting for their rights? I do not know that there will ever be a declaration of independence and of grievances for mankind, but I believe that if any such document is ever drawn it will be drawn in the spirit of the American Declaration of Independence, and that America has lifted high the light which will shine unto all generations and guide the feet of mankind to the goal of justice and liberty and peace.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WOODROW WILSON

[An Address delivered at the Lincoln Birthplace, Hodgenville, Kentucky, September 4, 1916]

No more significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. It

expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country; it suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government. How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence and a free polity? Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many an horizon which those about him dreamed not of,—that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born,—or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life. This is the sacred mystery of democracy, that its richest fruits spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in cir-

cumstances amidst which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

It is likely that in a society ordered otherwise than our own, Lincoln could not have found himself or the path of fame and power upon which he walked serenely to his death. In this place it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded. Many another man besides Lincoln has served the nation in its highest places of counsel and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Though the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all-pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power we possess, every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and consummation of that great life seem remote and a bit incredible. And yet there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. Lincoln was unaffectedly as much at home in the White House as he was here. Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere? It seems to me that in the case of a man,—I would rather say of a spirit,—like Lincoln the question *where* he was is of little significance, that it is always *what* he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination. It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world,—a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation. The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That, also, is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of

American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amidst the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owed so much in leadership and example. And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome,—after we have recognized them.

I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of near by friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself "in his habit as he lived"; but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it. That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to anyone. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communing with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right, perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of its own silently assembling and deploying thoughts.

I have come here today, not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln; he stands in need of none, but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must constantly be rekindled, and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

AMERICA

SIDNEY LANIER

Long as thine art shall love true love,
 Long as thy science truth shall know,
 Long as thine eagle harms no dove,
 Long as thy law by law shall grow,
 Long as thy God is God above,
 Thy brother every man below,
 So long, dear land of all my love,
 Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow.

THE CRISIS OF DEMOCRACY

I. A CLASH IN IDEALS

A CHALLENGE TO THE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLE

HUGO MUNSTERBERG

[From *The Standing of Scholarship in America*, 1909]

Behind all of it [i.e., the American "distortion of values"] stands a characteristic view of life, a kind of philosophy which is on the whole vaguely felt, but which not seldom even comes to definite expression. Whenever it becomes shaped in such definite form, it is proclaimed, not as a debatable proposition, and not as an argument which is upheld against any possible opposition, but it is always naïvely upheld as a matter-of-course principle. This naïve philosophizing crystallizes about the one idea that the end of all social striving is to be the happiness of individuals. Now, this is exactly the well-meaning philosophy of the eighteenth century, the philosophy of enlightenment. It is a philosophy which formed the background of all the social movements of that important period, and was therefore the philosophy out of which the constitution of the United States naturally arose.

The greatest happiness of the greatest number of individuals is indeed the social ideal which, outspoken or not, controls the best forward movements of the country. It seems to stand above the need of any defense, as it evidently raises itself above the low selfishness of the masses. He who works for the pleasures of millions must be in the right, because those who think only of their own pleasures are certainly in the wrong. . . .

But the history of civilization shows that such philosophy is by no means a matter of course; it is a particular aspect seen from a particular standpoint. Other periods, other nations, have seen the world from other standpoints, and have emphasized other aspects of reality. In a bird's-eye view we see throughout the history of mankind the fluctuations and alterations between positivism

and idealism. The philosophy of enlightenment is positivism. It is true, in the trivial talk of the street, we call a man an idealist if he does not think of his personal profit, but of the pleasure of his neighbors. But, in a higher sense of the word, such unselfish altruism does not constitute an idealistic view of the world. On the contrary, it may have all the earmarks of positivism.

We have positivism wherever the concrete experiences—and that means that which "is"—make up the whole of reality. We have idealism where the view of the world is controlled by a belief in absolute values for which there is no "is", but only an "ought"; which have not the character of concrete experiences, but the meaning of obligations which are to be fulfilled, not in the interests of individuals, but on account of their absolute value. For the positivist, knowledge and truth and beauty and progress and morality have meaning merely in so far as they contribute to the concrete experiences of satisfaction in existing individuals: for the idealist, they represent ideals, the realization of which gives meaning to individual life, but is eternally valuable independently of the question whether their fulfillment contributes to the pleasure of individuals. From such an idealistic point of view it seems shallow and meaningless to see the end of striving in a larger amount of individual happiness. The purpose of man is to do his duty, —not to be pleased.

THE MIND OF GERMANY

JOHN DEWEY

[From *On Understanding the Mind of Germany*, 1916]

In contrast to the fiction of a complete rupture between the older and the present German thought, Professor Francke speaks words of soberness and truth in his article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, when he argues for the essential conti-

nuity of German mind in the imperial Germany of the present and the cosmopolitan Germany of Kant, Schiller, and Goethe, and makes his appeal to Fichte and Hegel instead of to Nietzsche.

Continuity, observe; not identity. Continuity permits of development, even of transformation. Continuity may be understood from either end. We may employ the earlier stage to interpret the later; or we may employ the later to appreciate and understand the earlier. Thus it is that the fact of continuity may seem to some the condemnation of the classic philosophy; to others the justification of the present mind of Germany. We are on safer ground when we ask after the ideas which have conferred continuity upon the German moral consciousness, and ask what changes of color they have undergone in the century between Jena and Liège.

I find nothing to subtract from the formulæ of Professor Francke. Unconditional submission to duty, salvation through ceaseless striving of will, the moral mission of æsthetic culture—so far as they go, these seem to me the ideas which have formed the continuing mind of Germany. If anything is to be added, it is an idea which in no way conflicts with the three ideas cited. It is the idea of historicism—to employ an expressive if barbarous locution. As for present purposes it makes no difference whether one connects the idea with Herder, or with Lessing, or with Fichte (in his later period) and Hegel. By historicism I mean the notion of an Ideal, a Mission, a Destiny which can be found continuously unfolding in the life of a people (at least of the German people), in whose light the events which happen are to be understood, and by faithfulness to which a people stands condemned or justified.

This fourth conception is not, however, so much an addition to the other three factors as it is an expression of the way in which they are to be understood. For during the nineteenth century the ideas which were first applied to individuals were transferred to the state itself as an individual, and so gained a new meaning. The transfer is obvious in the case of the Kantian idea of duty. With Kant duty marked a connecting link between the individual and humanity; it expressed what was truly human and thus universal in man. But "humanity" is not yet organized. There are no social institutions in which humanity, as distinct from

local or national citizenship, is embodied. It expresses a mere rational ideal; something which is not realized, though it ought to be. Consequently Kant himself proclaimed that while men are to act from the motive of duty, duty is an empty notion. It has to get its filling, its specific subject-matter, from empirical circumstance.

This may sound like a mere philosophical technicality. But it turned out otherwise. Kant thought of duty as a command; as, in his own words, an imperative. The essence of morality is obedience. That Kant thought of it as obedience to an abstract law of reason representing an ideal of an unrealized humanity, is evidence of his own noble aspirations. But human beings at large can hardly guide themselves by such remote abstractions. An identification of the essence of morality with obedience to law lends itself to an implicit acquiescence in whatever laws happen to impinge upon the individual. The modern age inherited from medieval thought the notion of morality as obedience to a sovereign command. As late as the seventeenth century, the central question of all political moral theory, even in England, was the legitimacy of resistance to constituted authority. In the eighteenth century, thought in England and France moved away from the medieval notion of obedience as central in morals. Kant was a means to fastening the idea upon German thought. The fact that he gave the idea a singularly elevated tone was just what enabled the idea to survive against the forces which everywhere else had undermined the identification of morality with obedience to the command of authority.

The merging of the idea of moral obligation into that of political obedience was furthered by the Germanic exaltation of the state. When the authority which demands acquiescent obedience is thought of as "the manifestation of the divine upon earth"; when, as in Professor Francke's words, the state is thought of as "an organism uniting in itself all spiritual and moral aspirations," it is only too easy to identify moral duty with political subservience. The ideal of a collective nation embodying a divine purpose in its historic development took captive the Kantian idea of duty; it replaced the endeavor of the isolated individual to realize in his own humble sphere the ideal of a law as broad as humanity. A cosmopolitan ideal, evolved in an agricultural, quasi-feudal,

weak, and divided Germany, became an intensely nationalistic reality in a united, imperialistic, industrial, and prosperous Germany. Thus I think that Professor Francke is entirely right in saying that in the Germanic exaltation of the state as a supreme ethical entity, the line of moral regeneration which took its start from Kant reached its climax. But there are also opportunities for degeneration when moral obligation is found in political subordination and subservience.

At all events, the fact that German thought still entertains a type of moral conception which has well-nigh evaporated in the cultures of other modern nationalities, throws light on the difficulties the non-German world has in understanding the language in which intellectual Germans formulate their ideas and justify their practical policies. The Germans are always saying that the American lack of sympathy with the German cause is due to the fact that we get our information from British sources, and hence do not understand the Germans. Well, it is not a matter of the source of our information, but of the source of our ideas. And it is not a matter of the past year or the past twenty years. For over two hundred years our minds have been educated in English political ideas to which German thought is foreign; for over a hundred years, our ideas have been fed upon an even more disparate social philosophy, that of the French struggle for *liberté*. There can be no disguising the fact that our American conception of Freedom is incompatible with the idea of duty as that has developed in Germany. I make no attempt to decide which is right. I only say that they are so incompatible that minds nourished on one ideal cannot readily understand the type of mind nurtured by the other.

The second element in the continuous tradition of Germany is said to be the ideal of ceaseless, restless striving. The gospel of the strenuous life, of the value of energy of will for its own sake, has sometimes been thought to be peculiarly American. I think Professor Francke is right in believing it to be distinctively German. An American must after all have an end to call out and center his activities. Results are needed to justify an activity. Otherwise his restless striving, his taut energy, becomes neurasthenic. I fear we are not sufficiently particular as to the character of the end or the quality of the results. Almost anything will do, from win-

ning a ball game, or forming the biggest business corporation in the world, to converting a community to Billy Sundayism. But some end there must be to account for the expenditure of energy. Otherwise the cult of will never lays hold of us. Consequently, when we find the example of Emperor William cited as a "particularly conspicuous evidence of this spirit of striving," as an example of "universal and impassioned impulse of achievement," our reaction is cynical rather than admiring. That, we say to ourselves, is just about the sort of example we should expect to find. We have difficulty in understanding it as other than a semi-pathological love of the lime-light. We may be wrong, but we cannot, it must be admitted, understand how and why we are wrong. For it is ingrained in us that some end there must be for energy which is exercised. Towards activity merely as ceaseless striving we react in what is perhaps our most characteristic national slang: Give us a rest.

To the German, on the other hand, this inability of ours is another evidence of our utilitarianism, our Philistine culture. But even Germans recognize, I think, that this idea of universal striving as an end in itself is a child of Romanticism. Similarity of words is often a bar to mutual understanding. The Germans say *Wille*; we say *will*. Hence the easy assumption of a community of meaning. But our word is affected (or infected, if you please) with the spirit of a Puritanic morality, and of struggle for political liberties and economic savings. The word suggests personal resolution and endurance in the face of disagreeable odds. But *Wille* suggests an impersonal, an absolute energy striving through personal channels for manifestation. It is affected by the Romantic movement. The conception is calculated to impart a tinge of enthusiasm to deeds otherwise prosaic; it colors with emotional universality (or mysticism) the specific jobs which have to be done. But it also is admirably calculated to serve as a protective moral device. Activities which are "all too human," activities which have a definite practical goal of advantage in view, seem to lose all taint of self-seeking and to gain a sacred character when they are felt to be manifestations of a universal Overwill. Materialistic things look quite different when they are viewed as the necessary consequences of an idealistic devotion to the gospel of ceaseless striving; when they are

looked upon as the conquest of spiritual will over matter. The doctrine lends itself, assuredly, to intellectual confusion and to self-deception.

Moreover, this conception has also been invaded by the nationalistic idea—by the conception of the German state as a peculiar incarnation of a spiritual force unfolding in history. The older Romanticism was at least confined to superior personalities striving for wide cultural achievements in their own private spheres. Transfer the habitat of spiritual energy from the strivings of the private person for the enrichment of his own life to the organized public state striving for the expansion of its own powers, and you get something like the current Teutonic apologia for the present war. I have no doubt that there are some German statesmen who know precisely what the present war is about; what particular concrete gains are at stake. But to the “intellectuals” of Germany—*vide* the manifestos they have showered upon us—the object is that utterly Romantic thing: the expansion of Kultur, the spread of distinctively German ways of thinking and feeling. In short, the war is a part of the ceaseless striving for realization on the part of the *Wille* embodied in the German people. That the French and the English should have *specific* objects in view, particular advantages to gain and disadvantages to avoid, seems to many highly instructed Germans (if we may trust their language) something peculiarly base. It is no wonder that the German rulers frequently speak with contempt of the political capacity of German subjects. But one must question whether there is anything but a diversion of what might have been political capacity into the channels of Romanticism.

The extraordinary revival of interest in the Middle Ages associated with Romanticism is a familiar fact. To it we owe most of our modern appreciation of the real life of that period. One may ask, however, whether we are dealing with a revival or a reversion. The affection of the Romantic spirit for the Middle Ages seems to be an expression of its own medieval quality. I am not ambitious to characterize the spirit of Romanticism as that has shown itself in Germany. But certainly one of its marked features is an exuberance of unchastened imagination, and an introspective reveling in the emotional accomplishments of such an imagination. How largely German philosophy has sought refuge in an inner world, a

world of consciousness; how largely it has made traits of this inner life a measure of reality! From the standpoint of one who is not a subject of Romanticism this means but one thing. The Romantic spirit has deliberately evaded the testing and sifting of emotions and ideas; it has declined to submit them for valuation to the tests of hard and sober fact. It has avoided the test of attempted execution in action. To those who believe that human consciousness is a wild riot of imagination until human beings act upon it and thus bring it to the test of reality, Romanticism can mean only an undisciplined imagination, immaturity of mind.

It sounds silly to say that Germans, with their devotion to science and their habits of subordination to authority, have brought into the modern world of politics the untried and unchastened fancies and feelings of medievalism. But I mean only what the Germans themselves say when they tell us that they combine with supreme discipline in the outer world of action supreme freedom in the inner world of thought. I mean what they themselves mean when they say that the German people as a people lack the political sense, the political capacity of the self-governing nations of our day. For this is in effect an admission of unripeness, of immaturity of thought with respect to the supreme concerns of human action. We live in a period of political disillusionment. The tree of political liberty, watered with blood and tears, has brought forth many bitter fruits. In our disappointments we overlook what the struggle for self-government has done for those who have participated in it. At least it has chastened the unbridled imagination of man; it has developed a sense of realities; it has brought a certain maturity of mind as its outcome.

Now, when not only the Bernhardis but the Bismarcks and the von Bülowes tell us that the Germans are marked with an absence of political sense and capacity, that they have not the gift of self-government, that they accomplish great things only under the leadings from authority from above, what are they saying except that the Germans, with all their achievements, have missed the one great experience in which the national minds of Great Britain, France, and America have been educated and ripened? With all our defects, is any measure of technical efficiency, of comfortable ease, in a “socialized Germany,” a compensation for the absence, I do not say of political

democracy, but of the experience which comes to men only in a struggle to be free and responsible in their moral and social action? Compared with such freedom, the irresponsible freedom of inner consciousness seems, I repeat, an extension into a modern world of the undisciplined mind of the Middle Ages.

If there be any truth in this conception,—and unless there be truth in it, the struggle for democracy lacks intellectual significance,—we have probably the root of the difficulty of mutual understanding as between the German mind and that of other peoples. Politically we do not speak the same language because we do not think the same thoughts. My final word would not be one, however, upon this discouraging note. It is rather a word of hopefulness regarding what has given Americans so much cause for perplexity—the “hyphen” problem. It is natural in a time of emotional stress, and in a time when those of German ancestry find hard things said on all sides about their ancestral land, that German-Americans should indulge in idealization of their older country, should bring forth with emphatic fervor the numerous fine things which current criticism is ignoring, and should in their irritation seek out the weak things in their adopted land and speak with harshness of its institutions. But I cannot believe that any large number of them have remained here without being profoundly influenced by the struggle for responsible and self-respecting common management of common affairs.

War brings with it a recrudescence of the spirit of Romanticism, a reversion to the undisciplined mind, among all peoples. To be in an unsympathetic land, a land which does not understand, is a stimulus to the most tense kind of Romantic fancy. But when the emotional strain passes, there will be an equal reversion to the light of common day, with its usual tasks and the illumination of these tasks by the thought that we are all engaged together in the greatest enterprise which has ever enlisted human thought and emotion: the attainment of the common control of the common interests of beings who live together. Whether German-Americans will then attempt to educate their countrymen at home to an inherent lack in any Kultur of a modern state not based on the principle of self-government, I do not know. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. But I am confident that all, except a few incurable aliens who merely happen to be

physically among us, will respond with eagerness to any call which Americans who are longer acclimated may issue, to make our own experiment in responsible freedom more of a reality. And this response is, after all, the final test of loyalty to American institutions.

THE GOSPEL OF DUTY AND ITS IMPLICATIONS

JOHN DEWEY

[From *German Philosophy and Politics*, 1915]

The gospel of duty has an invigorating ring. It is easy to present it as the most noble and sublime of all moral doctrines. What is more worthy of humanity, what better marks the separation of man from brute, than the will to subordinate selfish desire and individual inclination to the commands of stern and lofty duty? And if the idea of command (which inevitably goes with the notion of duty) carries a sinister suggestion of legal authority, pains and penalties and of subservience to an external authority who issues the commands, Kant seems to have provided a final corrective in insisting that duty is self imposed by the higher, supranatural self upon the lower, empirical self, by the rational self upon the self of passions and inclinations. German philosophy is attached to antitheses and their reconciliation to a higher synthesis. The Kantian principle of Duty is a striking case of the reconciliation of the seemingly conflicting ideas of freedom and authority.

Unfortunately, however, the balance cannot be maintained in practice. Kant's faithful logic compels him to insist that the concept of duty is empty and formal. It tells men that to do their duty is the supreme law of action, but is silent as to what men's duties specifically are. Kant, moreover, insists, as he is in logic bound to do, that the motive which measures duty is wholly inner; it is purely a matter of inner consciousness. To admit that consequences can be taken into account in deciding what duty is in a particular case would be to make concessions to the empirical and sensible world which are fatal to the scheme. The combination of these two features of pure internality and pure formalism leads, in a world where men's acts take place wholly in the external and empirical region, to serious consequences.

The dangerous character of these consequences may perhaps be best gathered indirectly by means of a quotation.

"While the French people in a savage revolt against a spiritual and secular despotism had broken their chains and proclaimed their *rights*, another quite different revolution was working in Prussia—the revolution of *duty*. The assertion of the rights of the individual leads ultimately to individual irresponsibility and to a repudiation of the State. Immanuel Kant, the founder of the critical philosophy, taught, in opposition to this view, the gospel of moral duty, and Scharnhorst grasped the idea of universal military service. By calling upon the individual to sacrifice property and life for the good of the community, he gave the clearest expression to the idea of the State, and created a sound basis on which claims to individual rights might rest."¹

The sudden jump, by means of only a comma, from the gospel of moral duty to universal military service is much more logical than the shock which it gives to an American reader would indicate. I do not mean, of course, that Kant's teaching was the cause of Prussia's adoption of universal military service and of the thorough-going subordination of individual happiness and liberty of action to that capitalized entity, the State. But I do mean that when the practical political situation called for military service in order to support and expand the existing state, the gospel of a Duty devoid of content naturally lent itself to the consecration and idealization of such specific duties as the national order might prescribe. The sense of duty must get its subject matter somewhere, and unless subjectivism was to revert to anarchic or romantic individualism (which is hardly in the spirit of obedience to authoritative law) its appropriate subject matter lies in the commands of a superior. Concretely what the State commands is the congenial outer filling of a purely inner sense of duty. That the despotism of Frederick the Great and of the Hohenzollerns who remained true to his policy was at least that hitherto unknown thing, an enlightened despotism, made the identification easier. Individuals have at all times, in epochs of stress, offered their supreme sacrifice to their country's good. In Germany this sacrifice in times of peace as well as of war has been systematic-

ally reinforced by an inner mystic sense of a Duty elevating men to the plane of the universal and eternal.

In short, the sublime gospel of duty has its defects. Outside of the theological and the Kantian moral traditions, men have generally agreed that duties are relative to ends. Not the obligation, but some purpose, some good, which the fulfillment of duty realizes, is the principle of morals. The business of reason is to see that the end, the good, for which one acts is a reasonable one—that is to say, as wide and equitable in its working out as the situation permits. Morals which are based upon consideration of good and evil consequences not only allow, but imperiously demand the exercise of a discriminating intelligence. A gospel of duty separated from empirical purposes and results tends to gag intelligence. It substitutes for the work of reason displayed in a wide and distributed survey of consequences in order to determine where duty lies an inner consciousness, empty of content, which clothes with the form of rationality the demands of existing social authorities. A consciousness which is not based upon and checked by consideration of actual results upon human welfare is none the less socially irresponsible because labeled Reason. . . .

The passage (from Bernhardt) quoted earlier puts the German principle of duty in opposition to the French principle of rights—a favorite contrast in German thought. Men like Jeremy Bentham also found the Revolutionary Rights of Man doctrinaire and conducing to tyranny rather than to freedom. These Rights were *a priori*, like Duty, being derived from the supposed nature or essence of man, instead of being adopted as empirical expedients to further progress and happiness. But the conception of duty is one-sided, expressing command on one side and obedience on the other, while rights are at least reciprocal. Rights are social and sociable in accord with the spirit of French philosophy. Put in a less abstract form than the revolutionary theory stated them, they are things to be discussed and measured. They admit of more and less, of compromise and adjustment. So also does the characteristic moral contribution of English thought—intelligent self-interest. This is hardly an ultimate idea. But at least it evokes a picture of merchants bargaining, while the categorical imperative calls up the drill sergeant. Trafficking ethics, in which each gives up some-

¹ Bernhardt, *Germany and the Next War*, pp. 63-64.

thing that he wants to get something which he wants more, is not the noblest kind of morals, but at least it is socially responsible as far as it goes. "Give so that it may be given to you in return" has at least some

tendency to bring men together; it promotes agreement. It requires deliberation and discussion. This is just what the authoritative voice of a superior will not tolerate; it is the one unforgivable sin.

II. THE CASE AGAINST GERMANY

1. BRITAIN'S INDICTMENT

INTERNATIONAL HONOR

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

[From an Address delivered September 19, 1914]

I have come here this afternoon to talk to my fellow countrymen about this great war and the part we ought to take in it. I feel my task is easier after we have been listening to the greatest battle-song in the world.¹

There is no man in this room who has always regarded the prospects of engaging in a great war with greater reluctance, with greater repugnance, than I have done throughout the whole of my political life. There is no man, either inside or outside of this room, more convinced that we could not have avoided it without national dishonor. I am fully alive to the fact that whenever a nation has been engaged in any war she has always invoked the sacred name of honor. Many a crime has been committed in its name; there are some crimes being committed now. But, all the same, national honor is a reality, and any nation that disregards it is doomed.

Why is our honor as a country involved in this war? Because, in the first place, we are bound in an honorable obligation to defend the independence, the liberty, the integrity of a small neighbor that has lived peaceably, but she could not have compelled us, because she was weak. The man who declines to discharge his debt because his creditor is too poor to enforce it is a blackguard. We entered into this treaty, a solemn treaty, a full treaty, to defend Belgium and her integrity. Our signatures are attached to the document. Our signatures do not stand alone there. This was not the only country to defend the integrity of Belgium. Russia, France, Austria, and Prussia—they are all there. Why did they not perform the obli-

¹ "The Men of Harlech."

gation? It is suggested that if we quote this treaty it is purely an excuse on our part. It is our low craft and cunning, just to cloak our jealousy of a superior civilization we are attempting to destroy. Our answer is the action we took in 1870. What was that? Mr. Gladstone was then Prime Minister. Lord Granville, I think, was then Foreign Secretary. I have never heard it laid to their charge that they were ever jingo.

What did they do in 1870? That Treaty Bond was this: We called upon the belligerent Powers to respect that treaty. We called upon France; we called upon Germany. At that time, bear in mind, the greatest danger to Belgium came from France and not from Germany. We intervened to protect Belgium against France exactly as we are doing now to protect her against Germany. We are proceeding exactly in the same way. We invited both the belligerent Powers to state that they had no intention of violating Belgian territory. What was the answer given by Bismarck? He said it was superfluous to ask Prussia such a question in view of the treaties in force. France gave a similar answer. We received the thanks at that time from the Belgian people for our intervention in a very remarkable document. This is the document addressed by the municipality of Brussels to Queen Victoria after that intervention:

"The great and noble people over whose destinies you preside have just given a further proof of their benevolent sentiments towards this country. The voice of the English nation has been heard above the din of arms. It has asserted the principles of justice and right. Next to the unalterable attachment of the Belgian people to their independence, the strongest sentiment which fills their hearts is that of an imperishable gratitude to the people of Great Britain."

That was in 1870. Mark what follows.

Three or four days after that document of thanks the French Army was wedged up

against the Belgian frontier. Every means of escape was shut up by a ring of flame from Prussian cannon. There was one way to escape. What was that? By violating the neutrality of Belgium. What did they do? The French on that occasion preferred ruin, humiliation, to the breaking of their bond. The French Emperor, French Marshals, 100,000 gallant Frenchmen in arms preferred to be carried captive to the strange land of their enemy rather than dishonor the name of their country. It was the last French Army defeat. Had they violated Belgian neutrality the whole history of that war would have been changed. And yet it was the interest of France to break the treaty. She did not do it.

It is now the interest of Prussia to break the treaty, and she has done it. Well, why? She avowed it with cynical contempt for every principle of justice. She says treaties only bind you when it is to your interest to keep them. "What is a treaty?" says the German Chancellor. "A scrap of paper." Have you any £5 notes about you? I am not calling for them. Have you any of those neat little Treasury £1 notes? If you have, burn them; they are only "scraps of paper." What are they made of? Rags. What are they worth? The whole credit of the British Empire. "Scraps of paper." I have been dealing with scraps of paper within the last month. It is suddenly found the commerce of the world is coming to a standstill. The machine had stopped. Why? I will tell you. We discovered, many of us for the first time—I do not pretend to say that I do not know much more about the machinery of commerce today than I did six weeks ago, and there are a good many men like me—we discovered the machinery of commerce was moved by bills of exchange. I have seen some of them—wretched, crinkled, scrawled over, blotched, frowsy, and yet these wretched little scraps of paper moved great ships, laden with thousands of tons of precious cargo, from one end of the world to the other. What was the motive power behind them? The honor of commercial men.

Treaties are the currency of international statesmanship. Let us be fair. German merchants, German traders had the reputation of being as upright and straightforward as any traders in the world. But if the currency of German commerce is to be debased to the level of her statesmanship, no trader from Shanghai to Valparaiso will ever look

at a German signature again. This doctrine of the scrap of paper, this doctrine which is superscribed by Bernhardt, that treaties only bind a nation as long as it is to its interest, goes to the root of public law. It is the straight road to barbarism, just as if you removed the magnetic pole whenever it was in the way of a German cruiser, the whole navigation of the seas would become dangerous, difficult, impossible, and the whole machinery of civilization will break down if this doctrine wins in this war.

We are fighting against barbarism. But there is only one way of putting it right. If there are nations that say they will only respect treaties when it is to their interest to do so, we must make it to their interest to do so for the future. What is their defense? Just look at the interview which took place between our Ambassador and great German officials when their attention was called to this treaty to which they were partners. They said: "We cannot help that." Rapidity of action was the great German asset. There is a greater asset for a nation than rapidity of action, and that is—honest dealing.

What are her excuses? She said Belgium was plotting against her, that Belgium was engaged in a great conspiracy with Britain and with France to attack her. Not merely is that not true, but Germany knows it is not true. What is her other excuse? France meant to invade Germany through Belgium. Absolutely untrue. France offered Belgium five army corps to defend her if she was attacked. Belgium said: "I don't require them. I have got the word of the Kaiser. Shall Caesar send a lie?" All these tales about conspiracy have been fanned up since. The great nation ought to be ashamed, ought to be ashamed to behave like a fraudulent bankrupt perjuring its way with its complications. She has deliberately broken this treaty, and we were in honor bound to stand by it. . . .

But Belgium was not the only little nation that has been attacked in this war, and I make no excuse for referring to the case of the other little nation—the case of Serbia. The history of Serbia is not unblotted. What history in the category of nations is unblotted? The first nation that is without sin, let her cast a stone at Serbia. A nation trained in a horrible school, but she won her freedom with her tenacious valor, and she has maintained it by the same courage. If any Serbians were mixed up in the assassination of the Grand Duke they ought to be

punished. Serbia admits that; the Serbian Government had nothing to do with it. Not even Austria claimed that. The Serbian Prime Minister is one of the most capable and honored men in Europe. Serbia was willing to punish any one of her subjects who had been proved to have any complicity in that assassination. What more could you expect? What were the Austrian demands? Serbia sympathized with her fellow countrymen in Bosnia. That was one of her crimes. She must do so no more. Her newspapers were saying nasty things about Austria. They must do so no longer. That is the Austrian spirit. You had it in Zabern. How dare you criticize a Customs official? And if you laugh it is a capital offense. The colonel threatened to shoot them if they repeated it.

Serbian newspapers must not criticize Austria. I wonder what would have happened had we taken the same line about German newspapers. Serbia said: "Very well, we will give orders to the newspapers that they must not criticize Austria in future, neither Austria, nor Hungary, nor anything that is theirs." Who can doubt the valor of Serbia, when she undertook to tackle her newspaper editors? She promised not to sympathize with Bosnia, promised to write no critical articles about Austria. She would have no public meetings at which anything unkind was said about Austria.

That was not enough. She must dismiss from her Army officers whom Austria should subsequently name. But these officers had just emerged from a war where they were adding luster to the Serbian arms—gallant, brave, efficient. I wonder whether it was their guilt or their efficiency that prompted Austria's action. But, mark, the officers were not named. Serbia was to undertake in advance to dismiss them from the Army; the names to be sent on subsequently. Can you name a country in the world that would have stood that?

Supposing Austria or Germany had issued an ultimatum of that kind to this country. "You must dismiss from your Army and from your Navy all those officers whom we shall subsequently name!" Well, I think I could name them now. Lord Kitchener would go; Sir John French would be sent about his business; General Smith-Dorrien would be no more; and I am sure that Sir John Jellicoe would go. And there is another gallant old warrior who would go—Lord Roberts.

It was a difficult situation. Here was a demand made upon her by a great military Power who could put five or six men in the field for every one she could; and that Power supported by the greatest military Power in the world. How did Serbia behave? It is not what happens to you in life that matters; it is the way in which you face it. And Serbia faced the situation with dignity. She said to Austria, "If any officers of mine have been guilty and are proved to be guilty, I will dismiss them." Austria said, "That is not good enough for me." It was not guilt she was after, but capacity. . . .

That is the story of the little nations. The world owes much to little nations—and to little men. This theory of bigness—you must have a big empire and a big nation, and a big man—well, long legs have their advantage in a retreat. Frederick the Great chose his warriors for their height, and that tradition has become a policy in Germany. Germany applies that ideal to nations; she will only allow six-feet-two nations to stand in the ranks. But all the world owes much to the little five feet high nations. The greatest art of the world was the work of little nations. The most enduring literature of the world came from little nations. The greatest literature of England came from her when she was a nation of the size of Belgium fighting a great Empire. The heroic deeds that thrill humanity through generations were the deeds of little nations fighting for their freedom. Ah, yes, and the salvation of mankind came through a little nation. God has chosen little nations as the vessels by which He carries the choicest wines to the lips of humanity, to rejoice their hearts, to exalt their vision, to stimulate and to strengthen their faith; and if we had stood by when two little nations were being crushed and broken by the brutal hands of barbarism our shame would have rung down the everlasting ages.

But Germany insists that this is an attack by a low civilization upon a higher. Well, as a matter of fact, the attack was begun by the civilization which calls itself the higher one. Now, I am no apologist for Russia. She has perpetrated deeds of which I have no doubt her best sons are ashamed. But what Empire has not? And Germany is the last Empire to point the finger of reproach at Russia. But Russia has made sacrifices for freedom—great sacrifices. You remember the cry of Bulgaria when she was torn

by the most insensate tyranny that Europe has ever seen. Who listened to the cry? The only answer of the higher civilization was that the liberty of Bulgarian peasants was not worth the life of a single Pomeranian soldier. But the rude barbarians of the North—they sent their sons by the thousands to die for Bulgarian freedom.

What about England? You go to Greece, the Netherlands, Italy, Germany, and France, and all these lands, gentlemen, could point out to you places where the sons of Britain have died for the freedom of these countries. France has made sacrifices for the freedom of other lands than her own. Can you name a single country in the world for the freedom of which the modern Prussian has ever sacrificed a single life? The test of our faith, the highest standard of civilization is the readiness to sacrifice for others.

I would not say a word about the German people to disparage them. They are a great people; they have great qualities of head, of hand, and of heart. I believe, in spite of recent events, there is as great a store of kindness in the German peasant as in any peasant in the world. But he has been drilled into a false idea of civilization,—efficiency, capability. It is a hard civilization; it is a selfish civilization; it is a material civilization. They could not comprehend the action of Britain at the present moment. They say so. "France," they say, "we can understand. She is out for vengeance, she is out for territory—Alsace-Lorraine. Russia, she is fighting for mastery, she wants Galicia." They can understand vengeance, they can understand you fighting for mastery, they can understand you fighting for greed of territory; they cannot understand a great Empire pledging its resources, pledging its might, pledging the lives of its children, pledging its very existence, to protect a little nation that seeks for its defense. God made man in His own image—high of purpose, in the region of the spirit. German civilization would re-create him in the image of a Diesler machine—precise, accurate, powerful, with no room for the soul to operate. That is the "higher" civilization.

What is their demand? Have you read the Kaiser's speeches? If you have not a copy, I advise you to buy it; they will soon be out of print, and you won't have any more of the same sort again. They are full of the clatter and bluster of German militarists—the mailed fist, the shining armor.

Poor old mailed fist—its knuckles are getting a little bruised. Poor shining armor—the shine is being knocked out of it. But there is the same swagger and boastfulness running through the whole of the speeches. You saw that remarkable speech which appeared in the *British Weekly* this week. It is a very remarkable product, as an illustration of the spirit we have got to fight. It is his speech to his soldiers on the way to the front:

"Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, on me as German Emperor, the Spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His vizard! Woe to the disobedient! Death to cowards and unbelievers!"

There has been nothing like it since the days of Mahomet.

Lunacy is always distressing, but sometimes it is dangerous, and when you get it manifested in the head of the State, and it has become the policy of a great Empire, it is about time when that should be ruthlessly put away. I do not believe he meant all these speeches. It was simply the martial straddle which he had acquired; but there were men around him who meant every word of it. This was their religion. Treaties? They tangled the feet of Germany in her advance. Cut them with the sword. Little nations? They hinder the advance of Germany. Trample them in the mire under the German heel. The Russian Slav? He challenges the supremacy of Germany and Europe. Hurl your legions at him and massacre him. Britain? She is a constant menace to the predominancy of Germany in the world. Wrest the trident out of her hands. Ah! more than that. The new philosophy of Germany is to destroy Christianity. Sickly sentimentalism about sacrifice for others—poor pap for German digestion. We will have a new diet. We will force it on the world. It will be made in Germany. A diet of blood and iron. What remains? Treaties have gone; the honor of nations gone; liberty gone. What is left? Germany—Germany is left—*Deutschland über Alles*. That is all that is left.

That is what we are fighting, that claim to predominancy of a civilization, a material one, a hard one, a civilization which if once it rules and sways the world, liberty goes, democracy vanishes, and unless Britain comes to the rescue, and her sons, it will be a dark day for humanity. We are not fighting the German people. The German people

are just as much under the heel of this Prussian military caste, and more so, thank God, than any other nation in Europe. It will be a day of rejoicing for the German peasant and artisan and trader when the military caste is broken. You know his pretensions. He gives himself the airs of a demi-god. Walking the pavements—civilians and their wives swept into the gutter; they have no right to stand in the way of the great Prussian junker. Men, women, nations—they have all got to go. He thinks all he has got to say is, "We are in a hurry." That is the answer he gave to Belgium. "Rapidity of action is Germany's greatest asset," which means "I am in a hurry. Clear out of my way."

You know the type of motorist, the terror of the roads, with a 60-h.p. car. He thinks the roads are made for him, and anybody who impedes the action of his car by a single mile is knocked down. The Prussian junker is the road-hog of Europe. Small nationalities in his way hurled to the roadside, bleeding and broken; women and children crushed under the wheels of his cruel car; Britain ordered out of his road. All I can say is this: if the old British spirit is alive in British hearts, that bully will be torn from his seat. Were he to win, it would be the greatest catastrophe that has befallen democracy since the days of the Holy Alliance and its ascendancy. They think we cannot beat them. It will not be easy. It will be a long job. It will be a terrible war. But in the end we shall march through terror to triumph. We shall need all our qualities, every quality that Britain and its people possess. Prudence in council, daring in action, tenacity in purpose, courage in defeat, moderation in victory, in all things faith, and we shall win.

It has pleased them to believe and to preach the belief that we are a decadent nation. They proclaim it to the world, through their professors, that we are an unheroic nation skulking behind our mahogany counters, whilst we are egging on more gallant races to their destruction. This is a description given to us in Germany—"a timorous, craven nation, trusting to its fleet." I think they are beginning to find their mistake out already. And there are half a million of young men of Britain who have already registered their vow to their King that they will cross the seas and hurl that insult against British courage against its perpetrators on the battlefields of France and of Germany.

And we want half a million more. And we shall get them.

But Wales must continue doing her duty. That was a great telegram that you, my Lord (the Chairman), read from Glamorgan.¹ I should like to see a Welsh army in the field. I should like to see the race who faced the Normans for hundreds of years in their struggle for freedom, the race that helped to win the battle of Crécy, the race that fought for a generation under Glendower, against the greatest captain in Europe—I should like to see that race give a good taste of its quality in this struggle in Europe; and they are going to do it.

I envy you young people your youth. They have put up the age limit for the Army, but I march, I am sorry to say, a good many years even beyond that. But still our turn will come. It is a great opportunity. It only comes once in many centuries to the children of men. For most generations sacrifice comes in drab weariness of spirit to men. It has come today to you; it has come today to us all, in the form of the glory and thrill of a great movement for liberty, that impels millions throughout Europe to the same end. It is a great war for the emancipation of Europe from the thrall-dom of a military caste, which has cast its shadow upon two generations of men, and which has now plunged the world into a welter of bloodshed. Some have already given their lives. There are some who have given more than their own lives. They have given the lives of those who are dear to them. I honor their courage, and may God be their comfort and their strength.

But their reward is at hand. Those who have fallen have consecrated deaths. They have taken their part in the making of a new Europe, a new world. I can see signs of its coming in the glare of the battlefield. The people will gain more by this struggle in all lands than they comprehend at the present moment. It is true they will be rid of the menace to their freedom. But that is not all. There is something infinitely greater and more enduring which is emerging already out of this great conflict: a new patriotism, richer, nobler, more exalted than the old. I see a new recognition amongst all classes, high and low, shedding themselves of selfishness; a new recognition that the honor of a country does not depend merely on the maintenance of its glory in the stricken field, but in protecting its homes from distress as

¹ "Glamorgan has raised 20,000 men."

well. It is a new patriotism, it is bringing a new outlook for all classes. A great flood of luxury and of sloth which had submerged the land is receding, and a new Britain is appearing. We can see for the first time the fundamental things that matter in life and that have been obscured from our vision by the tropical growth of prosperity.

May I tell you, in a simple parable, what I think this war is doing for us? I know a valley in North Wales, between the mountains and the sea—a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all the bitter blasts. It was very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hills above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance, and to be stimulated and freshened by the breezes which came

from the hill-tops, and by the great spectacle of that great valley.

We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable, too indulgent, many, perhaps, too selfish. And the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation; the great peaks of honor we had forgotten—duty and patriotism clad in glittering white; the great pinnacle of sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again, but as long as the men and women of this generation last they will carry in their hearts the image of these great mountain peaks, whose foundations are unshaken though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war.

2. AMERICA'S INDICTMENT

THE MENACE OF PRUSSIAN AMBITION

WOODROW WILSON

[An Address delivered at Washington on Flag Day, June 14, 1917]

We meet to celebrate Flag Day because this flag which we honor and under which we serve is the emblem of our unity, our power, our thought and purpose as a nation. It has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choices are ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts that execute those choices, whether in peace or in war. And yet, though silent, it speaks to us,—speaks to us of the past, of the men and women who went before us and of the records they wrote upon it. We celebrate the day of its birth; and from its birth until now it has witnessed a great history, has floated on high the symbol of great events, of a great plan of life worked out by a great people. We are about to carry it into battle, to lift it where it will draw the fire of our enemies. We are about to bid thousands, hundreds of thousands, it may be millions, of our men, the young, the strong, the capable men of the nation, to go forth and die beneath it on fields of blood far away,—for what? For some unaccustomed thing? For something for which it has never sought the fire before? American *armies* were never before sent across the

seas. Why are they sent now? For some new purpose, for which this great flag has never been carried before, or for some old, familiar, heroic purpose for which it has seen men, its own men, die on every battlefield upon which Americans have borne arms since the Revolution?

These are questions which must be answered. We are Americans. We in our turn serve America, and can serve her with no private purpose. We must use her flag as she has always used it. We are accountable at the bar of history and must plead in utter frankness what purpose it is we seek to serve.

It is plain enough how we were forced into the war. The extraordinary insults and aggressions of the Imperial German Government left us no self-respecting choice but to take up arms in defense of our rights as a free people and of our honor as a sovereign government. The military masters of Germany denied us the right to be neutral. They filled our unsuspecting communities with vicious spies and conspirators and sought to corrupt the opinion of our people in their own behalf. When they found that they could not do that, their agents diligently spread sedition amongst us and sought to draw our own citizens from their allegiance,—and some of those agents were men connected with the official Embassy of the German Government itself here in our own Cap-

ital. They sought by violence to destroy our industries and arrest our commerce. They tried to incite Mexico to take up arms against us and to draw Japan into a hostile alliance with her,—and that, not by indirect, but by direct suggestion from the Foreign Office in Berlin. They impudently denied us the use of the high seas and repeatedly executed their threat that they would send to their death any of our people who ventured to approach the coasts of Europe. And many of our own people were corrupted. Men began to look upon their own neighbors with suspicion and to wonder in their hot resentment and surprise whether there was any community in which hostile intrigue did not lurk. What great nation in such circumstances would not have taken up arms? Much as we had desired peace, it was denied us, and not of our own choice. This flag under which we serve would have been dishonored had we withheld our hand.

But that is only part of the story. We know now as clearly as we knew before we were ourselves engaged that we are not the enemies of the German people and that they are not our enemies. They did not originate or desire this hideous war or wish that we should be drawn into it; and we are vaguely conscious that we are fighting their cause, as they will some day see it, as well as our own. They are themselves in the grip of the same sinister power that has now at last stretched its ugly talons out and drawn blood from us. The whole world is at war because the whole world is in the grip of that power and is trying out the great battle which shall determine whether it is to be brought under its mastery or fling itself free.

The war was begun by the military masters of Germany, who proved to be also the masters of Austria-Hungary. These men have never regarded nations as peoples, men, women, and children of like blood and frame as themselves, for whom governments existed and in whom governments had their life. They have regarded them merely as serviceable organizations which they could by force or intrigue bend or corrupt to their own purpose. They have regarded the smaller states, in particular, and the peoples who could be overwhelmed by force, as their natural tools and instruments of domination. Their purpose has long been avowed. The statesmen of other nations, to whom that purpose was incredible, paid little attention;

regarded what German professors expounded in their classrooms and German writers set forth to the world as the goal of German policy as rather the dream of minds detached from practical affairs, as preposterous private conceptions of German destiny, than as the actual plans of responsible rulers; but the rulers of Germany themselves knew all the while what concrete plans, what well-advanced intrigues lay back of what the professors and the writers were saying, and were glad to go forward unmolested, filling the thrones of Balkan states with German princes, putting German officers at the service of Turkey to drill her armies and make interest with her government, developing plans of sedition and rebellion in India and Egypt, setting their fires in Persia. The demands made by Austria upon Serbia were a mere single step in a plan which compassed Europe and Asia, from Berlin to Bagdad. They hoped those demands might not arouse Europe, but they meant to press them whether they did or not, for they thought themselves ready for the final issue of arms.

Their plan was to throw a broad belt of German military power and political control across the very center of Europe and beyond the Mediterranean into the heart of Asia; and Austria-Hungary was to be as much their tool and pawn as Serbia or Bulgaria or Turkey or the ponderous states of the East. Austria-Hungary, indeed, was to become part of the central German Empire, absorbed and dominated by the same forces and influences that had originally cemented the German states themselves. The dream had its heart at Berlin. It could have had a heart nowhere else! It rejected the idea of solidarity of race entirely. The choice of peoples played no part in it at all. It contemplated binding together racial and political units which could be kept together only by force,—Czechs, Magyars, Croats, Serbs, Roumanians, Turks, Armenians,—the proud states of Bohemia and Hungary, the stout little commonwealths of the Balkans, the indomitable Turks, the subtle peoples of the East. These peoples did not wish to be united. They ardently desired to direct their own affairs, would be satisfied only by undisputed independence. They could be kept quiet only by the presence or the constant threat of armed men. They would live under a common power only by sheer compulsion and await the day of revolution.

But the German military statesmen had

reckoned with all that and were ready to deal with it in their own way.

And they have actually carried the greater part of that amazing plan into execution! Look how things stand. Austria is at their mercy. It has acted, not upon its own initiative or upon the choice of its own people, but at Berlin's dictation ever since the war began. Its people now desire peace, but cannot have it until leave is granted from Berlin. The so-called Central Powers are in fact but a single power. Serbia is at its mercy, should its hands be but for a moment freed. Bulgaria has consented to its will, and Roumania is overrun. The Turkish armies, which Germans trained, are serving Germany, certainly not themselves, and the guns of German warships lying in the harbor at Constantinople remind Turkish statesmen every day that they have no choice but to take their orders from Berlin. From Hamburg to the Persian Gulf the net is spread.

Is it not easy to understand the eagerness for peace that has been manifested from Berlin ever since the snare was set and sprung? Peace, peace, peace has been the talk of her Foreign Office for now a year and more; not peace upon her own initiative, but upon the initiative of the nations over which she now deems herself to hold the advantage. A little of the talk has been public, but most of it has been private. Through all sorts of channels it has come to me, and in all sorts of guises, but never with the terms disclosed which the German Government would be willing to accept.

That government has other valuable pawns in its hands besides those I have mentioned. It still holds a valuable part of France, though with slowly relaxing grasp, and practically the whole of Belgium. Its armies press close upon Russia and overrun Poland at their will. It cannot go further; it dare not go back. It wishes to close its bargain before it is too late and it has little left to offer for the pound of flesh it will demand.

The military masters under whom Germany is bleeding see very clearly to what point Fate has brought them. If they fall back or are forced back an inch, their power both abroad and at home will fall to pieces like a house of cards. It is their power at home they are thinking about now more than their power abroad. It is that power which is trembling under their very feet; and deep fear has entered their hearts. They have

but one chance to perpetuate their military power or even their controlling political influence. If they can secure peace now with the immense advantages still in their hands which they have up to this point apparently gained, they will have justified themselves before the German people: they will have gained by force what they promised to gain by it: an immense expansion of German power, an immense enlargement of German industrial and commercial opportunities. Their prestige will be secure, and with their prestige their political power. If they fail, their people will thrust them aside; a government accountable to the people themselves will be set up in Germany as it has been in England, in the United States, in France, and in all the great countries of the modern time except Germany. If they succeed, they are safe and Germany and the world are undone; if they fail, Germany is saved and the world will be at peace. If they succeed, America will fall within the menace. We and all the rest of the world must remain armed, as they will remain, and must make ready for the next step in their aggression; if they fail, the world may unite for peace and Germany may be of the union.

Do you not now understand the new intrigue, the intrigue for peace, and why the masters of Germany do not hesitate to use any agency that promises to effect their purpose, the deceit of the nations? Their present particular aim is to deceive all those who throughout the world stand for the rights of peoples and the self-government of nations; for they see what immense strength the forces of justice and of liberalism are gathering out of this war. They are employing liberals in their enterprise. They are using men, in Germany and without, as their spokesmen whom they have hitherto despised and oppressed, using them for their own destruction,—Socialists, the leaders of labor, the thinkers they have hitherto sought to silence. Let them once succeed and these men, now their tools, will be ground to powder beneath the weight of the great military empire they will have set up; the revolutionists in Russia will be cut off from all succor or coöperation in western Europe and a counter revolution fostered and supported; Germany herself will lose her chance of freedom; and all Europe will arm for the next, the final struggle.

The sinister intrigue is being no less actively conducted in this country than in

Russia and in every country in Europe to which the agents and dupes of the Imperial German Government can get access. That government has many spokesmen here, in places high and low. They have learned discretion. They keep within the law. It is opinion they utter now, not sedition. They proclaim the liberal purposes of their masters; declare this a foreign war which can touch America with no danger to either her lands or her institutions; set England at the center of the stage and talk of her ambition to assert economic dominion throughout the world; appeal to our ancient tradition of isolation in the politics of the nations; and seek to undermine the government with false professions of loyalty to its principles.

But they will make no headway. The false betray themselves always in every accent. It is only friends and partisans of the German Government whom we have already identified who utter these thinly disguised disloyalties. The facts are patent to all the world, and nowhere are they more plainly seen than in the United States, where we are accustomed to deal with facts and not with sophistries; and the great fact that stands out above all the rest is that this is a People's War, a war for freedom and justice and self-government amongst all the nations of the world, a war to make the world safe for the peoples who live upon it and have made it their own, the German people themselves included; and that with us rests the choice to break through all these hypocrisies and patent cheats and masks of brute force and help set the world free, or else stand aside and let it be dominated a long age through by sheer weight of arms and the arbitrary choices of self-constituted masters, by the nation which can maintain the biggest armies and the most irresistible armaments, —a power to which the world has afforded no parallel and in the face of which political freedom must wither and perish.

For us there is but one choice. We have made it. Woe be to the man or group of men that seeks to stand in our way in this day of high resolution when every principle we hold dearest is to be vindicated and made secure for the salvation of the nations. We are ready to plead at the bar of history, and our flag shall wear a new luster. Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the face of our people.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF AMERICA'S ENTRY

VISCOUNT GREY

[From the Preface to *America and Freedom*, 1917]

The entry of the United States is a tremendous fact even when considered only in the limited aspect of its direct effect upon the war. . . . But there is another aspect of the entry of the United States into the war that is much greater, of deeper significance, and more far-reaching consequence. It is to be seen in the reasons and spirit of the decision taken by the president and the nation. The public utterances of President Wilson when announcing the decision and subsequently are full of it and are inspired by it. The United States have departed from the policy of isolation not from favor to one set of combatants against another, real and strong though the sympathy with some of the Allies has been in large sections of the American people since the outbreak of the war.

This has not been the motive that forced the tremendous national decision, but a growing conviction which gradually became settled, deep, and paramount, that this terrible war is a desperate and critical struggle against something evil and intensely dangerous to moral law, to international faith, to everything that is essential if different nations are to live together in the world in equal freedom and friendship. The will to power—it is a German phrase—has shown in the course of this war that it knows neither mercy, pity, nor limits. Militarism is one quality of it, and it stands for things that all democracies, if they wish to remain free and to be a part of a world that is free, must hate.

This conviction and a sense that the old barriers of the world are broken down by modern conditions, that the cause of humanity is one, and that no nation so great and free as the United States could stand aside in this crisis without sacrificing its honor and losing its soul, are—so we believe—the real motive and cause of the decision of the United States. Democracies are reluctant to take such decisions until they are attacked or until their own material interests are directly and deeply involved, and the United States did not take the decision till German action in the war made it imperative; but then they took it with a clearness, an emphasis, and a declaration of principle that will

be one of the landmarks and shining examples of all human history. Comparison may be made between the entry of the United States into the war and that of the British people. There is some resemblance, but there is a difference. The outrageous invasion of Belgium, involving special and separate treaty obligations, left Great Britain at the outset no alternative; her decision had to be sudden; the whole people felt at once that there was no honorable way of avoiding war. Articles have been written since to show that the interest of Great Britain was directly involved, that though Belgium and France were attacked, she, too, was threatened, and all that is true. Numerous public utterances in Germany since the War began have disclosed that the German purpose was to subject not only Belgium and France, but also Great Britain, to German predominance. But the British people had not time at the outset to consider where their interest lay; had it not been so they would have taken time to consider and to argue, but as things were, honor was so clearly and peremptorily challenged, and sympathy so deeply outraged by the initial action of Germany that there was no time for consideration and no place for argument. This it was that made the decision of the British people so practically unanimous, so quick, and so thorough. The decision of the United States was slow and deliberate; it is apparently not less unanimous and thorough, and each decision will have its own impressiveness in history.

On our first entry into the War we were, as the United States now is, free to decide our own part and our own terms of peace. When Japan entered the War the obligations of the Anglo-Japanese alliance to make war and peace in common came into effect; then the agreement of September, 1914, made mutual and binding agreements between ourselves and France and Russia, and our position now is that of the other nations who are parties to the agreement of September, 1914. The United States are independent of that agreement; this is a difference, important and definite, though. I believe, it will be small in practical effect compared with the deep underlying identity of view, principle, and feeling.

President Wilson said the other day that this is a conflict for "human liberty." That is what the Allies have been made by German action in the War to feel more and *more* deeply, and this feeling is a greater

bond of union than anything else. There is one more thing to be added. I was talking the other day to a man who had been some two years at the front and was home for a ten days' leave. Of all feelings, those that have the most right to be considered with attention and deference are the feelings of the men who are risking their lives and undergoing the awful trial and suffering of trench warfare. In this man's feeling there was no hatred and no passion; there was great weariness and great longing for the end of the War, but an intense desire to see the War end in such a way that, if he survived, the rest of his life—he is a young man—should be free from war and the threats of war. That, too, as I understand, is President Wilson's policy and purpose—human liberty and secure peace. . . .

There is but one other point on which I would touch; it is the prospective relations between Great Britain and the United States. Mr. Balfour's mission has, we hope, done something to make it felt in the United States that there is real community of ideas, sentiments, and sympathy. This country was fortunate in having Mr. Balfour to represent it on such a mission at such a time, and he very likely did more to promote understanding of us in America than any one else could have done in the time. And the more closely the two peoples come into contact, the better they get to know each other, the more I believe it will be apparent to each not only that they speak the same language, but that they use it to mean the same things, that they both have the same idea of freedom and liberty, and desire the same sort of world in which to live.

There is no reason in the forms of a constitutional Monarchy why the British people should not be as free, as truly and thoroughly a democracy, as any republic can be. The American colonies of the eighteenth century by the War of Independence established not only independence but democracy. The states of Europe, whose internal conditions were then different from those in America, were not yet ready for the same measure of democracy. Russia is only just beginning to establish it, but the change there promises to be thorough. All the other great States of Europe, except Germany (I omit Austria-Hungary because it is more impossible than ever to define the internal conditions of that mixed Empire), are now in form and in spirit and in fact democratic. Great Britain has attained it not less surely

and thoroughly than others by the process of political evolution.

In all dealings I have had with Americans, official and unofficial, I have felt that the outlook upon national and individual life was the same. No written agreement is necessary to draw the two nations together or to keep them in friendship; what is needed is that each should continually see in the utterances of representative men, and in the writings of the press, not the eccentricities and the fringe, not the froth and eddies, but the main deep current of public opinion in both countries.

That is what we feel about President Wilson's recent announcements. They satisfy, they carry conviction, that make us feel that we really know what he thinks and why he thinks it and how firmly he grasps it; and we hope that the response from public men and from the press on this side is making the President and the people of the United

States feel that we really do respond earnestly and truly; that the sentiments and principles expressed by him are ours also; and that in what he has said of this war and of his hopes for the future he has spoken what is also in our minds and hearts.

If the millions of dear lives that have been given in this war are to have been given not in vain, if there is to be any lasting compensation for the appalling suffering of the last three years, the defeat of the Prussian will to power, however it is brought about, will not by itself be enough.

Out of this defeat must come something constructive, some moral change in international relations; and the entry of the United States of America into the War, in the spirit and with the principles that have inspired their action, is an invaluable and, I trust, a sure and unconquerable guarantee that in the peace and after the peace these hopes will be realized.

III. PROBLEMS OF RECONSTRUCTION

1. THE NEW DEMOCRACY

A NEW FORCE IN POLITICS

CARLETON HAYES

[From *British Social Politics*, 1913]

Two historical factors have conspired to bring about in our own day a fundamental change in the convictions of many thoughtful persons as to the proper scope and functions of government. In the first place the French Revolution not only abolished legal class privilege and defined civil "rights" uniform for all citizens, but it sounded the death knell of absolutism; and its great dreams of individual liberty and social equality and political brotherhood provided a powerful stimulus, throughout the nineteenth century, to ever-recurring and increasingly successful movements throughout Europe for the extension of the suffrage and the removal of legal disabilities in society. In France, political democracy was gradually evolved through kaleidoscopic changes of Legitimate Monarchy, July Monarchy, Republic, Empire, and Republic. In England, a like process was painfully in evidence during Peterloo Massacres, and Chartist riots, and Reform agitations. In

both countries, before the close of the century, the electorate had supposedly attained a democratic mastery over one great institution—the government.

Of greater importance to us than the more or less theoretical principles proclaimed and exemplified by the French Revolution are the very practical problems created by that series of marvelous mechanical inventions and adaptations which has passed under the name of the Industrial Revolution. Within the last hundred years the whole social fabric has undergone a complete transformation, until it has brought forth present day capitalism and the factory system and a wage earning proletariat huddled in great towns; and novel facts have presented themselves which could not be faced in the manner of the eighteenth century nor run away from as the *laissez-faire* economists of the last century would have done. So long as highly developed industrial states—countries directly affected by the Industrial Revolution—pursued a frank policy of non-intervention, the capitalist class seemed to grow wealthier and more powerful, while the mass of wage earners seemed to grow relatively poorer and

more degraded. Under such conditions, written constitutional guarantees of religious toleration and political equality did not suffice to render democracy real and vital. Soon after the French Revolution, Babeuf had declared:

"When I see the poor without the clothing and shoes which they themselves are engaged in making, and contemplate the small minority who do not work and yet want for nothing, I am convinced that government is still the old conspiracy of the few against the many, only it has taken a new form."

Gradually the working classes, whom the Industrial Revolution called into being, came to share Babeuf's opinion and to claim that they suffered from class privileges infinitely more oppressive than any of those against which the French Revolution contended. They began to believe that political rights and written constitutions, of themselves, might be quite sterile, and to demand the employment of political agencies in order to secure equality of opportunity for all classes and the well-being of each and every citizen, worker as well as capitalist. It followed quite naturally from the interesting union of two revolutionary currents—the political and the industrial—that the people of each affected state thought of using their democratic representative mastery over government, in proportion to the extent to which they had achieved it, as a means through which to undertake industrial regulation and general social control. That has meant the socialization of politics—government, in its widest significance, of the people and for the people.

"Social politics" thus becomes a convenient phrase to indicate, loosely perhaps, the present day development of political democracy and its utilization for social purposes. Social equality is its goal. Mr. Percy Alden, one of its distinguished advocates in the British Parliament, writes in a recently published volume:

"Without claiming too much for the new program which the Liberal party has put forward, this, at least, may be asserted with confidence, that it implies a desertion of the old individualist standard and the adoption of a new principle—a principle which the Unionists call socialistic. If it be true that a positive policy of social reconstruction favors of socialism, then, of course, this contention can be justified. The main point is the function of the state in the mind of Liberal and Radical of today is much

wider in scope than seemed possible to our predecessors. The state avowedly claims the right to interfere with industrial liberty and to modify the old economic view of the disposal of private property. Liberalism recognizes that it is no longer possible to accept the view that all men have an equal chance, and that there is nothing more to be done than to hold evenly the scales of government. As a matter of fact, the anomalies and injustices of our present social system have compelled even our opponents to introduce ameliorative legislation. But the Liberal of today goes further. He asks that such economic changes shall be introduced as will make it possible for every man to possess a minimum of security and comfort. Property is no longer to have an undue claim; great wealth must be prepared to bear burdens in the interests of the whole community. Our social system must have an ethical basis."

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF BRITISH LABOR

[From the Report of the Sub-Committee of the British Labor Party, 1918]

It behooves the Labor party, in formulating its own program for reconstruction after the war, and in criticizing the various preparations and plans that are being made by the present government, to look at the problem as a whole. We have to make clear what it is that we wish to construct. It is important to emphasize the fact that, whatever may be the case with regard to other political parties, our detailed practical proposals proceed from definitely held principles.

We need to beware of patchwork. The view of the Labor party is that what has to be reconstructed after the war is not this or that government department, or this or that piece of social machinery; but, so far as Britain is concerned, society itself. The individual worker, or for that matter the individual statesman, immersed in daily routine—like the individual soldier in a battle—easily fails to understand the magnitude and far-reaching importance of what is taking place around him. How does it fit together as a whole? How does it look from a distance? Count Okuma, one of the oldest, most experienced, and ablest of the statesmen of Japan, watching the present conflict from the other side of the globe, declares it to be nothing less than the death of European civilization. Just as in the past the

civilization of Babylon, Egypt, Greece, Carthage, and the great Roman empire have been successively destroyed, so, in the judgment of this detached observer, the civilization of all Europe is even now receiving its death blow. We of the Labor party can so far agree in this estimate as to recognize, in the present world catastrophe, if not the death, in Europe, of civilization itself, at any rate the culmination and collapse of a distinctive industrial civilization, which the workers will not seek to reconstruct. At such times of crisis it is easier to slip into ruin than to progress into higher forms of organization. That is the problem as it presents itself to the Labor party.

What this war is consuming is not merely the security, the homes, the livelihood, and the lives of millions of innocent families, and an enormous proportion of all the accumulated wealth of the world, but also the very basis of the peculiar social order in which it has arisen. The individualist system of capitalist production, based on the private ownership and competitive administration of land and capital, with its reckless "profiteering" and wage slavery; with its glorification of the unhampered struggle for the means of life and its hypocritical pretense of the "survival of the fittest"; with the monstrous inequality of circumstances which it produces and the degradation and brutalization, both moral and spiritual, resulting therefrom, may, we hope, indeed have received a death blow. With it must go the political system and ideas in which it naturally found expression. We of the Labor party, whether in opposition or in due time called upon to form an administration, will certainly lend no hand to its revival. On the contrary, we shall do our utmost to see that it is buried with the millions whom it has done to death. If we in Britain are to escape from the decay of civilization itself, which the Japanese statesman foresees, we must ensure that what is presently to be built up is a new social order, based not on fighting but on fraternity—not on the competitive struggle for the means of bare life, but on a deliberately planned coöperation in production and distribution for the benefit of all who participate by hand or by brain—not on the utmost possible inequality of riches, but on a systematic approach towards a healthy equality of material circumstances for every person born into the world—not on an enforced dominion over subject nations, subject races, subject colonies, subject

classes, or a subject sex, but, in industry as well as in government, on that equal freedom, that general consciousness of consent, and that widest possible participation in power, both economic and political, which is characteristic of democracy. We do not, of course, pretend that it is possible, even after the drastic clearing away that is now going on, to build society anew in a year or two of feverish "reconstruction." What the Labor party intends to satisfy itself about is that each brick that it helps to lay shall go to erect the structure that it intends, and no other.

We need not here recapitulate, one by one, the different items in the Labor party's program, which successive party conferences have adopted. These proposals, some of them in various publications worked out in practical detail, are often carelessly derided as impracticable, even by the politicians who steal them piecemeal from us! The members of the Labor party, themselves actually working by hand or by brain, in close contact with the facts, have perhaps at all times a more accurate appreciation of what is practicable, in industry as in politics, than those who depend solely on academic instruction or are biased by great possessions. But today no man dares to say that anything is impracticable. The war which has scared the old political parties right out of their dogmas, has taught every statesman and every government official, to his enduring surprise, how very much more can be done along the lines that we have laid down than he had ever before thought possible. What we now promulgate as our policy, whether for opposition or for office, is not merely this or that specific reform, but a deliberately thought out, systematic, and comprehensive plan for that immediate social rebuilding which any ministry, whether or not it desires to grapple with the problem, will be driven to undertake. The four pillars of the house that we propose to erect, resting upon the common foundation of the democratic control of society in all its activities, may be termed:

- (a) The Universal Enforcement of the National Minimum;
- (b) The Democratic Control of Industry;
- (c) The Revolution in National Finance; and
- (d) The Surplus Wealth for the Common Good.

[There follows an explanation of the

meaning of these "Four Pillars," of which only the last part is here given.]

In the disposal of the surplus above the standard of life society has hitherto gone as far wrong as in its neglect to secure the necessary basis of any genuine industrial efficiency or decent social order. We have allowed the riches of our mines, the rental value of the lands superior to the margin of cultivation, the extra profits of the fortunate capitalists, even the material outcome of scientific discoveries—which ought by now to have made this Britain of ours immune from class poverty or from any widespread destitution—to be absorbed by individual proprietors; and then devoted very largely to the senseless luxury of an idle rich class. Against this misappropriation of the wealth of the community, the Labor party—speaking in the interests not of the wage earners alone, but of every grade and section of producers by hand or by brain, not to mention also those of the generations that are to succeed us, and of the permanent welfare of the community—emphatically protests. One main pillar of the house that the Labor party intends to build is the future appropriation of the surplus, not to the enlargement of any individual fortune, but to the common good. It is from this constantly arising surplus (to be secured, on the one hand, by nationalization and municipalization and, on the other, by the steeply graduated taxation of private income and riches) that will have to be found the new capital which the community day by day needs for the perpetual improvement and increase of its various enterprises, for which we shall decline to be dependent on the usury-exacting financiers. It is from the same source that has to be defrayed the public provision for the sick and infirm of all kinds (including that for maternity and infancy) which is still so scandalously insufficient; for the aged and those prematurely incapacitated by accident or disease, now in many ways so imperfectly cared for; for the education alike of children, of adolescents, and of adults, in which the Labor party demands a genuine equality of opportunity, overcoming all differences of material circumstances; and for the organization of public improvements of all kinds, including the brightening of the lives of those now condemned to almost ceaseless toil, and a great development of the means of recreation. From the same source must come the greatly increased public provision that the Labor party will insist

on being made for scientific investigation and original research, in every branch of knowledge, not to say also for the promotion of music, literature, and fine art, which have been under capitalism so greatly neglected, and upon which, so the Labor party holds, any real development of civilization fundamentally depends. Society, like the individual, does not live by bread alone—does not exist only for perpetual wealth production. It is in the proposal for this appropriation of every surplus for the common good—in the vision of its resolute use for the building up of the community as a whole instead of for the magnification of individual fortunes—that the Labor party, as the party of the producers by hand or by brain, most distinctively marks itself off from the older political parties, standing, as these do, essentially for the maintenance, unimpaired, of the perpetual private mortgage upon the annual product of the nation that is involved in the individual ownership of land and capital.

The house which the Labor party intends to build does not stand alone in the world. Where will it be in the street of tomorrow? If we repudiate, on the one hand, the imperialism that seeks to dominate other races, or to impose our own will on other parts of the British empire, so we disclaim equally any conception of a selfish and insular "non-interventionism," unregarding of our special obligation to our fellow-citizens overseas; of the corporate duties of one nation to another; of the moral claims upon us of the non-adult races, and of our own indebtedness to the world of which we are part. We look for an ever-increasing intercourse, a constantly developing exchange of commodities, a continually expanding friendly coöperation among all the peoples of the world. With regard to that great commonwealth of all races, all colors, all religions, and all degrees of civilization, that we call the British empire, the Labor party stands for its maintenance and its progressive development on the lines of local autonomy and "Home Rule All Round"; the fullest respect for the rights of each people, whatever its color, to all the democratic self-government of which it is capable, and to the proceeds of its own toil upon the resources of its own territorial home; and the closest possible coöperation among all the various members of what has become essentially not an empire in the old sense, but a Britannic alliance.

We desire to maintain the most intimate

relations with the Labor parties overseas. Like them, we have no sympathy with the projects of "Imperial Federation," in so far as these imply the subjection to a common imperial legislature wielding coercive power (including dangerous facilities for coercive imperial taxation and for enforced military service), either of the existing self-governing Dominions, whose autonomy would be thereby invaded; or of the United Kingdom, whose freedom of democratic self-development would be thereby hampered; or of India and the colonial dependencies, which would thereby run the risk of being further exploited for the benefit of a "White Empire." We do not intend, by any such "Imperial Senate," either to bring the plutocracy of Canada and South Africa to the aid of the British aristocracy, or to enable the landlords and financiers of the mother country to unite in controlling the growing popular democracies overseas. The autonomy of each self-governing part of the empire must be intact.

What we look for, besides a constant progress in democratic self-government of every part of the Britannic alliance, and especially in India, is a continuous participation of the ministers of the Dominions, of India, and eventually of other dependencies (perhaps by means of their own ministers specially resident in London for this purpose) in the most confidential deliberations of the Cabinet, so far as foreign policy and imperial affairs are concerned, and the annual assembly of an Imperial Council, representing all constituents of the Britannic alliance and all parties in their local legislatures, which should discuss all matters of common interest, but only in order to make recommendations for the simultaneous consideration of the various autonomous local legislatures of what should increasingly take the constitutional form of an alliance of free nations. And we carry the idea further. As regards our relations to foreign countries, we disavow and disclaim any desire or intention to dispossess or to impoverish any other state or nation. We seek no increase of territory. We disclaim all idea of "economic war." We ourselves object to all protective customs tariffs; but we hold that each nation must be left free to do what it thinks best for its own economic development, without thought of injuring others. We believe that nations are in no way damaged by each other's economic prosperity or commercial progress; but, on the contrary, that they are

actually themselves mutually enriched thereby. We would therefore put an end to the old entanglements and mystifications of secret diplomacy and the formation of leagues against leagues. We stand for the immediate establishment, actually as a part of the treaty of peace with which the present war will end, of a universal league or society of nations, a supernational authority, with an international high court to try all justiciable issues between nations; an international legislature to enact such common laws as can be mutually agreed upon, and an international council of mediation to endeavor to settle without ultimate conflict even those disputes which are not justiciable. We would have all the nations of the world most solemnly undertake and promise to make common cause against any one of them that broke away from this fundamental agreement. The world has suffered too much from war for the Labor party to have any other policy than that of lasting peace.

The Labor party is far from assuming that it possesses a key to open all locks; or that any policy which it can formulate will solve all the problems that beset us. But we deem it important to ourselves as well as to those who may, on the one hand, wish to join the party, or, on the other, to take up arms against it, to make quite clear and definite our aim and purpose. The Labor party wants that aim and purpose, as set forth in the preceding pages, with all its might. It calls for more warmth in politics, for much less apathetic acquiescence in the miseries that exist, for none of the cynicism that saps the life of leisure. On the other hand, the Labor party has no belief in any of the problems of the world being solved by good will alone. Good will without knowledge is warmth without light. Especially in all the complexities of politics, in the still undeveloped science of society, the Labor party stands for increased study, for the scientific investigation of each succeeding problem, for the deliberate organization of research, and for a much more rapid dissemination among the whole people of all the science that exists. And it is perhaps specially the Labor party that has the duty of placing this advancement of science in the forefront of its political program. What the Labor party stands for in all fields of life is, essentially, democratic coöperation; and coöperation involves a common purpose which can be agreed to; a common plan which can be explained and discussed, and such a measure

of success in the adaptation of means to ends as will ensure a common satisfaction. An autocratic sultan may govern without science if his whim is law. A plutocratic party may choose to ignore science, if it is heedless whether its pretended solutions of social problems that may win political triumphs ultimately succeed or fail. But no Labor party can hope to maintain its position unless its proposals are, in fact, the outcome of the best political science of its time; or to fulfil its purpose unless that science is continually wresting new fields from human ignorance. Hence, although the purpose of the Labor party must, by the law of its being, remain for all time unchanged, its policy and its program will, we hope, undergo a perpetual development, as knowledge grows, and as new phases of the social problem present themselves, in a continually finer adjustment of our measures to our ends. If law is the mother of freedom, science, to the Labor party, must be the parent of law.

AN EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRACY

DONALD HANKEY

[From *A Student in Arms*, 1917]

The unprecedented has occurred. For once a national ideal has proved stronger than class prejudice. In this matter of the war all classes were at one—at one not only in sentiment, but in practical resolve. The crowd that surged outside the central recruiting offices in great Scotland Yard was proof of it. All classes were there, struggling for the privilege of enlisting in the new citizen Army, conscious of their unity, and determined to give effect to it in the common life of service. It was an extraordinary crowd. Workmen were there in cord breeches and subfuse coats; boys from the East End in the latest fashion from Petticoat Lane; clerks and shop assistants in sober black; mechanics in blue serge and bowler hats; travelers in the garments of prosperity; and, most conspicuously well dressed of all, gentlemen in their oldest clothes. It was like a section cut out of the nation.

Men and boys of the working class formed the majority. They were in their element, shouting, singing, cheeking the "coppers" with as much ribald good humor as if the recruiting office had been a music-hall. But some of the other classes were far less at their ease. They had been brought up from

earliest youth to thank God that they were not as other men, to set store by innumerable little marks that distinguished them from "the lower classes." All these they were now sacrificing to an idea, and they felt horribly embarrassed. Even the gentleman, who had prided himself on his freedom from "the snobbishness of the suburbs," felt ill at ease. Of course he had been to workingmen's clubs; but there he had been "Mr. Thingumy." Here he was "mate." He told himself that he did not mind being "mate," in fact he rather liked it; but he fervently wished that he looked the part. He felt as self-conscious as if he had arrived at a dinner party in a Norfolk jacket. A little later on, when he sat, one of four nude men, in a cubicle awaiting medical inspection, he did feel that for the moment they had all been reduced to the common denominator of their sheer humanity; but the embarrassment returned with his clothes and stayed with him all through the march to the station and the journey to the depot.

At the depot he fought for the prize of a verminous blanket and six foot of floor to lie on. When he awoke the next morning his clothes were creased and dirty, his collar so filthy that it had to be discarded, and his chin unshaven. He perceived with something of a shock that he was no longer conspicuous. He was no more than the seedy unit of a seedy crowd. In any other circumstances he would have been disgusted. As it was, he sought the canteen at the earliest opportunity and toasted the Unity of the Classes in a pint! . . .

In due course the citizen army reached the front. Now, the front may be divided into two parts, the trenches and the rest camps. In the trenches the real white man finally and conclusively comes to his own. The worm, no matter how exalted his rank, automatically ceases to count. The explanation of this phenomenon is very simple. In the moment of crisis the white man is always on the spot, while the worm is always in his dug-out. The rest camp, on the other hand, exists for the restoration of the *status quo ante*. It is the trench failure's opportunity to reassert himself. There the officer or N. C. O. who has lost prestige by his devotion to his dug-out regains it by the repetition of the ritual; and the private who has done ten men's work in repairing the trenches under fire is awarded an hour's extra drill for failing to cut away the left hand smartly. So is the damaged Religion

of the Army restored. In the rest camp, too, the shirker among the men raises again his diminished head, and comes out strong as a grumbler and, until his mates become unpleasantly reminiscent, a boaster.

On the whole, though, actual experience of war brings the best man to the fore, and the best qualities of the average man. Officers and men are welded into a closer comradeship by dangers and discomforts shared. They learn to trust each other, and to look for the essential qualities rather than for the accidental graces. One learns to love men for their great hearts, their pluck, their indomitable spirits, their irresponsible humor, their readiness to shoulder a weaker brother's burden in addition to their own. One sees men as God sees them, apart from externals such as manner and intonation. A night in a bombing party shows you Jim Smith as a man of splendid courage. A shortness of rations reveals his wonderful unselfishness. One danger and discomfort after another you share in common till you love him as a brother. Out there, if any one dared to remind you that Jim was only a fireman while you were a bank clerk, you would give him one in the eye to go on with. You have learned to know a man when you see one, and to value him.

When the war is over, and the men of the citizen Army return to their homes and their civil occupations, will they, I wonder, remember the things that they have learned? If so, there will be a new and better England for the children. One would like to prophesy great things. In those days great talkers and boasters shall be of no account, for men shall remember that in the hour of danger they were wanting. In those days there shall be no more petty strife between class and class, for all shall have learned that they are one nation, and that they must seek the nation's good before their own. In those days men shall no longer pride themselves on their riches, or on the material possessions which distinguish them from their brethren, for they shall have learned that it is the qualities of the heart which are of real value. Men shall be prized for their courage, their honesty, their charity, their practical ability. In those days there shall be no false pride, for all have lived hardly, all have done dirty and menial work, all have wielded pick and spade, and have counted it no dishonor but rather glory to do so. In those days charity and brotherly love shall prevail mightily, for all shall have

learned mutual understanding and respect. Would that it might be so! But perhaps it is more likely that the lessons will be forgotten, and that men will slip back into the old grooves. Much depends on the women of England. If they carefully guard the ancient ruts against our return, and if their gentle fingers press us back into them, we shall acquiesce; but if at this hour of crisis they too have seen a wider vision of national unity, and learned a more catholic charity, the future is indeed radiant with hope.

THE ORGANIZATION OF DEMOCRACY

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

[From an Address at Raleigh, N. C.,
November 9, 1915]

Let us prepare for our colossal moral and practical responsibilities in the world life, therefore, not alone by preparing common sense establishments of force on land and sea, until such time as human reason shall deem them not needed, but by the greater preparedness of self-restraint, self-analysis, and self-discipline. Let us not surrender our age-long dream of good, just self-government to any mechanical ideal of quickly obtaining material results erected into a crude dogma of efficiency. Democracy must know how to get material results economically and quickly. Democracy must and can be organized to that end, and this organization will undoubtedly involve certain surrenders, certain social and political self-abnegations in the interests of collectivism. But I hold the faith that all this can be done, yet retaining in the family of freedom that shining jewel of individual liberty which has glowed in our life since the beginning. The great democratic nations—America, England, France, Switzerland—have before them, therefore, the problem of retaining their standards of individual liberty, and yet contriving juster and finer administrative organs. Certainly the people that have built this Union can learn how to coördinate the activities of its people and obtain results as definite as those obtained under systems of mere authority.

Since my college days I have been hearing about and admiring the German genius for research, for adaptation of scientific truth, and for organization. Now the whole world stands half astonished and half envious of their creed of efficiency. In so far as this

creed is opposed to slipshodness and waste, it is altogether good, but the question arises, Is the ability to get things done well deadly to liberty, or is it consistent with personal liberty? In examining German progress, I do not find as many examples of supreme individual efficiency or independent spirit as I find in the democratic nations. The steam engine, the factory system, telegraph, telephone, wireless, electric light, the gasoline engine, aeroplane, machine gun, the submarine, uses of rubber, dreadnought, the mighty names of Lister and Pasteur, come out for the democratic nations. The distinctive German genius is for administration and adaptation, rather than for independent creation. His civil service is the finest in the world. He knows what he wants. He decides what training is necessary to get that result. He universalizes that training. He enforces obedience to its discipline. A man must have skill; he must obey; he must work; he must cooperate. The freer nations desire the same results, but neglect to enforce their realization. Their theory of government forces them to plead for its attainment. Certain classes and individuals heed this persuasion, and in an atmosphere of precious freedom great personalities spring into being. In the conflict between achievement based on subjection and splendid obedience, and that based on political freedom, my belief is that the system of political and social freedom will triumphantly endure. In essence, it is the conflict between the efficiency of adaptation and organization and the efficiency of invention and creation. What autocracy needs is the thrill and push of individual liberty; and the continental peasant will get it as the result of this war, for the guns of autocracy are celebrating the downfall of autocracy, even in its most ancient fastness—Russia. These autocracies will realize their real greatness when they substitute humility for pride, freedom for accomplishment, as compelling national motives. What democracy needs is the discipline of patient labor, of trained skill, of thoroughness in work, and a more socialized conception of public duty. . . .

In order to organize an autocracy, the rulers ordain that it shall get in order and provide the means to bring about that end. To organize a democracy, we must organize its soul, and give it power to create its own ideals. It is primarily a peace organization, and that is proof that it is the forward

movement of the human soul and not the movement of scientific reaction. It is through a severe mental training in our schools and a return to the conception of public duty which guided the sword and uplifted the heart of the founder of the Republic that we shall find strength to organize the democracy of the future, revolutionized by science and urban life. The right to vote implies the duty to vote right; the right to legislate, the duty to legislate right; the right to judge about foreign policy, the duty to fight if necessary; the right to come to college, the duty to carry one's self handsomely at college. Our youth must be taught to use their senses, to reason simply and correctly from exact knowledge thus brought to them, to attain to sincerity in thought and judgment through work and patience. In our home and civic life we need some moral equivalent for the training which somehow issues out of war—the glory of self-sacrifice, obedience to just authority, contempt of ease, and a realization that through thoughtful, collective effort great results will be obtained. A great spiritual glory will come to these European nations through their sorrow and striving, which will express itself in great poems and great literature. They are preparing new shrines at which mankind will worship. Let us take care that prosperity is not our sole national endowment. War asks of men denials and self-sacrifice for ideals. Peace must somehow do the same. Autocracy orders men to forget self for an over-self called the State. Democracy must inspire men to forget self for a higher thing called Humanity.

NATURAL ARISTOCRACY

PAUL ELMER MORE

[From *Aristocracy and Justice*, 1915]

Leaders there will be, as there always have been. Leaders there are now, of each class, and we know their names. We still call the baser sort a demagogue, and his definition is still what it was among those who invented the term: "a flatterer of the people." . . . But the most notable example of demagoguery today is not a man, though he be clothed with thunder, but an institution. There are newspapers and magazines, reaching millions of readers, which have reduced the art to a perfect system. Their method is as simple as it is effective: always appeal

to the emotion of the hour, and present it in terms which will justify its excess. . . .

These are the agencies that, in varying forms, have been at work in many ages. Only now we have formulated them into a noble maxim, which you will hear daily resounding in the pulpit and the press and in the street: "The cure of democracy is more democracy." It is a lie, and we know it is a lie. We know that this cry of the demagogue has invariably in the past led to anarchy and to despotism; and we know that today, were these forces unopposed, as happily they are not unopposed, the same result would occur—

Our liberty reversed and charters gone,
And we made servants to Opinion.

The remedy for the evils of license is not in the elimination of popular restraint, but precisely in bringing the people to respect and follow their right leaders. The cure for democracy is not *more* democracy but *better* democracy.

Nor is such a cure dependent on the appearance in a community of men capable of the light; for these the world always has, and these we too have in abundance; it depends rather on so relating these select natures to the community that they shall be also men of leading. The danger is, lest, in a State which bestows influence and honors on its demagogues, the citizens of more refined intelligence, those true philosophers who have discourse of reason, and have won the difficult citadel of their own souls, should withdraw from public affairs and retire into that citadel—as it were, into an ivory tower. The harm wrought by such a condition is twofold: it deprives the better minds of the larger sustenance of popular sympathy, producing among them a kind of intellectual *préciosité* and a languid interest in art as a refuge from life instead of an integral part of life; and, on the other hand, it tends to leave the mass of society a prey to the brutalized emotions of indiscriminate pleasure-seeking. In such a State distinction becomes the sorry badge of isolation. The need is to provide for a natural aristocracy.

Now, it must be clearly understood that in advocating such a measure, at least under the conditions that actually prevail today, there is involved no futile intention of abrogating democracy, in so far as democracy means government by and of the people. A natural aristocracy does not demand the res-

toration of inherited privilege or a relapse into the crude dominion of money; it is not synonymous with oligarchy or plutocracy. It calls rather for some machine or some social consciousness which shall ensure both the selection from among the community at large of the "best" and the bestowal on them of "power"; it is the true consummation of democracy. And, again, it must be said emphatically that it is not an academic question dealing with unreal distinctions. No one supposes that the "best" are a sharply defined class moving about among their fellows with a visible halo above them and a smile of beatific superiority on their faces. Society is not made of such classifications, and governments have always been of a more or less mixed character. A natural aristocracy signifies rather a tendency than a conclusion, and in such a sense, it was taken, no doubt, by my sociological friend of radical ideas who pronounced it the great practical problem of today.

The first requisite for solving this problem is that those who are designed by nature, so to speak, to form an aristocracy, should come to an understanding of their own belief. There is a question to be faced boldly: What is the true aim of society? Does justice consist primarily in leveling the distribution of powers and benefits, or in proportioning them to the scale of character and intelligence? Is the main purpose of the machinery of government to raise the material welfare of the masses, or to create advantages for the upward striving of the exceptional? Is the state of humanity to be estimated by numbers, or is it a true saying of the old stoic poet: *humanum paucis vivit genus*? Shall our interest in mankind begin at the bottom and progress upward, or begin at the top and progress downward? To those who feel that the time has come for a reversion from certain present tendencies, the answer to this question cannot be doubtful. Before anything else is done we must purge our minds of the current cant of humanitarianism. This does not mean that we are to deny the individual appeals of pity and introduce a wolfish egotism into human relations. On the contrary, it is just the preaching of false humanitarian doctrines that results practically in weakening the response to rightful obligations and, by "turning men's duties into doubts," throws the prizes of life to the hard grasping materialist and the coarse talker. In the end the happiness

of the people also, in the wider sense, depends on the common recognition of the law of just subordination. But, whatever the ultimate effect of this sort may be, the need now is to counterbalance the excess of emotional humanitarianism with an injection of the truth—even the contemptuous truth. Let us, in the name of a long-suffering God, put some bounds to the flood of talk about the wages of the bricklayer and the trainman, and talk a little more about the income of the artist and teacher and public censor who have taste and strength of character to remain in opposition to the tide. Let us have less cant about the great educative value of the theater for the people and less humbug about the virtues of the nauseous problem play, and more consideration of what is clean and nourishing food for the larger minds. Let us forget for a while our absorbing desire to fit the schools to train boys for the shop and the counting-room, and concern ourselves more effectively with the dwindling of those disciplinary studies which lift men out of the crowd. Let us, in fine, not number ourselves among the traitors to their class who *invidiæ metu non audeant dicere*. . . .

It is a sound theorem of President Lowell's that popular government "may be said to consist of the control of political affairs by public opinion." Now there is today a vast organization for manipulating public opinion in favor of the workingman and for deluding it in the interest of those who grow fat by pandering, in the name of emancipation, to the baser emotions of mankind; but of organization among those who suffer from the vulgarizing trend of democracy there is little or none. As a consequence, we see the conditions of life growing harder year by year—harder for those whose labor is not concerned immediately with the direction of material forces or with the supply of sensational pleasure; they are ground, so to speak, between the upper and the nether millstone. Perhaps organization is not the word to describe accurately what is desired among those who are fast becoming the silent members of society, for it implies a sharper discrimination into grades of taste and character than exists in nature; but there is nothing chimerical in looking for a certain conscious solidarity at the core of the aristocratical class (using "aristocratical" always in the Platonic sense), with a looser cohesion at the edges. Let that class become frankly convinced that the true aim

of the State is, as in the magnificent theory of Aristotle, to make possible the high friendship of those who have raised themselves to a vision of the supreme good, let them adopt means to confirm one another in that faith, and their influence will spread outward through society and leaven the whole range of public opinion.

The instrument by which this control of public opinion is effected is primarily the imagination; and here we meet with a real difficulty. It was the advantage of such a union of aristocracy and inherited oligarchy as Burke advocated that it gave something visible and definite for the imagination to work upon, whereas the democratic aristocracy of character must always be comparatively vague. But we are not left wholly without the means of giving to the imagination a certain sureness of range while remaining within the forms of popular government. The opportunity is in the hands of our higher institutions of learning, and it is towards recalling these to their duty that the first efforts of reform should be directed. It is not my intention here to enter into the precise nature of this reform, for the subject is so large as to demand a separate essay. In brief, the need is to restore to their predominance in the curriculum those studies that train the imagination, not, be it said, the imagination in its purely æsthetic function, though this aspect of it also has been sadly neglected, but the imagination in its power to grasp in a single firm vision, so to speak, the long course of human history and of distinguishing therein what is essential from what is ephemeral. The enormous preponderance of studies that deal with the immediate questions of economics and government inevitably results in isolating the student from the great inheritance of the past; the frequent habit of dragging him through the slums of sociology, instead of making him at home in the society of the noble dead, debauches his mind with a flabby, or inflames it with a fanatic, humanitarianism. He comes out of college, if he has learnt anything, a *nouveau intellectuel*, bearing the same relation to the men of general education as the *nouveau riche* to the man of inherited manners; he is narrow and unbalanced, a prey to the prevailing passions of the hour, with no feeling for the majestic claims of that within us which is unchanged from the beginning. In place of this excessive contemporaneity we shall give a larger share of time and honor to the

hoarded lessons of antiquity. There is truth in the Hobbian maxim that "imagination and memory are but one thing"; by their union in education alone shall a man acquire the uninvincible character of those broadening influences which come to the oligarch through prescription—he is molded indeed into the true aristocrat. And with the assertion of what may be called a spiritual prescription he will find among those over whom he is set as leader and guide a meas-

ure of respect which springs from something in the human breast more stable and honorable and more conformable to reason than the mere stolidity of unreflecting prejudice. For, when everything is said, there could be no civilized society were it not that deep in our hearts, beneath all the turbulences of greed and vanity, abides the instinct of obedience to what is noble and of good repute. It awaits only the clear call from above.

2. THE FELLOWSHIP OF NATIONS

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS

[From a speech made by Lieutenant-General The Rt. Hon. J. C. Smuts, commanding the British forces in East Africa, at a banquet given in his honor by the members of the two Houses of Parliament, May 15, 1917]

One of the by-products of this war has been that the whole world outside of Europe has been cleared of the enemy. Germany has been swept from the seas, and from all continents except Central Europe. Whilst Germany has been gaining ground in Central Europe, from the rest of the world she has been swept clean; and, therefore, you are now in a position—almost providentially brought to this position—that once more you can consider the problem of your future as a whole. When peace comes to be made you have all these parts in your hand, and you can go carefully into the question of what is necessary for your future security and your future safety as an Empire, and you can say, so far as it is possible under war circumstances, what you are going to keep and what you are going to give away.

That is a very important precedent. I hope when the time comes—I am speaking for myself, and expressing nobody's opinion but my own—I feel when the time comes for peace, we should not bear only Central Europe in mind, but the whole British Empire. As far as we are concerned, we do not wish this war to have been fought in vain. We have not fought for material gain, or for territory; we have fought for security in the future. If we attach any value to this group of nations which compose the British Empire, then we, in settling peace, will have to look carefully at our future safety and security, and I hope that will be done, and

that no arrangement will be made which will jeopardize the very valuable and lasting results which have been attained.

That is the geographical question. There remains the other question—a very difficult question—of the future constitutional relations and readjustments in the British Empire. At a luncheon recently given by the Empire Parliamentary Association I said, rather cryptically, that I did not think this was a matter in which we should follow precedents, and I hope you will bear with me if I say a few words on that theme, and develop more fully what I meant. I think we are inclined to make mistakes in thinking about this group of nations to which we belong, because too often we think of it merely as one state. The British Empire is much more than a state. I think the very expression "Empire" is misleading, because it makes people think as if we were one single entity, one unity, to which that term "Empire" can be applied. We are not an Empire. Germany is an Empire, so was Rome, and so is India; but we are a system of nations, a community of states and of nations far greater than any empire which has ever existed; and by using this ancient term we really obscure the real fact that we are larger and that our whole position is different, and that we are not one nation, or state, or empire, but are a whole world by ourselves, consisting of many nations and states, and all sorts of communities under one flag. We are a system of states, not only a static system, a stationary system, but a dynamic system, growing, evolving all the time towards new destinies.

Here you have a kingdom with a number of Crown colonies; besides, you have large protectorates like Egypt, which is an empire in itself—which was one of the greatest

empires in the world. Beside that, you have great dependencies like India—an empire in itself, one of the oldest civilizations in the world, and we are busy there trying to see how East and West can work together, how the forces that have kept the East going can be worked in conjunction with the ideas which we have evolved in Western civilization for enormous problems within that state. But beyond that we come to the so-called Dominions, a number of nations and states almost sovereign, almost independent, who govern themselves, who have been evolved on the principles of your constitutional system, now almost independent states, and who all belong to this group, to this community of nations, which I prefer to call the British Commonwealth of Nations. Now, you see that no political ideas which we have evolved in the past, no nomenclature, will apply to this world which is comprised in the British Empire; any expression, any name, which we have found so far for this group has been insufficient, and I think the man who would discover the real, appropriate name for this vast system of entities would be doing a great service not only to this country but to constitutional theory.

The question is, How are you going to provide for the future government of this group of nations? It is an entirely new problem. If you want to see how great it is you must take the United States in comparison. There you find what is essential—one nation, not perhaps in the fullest sense, but more and more growing into one; one big state, consisting of subordinate parts; but whatever the nomenclature of the United States Constitution, you have one national state over one big, contiguous area. That is the problem presented by the United States, and for which they discovered this federal solution, which means subordinate governments for the subordinate parts, but one national Federal Parliament for the whole.

Compare with that state of facts this enormous system comprised in the British Empire of Nations all over the world, some independent, living under diverse conditions, and all growing towards greater nations than they are at present. You can see at once that the solution which has been found practicable in the case of the United States probably never will work under our system. That is what I feel in all the empires of the past, and even in the United States—the effort has been towards forming

one nation. All the empires that we have known in the past and that exist today are founded on the idea of assimilation, of trying to force different human material through one mold so as to form one nation. Your whole idea and basis is entirely different. You do not want to standardize the nations of the British Empire. You want to develop them into greater nationhood. These younger communities, the offspring of the Mother Country, or territories like that of my own people, which have been annexed after various vicissitudes of war—all these you want not to mold on any common pattern, but you want them to develop according to the principles of self-government and freedom and liberty. Therefore your whole basic idea is different from anything that has ever existed before, either in the empires of the past, or even in the United States.

I think that this is the fundamental fact which we have to bear in mind—that the British Empire, or this British Commonwealth of nations, does not stand for unity, standardization, or assimilation, or denationalization; but it stands for a fuller, richer, and more various life among all the nations that compose it. And even nations who have fought against you, like my own, must feel that they and their interests, their language, their religions, and all their cultural interests are as safe and as secure under the British flag as those of the children of your household and your own blood. It is only in proportion as that is realized that you will fulfil the true mission which you have undertaken. Therefore it seems, speaking my own individual opinion, that there is only one solution, that is the solution supplied by our past traditions of freedom, self-government, and the fullest development. We are not going to force common governments, federal or otherwise, but we are going to extend liberty, freedom, and nationhood more and more in every part of the Empire.

[General Smuts now speaks of the importance of the hereditary kingship as the symbol of unity in the Empire, and of the need of a further development of common institutions, such as an Imperial Cabinet, called together from all parts of the Empire at least once a year to determine a common policy. He then continues.]

I am sure that the after-effects of such a change as this, although it looks a simple change, are going to be very important, not

only for this community of nations, but for the world as a whole. Far too much stress is laid upon instruments of government. People are inclined to forget that the world is getting more democratic, and that forces which find expression in public opinion are going to be far more powerful in the future than they have been in the past. You will find that you have built up a spirit of comradeship and a common feeling of patriotism, and that the instrument of government will not be the thing that matters so much as the spirit that actuates the whole system of all its parts. This seems to me to be your mission. You talk about an Imperial mission. It seems to me this British Empire has only one mission, and that is a mission for greater liberty and freedom and self-development. Yours is the only system that has ever worked in history where a large number of nations have been living in unity. Talk about the League of Nations—you are the only league of nations that has ever existed; and if the line that I am sketching here is correct you are going to be an even greater league of nations in the future; and if you are true to your traditions of self-government and freedom, and to this vision of your future and your mission, who knows that you may not exercise far greater and more beneficent influence on the history of mankind than you have ever done before.

In the welter of confusion which is probably going to follow the war in Europe you will stand as the one system where liberty to work successfully has kept together divers communities. You may be sure that the world such as is surrounding you in the times that are coming will be very likely to follow your example. You may become the real nucleus for the world-government for the future. There is no doubt that is the way things will go in the future. You have made a successful start; and if you keep on the right track your Empire will be a solution of the whole problem.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND

ARTHUR J. BALFOUR

[An address given at a dinner of the American Society, London, July 4, 1917]

On this anniversary in every part of the world American citizens meet together and renew, as it were, their vows of devotion to the great ideals which have animated them. All the world admires, all the world sym-

pathizes with the vast work of the great American Republic. All the world looks back upon the one hundred forty-one years which have elapsed since the Declaration of Independence and sees in that one hundred forty-one years an expansion in the way of population, in the way of wealth and power, material and spiritual, which is unexampled in that period, and, as far as I know, in the history of the world.

We of the British race, who do not fall short of the rest of the world in our admiration of this mighty work, look at it in some respects in a different way, and must look at it in a different way, from that of other people. From one point of view we have surely a right to look at it with a special satisfaction, a satisfaction born of the fact that, after all, the thirteen colonies were British colonies; that the thirteen colonies, in spite of small controversies, grew up, broadly speaking, under the protection of England; that it was our wars, the English wars with Spain in the sixteenth century, with Holland in the seventeenth century, and with France in the eighteenth century, which gave that security from external European attack which enabled those thirteen colonies to develop into the nucleus of the great community of which they were the origin.

We British may also surely, without undue vanity, pride ourselves on the fact that the men who founded the great American Republic, the men whose genius contrived its constitution, their forefathers who, struggling in the wilderness, gradually developed the basis of all that has happened since, were men speaking the English language, obeying and believing in English laws, and nourished upon English literature; and although we may say that the originality and power and endurance were theirs, they were men of our own race, born of the same stock, and to that extent at least we may feel that we have some small and not insignificant part in the great development which the world owes to their genius, courage, and love of liberty.

In that sense we may well look with peculiar pride and satisfaction upon this great anniversary. There is, of course, another side to the question. The Fourth of July is the anniversary of the separation, the final political separation—not, thank God, the final separation in sentiment, in emotion, or in ideal—but the final political separation between the thirteen colonies and the Mother

Country. We of the Mother Country cannot look back on that event as representing one of our successes. No doubt there was something to be said, though perhaps it is not often said, for those on this side of the Atlantic who fought for unity, who desired to preserve the unity of the Empire. Unity is the cause for which the American people have sacrificed rivers of blood and infinite treasure.

I am not going into ancient history, but the mistake we made—an almost inevitable mistake at that particular period of the development of the history of the world—was in supposing that unity was possible so long as one part of the Empire which you tried to unite, speaking the same language, having the same traditions and laws, having the same love of liberty and the same ideals, would consent to remain a part of the Empire except on absolutely equal terms. That was a profound mistake, a mistake which produced a great schism and produced all the collateral, though I am glad to think subordinate, evils which followed on that great schism.

All I can say in excuse for my forefathers is that, utterly defective as the colonial policy of Great Britain in the middle of the eighteenth century undoubtedly was, it was far better than the colonial policy of any other country. Imperfectly as we conceived the kind of relations that might, or could, bind the colonies to their Mother Country, thoroughly as we misconceived them, we misconceived them less than most of our neighbors.

I went on Monday last to the ceremonial at Westminster Abbey in which the fiftieth anniversary of the Constitution of Canada was celebrated. There is a great difference between fifty years and one hundred forty-one years. It took us a long time to learn the lesson that if you want to make an empire of different widely separated communities of the British race you must do it on terms of absolute equality. We have learnt the lesson and in our own way we are now carrying out a task as great, as momentous as—even more difficult than—fell to the great and illustrious framers of the American Constitution. We are endeavoring to carry out by slow degrees an Imperial Constitution which shall combine this absolute equality of different communities with the machinery for the perpetual attainment of common Imperial ends.

But that great experiment was begun in

its fulness only fifty years ago, within my lifetime. It will take the lifetime of many generations of statesmen all over the world in this great and scattered Empire to bring it to a full and successful fruition. It is impossible not to speculate as to how many ills would have been spared us if in 1776 those who preceded us could have foreseen the future and understood wherein the true path of political wisdom lay. Many people have plunged in endless speculations as to what would have happened if there had been no violent division between the two great sections of our people. I do not follow them in their speculations. No man can do so. No man can say what would have happened if a country which has now one hundred millions of population, with infinite resources and admirable organization, had never been formally separated from these small islands. But this at all events would have happened: the separation, if and when it had occurred, would have been a friendly separation.

There would never have been a memory of the smallest kind dividing the feelings of those, every one of whose emotions moved in the same key, to be directed towards the same end. That would have been a great gain. It is a loss to us in this country. I almost venture to say it might have been in some respects a loss to those of you, the great mass of my audience, who own a different allegiance. It would have been an infinite gain if there had been no memory in either of the two nations which pointed to sharp divisions, to battles lost and won, with all the evils of war, with all the evils of defeat, with all the evils, almost as great, of victory, if any sting or soreness remained behind.

If I rightly read the signs of the times, a truer perspective and a more charitable perspective is now recognized and felt by all the heirs of these sad and ancient glories. Heaven knows I do not grudge the glories of Washington and his brother soldiers. I do not shed tears over the British defeat which ended in the triumphant establishment of the American Republic. I do not express any regrets on that subject. My only regrets are that the memories of it should carry within them the smallest trace of bitterness on your side, but it should be a triumph seen in its true perspective, and by this true perspective seen in such a way that it does not interfere with the continuity of history in the development of free insti-

tutions, with the consciousness of common kinship and common ideals, and the considerations which ought to bind us together, and which have bound us together, and which day by day and year by year, generation by generation, and century by century are going to bind us still closer together in the future.

Therefore I rejoice to find myself joining with my American friends in celebrating this great anniversary. Hitherto, from the necessities of history, battles that have been waged on American soil have been battles waged between peoples of the same speech and of the same traditions. In the future the ideas which, even in the moment of struggle, were always fundamentally and essentially the same, will find a sphere of action outside even the ample limits of the United States, and bind us together in a world task. This is the great thought. We are not brought together in this colossal struggle; we are not working together at this identical moment—this great and unsurpassed moment in the history of the world—aiming at narrow and selfish objects, or bound together partly by antiquated traditions. We are working together in all the freedom of great hopes and with great ideals. These hopes and these ideals we have not learned from each other. We have them in common from a common history and from a common ancestry. We have not learned freedom from you or you from us. We both spring from the same root. We both cultivate the same great aims. We both have the same hopes as regards the future of Western civilization, and now we find ourselves united in this great struggle against a power which if it be allowed to prevail is going to destroy the very roots of that Western civilization from which we draw all our strength. We are bound together in that.

Are we not bound together forever? Will not our descendants, when they come to look back upon this unique episode in the history of the world, say that among the incalculable circumstances which it produces, the most beneficent and the most permanent is, perhaps, that we are brought together and united for one common purpose in one common understanding—the two great branches of the English-speaking race? That was the theme on which the ambassador dwelt. That is the theme which I have endeavored to develop. It is a theme which absorbs my thoughts day and night. It is a theme which moves me more, I think, than anything con-

nected with public affairs in all my long experience. It is a theme which I hope you will dwell upon; a theme which I hope and trust you will do your best to spread abroad in all parts of the world, so that from this date onward, for all time, we who speak the common language and have these common ideals, may feel that we are working not merely for ourselves individually, nor even for our joint interests, but that we are working together for the best interests of the whole of mankind and for the civilization not only of the Old World but of the New.

AMERICA IN THE WORLD

JOHN DEWEY

[From an address delivered at Smith College on Washington's Birthday, 1918]

There seems to be a little irony in the fact that upon Washington's birthday the topic most apt for discussion is connected with the participation of America in a world war. Instead of a little strip of territory sparsely populated, able to maintain its own with the great nations of the world chiefly because of the advantage of remoteness, we are now a continental state, able to confer with the nations of the world on equal terms. While once there was enough to do in conquering a wilderness, we have now come to the end of the pioneer period, and have a margin of energy to draw upon.

The change has, of course, been brought about by that same development of industry and commerce which has annihilated distance, drawn all peoples into closer relations, and made the affairs and interests of one nation the concern of all, for weal or for woe. The fact that the interdependence which the new industry and the new methods of transportation and intercommunication have brought about should first reveal itself in strains and alignments for conflict does not alter the essential fact that the world for the first time now finds itself a round world, politically and economically as well as astronomically. That nations from every continent on the globe are engaged in the war is the outer sign of the new world struggling to be delivered.

It is a commonplace that whatever else the war means, it signifies for our own country the end of its period of isolation. Whether for better or for worse, America is no longer a people unto itself. America is now in the world. Unless this change of position is to

mean that we are to be affected by the jealousies, the intrigues, and hostilities which have marked other nations longer in the world, we must see to it that those other nations accept and are influenced by the American idea rather than ourselves by the European idea. Of late we have been afflicted with national bashfulness, with a shy self-consciousness as to noting even that there is an American idea, lest we be guilty of spread-eagleism. We have assumed a self-depreciatory, almost apologetic, attitude towards the rest of the world. But unless our contribution to the present world struggle is to be confined to military and economic force, it must be that we have an idea to contribute, an idea to be taken into account in the world reconstruction after the war. What are the important aspects of this idea?

Politically, federation; *e pluribus unum*, where the unity does not destroy the many, but maintains each constituent factor in full vigor. It is not accident that the conceptions of a world federation, a concert of nations, a supreme tribunal, a league of nations to enforce peace, are peculiarly American contributions. They are conceptions which spring directly out of our own experience, which we have already worked out and tested on a smaller scale in our own political life. Leaders of other nations may regard them as iridescent dreams; we know better, for we have actually tried them.

One of the greatest problems which is troubling the old world is that of the rights of nationalities which are included within larger political units—the Poles, the Irish, the Bohemians, the Jugo-Slavs, the Jews. Here, too, the American contribution is radical. We have solved the problem by a complete separation of nationality from citizenship. Not only have we separated the church from the state, but we have separated language, cultural traditions, all that is called race, from the state—that is, from problems of political organization and power. To us language, literature, creed, group ways, national culture, are social rather than political, human rather than national, interests. Let this idea fly abroad; it bears healing in its wings.

Federation, and release of cultural interests from political dictation and control, are the two great positive achievements of America. From them spring the other qualities which give distinction and inspiration to the American idea. We are truly inter-

racial and international in our own internal constitution. The very peoples and races who are taught in the old world that they have an instinctive and ineradicable antipathy to one another live here side by side, in comity, often in hearty amity. We have become a peace-loving nation both because there are no strong Powers close to our borders and because the diversified elements of our people have meant hope, opportunity, release of virile powers from subjection to dread, for use in companionship and unconstrained rivalries. Our uncoerced life has been at liberty to direct itself into channels of toleration, a general spirit of live and let live. Since our minds have not been constantly impressed with the idea that the growth of another power means the decay of our own, we have been emancipated to enjoy sharing in the struggles which exist wherever there is life, and to take its incidental defeats in good humor.

In working out to realization the ideas of federation and of the liberation of human interests from political domination, we have been, as it were, a laboratory set aside from the rest of the world, in which to make, for its benefit, a great social experiment. The war, the removal of the curtain of isolation, means that this period of experimentation is over. We are now called to declare to all the world the nature and fruits of this experiment, to declare it not by words or books, but by exhibiting the two primary conditions under which the world may achieve the happiness of a peace which is not the mere absence of war, but which is fruit-bearing concord. That we should have lost something of our spirit of boasting about our material greatness is a fine thing. But we need to recover something of the militant faith of our forefathers that America is a great idea, and add to it an ardent faith in our capacity to lead the world to see what this idea means as a model for its own future well-being.

INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE

WOODROW WILSON

[From an address delivered before Congress, January 8, 1918]

. . . We entered this war because violations of right had occurred which touched us to the quick and made the life of our own people impossible unless they were corrected and the world secured once for all against

their recurrence. What we demand in this war, therefore, is nothing peculiar to ourselves.

It is that the world be made fit and safe to live in; and particularly that it be made safe for every peace-loving nation which, like our own, wishes to live its own life, determine its own institutions, be assured of justice and fair dealing by the other peoples of the world as against force and selfish aggression.

All the peoples of the world are in effect partners in this interest, and for our own part we see very clearly that unless justice be done to others it will not be done to us.

The program of the world's peace, therefore, is our program, and that program, the only possible program, as we see it, is this:

I. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

II. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

III. The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

IV. Adequate guaranties given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest points consistent with domestic safety.

V. A free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interest of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined.

VI. The evacuation of all Russian territory and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest coöperation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy, and assure her of a sincere welcome into the society of free nations under institutions of her own choosing; and, more than a welcome, assistance also of every kind that she

may need and may herself desire. The treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good will, of their comprehension of her needs as distinguished from their own interests, and of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy.

VII. Belgium, the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored without any attempt to limit the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with all other free nations. No other single act will serve as this will serve to restore confidence among the nations in the laws which they have themselves set and determined for the government of their relations with one another. Without this healing act the whole structure and validity of international law is forever impaired.

VIII. All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored and the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all.

IX. A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.

X. The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development.

XI. Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro should be evacuated; occupied territories restored; Serbia accorded free and secure access to the sea; and the relations of the several Balkan states to one another determined by friendly counsel along historically established lines of allegiance and nationality; and international guaranties of the political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan states should be entered into.

XII. The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development, and the Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guaranties.

XIII. An independent Polish state should be erected which should include the territo-

ries inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea, and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant.

XIV. A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guaranties of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike.

In regard to these essential rectifications of wrong and assertions of right we feel ourselves to be intimate partners of all the governments and peoples associated together against the imperialists. We can not be separated in interest or divided in purpose. We stand together until the end.

For such arrangements and covenants we are willing to fight and to continue to fight until they are achieved; but only because we wish the right to prevail and desire a just and stable peace such as can be secured only by removing the chief provocations to war, which this program does remove.

We have no jealousy of German greatness and there is nothing in this program that impairs it. We grudge her no achievement or distinction of learning or of pacific enterprise such as have made her record very bright and very enviable. We do not wish to injure her or to block in any way her legitimate influence or power. We do not wish to fight her either with arms or with hostile arrangements of trade, if she is willing to associate herself with us and the other peace-loving nations of the world in covenants of justice and law and fair dealing. We wish her only to accept a place of equality among the peoples of the world—the new world in which we now live—instead of a place of mastery.

Neither do we presume to suggest to her any alteration or modification of her institutions. But it is necessary, we must frankly say, and necessary as a preliminary to any intelligent dealings with her on our part, that we should know whom her spokesmen speak for when they speak to us, whether for the reichstag majority or for the military party and the men whose creed is imperial domination.

We have spoken now, surely, in terms too concrete to admit of any further doubt or question.

An evident principle runs through the whole program I have outlined. It is the principle of justice to all peoples and na-

tionalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak. Unless this principle be made its foundation, no part of the structure of international justice can stand. The people of the United States could act upon no other principle, and to the vindication of this principle they are ready to devote their lives, their honor, and everything that they possess. The moral climax of this, the culminating and final war for human liberty, has come, and they are ready to put their strength, their own highest purpose, their own integrity and devotion to the test.

THE ASSOCIATED PEOPLES OF THE WORLD¹

WOODROW WILSON

[An address delivered at the Tomb of Washington, July 4, 1918]

GENTLEMEN OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AND MY FELLOW CITIZENS: I am happy to draw apart with you to this quiet place of old counsel in order to speak a little of the meaning of this day of our nation's independence. The place seems very still and remote. It is as serene and untouched by the hurry of the world as it was in those great days long ago when General Washington was here and held leisurely conference with the men who were to be associated with him in the creation of a nation. From these gentle slopes they looked out upon the world and saw it whole, saw it with the light of the future upon it, saw it with modern eyes that turned away from a past which men of liberated spirits could no longer endure. It is for that reason that we cannot feel, even here, in the immediate presence of this sacred tomb, that this is a place of death. It was a place of achievement. A great promise that was meant for all mankind was here given plan and reality. The associations by which we are here surrounded are the inspiring associations of that noble death which is only a glorious consummation. From this green hillside we also ought to be able to see with comprehending eyes the world that lies about us, and should conceive anew the purposes that must set men free.

¹ On July 4, 1918, foreign born citizens of the United States belonging to thirty-three nationalities journeyed to Mount Vernon to place wreaths of palms on the tomb of Washington and to listen to an address by President Wilson. The keynote to this address is its promise that America's Declaration of Independence is to be extended to the associated peoples of the world.

It is significant—significant of their own character and purpose and of the influence they were setting afoot—that Washington and his associates, like the barons at Runnymede, spoke and acted, not for a class, but for a people. It has been left for us to see to it that it shall be understood that they spoke and acted, not for a single people only, but for all mankind. They were thinking, not for themselves and of the material interests which centered in the little groups of land holders and merchants and men of affairs with whom they were accustomed to act in Virginia and the colonies to the north and south of her, but of a people which wished to be done with classes and special interests and the authority of men whom they had not themselves chosen to rule over them. They entertained no private purpose, desired no peculiar privilege. They were conscientiously planning that men of every class should be free, and America a place to which men out of every nation might resort who wished to share with them the rights and privileges of free men. And we take our cue from them—do we not?

We intend what they intended. We here in America believe our participation in this present war to be only the fruitage of what they planted. Our case differs from theirs only in this, that it is our inestimable privilege to concert with men out of every nation what shall make not only the liberties of America secure but the liberties of every other people as well. We are happy in the thought that we are permitted to do what they would have done had they been in our place. There must now be settled once for all what was settled for America in the great age upon whose inspiration we draw today.

This is surely a fitting place from which calmly to look out upon our task, that we may fortify our spirits for its accomplishment. And this is the appropriate place from which to avow, alike to friends who look on and to the friends with whom we have the happiness to be associated in action, the faith and purpose with which we act.

This, then, is our conception of the great struggle in which we are engaged. The plot is written plain upon many places and in every part of the supreme tragedy. On the one hand stand the peoples of the world—not only the peoples actually engaged, but many others also who suffer under mastery, but cannot act; peoples of many races and in every part of the world—the people of

stricken Russia still, among the rest, though they are for the moment unorganized and helpless. Opposed to them, masters of many armies, stand an isolated, friendless group of governments who speak no common purpose, but only selfish ambitions of their own by which none can profit but themselves, and whose peoples are fuel in their hands; governments which fear their people and yet are for the time their sovereign lords, making every choice for them and disposing of the lives and fortunes of every people who fall under their power—governments of an age that is altogether alien and hostile to our own. The past and the present are in deadly grapple, and the peoples of the world are being done to death between them.

There can be but one issue. The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No halfway decision would be tolerable. No halfway decision is conceivable. These are the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting, and which must be conceded them before there can be peace:

I. The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world, or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotence.

II. The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.

III. The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct towards each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states in their relations with one another, to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots or conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of mutual respect for right.

IV. The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right and serve

to make peace and justice the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit and by which every international readjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the people directly concerned shall be sanctioned.

These great ends cannot be achieved by debating and seeking to reconcile and accommodate what statesmen may wish, with their projects for balances of power and of national opportunity. They can be realized only by the determination of what the thinking peoples of the world desire, with their longing hope for justice and for social freedom and opportunity.

I can fancy that the air of this place carries the accents of such principles with a

peculiar kindness. Here were started forces which the great nation against which they were primarily directed at first regarded as a revolt against its rightful authority, but which it has long since seen to have been a step in the liberation of its own people as well as of the people of the United States; and I stand here now to speak—speak proudly and with confident hope—of the spread of this revolt, this liberation, to the great stages of the world itself. The blinded rulers of Prussia have roused forces they knew little of—forces which, once roused, can never be crushed to earth again; for they have at their heart an inspiration and a purpose which are deathless and of the very stuff of triumph.

COMMENTARY ON AUTHORS AND WORKS

ADDISON, JOSEPH (1672-1719)

The Spectator (1711-1714)

The *Spectator* as an Instrument of Reform.....198-199

See footnote. *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, written in collaboration by Addison, Steele, and others, are in one aspect part of the effort to restore morality to a place of esteem in the English mind after the profligacy of the Restoration. The court, hitherto leader in the tendency to ridicule virtue and sobriety, now threw its influence on the side of decency. Laws restraining immorality and blasphemy were passed and societies organized for the purification of English life. Addison, by employing wit and humor in the service of virtue and religion, did perhaps more than any other agency for the promotion of the cause.

The *Spectator* Club.....201-203

Public Opinion in the Making.....203-205

With the introduction of party government public opinion began to play an increasingly important part in English political life. The rise of the coffee houses and of club life in the sociable reign of Queen Anne afforded a medium for the exchange of news and ideas at a time when the newspaper and magazine had not yet attained the position of importance they enjoy today. English politics were closely interwoven with the ambitious career of Louis XIV (see note on Swift). Hence the flutter of discussion at the report of his death. Addison shows, in his best vein of light rally, how men's political opinions are colored by their interests.

A Busy Life.....207-209

It was a part of the aim of Steele and Addison, particularly of the latter, to banish folly and triviality from the minds of men, and to promote virtue and common sense by recommending culture and the habit of serious thought. In this essay and the next he pours ridicule on the emptiness of intellect of the typical men and women of fashion of his time.

A Lady's Library.....209-210

See preceding note. "Cassandra," "Cleopatra," "Astræa," "The Grand Cyrus," and "Clelia," were English versions of the long-winded and sentimental French romances of the day. The "Spelling Book" was probably the most essential volume in the collection.

The British Constitution.....216-218

Addison, in common with the other Whigs of his time, felt that in the Revolution of 1688 a practical solution of British politics had been attained, and took great satisfaction in contemplating the instrument by which English liberties had been in a measurable degree secured. The attitude, like Pope's (see note on *An Essay on Man*), led to a spirit of complaisant acquiescence in the existing order. It is characteristic of Addison's scholarship that he finds the analogies of English institutions in the Roman constitution.

A Vision of Human Life.....242-244

The essay contains a famous and beautiful expression of the underlying seriousness and solemnity of Addison's view of life. Allegory is a favorite form with him, but nowhere else does he express himself with so much majesty and impressiveness. His religion is wholly orthodox. Moral and spiritual exaltation were alien to the age, but Addison is deeply and sincerely Christian.

The Tatler (1709-1711)

A Political Busybody.....205-207

Addison does not mean to imply that upholsterers should not bother their heads about politics, matters of state being proper to a special class, not to the people. This politician's interest in public affairs is simply a vulgar curiosity. With his lack of training and thoughtful intelligence he had much better stick to his work-bench and his family. If he would read *The Tatler* consistently he might ultimately acquire a title to converse on European affairs.

How to Judge a Play.....213-215

The recipe for criticism given here shows Addison's common sense reaction against the mechanical tendencies of the insistence on rules of art, unintelligently applied (see note on Pope's *Essay on Criticism*).

ALDERMAN, EDWIN A. (1861—)

The Organization of Democracy (1915).....619-620

ARNOLD, MATTHEW (1822-1888)

Dover Beach (1867).....539

Arnold does not share with Browning and Tennyson a new and buoyant faith built on the ruins of the old. To him faith is lost forever, leaving a barren and aimless world, and the thought carries with it a profound sense of melancholy.

Morality (1852)535

The idea here should be compared with that of Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*. The struggle and difficulty of man's moral conquest is proof of his higher origin than Nature, which accomplishes its tasks without effort. See *Quiet Work*.

Obermann Once More (1867)

The Storm304-305

The "tide of common thought" is the faith which was the vital principle of the medieval system in Europe. See Burke's *On Chivalry*, page 313.

Quiet Work (1849).....534-535

Self-Dependence (1852).....535

Arnold finds a sort of substitute for faith in a stoic calm and self-sufficiency, won by the contemplation of nature.

Sweetness and Light (1869).....495-507

Arnold opposes to the materialism of the age an ideal very different from the purely moral ideal of Carlyle and Ruskin. Indeed Carlyle was, by his insistence on character as the one thing needful, in Arnold's own phrase "carrying coals to Newcastle." What his countrymen needed was a refinement rather than an intensifying of the moral faculties and above all an increased illumination of the spirit. The English were characteristically Hebraists; that is they placed all their emphasis on conduct and action. They needed the influence of Hellenism, with its insistence on the primacy of the reason as a guide of action, in order to become a nation of complete and well rounded men. Arnold here defines the ideal of culture as a spiritual state in which sweetness of moral temper is united with intelligence and reason, and shows how inconsistent with this ideal is the worship of the merely material aims in which England, particularly under the liberal and democratic regime, has placed its faith. Arnold's idea of a human nature perfect on all its sides is essentially Greek in origin, and it is to the study of the classics and to that of poetry generally that he looks as the means of achieving this great end. He was an uncompromising opponent of purely vocational and scientific study and a defender of the "humanities" as the heart of the educational system.

To a Friend (1849).....535

West London (1867).....474

BACON, FRANCIS (1561-1626)

Essays (1597, 1612, 1625)

Counsels of Experience..... 50-56

Bacon's *Essays* were the product of keen observation of men's characters and the methods by which they attained success. He called them "certain brief notes, set down rather significantly than curiously," that is, for their meaning rather than their style. They abound in "aphorisms," formulas like remedies in medicine or generalizations in science, applied to experience. They are wise, witty, somewhat lacking in idealism, a philosophy of success, valuable for insight into human nature. They record Bacon's own efforts to rise in the world, and supply a body of material for education not found in the universities of the time.

Truth (page 50): Note the different sense in which the word is used: at first a distinction between truth (fact) and fiction, which includes poetry and all imaginative writing; next, a definition of truth as the object of all study and research; and, in the last paragraph, truth as honor in relations among men.

Travel (page 51): An example of the numerous treatises giving advice on the subject. Polonius gives such advice to his son Laertes in *Hamlet*. Englishmen traveled widely in Bacon's time, visiting France and Italy to complete their education, to study foreign governments, to gain knowledge of matters affecting English policy in a time when communication was difficult and uncertain, and to seek adventure. It is the young courtier, the man who proposes to enter public service, whom Bacon addresses. See Fulke Greville's *Life of Sidney* for a record of the travels of the most loved young Englishman of his time.

Studies (page 52): The most famous of the *Essays*. "Expert men" are men of practical experience, lacking college training. "Scholar" has the sense of pedant. "Crafty men" are men who follow handicrafts.

Of Nature in Men (page 53): A treatise on habit and self-control.

Of Great Place (page 53): First published in 1612, when Bacon was on the high road to great place, after a long and painful struggle. The first part of the essay deals with the limitations of high position; the second part consists of observations on how a man who has won success should conduct himself.

Of Dispatch (page 55): Also from the edition of 1612.

Two Counsels on Government..... 101-102

Both as a writer and as a statesman Bacon sought to bring about a better understanding between James I and the Parliament. His policy, if it had been adopted, would have prevented the crisis that led to the Commonwealth. Of several *Essays* that deal with political subjects, *Of Empire* is a treatise on the Prince, particularly in regard to matters of state policy. It shows familiarity with the theories of Machiavelli, the great Italian writer on how a prince should rule, but Bacon expresses sharp disagreement on some points with the Machiavellian policy. The essay on *Innovations* should be compared with the position of Burke (*French Revolution*).

Letter to Lord Burghley (1592)..... 13

The great Elizabethans thought in terms of conquest: conquest of other kingdoms, conquest of lands previously unknown, conquest of the ideal perfection, conquest of universal knowledge. In this famous letter Bacon, five years before his slender volume of *Essays* appeared and thirteen years before his great survey of scholarship (*Advancement of Learning*), sets forth his ambition to be the general who with the help of others might reduce the state of learning to order. The relation between active and contemplative life, the man of affairs and the poet, philosopher, and scholar, was a favorite subject in Renaissance thought. An ambitious man sought renown in both fields. The careers of Sidney, Raleigh, Bacon, and many others are illustrations. Bacon's plan, as detailed in this letter, is to secure a government post that will give him a living while allowing time to survey the state, or province (note the military sense), of knowledge, purging it of rovers (adventurers) of two sorts: the scholastic disputers of the universities, who prevent all progress in learning (compare the opening scene in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, the comment on logic), and the charlatans of necromancy and superstition who misunderstand the province of science, and thus prevent the advance in science that Bacon thought offered the greatest promise of human happiness. The last part of the letter shows that he thinks he can do more as a leader and inspirer of others than as an investigator. This ideal he held to all his life.

The Advancement of Learning (1605)

The Service of Learning to the State..... 56-63

Bacon's great survey of learning in his time, the promise of which had been made in his letter to Lord Burghley. The treatise is divided into two books, the first of which considers the discredits of learning, due chiefly, Bacon thinks, to the narrowness of the church authorities who still controlled the universities, to the contempt for learning shown by men who had to do with government, and to the errors and imperfections of learned men themselves; the book closes with a defense of learning, not only from the standpoint of the church but from that of the great advantages of learning to the state. The second book is devoted to the survey of what has been done for the advancement of learning in the fields of history, poetry, and philosophy, with a treatise on divine learning (theology).

BALFOUR, ARTHUR J. (1848.—)

America and England (1917).....625-627

BRADFORD, WILLIAM (1590-1657)

History of Plymouth Plantation

The Pilgrims and Their Compact.....162-164

BRIGHT, JOHN (1811-1889)

Progress of the Nation Under the Liberal Regime (1877).....440-443

Bright, with Cobden and others, had an important part in the abolition of the prohibitive tax on grain and in securing the passage of other great reform measures of the Liberal Party in the middle of the nineteenth century. He stood for free trade, extension of the suffrage, a peaceful foreign policy, and universal education.

BROWNING, ROBERT (1812-1899)

Abt Vogler (1855).....530-531

The poem expresses Browning's faith in the permanence of good and the ultimate fulfillment and completion of man's highest aspirations. The musician rises to a state of exaltation through the exercise of his own art, which seems to him more like the creative act of God than any other form, because it is so immediately and entirely the work of his own spirit. His work is imperfect only because it is transitory, but he reasons that as it is divine it cannot be wholly lost. And all good is of the same nature, incomplete here but destined to persist and come to completeness in the future. Though he is obliged to come back to earth he has enjoyed in his moment of inspiration an experience of the divine and eternal life.

An Epistle (1855).....526-529

The poem illustrates the conflict of science and faith in an imaginary Arab physician of the time of Christ, who has met and talked with Lazarus, arisen from the dead. He naturally explains the phenomenon as a simple case of trance, but he is puzzled by the wonderful change in point of view which has come over the man and his conviction that he who brought him back to life was God himself. He wishes to explain it all as mania but in spite of himself he is shaken in his scientific doubt. It *might* be true, and if it were, it would constitute a new and wonderful revelation of the nature of God. This thought he dismisses but it keeps coming back, and we feel that he is on the road to complete faith. The poem embodies a favorite idea of Browning's, that doubt and faith are closely related and that doubt is a condition to vital faith. Compare Tennyson's

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

Asolando, Epilogue (1890)..... 534

Browning's vigorous masculine spirit reproaches those who would pity him in death. Throughout his life he has fronted difficulty and failure and he would be thought of as courageously facing the future in whatever state of being.

Home-Thoughts, from Abroad (1845).....444-445

- Home-Thoughts, from the Sea* (1845)..... 445
 Browning is on ship-board off the northwest coast of Africa. The places he mentions are the scenes of Nelson's victories.
- On the Monument Erected to Mazzini*.....455-456
- Prospice* (1864)..... 534
 The title means "look forward." The poem was written in the autumn following Mrs. Browning's death.
- Rabbi Ben Ezra* (1864).....531-534
 One of the most characteristic expressions of Browning's moral and religious philosophy. The speaker, a medieval Jewish thinker, looks back on life from the vantage point of old age and sees the whole divine plan in which love plays an equal part with power. Youth shows power only, the struggle of man's soul with doubt and the flesh. In the peace of old age the man can estimate his gains in the conflict, and, pronouncing judgment not on its accomplishment but on its purpose and aspiration, can thus see God's love revealed even in the adverse circumstances which were designed for the exercise and strengthening of the soul to its heavenly use. He can therefore face death with entire confidence.
- The Italian in England* (1845).....453-455
 The speaker is one of the Italian patriots who took part in the early unsuccessful attempts to throw off the Austrian yoke. The intensity of his devotion to the cause of Italy is characteristic of the Italian Idealists of Mazzini's generation, as Browning's appreciation is characteristic of the sympathy of the English liberals.
- The Lost Leader* (1845)..... 444
 The speaker laments the desertion, for mercenary reasons, of one who has been a champion of the people's cause. Browning admitted that he had Wordsworth in mind, thinking of him after the fashion of Shelley and Byron as an apostate, but he denied that he intended the portrait as a fair or complete representation of the poet.
- The Patriot* (1855)..... 455
- Why I Am a Liberal* (1885)..... 444
 The question was asked by Cassell and Co. of various English men of letters. This was Browning's answer.
- BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN (1794-1887)
- O Mother of a Mighty Race* (1847)..... 539
 Reflects American sensitiveness to the European hostility which saw in the success of the American experiment a menace to absolutism on the continent. Closely allied, in Bryant's thought, is the conception of America as an asylum for the oppressed of every land.
- BUNYAN, JOHN (1628-1688)
- The Pilgrim's Progress* (1678)
- The Fight with Apollyon.....114-115
 Pilgrim's Progress, the greatest of religious allegories and perhaps the most widely read of all English books, contains the essence of the Puritan view of life. Man is conceived of as having but one possible object in his earthly sojourn, to flee from sin and attain salvation. "The journey of Christian from the City of Destruction to the Heavenly City is simply a record of the life of such a Puritan as Bunyan himself, seen through an imaginative haze of spiritual idealism in which its commonest incidents are heightened and glorified." The dangers which he encounters on the way are the temptations of the flesh and the hostile might of Satan. His struggle with evil is here symbolized as a physical encounter with the fiend, to which Bunyan, by his simple and vivid style, gives wonderful reality.
- Vanity Fair115-117
 Vanity Fair is the world full of wickedness, as Bunyan saw it in Restoration England. The mockery and persecution to which the wayfarers are subjected is a vivid

transcript of Bunyan's own experience of life. He was himself a prisoner for twelve years in Bedford jail, on a charge of preaching in unlicensed conventicles, and it was there, with the Bible as his sole comfort and literary inspiration, that he composed the first part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

BURKE, EDMUND (1729-1797)

American Taxation (1774)

An Imperial Britain.....274-277

See selection from Morley's *Edmund Burke*, pp. 305-307. In defending the American colonies against arbitrary government Burke is defending the traditional rights and privileges of Englishmen. In this selection he lays the broad foundation for the true theory of the nature of the British Empire and defines with far-reaching insight the kind of benefit that England may legitimately expect to derive from her colonial possessions. For the full implications of Burke's principles see Smuts, "The British Commonwealth of Nations." Burke's hatred of abstract theory of right, severed from experience, comes out in this passage, also his conception of the true end of government—the reconciliation of subordination and order with liberty. During this period of his political activity, when the principle of liberty is being assailed, Burke's emphasis is on this element in government; in the time of the French Revolution he inevitably becomes a champion of order. His fundamental ideas undergo no change.

Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol (1777)

On the Affairs of America.....283-294

On Conciliating the Colonies (1775).....277-283

A thorough-going knowledge of actual conditions is with Burke the first essential in dealing with problems of government. His analysis of the causes of the spirit of liberty in the Colonies is the result of a patient and sympathetic study. The temperance of Burke, his unwillingness to allow his judgment to be influenced by vindictiveness, and his hesitation in passing judgment in his own cause is a model for all international statesmanship which looks toward peace instead of war.

Reflections on the French Revolution (1790)

"A Liberty Connected with Order".....307-319

In the French Revolution Burke saw a challenge to his profoundest convictions regarding the nature of society and the true principles of government. Alarmed at the progress which revolutionary ideas were making in England he set himself to oppose them with all his eloquence, addressing his discourse to a French friend. Burke's opposition to the theory underlying the Revolution is not the result of prejudice but of an enlightened perception of the great opposing principle, which lay at the basis of the British constitution. He is little concerned with the abstract principle of the sovereignty of the people, and has no faith in sudden and radical improvement of the social system; for human society is not a mechanism but an organism. Its institutions are a product of slow evolution under the guiding light of experience. The wisdom of any one body of men or of any one generation is inadequate to the task of remodelling it. It is founded as much on instinct as on reason and has at its heart a moral ideal which is its life. Hence the first duty of statesmen is to preserve the inheritance of the past, lest in destroying an institution they impair the very bond which unites men in allegiance to the social order and end by losing all the benefits which government confers on men. In all this Burke is taking his stand against the purely rationalistic and materialistic philosophy which dominated the Eighteenth Century and is asserting the claims of mysterious forces in and above men which are not to be explained by the scientific law of cause and effect.

BURNS, ROBERT (1750-1796)

A Dream (1786).....262-3

With much fine irony of compliment Burns addresses the king and his nobles as something better than an equal. The virtuous George III is spared his abuse; not so his sons, the scandalous Prince of Wales, "Young Tarry Breeks," and the worldly Bishop of Osnaburg. The reference in stanza 4 is to the loss of the American colonies, leaving less than a third of the former British dominion. In stanza 7 Burns protests against the proposed reduction of the navy.

A Man's a Man for A' That (1795)..... 258

The poem is the classic expression of the fierce sentiment of equality which accompanied the French Revolution.

A Vision..... 265-266*A Winter Night* (1786)..... 256-257

The severity of winter moves Burns to a deep pity for the sufferings of animals and to an indignant protest against human cruelty and oppression. The sentiment expressed in the last lines is the cardinal doctrine in Burns's religion.

Address to the Deil (1786)..... 266-268

Burns finds in the popular superstitions about the Devil a highly picturesque and humorous product of the Scottish imagination. The light of a kindred love of mischief glints in the poet's eyes as he gleefully recounts his pranks and drolly deprecates his evil ways. The touch of pity at the close is characteristic. "Burns cannot hate even the Devil with a right orthodoxy." It is needless to say that Burns himself is without a touch of real superstition.

The reference in stanza 9 is to the pact that witches were supposed to make with the Evil One. Stanza 14 refers to Masonic initiations in which the Devil was propitiated by the offering of a cock or cat. The "Lallan tongue," or dialect English, and the Erse, or Gaelic, in stanza 19, are the languages spoken in the southern and northern parts of Scotland, respectively.

Macpherson's Farewell 261

Burns has set new words to the traditional air supposed to have been played on the violin by the daring robber, James Macpherson, hanged in 1700. The lines breathe a spirit of dauntless freedom with which Burns was in full sympathy.

Scots Wha Hae (1794)..... 265

An imaginary address of Robert Bruce to his army before the battle of Bannockburn. The "proud usurpers" are the English under Edward II.

The American War (1787)..... 264-5

The sympathies of Burns were entirely with the colonists in the Revolutionary War, which he, like many Englishmen, regarded as a struggle for British liberties. The publication of a poem which rejoices over the defeats of English arms was a daring act and Burns hesitated before he gave the poem to the press.

The Cotter's Saturday Night (1786)..... 253-256

Burns paints peasant life not as an observer but as a sharer in its joys and sorrows. He appreciates its hardships but emphasizes rather its essential dignity, its simple beauty, and its humor. The poem is inspired by the deepest love of Scotland and its people,—their customs, character, and household language.

The Dumfries Volunteers..... 266*The Toast* (1793)..... 266*The Tree of Liberty*..... 263-264

A Liberty Tree, sixty feet high, with a red cap on it, was erected by the French on the site of the Bastille as a symbol of the Revolution. Burns gives a partisan and not very poetic account of the struggle for freedom in France, suggesting in stanza 4 that the root of the Tree was brought from America and deploring the fact that liberty is no longer to be found in England.

The Two Dogs (1786)..... 258-260

The brotherhood of man is foreshadowed in the brotherhood of dogs. Burns contrasts the virtue and simple happiness of the peasant with the feverish and dissolute life of the aristocracy.

To a Mouse (1785)..... 261

The poem illustrates the tender sympathy of Burns, extending itself to all forms of humble life.

BUTLER, SAMUEL (1612-1680)*Hudibras* (1667-1668)

The Puritan177-178

Butler turns the Puritan cause to ridicule in a mock epic. The poem was received with great enthusiasm, especially by Charles II, who rewarded Butler with a gratuity of £300.

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD (1788-1824)*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812-1818)

Waterloo366-371

Childe Harold, whose journey to all the famous historic scenes of the continent Byron recounts, is the poet himself, and this memorable description of and meditation on the great battle of the age is full of characteristic Byronic sentiment. The dramatic and emotional values of Waterloo are what chiefly appeal to him.

Solitude407-409

Byron loves the passionate aspects of nature because they feed the emotions of his soul. He looks to nature as an escape from the limitations of his own personality, annexing, as it were, the power of mountains and ocean as a part of his being. With his egotistical sense of ownership contrast Wordsworth's attitude of reverence.

The Onward March of Freedom..... 409

The spectacle of the apparent failure of the French Revolution does not lead Byron, as it did Wordsworth, to conservatism. He retains a passionate belief in the cause of freedom, and continues a champion of rebellion. His admiration of Washington is characteristic of all English liberals.

The Ocean409-410

To Byron the ocean is a symbol of power. With it he feels an essential kinship, rejoicing in the havoc it plays with the petty works of men.

Don Juan (1819-1824)

The Renegade Poets (1819).....410-412

See footnote. Southey succeeded Pye as Poet Laureate. His acceptance of the office was evidence to Byron of his mercenary subservience to the tyrannical government headed by Castlereagh.

The Isles of Greece (1821).....412-413

The poem is an eloquent expression of the sympathy which Byron and other English liberals felt for the cause of Greek independence. This sentiment is the fruit, partly of the sense of the greatness of the Greek tradition, partly of the romantic passion for liberty. Byron's interest in the Greek cause dates from his visit to Greece in the years 1810-11. He was later to give to it his fortune and his life. Today he is regarded by the Greeks almost as a national hero, and his statue stands in one of the public squares in Athens. The faithless king of the Franks alluded to at the end is Louis XVIII, who had joined the league of monarchs under Metternich pledged to the suppression of popular revolts.

Prometheus (1816)..... 406

Prometheus, in the Greek myth, stole fire from heaven for the benefit of man. He was punished by Zeus by being transfixed on the top of Mt. Caucasus and made a prey to a vulture which tore his vitals. At last he was released when he consented to reveal to Zeus the secret of his doom. To Byron and other rebellious and passionate romanticists Prometheus was a symbol of the will to resist and defy tyranny and fate. They refused to believe that he ever yielded up his secret to escape suffering. The treatment of Prometheus by Byron and by Shelley is an important index to their difference in point of view. Shelley makes much of his divine vision of the good of human kind as the source of his resistance. Byron insists more on his proud defiance, on his elemental force as a revelation of the power of the individual soul. Shelley sees him as a rebel against the tyrannical power of evil, Byron as a rebel against fate. In other words he is a projection of Byron's own personality, with its passionate defiance of all forms of restraint. Compare Arnold's lines on the significance of Byron :

With shivering hearts the strife we saw
Of passion with eternal law.
And yet with reverential awe
We watch'd the fount of fiery life
Which served for that Titanic strife.

Sonnet on Chillon.....406-407

The castle of Chillon, situated on Lake Geneva, was made memorable by the imprisonment from 1519 to 1536 of the Genevese patriot Bonnivard. The poem is prefixed to Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*, 1816.

The Vision of Judgment (1822).....413-415

See footnote.

CARLYLE, THOMAS (1795-1881)

An Essay on Burns (1828)

The Sincerity of Burns.....268-269

Past and Present (1843)

The Inheritance463-464

Happiness and Labor.....464-465

Carlyle attacks the materialism of his age by an exhortation to men to place duty above happiness. Worship of the fruit of labor, emphasized by the utilitarian philosophy of the English economists since Adam Smith, must give way to a sense of the nobility of labor pursued for ideal ends and without thought of material reward.

Plugson of Undershot.....465-468

Carlyle's imaginary firm are representatives of unideal commercialism. Its achievements because they are purely selfish are no more to be admired than the successes of pirates and savages but the great energies of conquest represented by organized industry may be turned to the higher object of human welfare.

Labor468-470

Captains of Industry.....470-473

Sartor Resartus (1833-1834)

Natural Supernaturalism.....516-521

Under the fiction of expounding the philosophy of a German professor of his own invention Carlyle proclaims his belief in the reality of an all embracing divine spirit of which the whole material world is but a manifestation. Natural supernaturalism means the supernatural behind the natural and revealed in it. The term "clothes-philosophy" refers to Carlyle's symbolism in which phenomena or material appearances are "the clothing of the living God." Carlyle is a transcendentalist, deriving his philosophy from the German idealists who followed in the wake of Kant. His point in this chapter is that the laws of nature are but a second cause; the real miracle lies behind them and is independent of any mere temporary suspension of natural law. Space and time are themselves appearances. Man's real existence is not dependent on his bodily relation to these illusions but transcends them and is a part of the eternal world of spirit.

The French Revolution (1837)

Storm and Victory.....299-304

The Death-Birth of a World.....304

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH (1819-1861)

Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth (1849).....453

The poem was written with reference to the apparent failure of the cause of Italian freedom in 1848.

Where Lies the Land to Which the Ship Would Go..... 536

The yearning sense of a loss of direction brought into man's life by doubt is characteristic of the poetry of Clough. He clings tenaciously to a vague and distant hope, unsupported by any solid and certain convictions.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR (1772-1834)

Biographia Literaria (1817)

Propaganda and Poetry.....395-401

The work from which this selection is taken traces the development of its author's political, philosophical, and literary opinions in a manner roughly corresponding to Wordsworth's account of the growth of his own mind in *The Prelude*. When he made his memorable *Watchman* campaign, in 1796, Coleridge was still a liberal, though not a Jacobin, in politics and religion. When he wrote the *Biographia* he had experienced the great change of heart recorded in the ode to France. He looks back on the impractical enthusiasm of his earlier days with a keen sense of the absurdity of the rôle he was playing as a propagandist.

Coleridge's subsequent association with Wordsworth, by this time cured of his democratic sympathies, at Stowey in 1797, furnished material for the delicious piece of comedy given on pages 399-400. The incident, though of course exaggerated, illustrates the prevailing spy-fever of those days. In reality the thoughts of the two friends were far removed from political mischief, for both had turned their minds to nature and to poetry. The idea which underlies their experiment in the *Lyrical Ballads* is that which we have already seen exemplified in Wordsworth's poetry, the union, namely, of external nature with a mystical sense of the supernatural life revealed in nature. It was inevitable that Coleridge, with his dreamy metaphysical tendencies, should have chosen to work rather with such materials as *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, leaving to Wordsworth the task of revealing the higher significance of incidents from common life. See selection from *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads* and note.

Christabel (1797; published 1816).....401-404

The poem illustrates Coleridge's haunting sense of the supernatural and his magic power producing a corresponding illusion in the mind of the reader. "The thing attempted in *Christabel*," wrote a reviewer, "is the most difficult of execution in the whole field of romance—witchery by daylight—and the success is complete." Coleridge's escape from reality is through the surrender of his spirit to romantic dreams, but *Christabel* is to be read and appreciated primarily as a work of art.

Dejection: An Ode (1802).....404-406

Written at a time when Coleridge was depressed by a sense of the failure of his creative powers, *Dejection* gives a final commentary on the romantic use of nature as a source of spiritual consolation. It is the imagination alone which lends to nature its divine glory, or, as Coleridge and Wordsworth chose to put it, it is by the imagination alone that we penetrate into its divine mystery.

France: An Ode (1798).....350-351

See footnote.

COWPER, WILLIAM (1731-1800)

Letters

On the American Revolution (1781)..... 298

On the French Revolution (1790-1793).....336-337

The Task (1785)

The Wrongs of Man.....247-251

The poetry of Cowper shows a strong reaction against the prevailing intellectuality of the earlier Eighteenth Century. The claims of emotion, which had already begun to be asserted by writers of the sentimental school, are deeply felt by him. On the religious side Cowper is affected by the evangelical movement which led under the Wesleys

to a great revival of the spiritual life. He is in full sympathy with the related tendency toward humanitarian reform and, gentle spirited though he was himself, protests with passionate indignation against all forms of cruelty and wrong. In the selection "Of Slavery" Cowper is pleading for the cause championed by Wilberforce, who in 1788 induced Pitt to bring in a bill abolishing the British slave-trade. This bill fell before the opposition of the Liverpool merchants and was not finally passed till 1807. Colonial slavery was abolished in 1833. Corruption and tyranny in government are also objects of Cowper's attack, but his revolutionary sympathies are tempered by patriotism and by Christian patience. It is said of him that he "translated the gospel of Rousseau into the gospel of St. Paul." Cowper's remarks about the Bastille in the selection "Of Tyranny" derive a special significance from the fall of that symbol of oppression at the hands of the Paris mob three years after this passage was written.

CRABBE, GEORGE (1754-1832)

The Village (1783)

The Reality of Humble Life.....251-253

Crabbe paints the lot of poverty in even darker colors than Cowper, but he does so as a severe realist, without display of sympathy, protesting vigorously against the conventional idealization of humble life in literature. He had himself known the reality as a country doctor and the picture he paints, though sordid, is not untrue, especially in the squalid villages of southern England with which he was acquainted. It is interesting to compare his view of the peasant with that of Burns in *The Cotter's Saturday Night* and of Wordsworth in *Michael*. The references in lines 11 ff. are to the stereotyped pastorals imitated from Virgil's *Bucolics*.

CROMWELL, OLIVER (1599-1658)

Speeches (1653-1658)

The Triumphs of the Commonwealth.....171-173

Cromwell was a fighter and a governor, not an orator. The roughness of his utterance and the fact that his speeches were imperfectly reported do not, however, prevent their being an impressive record of a powerful personality and a revelation of the guiding ideals of the Puritan regime. Looking back over the victories of the Commonwealth Cromwell sees the whole history as a manifestation of the will of God.

Peace Hath Its Victories.....173-174

The selection shows the difficulties which beset the Commonwealth just before the Restoration and illustrates the force of Cromwell's leadership which alone prevented it from being overwhelmed.

An Appeal for Unity.....174-175

DEFOE, DANIEL (1661(?) -1731)

An Essay upon Projects (1697)

The Education of Women.....210-212

In his *Essay upon Projects* the practical minded and original Defoe saw far into the future in more than one respect. It has remained for the modern era to carry into practice the plan which he here proposes. The typical attitude of the eighteenth century toward woman was, as we see in *The Rape of the Lock*, a mixture of gallantry and scorn. To do embroidery and grace a tea or card table were the highest accomplishments demanded of her. Defoe would admit her to the category of rational beings, and he proposes the true and only remedy for the emptiness and intellectual triviality of which Addison complains in the preceding selection.

The True Born Englishman (1701).....215-216

Defoe, a partisan and defender of the house of Orange, meets the argument that William is a foreigner and no true born English king by showing that there is no such thing as a pure blooded Englishman. To be a true born Englishman is not to have a long heredity but to be possessed of English virtues.

DEWEY, JOHN (1859.—)

German Philosophy and Politics (1915)

The Gospel of Duty and Its Implications.....601-603

In this selection and more largely in the volume from which it is taken Professor Dewey traces the development of German philosophical Idealism from its beginnings in Kant with special reference to its determining influence on the modern German conception of the state and on the actual course of German history. Readers who wish to consider the extreme perversions of German Idealism, with its anti-democratic tendencies and its violation of the common principle of individual morality, will consult the works of such writers as Nietzsche, Treitschke, Bernhardt, representative passages from which are collected in "*Conquest and Kultur*," a pamphlet issued by the Committee on Public Information. That some Americans are not altogether unaffected by the philosophy of power is strikingly illustrated in the following statement by Dr. Oscar Levy, a recognized authority on Nietzsche and a translator of his works into English:

"This war will result in greatly strengthening the opposition to democracy. The democratic parties announce that a war like this will never happen again, but their announcements will be distrusted by most thinking men. They have had their chance for over a hundred years now, since the French Revolution, and they have made a mess of it. The more numerous they got, the worse matters went, until it finally came to this war.

"The democratic play is over. It was the greatest theatrical swindle ever produced by any manager. On the billboard, outside the theater, was announced a play entitled 'Fraternity, Brotherhood, Peacefulness and Mutual Understanding,' and when you had paid your money, gone in, and sat down to see the play, you saw the bloodthirstiest melodrama ever acted, and, worst of all, it was not even melodrama, but a dreadful reality.

"Democracy has been caught red-handed in connection with this war. The peacefulness of democracy does not arise from strength but from weakness; its teachings increase the number of weak people in responsible positions, and experience proves that weak people are prone to quarrel. The presence of one Bismarck or Disraeli would have prevented this war. Democracy suppresses great men. It claims to give every one a chance. By giving every one a chance you give no one a chance. If everybody is somebody, nobody is anybody! If you educate all, you suppress genius which can seldom flower under a 'popular' or 'democratic' education. . . . This war will teach people the world over to distrust their old values. It will warn them against longer trusting their teachers and philosophers and their politicians as well. It will undermine the belief in the people and also that of the people in itself. It will illumine the absurdity of government by the slaves for the slaves. It will in short shake the faith in democracy to its foundations. . . . The future has plenty of wars and revolutions in store for us all. An unbiased viewpoint is a necessity for those of us who will have to face life one day in a responsible position. The old Romanticism will not do any longer; the future belongs to Friedrich Nietzsche."

To such a challenge of democracy the Anglo-Saxon political Idealism represented in this volume, the history both of England and America, and the facts concerning the origin and results of the present war constitute the effective answer.

On Understanding the Mind of Germany (1916)

The Mind of Germany.....597-601

America in the World.....627-628

DOBELL, SIDNEY (1824-1878)

America (1855)..... 461

Dobell deplores the growing spirit of hostility between England and America and points to the common inheritance of freedom and culture as a bond of friendship between the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples.

DONNE, JOHN (1573-1631)

Death 105

DRAYTON, MICHAEL (1563-1631)

Ballad of Agincourt..... 34-35

One of many poems in which Drayton celebrates the glories of England. Much of his poetry is a record of travel in England, with description of historic places and legends of national history. This ballad is also of interest because it deals with events dramatized by Shakespeare in *Henry V*.

To the Virginian Voyage..... 36-37

Compare the selections from Hakluyt and Raleigh, with the notes.

DRYDEN, JOHN (1631-1700)

Absalom and Achitophel (1681).....184-187

In this poem Dryden undertook to influence public opinion against a project entertained by Lord Shaftesbury to insure a protestant successor to Charles II by setting aside the Duke of York and pushing the claims of Charles's illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth. Dryden satirizes the situation by presenting it in terms of the Biblical story of the revolt of Absalom (Monmouth) against his father, David (Charles), under the seditious instigation of Achitophel (Shaftesbury). Dryden is exceedingly ingenious in finding parallels for every factor in the English situation. The Jebusites are the Catholics, the Jews the protestant Englishmen. The plot, referred to in line 24, is the alleged Catholic conspiracy against the King, denounced by Titus Oates and made by Shaftesbury the occasion of rousing popular feeling against a possible Catholic succession. In the characterization of Achitophel, Dryden portrays a type of restless and mischievous leader of sedition. Zimri was the dissolute and unstable George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

Astræa Reduz (1660).....183-184

Dryden's panegyric on the return of Charles II, which he likens to the coming of the Golden Age, when the goddess Astræa, Justice, should appear again on earth.

The Hind and the Panther (1687).....186-187

The Hind is the Catholic Church, to which Dryden became a convert after the accession of James II. The other beasts are the various protestant sects; the Bear the Independents, the Hare the Quakers, the Ape the atheists, the Boar the Baptists. The Panther, next in purity and dignity to the Hind, but spotted and false, is the Church of England.

DYER, SIR EDWARD (d. 1607)

My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is..... 105

ELYOT, SIR THOMAS (About 1488-1546)

Boke of the Governour (1531)

The Education of Men Who Are to Rule..... 42-46

From the first book in English on the subject of education. The author was a friend of Sir Thomas More (see the selections from *Utopia*), and became interested in that aspect of Humanism that looked toward training men for service of the state. The book, therefore, is a treatise on the perfect commonwealth as well as on education. It is one of many similar books produced in Western Europe during the Renaissance.

"The Rank Is But the Guinea's Stamp"..... 46

"One Sovereign Governor"..... 84-85

The Garden of the Commonwealth..... 85

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO (1803-1882)

A Nation of Men (1837).....564-567

From the oration afterwards known as *The American Scholar*, and called our declaration of intellectual independence. Emerson's interest in democracy was not, like

Webster's, concerned with government, but with the development of the powers of the individual to the highest possible point. His ideas of self-reliance, of what he calls the "chief enterprise of the world . . . the upbuilding of a man" are here set forth. He has little sympathy for the welfare of the masses, for humanitarianism, except as this comes through bringing to pass "a nation of men."

Concord Hymn 294
Sung at the completion of the battle monument at Concord, July 4, 1837.

FITZGERALD, EDWARD (1809-1883)

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam (1859)

"Carpe Diem" 536-537

The philosophy of the old Persian poet, to whom Fitzgerald gave a new life by his translation, is frankly materialistic. He makes sport of the superstitions of the creeds and repeats *ad nauseam* the counsel to hie to the tavern. The point of view should be compared and contrasted with that of Herrick. Browning is perhaps thinking of this poem in *Rabbi Ben Ezra* where he makes the Biblical simile of the Potter do service to a nobler doctrine.

GEORGE, DAVID LLOYD (1863-—)

International Honor (1914) 603-608

GODWIN, WILLIAM (1756-1836)

An Inquiry Concerning Political Justice (1793)

Political Justice 333-336

Godwin's exposition of the principles underlying the French Revolution is less passionate than Paine's but it is more closely reasoned and more far-reaching. The *Inquiry* is, indeed, the most conspicuous English product of eighteenth century rationalism brought to bear on the problems of human society in a radical and thoroughgoing analysis. Godwin is the exact opposite of Burke in his indifference to tradition, in his belief in the power of abstract reason to change men's mode of action, and in his distrust of the benefits of government. In the first selection, "Wealth and Poverty," Godwin shows as keen a sense as any modern socialist of the injustice of a social system which condemns the many to go without the necessities of life while the few are luxuriating in wealth. But his consciousness of present evil does not daunt his hope for the future. Absolute faith in progress is the key-note of his philosophy, as of that of all the radical idealists of his age. Granted the premise that man is by nature good and amenable to reason, the conclusion follows that through education and enlightenment he is destined to advance indefinitely on the road to a perfect social state. It is this doctrine, transmuted into a passionate dream of ideal justice, which gives the central motive of the poetry of Godwin's son-in-law, Shelley. The third selection states the fundamental principle of equality of privilege, in contradiction to Burke's theory of vested right and of the absolute value of class distinction as a basis of organized society. The conclusions in this chapter were as self-evident to Jefferson and the founders of American democracy as they were to Godwin and Rousseau.

GRAY, THOMAS (1716-1771)

An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard (1751) 245-247

The mood of melancholy, induced by reflection on the limitation and vanity of life, and the inequality of condition and opportunity among men, is in striking contrast with the facile optimism which dominated the thought of writers of the school of Pope (see note on Pope's *Essay on Man*). Gray is not a revolutionist but a quiet, brooding scholar, of fine and tender feelings, writing on the immemorial theme of death. There is, however, implicit in the *Elegy* the new sympathy with man as man, and the sense of dignity of soul independent of rank or station. It is to Gray some consolation for the thought of a "mute inglorious Milton" that all classes are equal in the grave.

GREEN, JOHN RICHARD (1837-1883)*A Short History of the English People* (1870)

The Character of Elizabeth..... 25-28

The Menace of Spain..... 28-31

These two selections characterize the two principal figures of the sixteenth century, antagonists in the great struggle between free national development, as represented in England, and the idea of world empire and repression of nationality, as represented by Philip's ambition.

The Puritan Spirit.....109-111

The Character of Pitt.....269-272

The Destiny of England and America.....298-299

This remarkable prophecy deserves careful reading in the light of recent events.

GREY, SIR EDWARD (1862-—)*Preface to America and Freedom* (1917)

The Significance of America's Entry.....611-613

HAKLUYT, RICHARD*Voyages* (1859)

The Deeds of Elizabethan Seamen..... 36

The reign of Elizabeth was an age of action, in which England not only attained national self-consciousness but also found broader outlook through discovery and the development of commerce and colonization. Hakluyt devoted his life to collecting accounts of travel and publishing them in great books. He has been called the English Homer. He was interested in pointing out opportunities for commerce in all parts of the world, and by making Englishmen familiar with the exploits of their seamen, helped to lay the foundations for the expansion of Britain.

HANKEY, DONALD (1884-1917)*A Student in Arms* (1917)

An Experiment in Democracy.....618-619

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL (1804-1864)*Twice Told Tales* (1837)

The May-Pole of Merry Mount.....165-171

HAYES, CARLETON (1882-—)*British Social Politics* (1913)

A New Force in Politics.....613-614

HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST (1849-1903)

Invictus 538

Henley faces life, not with the optimistic courage of Browning or with the patient fortitude of Arnold, but with a bold defiance of Fate to do its worst.

HENRY, PATRICK (1736-1799)

<i>Liberty or Death</i> (1775).....	295-296
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From a speech delivered at the Virginia convention, March 28, 1775. Henry had been active for some years in stirring up resistance to the tyrannical acts of the British government. At the revolutionary convention a resolution was offered to put the colony into a state of defense. Henry's fiery eloquence bore down all opposition to the measure.

HERBERT, GEORGE (1593-1633)

<i>The Collar</i> (1631).....	112
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Herbert illustrates the deeper piety which in the second quarter of the seventeenth century was coming into the writings of the more serious-minded Englishmen, even among those who, like Herbert, remained within the Church. The intimate expression of personal religion in this and the following selections points forward to the Puritanism of men like Milton and Bunyan. The intricacy with which Herbert, following the literary fashion of his day, expresses himself renders his work quaint and difficult, but does not disguise its sincerity of feeling. The collar is the bond which draws the poet, in restive and rebellious mood, to God.

<i>Love</i> (1631).....	112
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The importunity of the divine love, which compels the sinner, against his own sense of unworthiness to sit down to the feast. "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."

<i>Virtue</i> (1631).....	112
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HERRICK, ROBERT (1691-1648)

<i>A Thanksgiving to God for His House</i> (1648).....	118-119
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<i>Corinna's Going a-Maying</i> (1648).....	117-118
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Herrick's attitude toward life is in striking contrast with that of the other writers represented in this and the succeeding section. In a day when Milton had set aside his dearest ambitions at the call of duty and when serious and conscientious men were battling for religious truth and political liberty Herrick, with all the irresponsibility of a child, surrenders himself to delicate emotions aroused by all the lovely objects of sense perception. His philosophy is very simple. Life is sweet but fleeting; accept its gifts of beauty and pleasure and enjoy them while you can. Herrick is an exquisite poet, one of the very greatest artists in the language. His tone is delicate and refined, not sensual, and the wistful note of melancholy at the thought of the swift decay of earthly loveliness, is never absent. He inherits the Renaissance on its æsthetic side alone, and his poetry, taken in contrast with that of Herbert, illustrates the great spiritual break which had come about in the consciousness of men.

Herrick's religion is as childlike as his love of beauty. He naively thanks God for material, not spiritual benefits.

<i>To Daffodils</i> (1648).....	118
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<i>To Keep a True Lent</i> (1648).....	119
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<i>To the Virgins</i> (1648).....	118
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HOBBS, THOMAS (1588-1679)*Leviathan* (1651)

<i>Of Commonwealth</i>	178-183
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See footnote. Hobbes developed his political philosophy when the country "was boiling hot with questions concerning the rights of dominion, and the obedience due from subjects." Leviathan is the Commonwealth, the supreme power of the state in relation to which individual rights are nothing. In Hobbes's mind there is no alternative between absolute rule and social anarchy. By living in a Commonwealth a man takes the law for his conscience. Sovereignty, whether residing in one man or an assembly (and Hobbes always maintained the superiority of monarchy as a form of government), cannot be limited, divided, or forfeited. The sovereign is sole legislator, supreme ruler, and supreme judge.

HOOD, THOMAS (1799-1845)

The Song of the Shirt (1843).....473-474

The protest against the industrial exploitation of poverty began in literature long before it began to be embodied in law. Charles Dickens and Charles Kingsley devoted themselves to the cause in Victorian fiction.

HOOKE, RICHARD (1553-1600)

Ecclesiastical Polity (1594)

A More Divine Perfection..... 14-15

This passage is from the great work in which one of the most learned men of his time defended the Anglican church against Calvinism; the first of the five books is a splendid defense of law and order in nature and society. The selection here given illustrates once more the great aims of those who lived in the "spacious days" of Queen Elizabeth. Compare the praise of beauty in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* (page 13), and also the passage from Spenser given on page 23.

Of Government 93-101

These selections from the *Ecclesiastical Polity* constitute an eloquent and unified defense of the theory of government held by Englishmen through centuries. The second selection should be compared with the passage from Shakespeare's *Troilus* (Of "Degree"); the third with the selections from Burke's letter on the French Revolution and with Mill's essay on Liberty; the third discusses international honor in a way that finds new meaning in the events of recent years; and the fourth is to be compared with Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*. Hooker's theme is "the reconciliation of government with liberty," the foundations of "free government." He himself says, "The general and perpetual voice of men is as the sentence of God himself."

HUXLEY, THOMAS HENRY (1825-1895)

The Physical Basis of Life (1868).....507-516

This essay more than any other of Huxley's expositions of the claims of science over men's thought disturbed the orthodox belief in the divine and miraculous government of the world and of a special creation of man according to Biblical tradition. Huxley shows that life itself is subject to the same natural law which rules in the material world, and so throws out a challenge to those who would retain a belief in man's spiritual nature and his immortal destiny. The succeeding selections are all answers, from various points of view, to the great problem thus presented.

IRVING, WASHINGTON (1783-1859)

Knickerbocker's History of New York. Selections. (1809).....546-560

These selections are from the first American book of distinction in the field of *belle lettres*. In it, Irving pretends to have found a history of the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam, written by one Diedrich Knickerbocker. The book was introduced by an elaborate machinery, and through advertisements and notes in the papers about the mythical Knickerbocker, Irving not only stirred up interest in his book but led many people to believe it an authentic historical document. It has often been listed in libraries under the caption "History." The humorous treatment of Dutch customs and history is one characteristic of the book; his satire of "Yankees" is as keen. But there is not a little seriousness about Irving's treatment of politics in the years preceding war with England. Irving was a Federalist, and was opposed to Jefferson's policies on party grounds. But he was also an interested observer of the workings of party government. He spoke of a debate in Congress, extending over several days, as more absorbing than any drama ever staged. His letters are filled with evidence of his patriotism, and contain many wise comments on contemporary problems of government. He was not merely a writer of graceful prose; he was a keen observer of human nature.

JEFFERSON, THOMAS (1743-1826)

Declaration of Independence (1776).....296-297

See footnote. In his statement of the "self-evident truths" about the equality of man and the true origin and function of government Jefferson shows the influence of his contact with the radical thought of England and France in the eighteenth

century. The political doctrine is essentially the same as that which was later embodied in the French declaration of the Rights of Man, drawn up by the National Assembly in 1789.

First Inaugural Address (1801)

The Foundations of Our Government.....545-546

An early discussion of the strength of a democracy, an admirable summary of the American principle, as seen at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

JOHNSON, EDWARD (1598-1672)

A Wonder-Working Providence (1654)

The First Promotion of Learning.....164-165

JONSON, BEN (1573-1637)

A Pindaric Ode.....106-107

"JUNIUS"

A Letter to the Duke of Grafton (1769)

Cabinet Government under George III.....272-273

See footnote. John Wilkes, who had boldly criticized the administration in his journal, the *North Briton*, was prosecuted for libel, expelled from Parliament in 1764, reelected as member for Middlesex and again expelled in 1769. The Commons arbitrarily seated Colonel Luttrell, the defeated candidate, in defiance of the deliberate choice of Wilkes by the electorate. The incident aroused a storm of protest on the ground that under such a system the House of Commons had ceased to represent the people. The identity of "Junius" has never been revealed, though a strong case has been made out for Sir Philip Francis (1740-1818).

An Address to the King (1769).....273-274

See footnote.

KEATS, JOHN (1795-1821)

Endymion (1818)

Beauty 429

Keats, like Shelley, is a worshiper of Beauty, but he is content to dwell forever with the concrete beauty of this earth, surrendering himself to the enjoyment of exquisite sensations.

La Belle Dame Sans Merci (1819)..... 429

Ode on a Grecian Urn (1820)..... 431

The Urn is to Keats the very embodiment of the eternity of beauty. It is contrasted in his thought with the swiftly falling lives of men. The very incompleteness of the tale told by this sylvan historian is an essential element in its self-sufficiency and perfection. What "men or gods" these are we know not. The melodies of the pipes are heard in the imagination alone. The lover never consummates his kiss. But it is better so. Fulfillment and completeness would bring with them the satiety and disappointment of all actual experience. The poem gives Keats's beauty worship in its most refined and delicate form, but, though the Urn becomes a symbol of the permanence of beauty and teaches the lesson of the identity of beauty and truth it remains a concrete object, very different from the "spirit" which Shelley addresses in the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*.

Ode to a Nightingale (1820).....430-431

The essential theme of this poem is the intoxicating, almost stupefying beauty of the bird's song, heard in darkness, and the experience it brings with it of momentary release from mortal care. Keats yearned for "a life of sensation rather than of thought." While the Nightingale is singing he loses himself in ravishment and longs to die in the ecstasy of enjoyment, but the exalted mood gives way to deep depression, as he returns to reality and the thought of self. The poem illustrates Keats's marvelous

power of rich poetic utterance. The lines are steeped in the sensuous imagery which is characteristic of his work, but here as elsewhere the intensity of his imagination carries him beyond mere sensation into the heart of wonder and romance.

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer (1817).....431-432

Keats was unable to read Greek, but he had the greatest enthusiasm for the products of the Hellenic imagination, particularly for Greek mythology. Homer in Chapman's vigorous Elizabethan translation was a revelation to him of the beauty and wonder of the ancient world.

When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be..... 432

KIPLING, RUDYARD (1865—)

Recessional (1897).....452-453

The sense of responsibility in the exercise of great power expressed in Kipling's poem is and has always been a distinguishing characteristic of British imperialism.

LABOR PARTY, REPORT OF THE SUB-COMMITTEE

The Reconstruction of British Labor (1918).....614-618

LANIER, SIDNEY (1842-1881)

America 596

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM (1809-1865)

Address at Gettysburg (1863)..... 575

A compact statement of the crisis of democracy in its contest against disintegration, and of "the new birth of freedom" that might issue from the agony of war. It was delivered on the eleventh of November, 1863; the Compact of the Pilgrims was signed on the eleventh of November, 1620; and the armistice by which victory was assured to the cause of democracy throughout the world was signed on the eleventh of November, 1918.

Second Inaugural Address (1865).....575-576

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH (1807-1882)

The Building of the Ship (1849)

The Ship of State..... 572

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL (1819-1891)

Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration (1865).....576-581

The Biglow Papers (1849)

What Mr. Robinson Thinks.....569-570

Governor Briggs was a Whig, candidate for reelection in 1847. General Cushing was his opponent, a general in the Mexican war. John P. Robinson, a lawyer and Whig member of the Massachusetts legislature, went over to Cushing's side in the contest.

The Pious Editor's Creed.....570-571

Written just after the Revolution of 1848 in France.

The Present Crisis (1844).....568-569

The crisis to which Lowell refers was the annexation of Texas, but the poem is equally applicable to America in 1917.

MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER (1564-1593)

Doctor Faustus (1588)..... 1-12

An adaptation of the Faust legend from contemporary German sources. The first theme in the drama is the criticism of the university education of Marlowe's time: law, medicine, theology alike fail to satisfy the boundless ambition of Faustus.

"Magic," which here suggests the possibilities of modern science, offers dominion as wide as the mind of man. With this desire for power over nature, expansion of his own individuality, is linked the medieval idea that he who dabbles in the mysteries of nature trades with the devil. The drama is a conflict between this sense of sin and the Renaissance passion for beauty, for power of every sort, for immortality. The Good and Evil Angels are objective representations of this struggle in the soul, and on this medieval side Evil triumphs and Faustus is lost. But the real conflict is between this theory of life and that represented by the desire for universal knowledge (pages 6-8), the re-creation of the antique world of beauty (pages 8 and 10), and the intense passion for life and youth. The drama suggests Marlowe's own turbulent youth and that of many Renaissance figures.

Tamburlaine (Selection) (1587-88)..... 12-13

Marlowe's great study of the thirst for universal empire. *Tamburlaine*, a Scythian shepherd who became a world conqueror, answers to the Elizabethan fondness for romance, to the feeling that all things are possible to him who *wills* intensely, and to the belief, forerunner of that aspect of democracy which teaches the possibilities for high development even in humble lives, that noble birth is not a test of a man's worth. Thus, Mycetes, Cosroe, and others are effeminate weaklings easily cast aside by the virile and inflexible *Tamburlaine*. The drama is a series of unrelated episodes in the life of the conqueror, showing his rise to power. In the first selection he resolves to get the throne of Persia for himself, and imparts his fiery spirit to his followers. In the second selection is an admirable statement of the relation between the passion for infinite knowledge and that for infinite power. The third passage, in praise of his love Zenocrate, who mourns for the fate of her father who has been conquered by *Tamburlaine*, is not less characteristic of the time: beauty can conquer even the conqueror of the world.

MEREDITH, GEORGE (1828-1909)

France 1870 456-460

Meredith had a keen appreciation of the glorious achievements of France in history—her championship of freedom and her contributions to thought and culture. He beholds with horror the spectacle of France at the mercy of brute force embodied in the German military autocracy. The punishment is in part deserved by her temporary surrender of her ideals under the ignoble rule of Napoleon III, but he prophesies that she will regain her spiritual glory and rise triumphant out of her humiliation. This prophecy was amply fulfilled in the period between 1871 and 1914.

MILL, JOHN STUART (1806-1873)

On Liberty (1859)..... 433-439

In this famous essay Mill follows the principles of Bentham and other political economists who, discarding the doctrine of Natural Rights, established in its place that of "utility," the "greatest good of the greatest number," as the basis of government and the test of legislation. They believed, on the whole, that the unrestricted working of economic law would best promote this end, and so laid the foundation for the *laissez-faire* or "hands-off" policies of English liberalism. The salutary practical applications of this theory are illustrated in the following selections from John Bright. Carlyle and Ruskin assail the materialistic tendencies in the philosophy, while such documents as the Program of the British Labor Party illustrate the workings of an opposite but correlative principle of government.

MILTON, JOHN (1608-1674)

A Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth (1660)

A Free Commonwealth..... 157-159

When the Commonwealth was already tottering to its fall Milton, regardless of personal risk, made a sketch of a new constitution embodying his ideals of free government, as a last desperate effort to prevent the Restoration. The selection shows the importance which he attached to local self-government and to popular education. It is not by any means complete democracy which he advocates, but aristocracy in the ancient sense of rule by the most fit. The weakest point in his system was his failure to provide for the recurrent election of representatives. The central council, once chosen, was to be practically perpetual, as it had come near to being under the Long Parliament.

An Apology for Smectymnuus (1642)

Himself a True Poem.....119-120

In the course of his controversial writings in defense of the Puritan cause Milton often takes occasion to speak of himself and his ideals. He does so without false modesty but with a lofty dignity, and these autobiographical passages, taken together with corresponding utterances in his poems, constitute an impressive record of a soul insurpassable in its purity and grandeur, the noblest type of Puritan personality. The present passage shows that Milton could not dissociate the highest art from the character of the artist. Having experienced in his youth the call to the high office of a poet he had ordered his life to this end, living temperately and nourishing his spirit with the loftiest thoughts of the great men of the past. The "renowners of Beatrice and Laura" are Dante and Petrarch. Milton's earlier love of knightly romances led him to plan a poem in which King Arthur should be the hero. He later abandoned this subject for the more serious religious theme of the fall of man.

Areopagitica (1644)

The Virtue of Books.....146-147

Milton's *Areopagitica*, a defense of the freedom of the press, was occasioned by the passage in 1643 by the Long Parliament of an act requiring the licensing of books before publication by an official censor. As a blow at the principle of liberty of thought this act outraged Milton's deepest convictions, and he set himself to oppose it in a document of great eloquence, which embodies his fundamental philosophy of government and life. At the heart of Milton's protest lies, on the one hand, the zeal of the Renaissance for the untrammelled exploration of new truth, on the other the conviction that true virtue is attained, not through ignorance of evil or through external constraint, but by a man's conquest over himself.

Of Restraints147-148

Milton shows the absurdity of trying to regulate moral conduct by law. If the principle is admitted there is no limit to its application. The Puritans, unconvinced by Milton's reasoning, passed more than one regulation tending to the suppression of recreations and pastimes delightful to man. Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* and Montemayor's *Diana*, two popular romances, are the works alluded to at the end of the first paragraph. In referring to Plato he is thinking of the *Republic*, in which the author banished the poets from the education of youth in his ideal state.

Liberty of Thought.....148-150

A Heretic in the Truth..... 150

Liberty the Nurse of All Great Wits.....150-153

Milton rightly believed the restriction of liberty of thought to be essentially at variance with the spirit of the Reformation, with its cardinal principle of individual interpretation of Scripture. It was no less a departure from the ideals of political freedom for which England was fighting.

Eikonoklastes (1649)

Of Justice156-157

The work from which this selection is taken was written in reply to the *Eikon Basilike*, a book purporting to contain the prayers and meditations of Charles I and designed to arouse indignation against the government which had caused his execution.

Il Penseroso (1633; Published 1645).....122-123

The poem is a companion piece to *L'Allegro* (see note). What Milton is really doing is painting a portrait of himself in his more serious and thoughtful moods. Note the studied contrast between the two poems at every point. Solitude is substituted for society, the melancholy aspects of nature for the cheerful, serious reading in philosophy and tragedy for story-telling and the witnessing of comedy on the stage, religious music for secular, etc. It is to be observed that there is little of the Puritan severity even in this more sober portrait. Milton is still the poet and the lover of beauty.

"Thrice-great Hermes," line 88, is the Platonic philosopher, Hermes Trismegistus.

The references in lines 99-100 are to the chief themes of ancient tragedy. In lines 109-120 Milton is thinking of Chaucer's *Squire's Tale* and of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*. He did not regard the reading of romances as amusement only (see selection from *Smectymnus*), especially in Spenser where the story is made the vehicle for a moral allegory.

L'Allegro (1633; Published 1645).....120-122

L'Allegro and *Il Penseroso* were written during the happy period just after his college days, when Milton was living a life of scholarly leisure at Horton. They illustrate the tastes and temper of his youth and show the influences which formed his genius on the cultural and aesthetic side, before his connection with the Puritan cause had compelled him to take a sterner view of life. The poems represent, not two men, but contrasting moods of a single personality, the same life seen in its cheerful and in its more sober aspects. *L'Allegro* is no less a lover of nature and the things of the spirit than *Il Penseroso*, but he takes his pleasure in merry sights and sounds, in observing and sharing the recreations of the folk, and in watching the pageantry of social life in cities. The love of the stage, suggested in lines 131-134, shows Milton's kinship with the spirit of the Elizabethan age. The innocence and refinement of Milton's tastes is noteworthy. Dissipation and vulgarity have no part in his merriment.

Letters

Himself a True Poem (1637)..... 120

See note on *Apology for Smectymnus*. Diodati was a school and college friend of Milton, to whom he writes in Latin verse, setting forth his plans and ideals.

The Nation's Protest (1658).....160-161

See note to the sonnet *On the Late Massacre in Piedmont*.

Lycidas (1637).....123-126

Milton's great elegy was occasioned by the death of his college friend, Edward King, drowned in crossing the Irish sea, 1637. While expressing a sincere personal grief, Milton is even more concerned with the self-realization which the death of a young poet like himself, of high promise and ideals, brings home to him. He asks himself what is the use of effort and aspiration when life is subject to such accidents, and answers that the true reward is God's final approval of each deed. The fact that King had, like Milton, planned to enter the Church leads the poet to denounce the corruption and worldliness of the clergy. The passage illustrates Milton's deepening concern with the great issues of his day and his growing sympathy with the cause of Puritanism. Finally, face to face with the question of immortality, Milton makes his first great confession of religious faith and closes his lament on the note of joy and triumph. In the last eight lines he turns resolutely away from thoughts of sorrow and faces his own future, sobered and strengthened by the experience.

Milton's use of the conventional language of pastoral literature and his numerous classical allusions make *Lycidas* difficult to appreciate, but they do not prevent it from being, as Mark Pattison has said, "the high-water mark of English poetry." Camus, line 103, is the spirit of Cambridge, King's and Milton's Alma Mater; the pilot of the Galilean Lake, line 109, St. Peter. The allusions in lines 85-6 and 132-8 are to Greek and Roman pastoral poetry. The other important references should be looked up in the dictionary.

On His Blindness (1655; Published 1673)..... 126

Milton became totally blind in 1652 as a result of his labors on the *Second Defense of the English People* (see note). This and the following selections are the record of the triumph of his courage and faith over this misfortune. Lines 3-7 refer to the parable of the talents, Matthew xxv, 14, but Milton's use of the word talent suggests also the modern meaning.

On His Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-Three (1631)..... 126

Milton sent this sonnet to a friend who had expostulated with him concerning his apparent idleness and aimlessness. He says in the accompanying letter that he has taken notice of a certain belatedness in himself. The spirit of patient acquiescence in the will of God is the same that was with him later in his blindness.

On the Detraction Which Followed Upon My Writing Certain Treatises (1645-6).... 159

The treatises were those in which Milton advocated freedom of divorce. He here rails at those who find the title strange as ignorant opponents of enlightenment.

On the Same (1645-6) 159

For Milton's ideas of the relation of liberty, truth, and self-control see note on *Areopagitica*. He takes his text from St. John, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

On the Late Massacre in Piedmont (1655)..... 160

The event which roused this outburst of indignation was the massacre of three hundred innocent men, women, and children of the Vaudois or Waldenses, living in the Alpine valleys of Piedmont in Italy under the rule of the Duke of Savoy. They were protestants long before the Reformation, having, it was said, maintained in an unbroken tradition the practices of primitive Christianity from the time of the Apostles, and it was because of their refusal to enter the Catholic Church that they were persecuted. The news of the massacre of their co-religionists was deeply felt in England and was made the occasion of an official protest. Milton, as Latin secretary, was called upon to address the governments of seven foreign states on the subject. The letter given in the next selection was written as the result of another outburst of persecution, three years later. The incident is particularly interesting as a part of the long tradition of championship by Englishmen and their descendants in America of the rights of the weak against the strong in international affairs.

On the Lord General Fairfax (1648)..... 159

Fairfax was one of the great leaders of the army of the Commonwealth. Milton's sense that victory in war is but the lesser triumph of a great people comes home to the present generation with peculiar force.

On the New Forcers of Conscience Under the Long Parliament (1646)..... 159

A protest against the tyranny of the Presbyterian system of church government, with its ruling classes or synod, which proved to be as galling as the old Episcopacy which it replaced. Milton early deserted the Presbyterians for the Independents; later, like Dante, he formed a "party by himself." "The widowed whore plurality" is pluralism or the holding by one minister of several livings.

Paradise Lost (1667; 1674)

Of Celestial Light.....127-128

Fallen on Evil Days..... 130

Urania, to whom Milton addresses this invocation, is the Heavenly Muse, really, in the poet's consciousness, the divine spirit itself.

"Servant of God, Well Done"..... 131

God's words of approval addressed to the Seraph Abdiel, who refused to rebel with Satan, "among the faithless, faithful only he."

Books I and II.....131-146

Upon the failure of the Puritan cause Milton set himself to the task of carrying out the great poetic plans of his youth, which had been interrupted by almost twenty years of rigorous public service. In *Paradise Lost* the great intellectual and imaginative heritage of the Renaissance is united with the moral and religious earnestness of Puritanism, and the whole is elevated to the highest level of poetry by a supreme genius. The subject was, in Milton's thought, the most momentous and profound that any poet ever had. It embraces the revolt of Satan, his assault on man, the fall and exile of Adam with its legacy of sin and death for all mankind, and the ultimate victory of Christ over Satan through the redemption.

In the first book Milton paints a tremendous picture of the fallen angels, baffled and beaten, but unconquerable in their determination "never to submit nor yield." The heroic figure of Satan is the supreme work of Milton's imagination. His uncompromising resistance, his terrible but inspiring eloquence, and his superb leadership command admiration, but Milton never forgets that he is a perverted being, who has taken evil for his good. The characterization is in fact a magnificent study in the will to power. Satan's pretensions to rightful rebellion against tyranny are specious. He is both lion and fox, according to the Machiavellian rule. Milton portrays a would-be conqueror, a Tamburlaine or a Richard III, whose high words bear "semblance of worth, not substance," who "glories" in his battalion, yet finds himself "only

supreme in misery." Finding ease for his relentless thoughts only in destroying he seeks to regain his place in the sun by warring on the innocent and weak. It is precisely because Milton was himself a rebel that he made the keenest distinction between a just and an unjust rebellion, and he clearly marks the essential character of Satan's revolt as a negation of the highest good.

In the second book the poet exhibits the other great personalities among the fallen spirits as they debate the policy to be pursued in their present desperate situation. The same spirit of hatred and rebellion lives in them all. None of them shows the slightest trace of true repentance. But their counsel and their arguments differ with their characters. In Moloch, with his fierce desperation, Bellal, corrupt and seductive, counselling ignoble ease, Mammon, with his gross materialism, and Beelzebub, master of a Machiavellian statecraft not without its parallel in modern times, Milton portrays all the great permanent types of public counsellor perverted from the ways of morality and truth, an abiding lesson of the danger of entrusting the guidance of state affairs to men who have power and genius without character.

Reason of Church Government (1641)

The Poet's Service to the State.....128-130

Note Milton's sane attitude toward public sports and pastimes, in contrast to the extreme Puritan.

Of Discipline 153

Reformation in England (1641)

The Masterpiece of a Politician.....154-155

"They who by writing laid the true foundations" of political science were Plato in the Republic and Aristotle in the Politics. Both make the true end of the state the virtuous life of its inhabitants, not freedom nor "the greatest good of the greatest number" in any material sense, and in this Milton follows them.

England and America.....161-162

Samson Agonistes (1671)

Fallen on Evil Days.....130-131

In the situation of Samson in his later days, blind and captive among the Philistines, Milton saw a parallel with his own lot amid the alien society of the Restoration. That the poet is uttering his own misery gives special poignancy to his hero's words.

Second Defense of the English People (1654)

Of Darkness Visible.....126-127

Consciousness of rectitude and a peculiar sense of divine favor were the chief consolations of Milton in his misfortune. His conception of the "inner light" as a direct revelation of God's spirit to the individual, superior in its validity even to the Bible, was the very essence of Milton's religious faith. It has been pointed out that this doctrine brought Milton nearer to the Quakers or Friends than to any other religious society of his time.

Britain the Home of True Liberty..... 154

Tenure of Kings and Magistrates (1648-9)

The Source of Power.....155-156

A clear affirmation of the sovereignty of the people and the right of rebellion against tyranny, anticipating the political philosophy of John Locke after these principles had been a second time vindicated in practice by the Revolution of 1688. Milton's ideas should be compared with those of Hobbes (see note).

The Brotherhood of Man..... 162

To Cyriack Skinner (1655)..... 126

The "better guide" is the religious support of the preceding sonnet.

<i>To the Lord General Cromwell</i> (1652).....	160
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Milton never lost his admiration for the Protector, in whom he saw the union of righteousness and strength. He here appeals to him to oppose the threatened religious tyranny of a committee of ministers formed "for the propagation of the gospel."

MORE, PAUL ELMER (1864-—)

Aristocracy and Justice (1915)

Natural Aristocracy	620-623
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MORE, SIR THOMAS (1478-1535)

<i>The Imaginary Commonwealth of Utopia</i> (1516; 1551).....	63-83
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Sir Thomas More was associated with the great revival of the study of the classics known as Humanism, being one of the first students of Greek in England, the friend of such distinguished scholars as Colet and Erasmus, and himself a lecturer of note on learned subjects. He was also a great statesman, succeeding Wolsey as Lord Chancellor in 1529. *Utopia*, his treatise on the ideal state, was first published, in Latin, at Louvain in 1516; Ralph Robinson's English translation was published in 1551, with a second edition five years later. Both in his writings and his life More showed the service of Humanism to be not only the institution of exact classical scholarship but preparation for public service; scholarship, in the minds of these pioneers of modern learning, was not to be divorced from life. The book from which our selections are taken is an illustration of the keenness with which the author analyzed the evils in government in his own time, and the prophetic power with which he treated many questions that are still of great interest. Thus though the book is more than four centuries old, and comes to us in the quaint spelling of the sixteenth century, it is still a modern book. Examples of this are in the passages about war, about labor problems, about punishment for crimes, about poverty, and "a certain conspiracy of riche men."

MORLEY, JOHN, VISCOUNT (1838-—)

Edmund Burke (1867)

The Character of Burke.....	305-307
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Recollections (1917)

The Spirit of Liberalism.....	439-440
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Morley, colleague of Gladstone, anti-imperialist, and steady champion of Home Rule, was one of the leaders of the Liberal Party at the outbreak of the present war, when he resigned his cabinet office.

MORRIS, WILLIAM (1834-1896)

<i>The Day Is Coming</i> (1885).....	475-476
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Morris became a socialist in his later years. The present poem is a prophecy of the coming of the time when wealth and culture shall no longer be the exclusive possession of the few. The heart of the socialistic doctrine is contained in the line "For that which the worker winneth shall then be his indeed."

MÜNSTERBERG, HUGO (1863-1916)

The Standing of Scholarship in America (1909)

A Challenge to the Democratic Principle.....	597
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NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY (1801-1890)

Apologia pro Vita Sua (1864)

Certainty and Peace in the Catholic Church.....	521-524
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Newman meets the challenge of science by a surrender of the reason, or at least of the individual judgment, and by an unquestioning acceptance of the divine authority of the Catholic Church. Newman's conversion, one of the religious sen-

sations of the nineteenth century, took place in 1845 as a result of a long period of development and internal struggle. At first a leader of the Oxford movement (see Arnold's *Sweetness and Light*) Newman felt that the logic of the intellectual position which his strong religious instincts had led him to assume compelled him to accept Catholicism. In the *Apologia* he gives a history of his religious opinions and defends the claims of the church to authority over the judgment of the individual in matters of religious belief.

PAINE, THOMAS (1737-1809)

The Crisis (1776)

Times That Try Men's Souls.....297-298

Tom Paine, born an Englishman, emigrated to America in 1774 and became an inspiring champion of the cause of independence. His eloquent pamphlets "did for the American volunteers what Rouget de Lisle's immortal song did for the French levies in the revolutionary wars. . . . These superb pages of exhortation were read in every camp to the disheartened men; their courage commanded victory."

Reply to Burke (1791)

The Rights of Man.....319-333

"Where there is not liberty there is my country" was the sentiment dominating Paine's romantic career. Returning to England after the American war he joined the group of reformers who were eager to put the principles of the French experiment into operation in England. With more passion than logic he defends the principle of Revolution against Burke, ignoring many of the latter's profounder arguments, but often scoring heavily against his opponent's blindness to the real abuses which had caused the movement and to the plain common sense of the democratic principle of equality of rights. To the impartial reader the points of view of both Paine and Burke are equally valid. The question is one of emphasis and practical implication. It cannot be doubted, however, that it was the spirit of Paine rather than that of Burke which was destined to "rule the future."

PEPYS, SAMUEL (1633-1703)

Diary (1660-1669)

The Restoration.....175-177

These passages from the private diary of Samuel Pepys constitute a most interesting record of the swift transition of England from the Commonwealth to the Restoration. They show the relief with which the average English gentleman turned from the severities and uncertainty of the Puritan regime, the ecstasy of joy with which he hailed the returning monarch, the unseemly haste with which he adopted the fashions and frivolities of the new order. Not even the hanging of its leaders, alive and dead, could so completely signalize the tragedy of a great cause as the lightness of heart with which Pepys presents the comedy of Restoration. As a protegee of Sir Edward Montagu, "My Lord," Pepys was brought into close connection with the court of Charles II and derived great emoluments from the new regime. He was somewhat shocked and troubled by what he saw, but not for long.

POPE, ALEXANDER (1688-1744)

An Essay on Criticism (1711).....212-213

The selection illustrates the application of principles of order and formal regularity to literature as the representation of life. The poet must imitate nature, by which Pope meant the highly conventional social life of man. To do so truly and systematically he must proceed according to some method. The ancients have provided such a method, and modern writers cannot do better than apply to their own subject matter the rules of representative art given in precept and example by Homer, Aristotle, Horace, Virgil, etc.

The Mantuan Muse is Maro, Virgil; the Stagirite, Aristotle, whose *Poetics* were the foundation of ancient critical theory, constituting, with Horace's *Art of Poetry*, the chief text book of the critics and writers of the age of Dryden and Pope.

An Essay on Man (1733-4)

A Perfect Universe.....236-239

Pope, following Bolingbroke and other philosophers who, while retaining the idea of God as a creator, rejected the older conception of his miraculous intervention in the world, sees the Universe as a perfect machine, related and mutually dependent in all its parts, with man not a center but merely a link in the system. In such a universe law is supreme, and nothing can be wrong, except as a result of man's imperfect vision of the whole. Such a philosophy leads to acquiescence in the existing order and to an attitude of indifference to human wrong.

Self Love and Reason.....239-240

Pope's attempt wholly to rationalize the world is extended to the sphere of conduct. All human action is the almost mechanical result of the interplay of these two forces.

Government240-241

Enlightened self-interest is the principle which binds society together. There is no such thing as purely unselfish devotion to the public good; virtue in public life is a higher form of selfishness. This rationalistic interpretation of society was very popular in the eighteenth century. The effective answer to it is to be found in Burke. See especially the selection, "Of Chivalry," p. 313.

Equality241

Very different conclusions as to equality are drawn by later theorists from the same rationalistic premises regarding the nature of society as those held by Pope.

Virtue241

Pope's insistence on virtue is hardly consistent with his theory of self-love as the ruling motive force of conduct, nor with his idea that the crimes of a Borgia or a Catiline are part of God's plan of the whole. See p. 238. Such inconsistencies are characteristic of the *Essay*, which represents no coherent system but a brilliant and superficial patchwork. Pope was no philosopher and he had but half digested the ideas which he received from his friend, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

Moral Essays (1735)

Woman235

This portrait of the ideal qualities of womanhood may be set beside the picture of the coquette Belinda, in *The Rape of the Lock*.

The Rape of the Lock (1711, 1712).....188-198

With matchless art and with a delicate grace and keenness of wit unsurpassed in English poetry Pope makes an actual incident in the fashionable circles of his day, namely the stealing by Lord Petre of a lock of Miss Arabella Fermor's hair, the occasion of a complete picture of the social life of the time, with all its foibles and triviality. The event is burlesqued by being treated in the lofty style of epic, with a full equipment of "divine" machinery, with an invocation, games, battles, etc., all after the most approved traditional manner. Beneath the pretense of compliment and gallantry there lies the insulting scorn of woman characteristic of the eighteenth century. The mythology of sylphs, gnomes, etc., first introduced by Pope in a revision of the poem, is borrowed from the Rosicrucians or Masons of the Middle Ages.

The Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace (1737)

The Golden Mean.....235-236

Pope adopts as his ideal of life the temperate and common-sense philosophy of the Roman poet, Horace. The true philosopher, self-contained, exempt from the passion of avarice and the thirst of fame, is above the reach of Fortune. In his own life Pope was very far from attaining the poise of mind which he here so eloquently and sincerely recommends. Addison, whom he affected to despise, approached much nearer to the ideal.

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER (1552-1618)

The Victory of England (1591)..... 37-42

The first part of the selection contains testimony by one who took part in the action that defeated Spain in 1588 and established the supremacy of England. The last part is a spirited account of the brave fight of an English ship against overwhelming odds. Tennyson's *Ballad of the Revenge* is based on Raleigh's account.

His Pilgrimage 107*The Last Pages of The History of the World*..... 108

ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL (1828-1882)

At the Sunrise in 1848..... 453

The "year of revolutions," signaling the breaking up of the regime of Metternich in European politics, was hailed as another dawn of freedom by the English liberals, true to their historic principle of championship of the people against governmental oppression and of the national independence of the weaker states, such as Venice, Belgium, Greece, and Poland, which had been left under foreign domination by the Congress of Vienna in 1815.

RUSKIN, JOHN (1819-1900)

*A Crown of Wild Olive (1866)**Traffic* 477-487

Ruskin began his literary career as a writer on art, but was led by his conviction that all true art had its basis in national character to devote most of his attention in his later years to questions of morality and conduct. His attack in this lecture is, like Carlyle's and Arnold's, directed against the materialistic ideals of commercial and industrial England.

The Soldier's Duty to His Country..... 487-489

With characteristic boldness Ruskin tells a body of young students preparing to be professional soldiers his freest thoughts concerning war. He distinguishes sharply between war waged in a material cause and war waged for an ideal. The soldier's duty to his country is not to fight for her, right or wrong, but to see that she is right, to defend her against the internal enemies of corruption and baseness with all their heroism. To Ruskin the victories of peace are not less but more renowned than those of war.

*Fors Clavigera (1871-1878)**The White-Thorn Blossom*..... 489-495

In his last years Ruskin devoted his time and his fortune to the uplifting of the working classes. *Fors Clavigera* is a series of open letters to workmen in which he sets forth his theories of social reform. The project for an ideal community outlined in the last paragraph was actually put into operation as the Guild of St. George, one of the many sublime failures in the history of the attempts of idealists to realize in practice their dream of a perfect commonwealth. The emphasis on art as a final product of a communal life restored to its true basis of morality and the community of material possessions is characteristic. So also is the impracticable determination to do away with the conveniences of life which have resulted from modern scientific discovery and have interfered with rather than assisted man in his attempt to live for the things which are really worth while.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564-1616)

*Henry V (1599)**England at War*..... 32-33

From Shakespeare's great war drama, portraying his ideal ruler. Some of Henry's characteristics—his sense that the war against France was a righteous war to reclaim English territory, his spirit, his freedom from superciliousness and his lack of ceremony or self-seeking, and the British courage that fears not to fight against superior numbers—are shown in the selections.

- The Commonwealth of the Bees..... 90-91
- Troilus and Cressida* (1602)
- Of "Degree"..... 91-93
- These two passages present the view of order and the proper relations of classes and occupations in the healthy commonwealth. It is the conservative view, expressed also by Hooker, and, in a later time, by Burke; the opposite of the view of those who sympathized with the French Revolution.
- King John* (1594)
- Unity Against the Foe..... 32
- The final speech of Faulconbridge, who throughout the drama stands for English unity against Rome and hostile kings. The speech had added significance for Shakespeare's audience because of the victory over Spain, which was gained through the fact that all parties in England made common cause for the safety of the nation
- Richard II* (1594)
- This England 31
- John of Gaunt, on his deathbed, utters this prophecy of the future greatness of England, a prophecy that to the Elizabethans who witnessed Shakespeare's drama seemed fulfilled. York has just spoken of the national decadence because of imitation of the manners of Italy,
- "Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation,"
- when Gaunt promises national security provided such weaknesses as King Richard displayed might be avoided.
- Our Sea-Walled Garden..... 85-87
- Note that the idea in this scene is the same as that expressed by Elyot in the selection on the same page. The scene takes place just before the deposition of Richard by Bolingbroke, afterwards King Henry IV. The theme is that England's natural defense, the sea, will protect the nation if only internal dissension is not allowed to creep in.
- Of Divine Right..... 87-90
- The selfish and sentimental profession of attachment to the British soil should be compared with the passionate loyalty of Gaunt's dying words. This passage is Shakespeare's clearest statement of the doctrine of divine right, destined to become the rock that divided England from its sovereigns in the seventeenth century. The drama as a whole justifies the deposition of a wicked monarch.
- Sonnets* (About 1593-97)..... 102-105
- SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE (1792-1822)
- Adonais* (1821) 421-428
- In this elegy Shelley pays tribute to the memory of John Keats, who died at Rome in 1821. Shelley knew Keats, but the poem is not so much an expression of personal grief as if it is an embodiment of his own philosophy. Keats was, in Shelley's thought, like himself a consecrated worshipper of ideal beauty. He is mourned first by the divine parent of all earthly loveliness, Urania, who is identical with the spirit of Heavenly beauty in the *Hymn*. The Dreams, Splendors, Desires, etc., which Shelley personifies in lines 73 ff. are the creations of Adonais's imagination, the passions and ideals embodied in the poetry of Keats. Among the mourners are also the chief poets of Shelley's group—Byron, "the Pilgrim of Eternity"; Tom Moore (268-70); and Shelley himself, "who in another's fate now wept his own." In the invective against the enemies of Adonais (315 ff.) Shelley is thinking of the hostile reviewers, whose bitter attack on Keats's *Endymion* was popularly supposed to have caused his death. He is also voicing his own protest against the coldness and scorn with which the world had looked upon himself and his poetical work.
- The question of immortality is first raised in lines 154 ff., where the revival of nature in the spring, the perpetual rebirth of material beauty, is bitterly contrasted with the apparently everlasting death of the soul. Shelley returns to the subject

toward the close of the poem and the note of grief is changed to one of joy at the thought that the spirit does not die but becomes "a portion of the eternal." Shelley's faith in eternal life is a part of his general philosophy of the reality of the ideal. The soul of Adonais does not enjoy an individual existence, but blends with the creative spirit which is the true source of all earthly beauty, the "One" which remains when "The many change and pass." Finally the poem becomes an exhortation to follow Adonais by passing in spirit beyond material reality to the "abode where the eternal are," to the realm of pure ideas.

A Dirge (1822)..... 428

England in 1819 (1819)..... 418

The reactionary forces in government were in full control in England as elsewhere after the Congress of Vienna in 1815. Shelley proposes no practical remedy, and in this he differs from the earlier revolutionists. He does, however, maintain the old fervent hope for the future, endeavoring to bring about a great change by painting the ideal. His conception of his own function is described in *To a Skylark*:

Like a poet, hidden
In the light of thought;
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Hellas (1821)

The World's Great Age Begins Anew.....420-421

See footnote. Shelley's eager hope is subject to discouragement, and the note of deep despondency, as at the close of this rapturous prophecy, is as characteristic in his poetry as the note of faith. Compare *A Dirge*.

Hymn to Intellectual Beauty (1816).....415-416

Intellectual Beauty is ideal beauty, the beauty perceived not by the senses but by the mind. This divine archetype of beauty is Shelley's deity. All earthly beauty is a fragment of it, and Shelley is a worshipper of earthly beauty only as it leads to the divine. He describes his first vision of the "awful Loveliness" as a sort of religious conversion. He had sought, he tells us, for a hold on spiritual reality through the ordinary channels of religion and superstition and these had failed him. When once he had caught sight of the spiritual vision in the form of beauty he dedicated his life to it, and he conceived of his study, his poetry, his love as being aspects of this worship. The source of Shelley's mysticism is Platonic. It is to be observed that the ideal of beauty includes also the ideal of love.

Ode to the West Wind (1819).....416-418

This poem is the greatest and most impassioned of Shelley's lyrics. He rejoices in the power and freedom of the West Wind, as Byron might have done, but he goes beyond this and makes the Wind a great symbol of regeneration, praying that he may be possessed of this divine force in order that his words may be of influence in quickening the new birth of man.

Ozymandias (1819) 381

Political Greatness (1821)..... 381

Prometheus Unbound (1819)

The Power of Man..... 418

In Shelley's vision of the regenerated earth love takes the place of law. The selfishness and hatred which divide men will give way to a universal harmony of thought and purpose. There is no limit to what man may accomplish in art, poetry, and science.

A Vision of the Future.....418-420

In Shelley's treatment of the Prometheus myth (see note on Byron's *Prometheus*) the fall of Jupiter symbolizes the overthrow of all tyranny and the liberation of man's spirit. Inheriting from the theorists of the French Revolution, particularly Godwin, the idea that human nature is essentially benevolent and good, and that man needs only to be freed from the evil restraint of government, custom, law, and

traditional religion to become what he was designed to be by nature, Shelley transmuted the somewhat frigid doctrines into a glorious vision of a regenerated earth. In the present passage the Spirit of the Hour (i.e., the hour in which the great revolution was brought about) reports to Prometheus, who by his unyielding moral resistance to the tyrant has brought about man's liberation, the marvellous changes which took place on earth after the fall of Jupiter. Shelley's thought about society is weak in its relation to reality, but it must be remembered that he did not pretend to be a practical reformer. The heart of his vision of perfection remains true for all time and is valuable as a revelation of the goal of human striving. He is a dreamer, but mankind cannot live without such dreams.

The Day!..... 420

"The Day" is the day of Jupiter's fall, the time when mankind shall at last be free. Shelley asserts the supremacy of the moral qualities of man, and paints the ideal of human character which was embodied in his own life.

The World's Great Age Begins Anew.....420-421

SMUTS, RT. HON. J. C. (1858.—)

The British Commonwealth of Nations (1917).....623-625

SOUTHEY, ROBERT (1774-1843)

The Life of Horatio Lord Nelson (1813)

Nelson at Trafalgar.....360-366

England's naval victory under the greatest of her sea commanders established the supremacy of her fleet and put an end to Napoleon's hope of an invasion.

SPENSER, EDMUND (1552-1599)

An Hymn in Honor of Beauty (1596)

The Gospel of Beauty..... 23-24

Spenser wrote four hymns in which he set forth a philosophy of Beauty originally drawn from Plato and dwelt on by many writers in the Renaissance. The original Platonic philosophy was modified by Dante's idealization of Beatrice and Petrarch's sonnets in praise of Laura, so that the love of man for woman became a religion of beauty. Marlowe's praise of beauty (page 13) represents the worship of physical or earthly beauty alone. Hooker uses the theme in the Platonic sense of the heavenly perfection to which the soul aspires (page 14). Spenser dwells on the beauty of soul that is the image of the divine beauty. This "Religion of Beauty," as it has been called, inspired much of the love poetry of the Renaissance, in Italy, France, and England. See, for example, Spenser's *Amoretti*, a collection of sonnets, and Sidney's sonnets in praise of Stella.

Mother Hubbard's Tale (probably written about 1579; published 1591)

"The Brave Courtier"..... 49-50

This eloquent passage should be compared with Wordsworth's *Happy Warrior*.

"*Of Virtuous and Gentle Discipline*," 1589..... 47-49

Spenser's association with Raleigh in Ireland led to a friendship that resulted in the dedication of the *Faerie Queene* to the man whom Spenser happily called "the Shepherd of the Ocean," in allusion to Raleigh's services to colonization and discovery. The letter of dedication, from which this extract is taken, is important not only for its setting forth of the plan and purposes of the *Faerie Queene*, but also for its ideas on the training of men for public service.

The Faerie Queene, II, vii (1590)

Self-Discipline: The Story of Guyon..... 15-23

The theme of Spenser's great epic poem, planned in twelve books, only six of which were completed, was the fashioning of a "gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline," that is, the attainment of the perfection as warrior, poet, scholar, philosopher, of which Marlowe, Bacon, Hooker, Sidney also wrote. Each book was to detail the adventures of a knight conspicuous for some virtue, such as Holiness, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, Courtesy, etc. Prince Arthur represented Magnificence, or Greatness of Mind, the sum of all the virtues. The selec-

tion here given is from the second book, in which Guyon, the knight of Temperance, goes through various tests before his great adventure, the destruction of the Bower of Bliss in which Acrasia, an enchantress, the opposite of Temperance, led men astray. The supreme test of Guyon in this process of preparation is his journey through the Cave of Mammon, or worldliness. The ideal that is set forth is that of self-restraint, the ancient classical conception of Temperance. That is, Spenser shows that unlimited self-development such as that desired by Faustus or Tamburlaine is wrong; there must be an inner check to curb lawless desire.

STANTON, FRANK L. (1857.—)

One Country 589

STEELE, SIR RICHARD (1671-1729)

The Spectator (1711-1714)

The Spectator Club 201-203

The idea of conveying his social satire by means of the fiction of a club, of which the author is a member and whose conversations and opinions he purports to record, is Steele's most original contribution to the design of the periodical essay. His first sketch for this essay is given in the preceding selection. There were hundreds of such clubs in actual existence in London, but there is no such unique and delightful personage as Sir Roger de Coverley outside the pages of fiction. The figure was afterwards elaborated with a more delicate art by Addison.

The Career of Conquest

The selection applies the standards of British common-sense to the ambitious folly of the Grand Monarque. The Peace of Ryswick, 1697, following the English naval victory at La Hogue and the formation of the Grand Alliance against France, was the temporary frustration of Louis's hope of reestablishing the Stuarts in England and extending the bounds of his empire on the continent.

The Tatler (1709-1711)

The Trumpet Club 199-201

Mental poverty and narrowness of interest have brought the members of this club to a state of complete torpidity in their old age. The picture is a really telling warning against allowing the life of the mind to atrophy in youth and manhood.

Men of Fire 241-242

SWIFT, JONATHAN (1667-1745)

Gulliver's Travels (1726) 219-235

In "Political Acrobatics" Swift ridicules by an amusing parody the tricks and devices to which public ministers have to resort in order to secure and maintain their places. The tight-rope suggests the instability of high office.

The "violent faction at home" which is alluded to in "Political Parties and International Relations in Lilliput" is the Tory party or rather that branch of it which still adhered to the exiled house of Stuart. The "potent enemy" is Louis XIV. The dispute about egg-breaking refers to the doctrinal controversies which had influenced English political history since the Reformation. The Emperor who lost his head is Charles I, the one who lost his crown, James II.

In the fourth selection, "English Institutions," Swift scathingly denounces the social and political fabric of England by exhibiting it as it appears to the eyes of an impartial observer. The imperturbability of manner, the sinewy vigor of the language, and the keenness of the thrusts are characteristic of the powers which make Swift rank among the world's great satirists.

The satire in the next selection, "Research," is directed against certain types of scientific investigators and theorists, who possess boundless patience and ingenuity without the saving grace of common sense. Fondness for "projects" was a weakness of the eighteenth century, witness Defoe's *Essay on Projects* and the scheme conceived by the fertile brain of Sir Richard Steele for bringing fish alive from the coasts of Newfoundland. The newly developed interest in science led to a passion for investigation and experiment which, however ridiculous in some of its immediate results, held a promise for future development which Swift did not, perhaps, altogether appreciate.

In the last book of *Gulliver's Travels* bitterness and misanthropy get the better of Swift's reason. His attack, as in the selection on "War," is aimed, not at the foibles and abuses of society, but against human nature itself. "I hate and detest the animal called man," he once wrote to Pope, "and upon this great foundation of misanthropy the whole building of my *Travels* is erected." In such a mood as this Swift ceases to be useful for the improvement of mankind. His indictment is the more terrible because it is partly true.

SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES (1837-1909)

An Appeal 452

An exhortation to England to remain loyal to its ancient ideals of justice and not to join the tyrannous crew of continental governments leagued together for oppression.

The Garden of Proserpine (1866).....537-538

Proserpine, goddess of the dead, stands as a symbol of oblivion and rest from the vain and hopeless turmoil of life. To Swinburne poetry is a kind of narcotic through which man enters the gates of the garden of Proserpine. He makes no effort to deal resolutely with the perplexities and discouragement of human existence and knows of no remedy for the ills of life but sleep. The attitude is the exact antithesis of Browning's.

On the Monument Erected to Mazzini at Genoa.....455-456

A Song in Time of Order (1852).....451-452

The period referred to is that immediately after the revolutions of 1848, in which the cause of liberty seemed to have been definitely lost. There remains to the idealist the refuge of his own unconquered mind and the society of the few who like himself bid a continued defiance to tyranny—and wait.

To Louis Kossuth..... 456

To Walt Whitman in America.....461-462

Swinburne finds in Whitman an expression of the spirit of freedom and an embodiment of the great democratic hope which the example of the new world afforded to the old.

TENNYSON, ALFRED (1809-1892)

Crossing the Bar (1889)..... 526

England and America in 1782 (1874)..... 299

Hands All Round (1852)..... 450

In Memoriam (1850)

The Challenge of Science.....524-525

The death of his dearest friend, Arthur Hallam, brought Tennyson's religious faith to the test. *In Memoriam* is the record of the inner conflict occasioned by his sorrow and of the spiritual triumph over despair and doubt. Tennyson was fully aware of the claims of science and of its irreconcilability with naïve faith. The poems here given are the embodiment of the intense effort of the best minds of the Victorian age to work out a new faith which should not blind the eyes of reason to the order of facts so coolly and irrefutably set forth by men like Huxley. Darwin's *Origin of the Species* was not published until nine years after *In Memoriam* but Tennyson is familiar with the main lines of the evolutionary hypothesis and accepts it. In the last selection he transfers the law of development from the material to the spiritual sphere, seeing the whole vast course of the earth's history as culminating in man and pointing forward to his future progress toward a divine goal.

Love Thou Thy Land (1833).....445-446

Northern Farmer: New Style (1870).....476-477

Tennyson portrays a type of character wholly dominated by sordid materialism. The ideals of Carlyle's "Plugson of Undershot" are not confined to the industrial classes, but operate as powerfully and in an even meaner way in rural life.

- Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* (1852).....447-450
 Tennyson's ardent love of England finds in the greatest of English soldiers its natural rallying point. Great as are the virtues celebrated in this noblest of martial odes, the figure of Wellington would scarcely be exalted as the ideal hero by a poet less steeped in nationalism than Tennyson.
- Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights* (1833)..... 445
- The Higher Pantheism* (1870).....525-526
 Pantheism sees God and Nature as one. The "higher pantheism" makes God a spirit immanent in but transcending Nature. Tennyson's philosophy of the absolute is substantially the same as Carlyle's.
- To the Queen* (1873).....450-451
 Tennyson's intense loyalty to the sovereign as the representative of English traditions and institutions is not a result but a cause of his having been chosen Poet Laureate. The plea in this poem for a full consciousness of England's imperial mission and of a correspondingly vigorous foreign policy puts Tennyson on the side of the conservative party headed by Disraeli. His indignation is aroused by those who would countenance the dissolution of the empire by supporting the movement for the separation of Canada.
- Wages* (1868) 526
- You Ask Me, Why*, (1833)..... 445
 In Tennyson the love of freedom and the love of England are identical. He here casts his voice for the ordered liberty of Burke, won through long generations of slow development and associated with all that is most precious in the national tradition. He elsewhere exclaims against "the blind fool fury of the Seine."
- THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE (1811-1863)
- Vanity Fair* (1847-48)
- Waterloo371-380
- VAUGHAN, HENRY (1622(?) -1695)
- Behind the Veil* (1655)..... 113-114
- The Retreat* (1650).....112-113
 Vaughan's religious feeling differs from the saintly piety of Herbert through its mysticism. The soul and eternity are the subjects of his rapt contemplation and spiritual ecstasy. The present poem embodies the Platonic conception of a preëxistent heavenly state, from which the soul comes pure and divine into the world of time. Compare Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*, p. 386.
- The World* (1650)..... 113
 The vision of the one and eternal, in contrast to the shadowy unreality of the many, is again Platonic, but the philosophical conception is blended with Christian imagery and feeling.
- WASHINGTON, GEORGE (1732-1799)
- Farewell Address* (1796)
- Liberty and Union.....539-542
- Party Spirit542-543
- America and the World.....543-545
 These three extracts from one of the greatest of American state papers deal with the three questions of paramount importance in domestic and foreign relations that confronted the new nation. The first is one of many warnings, by Washington and others, of the dangers of sectionalism, the rock on which the nation was one day to strike with imminent peril, and a source of danger in all times. The second selection anticipates the dangers of the "wolfish parties" that sprang up after Washington's

time. See the selection from Irving for further comment on this. The third selection is the classic phrasing of the theory that dominated American foreign policy until 1917.

Washington Anticipates the Declaration..... 295

This paragraph from a letter written in February, 1776, shows how clearly Washington saw the task that was ahead of the colonies. Many people, especially in the middle colonies, were loyal to the British government. Many others thought of the resistance that had been made, at Lexington, Bunker Hill, and elsewhere, as merely a protest; they had no idea of separation. But Washington saw that independence should be declared "in words as clear as the sun," not only for the effect in England, but as a means for bringing Americans into unity of thought.

WEBSTER, DANIEL (1782-1852)

Bunker Hill Oration (1825)

Free Government 561-563

Sacred Obligations..... 563-564

The first selection is a clear statement of the way in which the power of the people was set up in America and of American sympathy for the principle of free government that was in 1825 fighting in Europe and in South America against the "intervention" doctrine of Metternich and the Holy Alliance. The selection also has point with reference to the recent revolutions in Russia and in Germany and Austria. The second selection should be engraved on the memory of every American citizen, so that the obligation to defend the principle of free government may become a personal obligation to see to it "that nothing weaken its authority with the world."

Centennial Oration on Washington (1832)

The American Experiment..... 560-561

"The spirit of human liberty and of free government . . . has stretched its course into the midst of the nations."

WHITMAN, WALT (1819-1892)

Democratic Vistas (1882)

The Purpose of Democracy..... 584-586

A New Earth and a New Man..... 586-587

Dangers Within the State..... 587-588

These three selections, with the fragment on Nationality which follows, still further develop Whitman's thought of democracy as the mass of men struggling upward, and introduce his vision of the future. The last paragraph of "A New Earth and a New Man" blends the idea of equality, democracy the leveler, with Emerson's ideal of personality, the highest development of the individual. This two-fold significance is brought out by the two-fold, mystic nature of the Nation, a group of separate states (personalities) welded into a unity (the Nation), yet without loss of individual life. See *Nationality* below.

I Hear America Singing (1860)..... 572

Nationality—(And Yet) 588-589

See the note above.

Not the Pilot (1867)..... 590

An expression of Whitman's oft-repeated conception that his mission was to point out the destiny of democracy. Like the verses that follow, an extraordinary prophecy of the events of 1917-1918.

O Star of France (1870-1871)..... 583-584

This poem should be compared with Meredith's *France 1870*, p. 456. The reference in both cases is to the fate of France in the Franco-Prussian war. Whitman's poem prophesies the republic that was to issue from the conflict, and the union of France and America in the cause of liberty in 1917.

- Pioneers! O Pioneers!* (1865).....572-574
- Rise, O Days, From Your Fathomless Deeps*.....574-575
- These three poems express Whitman's sense of the *mass* of American democracy, the flood of men, taking possession of a vast continent. Contrast Webster's thought of democracy as *government*, and Emerson's thought of it as development of the individual.
- Collect*
- The Destiny of America.....590-591
- The Prophecy of a New Era*..... 590
- Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood* (1872).....581-583
- A prophecy of the mission of America in the world, now in process of fulfillment.
- WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF (1807-1892)
- Lexington* (1875) 294
- With the last stanza compare "The Destiny of England and America," by J. R. Green, Tennyson's "England and America in 1782," Dobell's "America," and Swinburne's "To Walt Whitman."
- The Poor Voter on Election Day* (1852).....571-572
- WILSON, WOODROW (1856-—)
- Abraham Lincoln* (1916).....594-596
- International Justice (1918).....628-630
- The Associated Peoples of the World (1918).....630-632
- The Meaning of the Declaration of Independence* (1914).....591-594
- Delivered while the world was still at peace, this address contains the essence of the author's political philosophy as developed since that time.
- The Menace of Prussian Ambition (1917).....608-611
- WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770-1850)
- Character of the Happy Warrior* (1806)..... 393
- Wordsworth's conception of the ideal military character is in harmony with his emphasis in the preceding selections on temperance, self-control, and a lofty consciousness of duty. The Happy Warrior remains human-hearted even amid the terrible circumstances of war.
- Elegiac Stanzas* (1805).....389-390
- The poem reflects the change which had come over Wordsworth's spiritual outlook in the years since his return from France. The ideal which he now esteems is that of human firmness and self-control amid the shock of circumstance. The lines were written shortly after the drowning of his brother John. "A deep distress hath humanized my soul."
- The Excursion* (1815)
- On Universal Education.....394-395
- The so-called "Toryism" of Wordsworth's later years, which led him to oppose the Reform Bill of 1832, did not prevent his sympathy with some of the best forward movements of the nineteenth century. In *The Excursion*, which contains besides much of his more characteristic philosophy, a discussion of all manner of political and social problems, he writes against industrial oppression, child-labor, and the ignorance of the lower classes.

Expostulation and Reply (1798)..... 384

The attitude of simple receptiveness assumed by Wordsworth in this poem is the direct outcome of his reaction from the revolutionary deification of the reason and of his personal experience of the healing power of Nature after he had "yielded up moral questions in despair." The poem implies his theory of the divine and beneficent life in Nature, source of the best impulses and highest inspiration of man, to be entered into not by effort but by attuning the spirit to receive its influence.

Laodamia (1814)391-394

The subject is an unusual one with Wordsworth, who commonly confines his attention to the real scenes and persons of his own experience, but the moral idea of the poem is characteristic of the poet's thought in his more mature years. *Laodamia* is condemned because she gives way to impulse and passion. She is unable to rise to sympathy with the lofty ideal of duty which led Protesilaus to sacrifice his life.

Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey (1798).....384-386

The return to a beautiful scene not visited since the crisis in his life brought about by the French Revolution gives Wordsworth the occasion to compare his present with his former emotions on the spot and to review all that Nature has meant and still means to him. First, as a memory, the beauty of the scene has been with him in absence as a consolation and perhaps, unconsciously, has prompted him to acts of kindness and love. To it he may also have owed moments of insight into the divine harmony of the world. Returning now to the scene he feels that he is changed. The wild rapture with which he looked on Nature in youth is gone. Yet this thought causes no despondency, for in his present contemplation of Nature there are two new elements as compensation for what is lost: the feeling for humanity which has resulted from his contact with men and their sufferings; and a philosophical consciousness of the divinity which pervades both Nature and the soul of man.

Turning now to his sister he sees in her the image of what once he was, an unconscious child of Nature, and prophesies that her devotion will be repaid by an experience of Nature's beneficent influence like his own throughout her life.

Lines on the Expected Invasion 1805..... 359*Ode: Intimations of Immortality* (1803-6).....386-389

In this poem Wordsworth deals, more philosophically, with a theme similar to that in *Tintern Abbey*. Confronted by the phenomenon of a change in his power of responding to Nature and grieved by the thought that he can no longer experience the earlier rapture the poet seeks an explanation and finds it in the Platonic doctrine of pre-existence (Stanza V). The divine thrill of childhood is an evidence of the heavenly origin of the soul and of its eternal existence. The man's remembrance of these ecstasies of his early years are the "intimations of immortality." As a result of this meditation the poet is consoled for the loss of his earlier experience, in the place of which he has won a deeper sympathy for man and a profound philosophic faith. Compare Vaughan's poem *The Retreat*, which Wordsworth apparently had in mind. The train of thought in the *Ode* gives the key to the reverence for childhood which Wordsworth shared with many poets of the romantic period.

Ode to Duty (1805)..... 390

In making this noble appeal to the principle of morality for guidance and support Wordsworth in a measure recants from his earlier faith in the spontaneous and unguided impulses of the heart. Experience of life had taught him to feel more and more the need of an invariable standard. He continues to recognize the beauty of the creed of joy and love, but he knows that human nature must heed also in its times of weakness and error the mandate of the stern but divinely beautiful power which preserves the stars in their courses and lays the law of sacrifice and restraint upon the heart of man. Compare Arnold's *Morality*.

*Sonnets**"Fair Star of Evening"* (1802)..... 356

This sonnet was composed by the seaside near Calais during the short pause in hostilities following the peace of Amiens.

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic (1802).....	356
The city-republic of Venice was conquered by Napoleon in 1797 and turned over to Austria. The first two lines refer to the greatness of Venice as a trading nation and a bulwark against the Turk in the Middle Ages.	
Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland (1807).....	356-357
The invasion of Switzerland by the armies of Revolutionary France under Napoleon in 1797 convinced Wordsworth that they were no longer champions of liberty but oppressors. The mighty sea-voice of Liberty is, of course, England's.	
These Times Strike Monied Worldlings with Dismay (1803).....	357
"Milton! Thou Shouldst Be Living at This Hour" (1802).....	357
September, 1802, Near Dover (1802).....	357
Only a virtuous nation can be free. The lesson was one that Wordsworth learned from France. Compare Coleridge's <i>France</i> , p. 350.	
Written in London, September, 1802.....	357
See footnote.	
"There Is a Bondage Worse, Far Worse, to Bear" (1803).....	358
Here Pause: The Poet Claims at Least This Praise (1811).....	358
Wordsworth sees his whole poetical activity during the years of the Napoleonic wars as a defense of morality and self-restraint combined with national independence.	
"It Is Not to Be Thought of" (1802).....	358
"When I Have Borne in Memory" (1802).....	358
England! The Time Is Come (1803).....	358
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"Another Year!" (1806).....	359
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Waterloo (1816)	380
Wordsworth's celebrations of the final victory hardly reach the level of his poems written during the struggle.	
Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo (1816).....	380
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Praise of Russian national heroism is rare in English literature and appears to have been confined to the two periods in history when Russia and England were allies in war.	
The World Is Too Much With Us.....	389
To Toussaint L'Ouverture.....	389
<i>The Convention of Cintra</i> (1809)	
The War of Liberty.....	352-356
See footnote.	

- The Mountain Echo* (1806).....390-391
- In his earlier nature poems Wordsworth does not distinguish so sharply between the voices of the sense and the higher voice of God within the soul. The implied dualism of human nature removes the Wordsworth of this period farther from the romanticism of Rousseau, and distinguishes his point of view from that of Byron or Keats.
- The Poet* 381
- The Preface to the Lyrical Ballads* (1798, 1815)
- The Poet's Mission.....382-384
- In the earlier part of this document (not given here) Wordsworth propounds the famous theory that the language of poetry is that of real men, and is not essentially different from that of prose. He also advocates the use of subjects from simple life, rendered significant and universal by the meditation of the poet. The more permanent contribution of the *Preface* is the idea of the function of the poet as an interpreter of life, quickening with thought and feeling the common experience of men. Wordsworth's serious view of poetry did much to restore it to the position which it had lost as an essential element in the deepest human culture. Compare the preface to this volume and Arnold's *Sweetness and Light*, p. 495.
- The Prelude* (1799-1805; published 1850)
- Burke 305
- Experiences of an English Idealist.....337-350
- The selection is from that part of Wordsworth's spiritual autobiography which deals with the great crisis in his life brought about by his contact with the French Revolution. Like other young English idealists of his time he watched the great experiment in France with eager joy and hope. The tragic disappointment he also shared with many of his contemporaries, and his return to the point of view of Burke is symptomatic of the great reaction which came to restore spiritual values which had been lost sight of and to temper the revolutionary principles as they were passed on to the succeeding age.
- To a Skylark* (1825)..... 391
- It is characteristic of Wordsworth that he does not, like Shelley, see even the skylark as a symbol of wholly untrammelled freedom.
- WOTTON, SIR HENRY (1568-1639)
- The Character of a Happy Life*..... 105

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